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1869
Volume VI.

AND

MME. DEMORESTS MIRROR OF FASHIONS.

THE LADIES Literary CONSERVATOR OF THE NOVEL, the ENTERTAINING, THE ARTISTIC, The Useful AND THE BEAUTIFUL
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DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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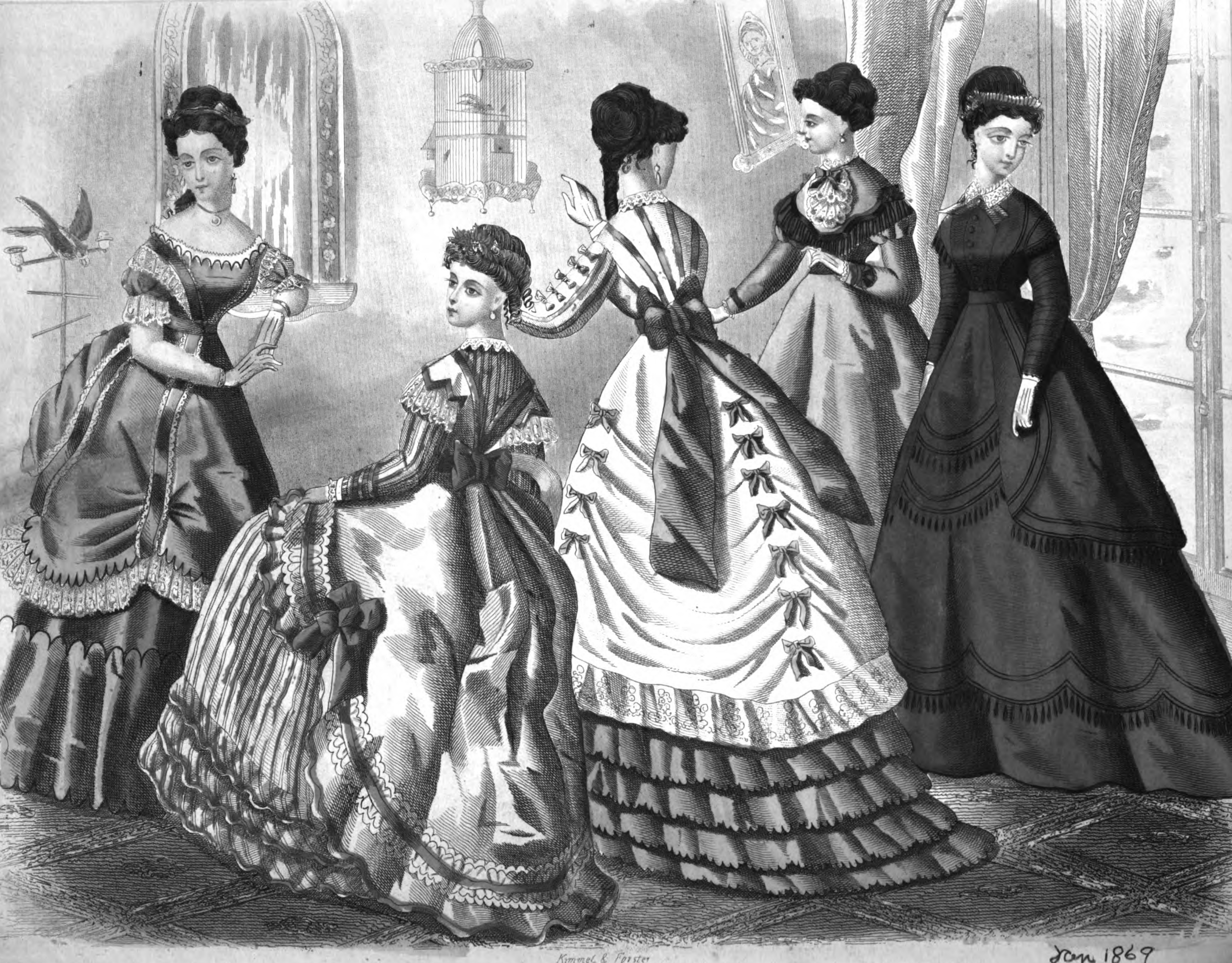
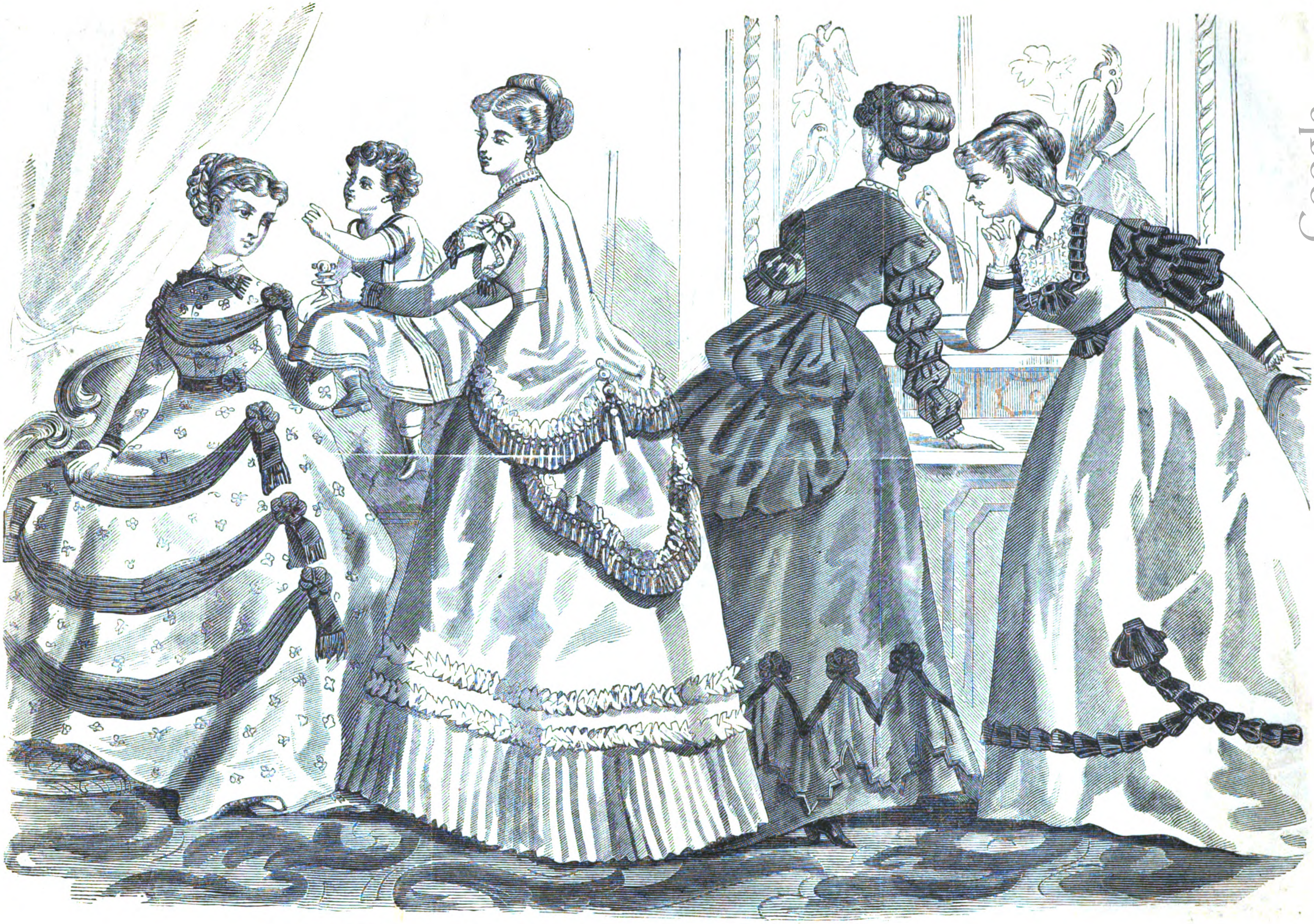


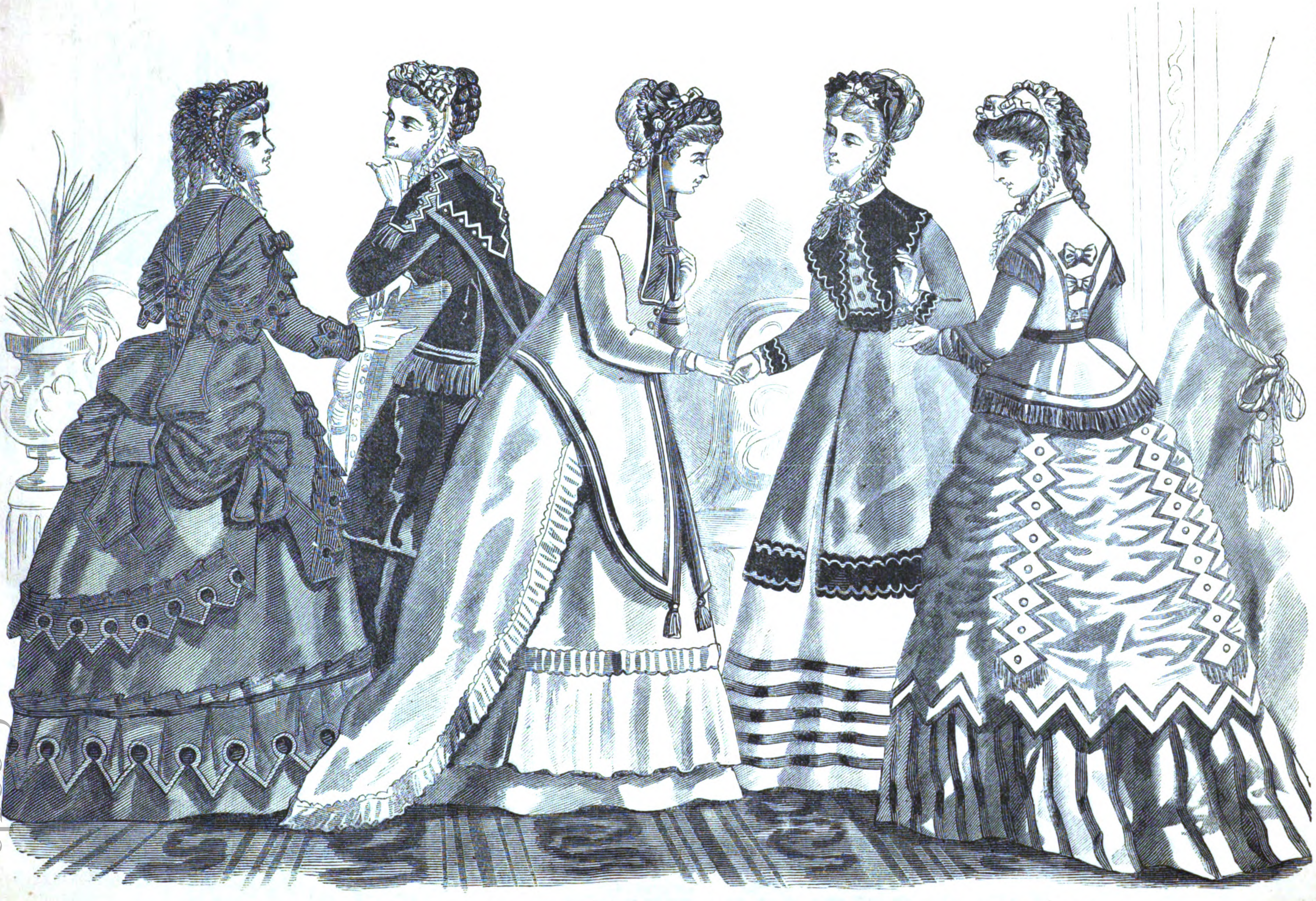
Kimmel & Forster

MME DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.

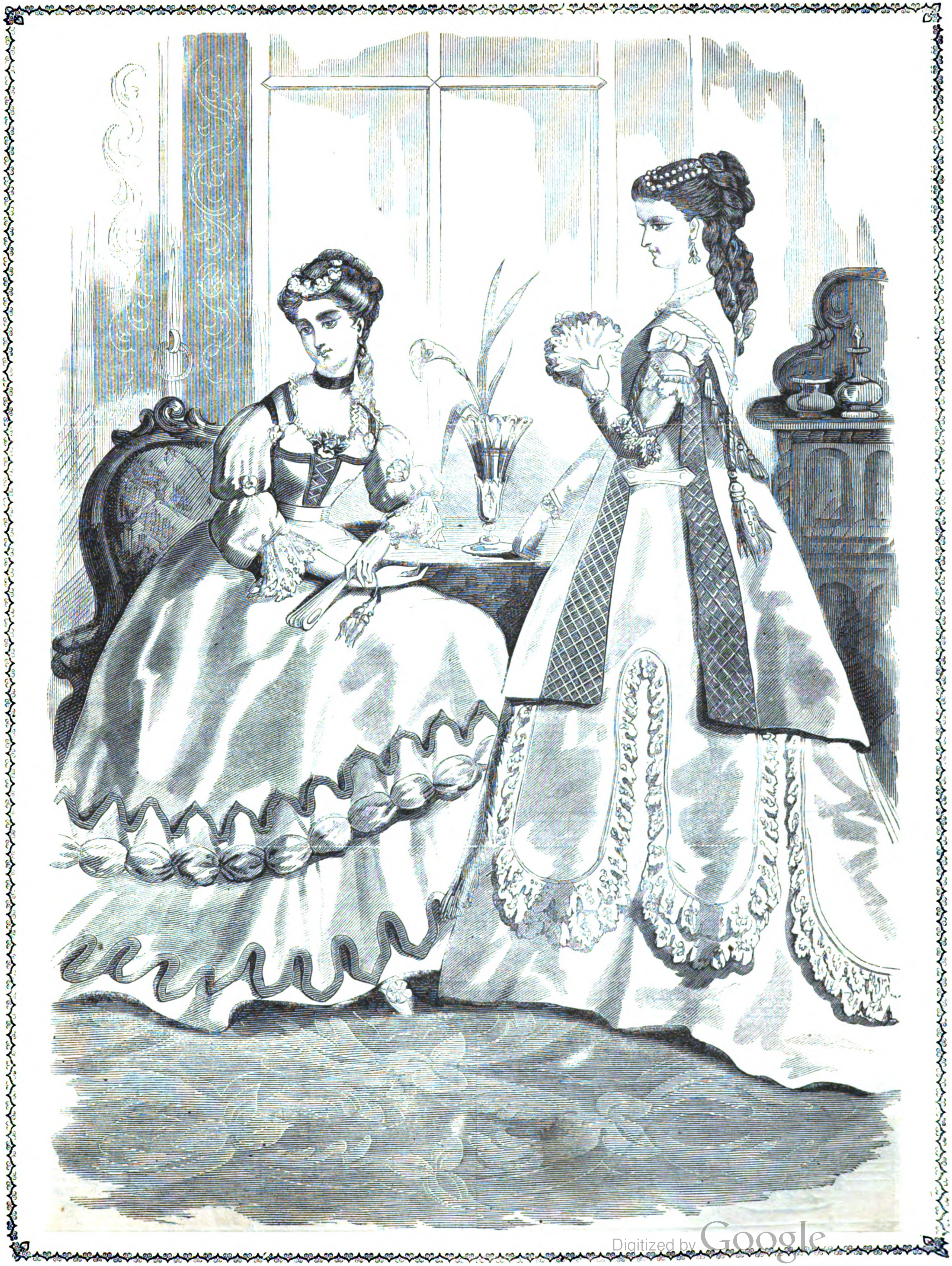
Jan 1869



LATEST STYLES OF COSTUMES FOR JANUARY, 1869.



LATEST STYLES OF CLOAKS AND SUITS FOR JANUARY, 1869.

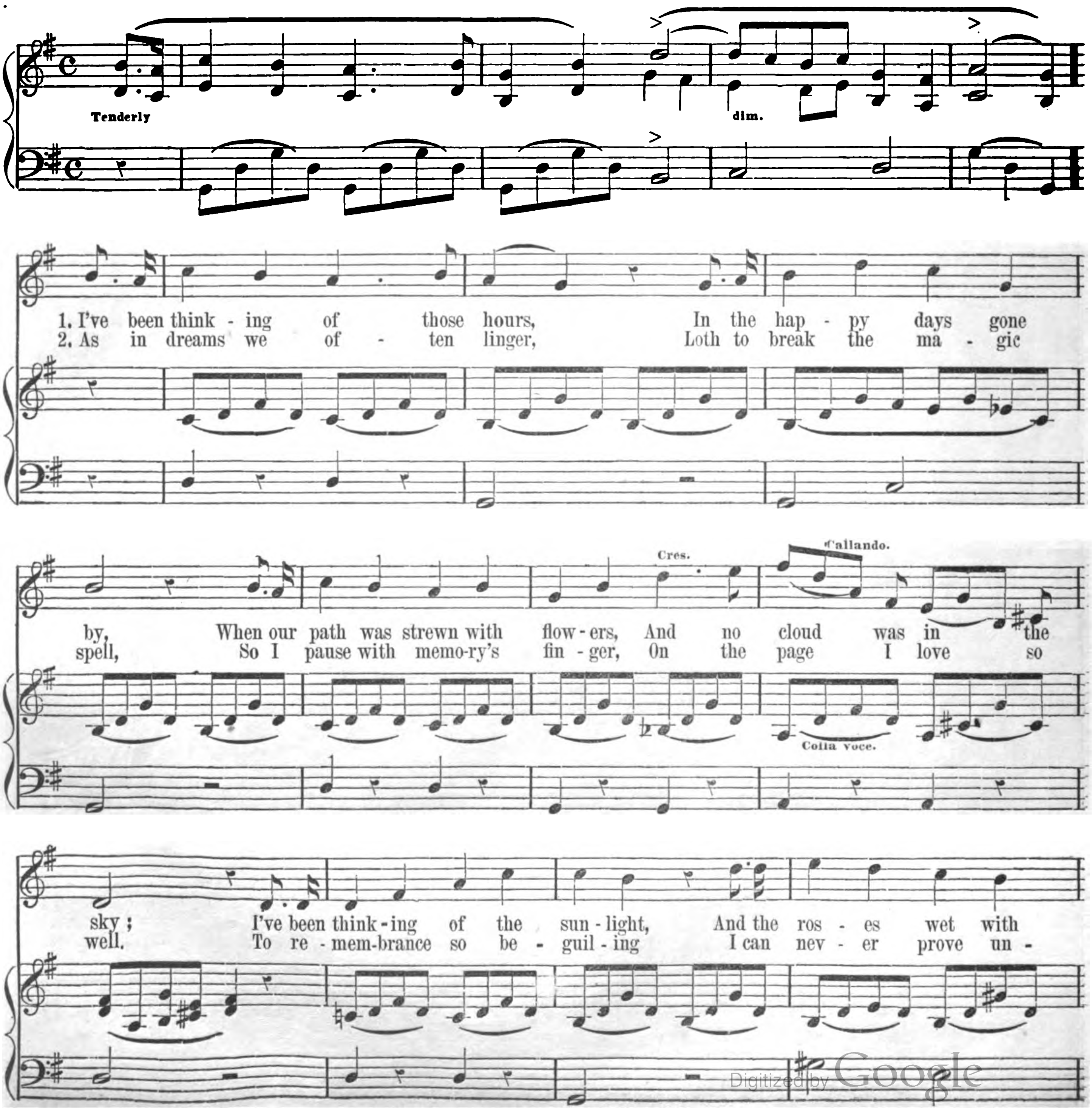


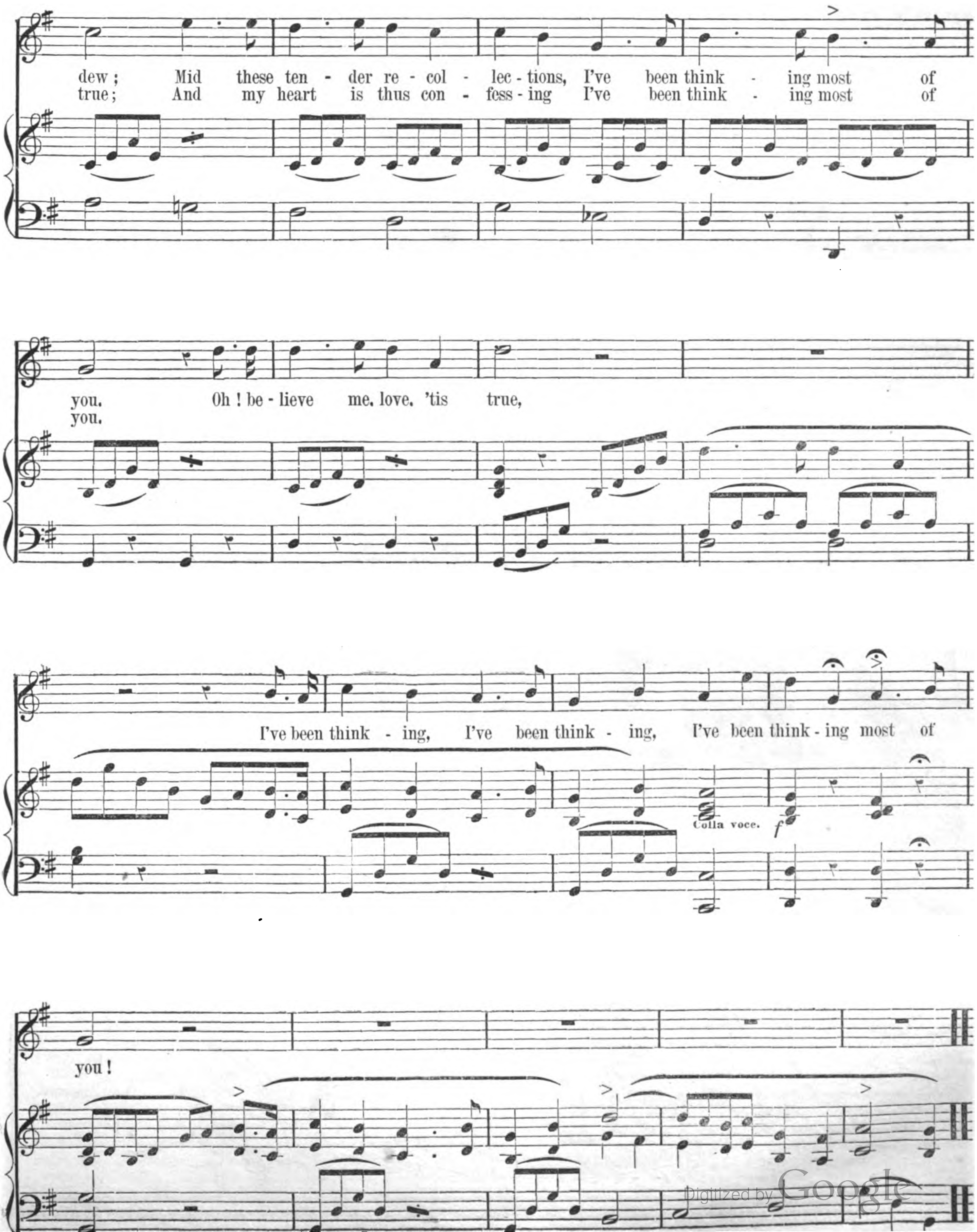
LATEST STYLE OF BALL AND OPERA COSTUME FOR JANUARY, 1869.

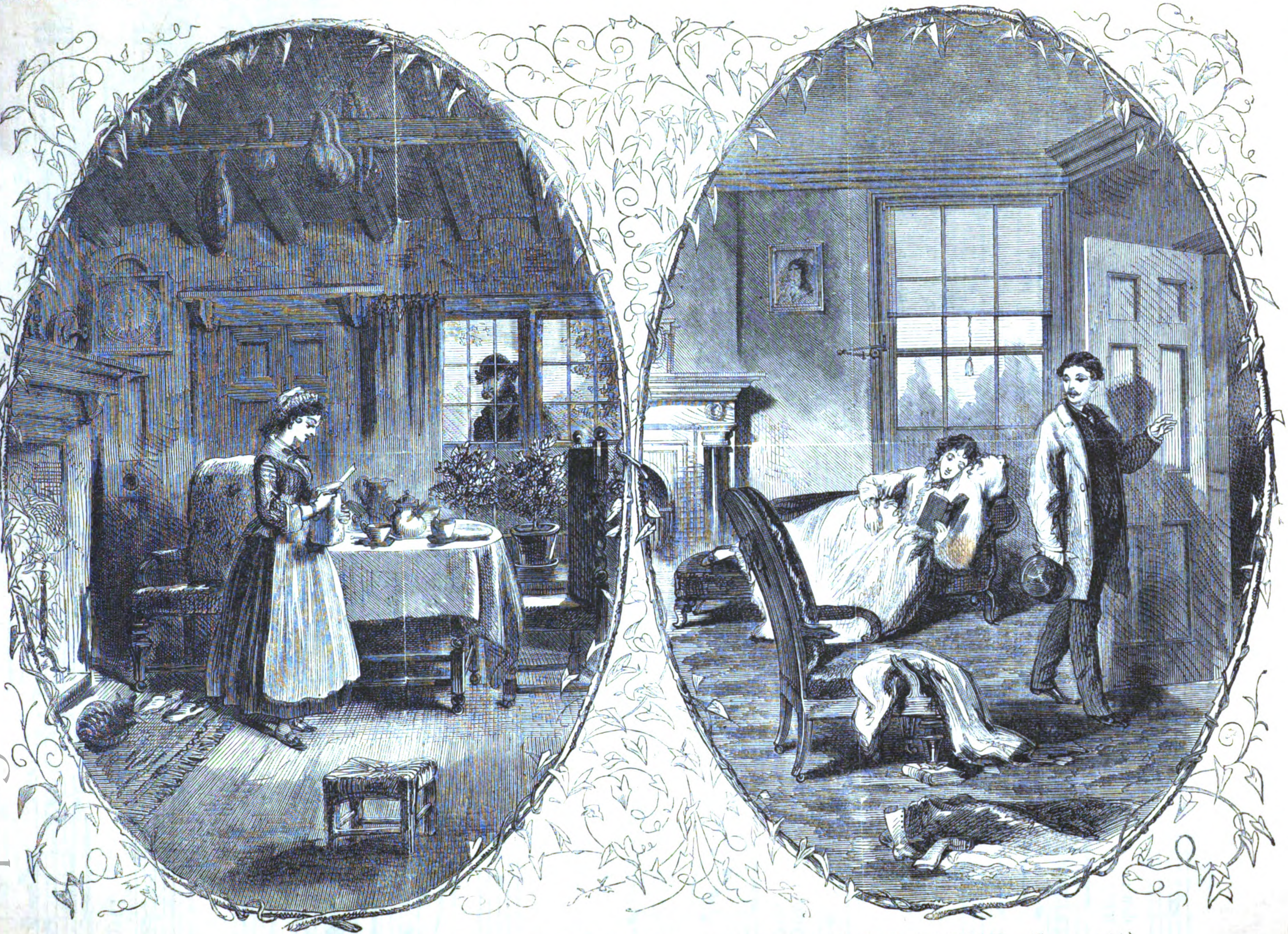
I'VE BEEN THINKING MOST OF YOU.

BALLAD.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **Music by J. R. THOMAS.**


Tenderly
dim.
1. I've been think - ing of those hours, In the hap - py days gone
2. As in dreams we of - ten linger, Loth to break the ma - gic
by, When our path was strewn with flow - ers, And no cloud was in the
spell, So I pause with memo-ry's fin - ger, On the page I love so
Cres.
Callando.
Colla voce.
sky; I've been think - ing of the sun - light, And the ros - es wet with
well. To re - mem-brance so be - guil - ing I can nev - er prove un -


dew; Mid these ten - der re - col - lec - tions, I've been think - ing most of
true; And my heart is thus con - fess - ing I've been think - ing most of
you. Oh! be - lieve me, love, 'tis true,
you.
I've been think - ing, I've been think - ing, I've been think - ing most of
Colla voce.
f
you!



"TWO WAYS OF LIVING;" OR, MY GRANDMOTHER AND MY DAUGHTER AT HOME. (See page 24.)

DEMOREST'S
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

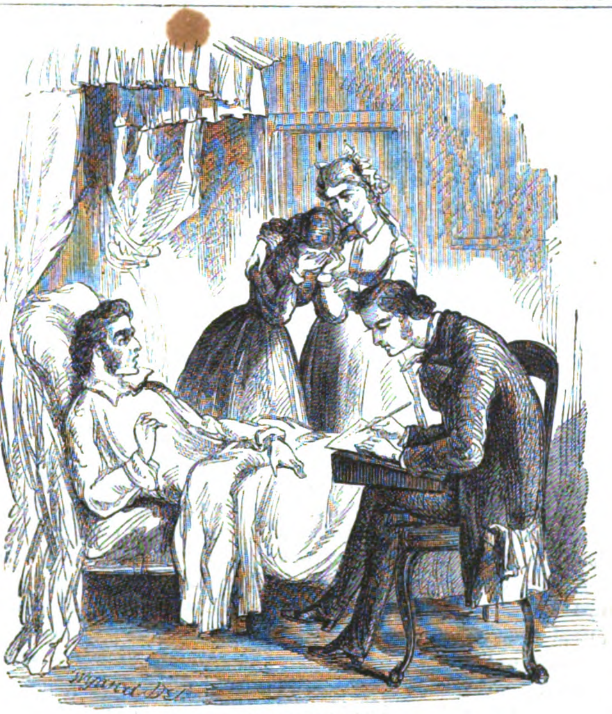
THE
Mystery of the "Cove House."

BY FRANK H. NORTON.

IT was after a hard fever-season in the city, and I had been overworked, and needed rest; so, some of my friends of the faculty advising me to try sea-air, I concluded to take a run down to "Malden Beach" for a week or two, where I knew I could find good bathing and fishing, and, what was most necessary, perfect quiet.

The "Beach" was only about forty miles down the coast; and by rail to the last station, and by an old-fashioned country rockaway for ten miles, I arrived just at dusk, in front of the only tavern in the place, with the long sandy line dashed and fretted by the ocean just in front of it. That evening I sat on the piazza after tea, and, smoking my cigar and listening to the long, heavy roar of the sea, as it crept up and broke on the sand, I planned out my visit. I would boat, I would bathe, I would fish, I would drink in the salt air for my lungs' sake, and eat phosphate of lime in clams and oysters for my brains' sake; and so I would gain steady nerves, and a vigorous digestion to help me through my autumn and winter work; and at least for two, perhaps three weeks, I would know nothing of disease and pain; would forget the pharmacopœia, and be reminded that I was a doctor only by the M. D. on my traveling-bag; and, hugging these reflections to my heart, I turned in early, and dreamed my first night away "by the sad sea-wave."

But a "man proposes, and God disposes," and the events of the next day knocked all my schemings to "nowt," leaving behind memories and results to tinge the whole color of my future life.



THE DYING DECLARATION.

"Malden Beach" was a little fishing-village, on a side-hill, that rose gently from the bed of the ocean; and, not being sufficiently in the way to attract "fashionable society," had been spared that infliction, and was not yet spoiled by being counted a "watering-place."

Northward, a little cove made up into the land, and, there protected from the fury of the winds and waves, the fishermen kept their tiny sail-boats, that every bright day might be seen for miles out, dotting the blue water like sea-gulls.

They were a wild, original race of men, these fishers; calm and sturdy in their temper; quiet in their speech, as becomes those always in the presence of God's loudest voice; and, uninterested in the great busy world that lay behind them, they thought only, talked only, lived only, in the behalf of the mighty servant that gave them food when in good humor, or lashed them and slew them when angered.

When I arose, early the morning after my arrival, I went down to the beach to obtain my first taste of salt-water, and was coming up, enlivened and refreshed after my bath, when I was met by a group of these fishermen, four or five in number, who came straight toward me. "Jim Salters says as you be a doctor, sir," said one of them as they reached me.

Jim Salters was mine host of the tavern, and had doubtless derived his information from my confounded bag, which I wished was where I had just come from, at that moment. However, I replied that I was a doctor, and remarked that they didn't any of them look as if they much needed one. At that they laughed and shook their gray manes at me, and the same one who had just spoken, said, "It's not for us, sir; it's some trouble up at the cove house."

"And where is the 'cove house' my friend?" said I.

"A couple of miles to the north'rd, sir, just where you see that brown cupola over the trees." I looked in the direction indicated by his great brown finger, and could see the architectural ornament hinted at peering out from a clump of trees, at the head of the cove before mentioned. "If you please to go up to the tavern, sir, there's an old servant from the house will tell you about it." So the group nodded their heads and heaved along down to their boats, while I walked up the hill, abusing my luck that should send a "case" to find me out in my hoped-for seclusion. However, there was no help for it, so I stepped briskly up to the door of the tavern, where I saw Mr. Salters, in conversation with the party indicated. As I reached the piazza, the man whom I rightly conjectured to be the servant stepped forward, and said respectfully, "I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but Mr. Medford has had a bad attack this morning, and the ladies told me to come down to the village for the doctor; but he is away, and Mr. Salters says you're a doctor; so, if you please, I wish you would be so good as to go back with me; I've got a chaise here."

"What is the matter with the gentleman?" said I.

"He was taken with a fit about half an hour ago, and has been lying breathing hard ever since," was the answer. "Very well," said I, "I'll go with you. Is there any apothecary's shop in the village?" The servant replied that there was, a small one, which we would pass on the road, so I jumped into the chaise, and, the man taking the reins, we rattled off in a hurry. Stopping at the shop, I selected a few drugs I expected to need, and, having my case of lancets in my pocket, felt quite prepared.

My companion was a man near fifty years of age—an Englishman, I judged; and very reserved in his conversation, and repelling in his manners.

I had no special curiosity to satisfy, except to save time by obtaining answers to a few professional questions; but I found the man so reticent that it was even difficult to prosecute these necessary inquiries. However, I managed to worm out of him that his master was a Southerner of good family, about forty years of age, a high liver, and had had one similar seizure about two years before: the servant had been in the family his whole life, and I surmised was treated as a confidant. He mentioned "the ladies" several times, but did not state whether they were wife and daughter, or what relationship they bore to Mr. Medford. A drive of about two miles took us to the head of the cove, and a sharp turn brought us to the house, which set back from the road some distance, and was almost hidden by large trees. We drove through the gate and round the lawn up to the door of the building, which was a large square mansion painted brown. As I sprang from the chaise on the piazza, the door was opened hurriedly, and a young girl, who had evidently been weeping, stepped forward to meet me. She was under great excitement, and clasped her hands together as she said, "Oh! I am so glad you have come, doctor; please step this way at once!"

I bowed, and followed her through a wide hall, up a broad staircase, and into a front room. The scene was certainly a painful one. Stretched at his full length, on the floor, lay a tall, large-framed man, evidently in the prime of life, whose suffused face and stertorous breathing showed plainly that apoplexy had marked him for its prey, and that the walls of death were fast closing in upon him. He was partially dressed, his throat bare, and a pillow had been placed under his head; while camphor and brandy stood on the table near him, showing that his attendants had tried to do all in their power to revive him. By his side, also on the floor, chafing his outstretched hand, sat a lady, whose face, seamed with lines of sorrow, showed that her grief was profound and unaffected. She was a magnificent brunette, and, as she rose to meet me, I could see was a lady of culture and refinement. Her voice trembled as she greeted me, and in order to spare her as much as possible, I said, "I see, madam, what is the trouble, and if you will leave me with your servant, we will try to relieve him." She looked at me steadily for a moment, and then saying, "Thank you, sir," motioned to the young lady and left the room; the servant had followed me into it. I at once bled the sick man, and after applying the customary restoratives, had, in about half an hour's time, the satisfaction of seeing that he was apparently coming out of the fit, though his circulation was in such a condition, that I had very little hopes of ultimately saving him; all I could reasonably anticipate was a lucid interval, which might be important, and would certainly be gratifying to himself and his family. As I hoped, he was soon in a condition to be removed, and with the assistance of the servant I placed him on a bed. His brain was relieved from the pressure, and his mind was evidently clear, as he recognized his servant, and asked him where his mistress was. I inquired of him if he would like to see the ladies, and, on his signifying his desire to do so, I left him with the servant, and proceeded to find them.

They met me at the foot of the stairs, and, requesting the elder lady to follow me into the library, which was open, I informed her of his condition, and as gently as possible told her that his moments were numbered, and if there was anything of importance in his business or social relations that required completion, it must be attended to at once.

Her grief at this was terrible to witness. She wrung her hands, and paced the room in agony, crying aloud in her despair, "Oh! my poor husband! Oh! my poor Kate!"

Just then the door opened, and the young lady entered, and begged her mother to go up, as her father was asking for her. She motioned me to a seat, and they both left the room.

I sat thinking of the case for some minutes, when I heard footsteps in the hall, and the servant entered, and requested me to go upstairs at once. I hurried up, and, entering the room, found Mr. Medford sitting up in bed, his face very much flushed, and his whole appearance denoting great excitement. I went to him at once and begged him to calm himself, saying I would not answer a moment for his life, if he did not do so.

His only answer was to wave me off; then he called for writing materials, and, seizing me by the wrist, said, "Write!" I sat down by the table at once, for I saw no time must be wasted, and as he spoke the words in a hoarse voice, I wrote as follows:

"I, Charles Medford, being at the point of death, but of sound mind, do declare Clara Marston, now present, to be my lawful wife, and Kate Medford to be my legitimate and only child; and I will and bequeath to them jointly all property, real and personal, of which I die possessed."

As he uttered the last word, he screamed, "The pen! give me the pen!" and taking it from my hand, leaned over the table, and with a firm hand, and in clear, distinct characters, signed the paper "Charles Medford."

Then he fell forward on his face, and as I sprung to his side and lifted him back to the pillow, I saw he was dead. At the same instant the young girl, who, while this strange scene was being enacted, had stood gazing wildly, first at the dead man and then at her mother, who sat with her face buried in the bed-clothes, threw up her hands, and with a scream that rang through the room, fell on the floor senseless. The unhappy mother rose as her daughter fell, and, looking pitifully at me, tottered to her side, and bending down over her, caressed and covered her with endearments. Sending for some of the female servants, I had the unfortunate lady conveyed to another apartment, and proceeded to restore her daughter to consciousness, which was a labor of no little difficulty; the shock had been too much for her, and when she revived she was delirious. Having seen her taken care of, I again descended to the library, and sent for the manservant, for I felt the need of enlightenment on the extraordinany and painful complication into which I had thus unexpectedly been brought.

However, on consideration, I concluded to postpone any questions I might desire to ask him, and on his entering, I simply said that I would now return to the tavern, leaving some directions for the care of the two ladies, and promising to return in the afternoon with some medicines, which I saw would be required for the younger one. He appeared to me to be relieved when I announced that I was going, and saying that his mistress was now quiet, and attending on her daughter, accompanied me to the door, where I found a groom waiting in the chaise to drive me back.

As we drove along, I could not help thinking that there was some deep mystery at the bottom of all I had seen and heard; and I began to feel a determination to fathom it. I was strongly prepossessed in favor of the two ladies thus so sadly bereft, and made up my mind to assist them as far as lay in my power.

Suddenly I remembered the paper which Mr. Medford had been so anxious to sign, and regretted that I had not secured it; but that was no business of mine, and I presumed that those most interested would not neglect its preservation. Arrived at the tavern, and feeling the need of food, for it was now noon, and I had fasted since the night before, I sent the chaise back, and requested the landlord to procure me something to eat. This was soon done, and an appetizing meal placed before me, to which I did ample justice.

Supposing Mr. Salters might be able to give me some information about the "Cove House" and its inmates, I took my cigar out on the piazza, where he sat smoking his pipe, and soon found that he was quite willing to impart all that he knew on the subject, particularly when I informed him of so much as I chose to tell of the events of the morning. His story, in brief, amounted to this:

The "Cove House," after having remained vacant and "in law" for about five years, had been bought by Mr. Medford, and occupied by his family in the spring of the present year. The family had isolated themselves entirely from their neighbors, making and receiving no visits; and only rarely would the ladies, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Mr. Medford, drive into the village or along the beach. The necessary shopping for the house was invariably attended to by the same servant who had summoned me, and who, to use the expression of Mr. Salters, "was as close-mouthed as an oyster."—"But," said mine host, after he had afforded me these particulars, "there's a mystery about the house, that we can't ferret out."

"And what is that?" said I, thinking of my own suspicions.

"Well, sir, I'll tell you;" and here Mr. Salters rose from his seat, and under pretense of going for a match, looked cautiously into the parlor and dining-room to see if there was any one near at hand who might receive the benefit of his confidence unknown to him. Satisfied that there was not, he presently returned, and, seating himself, resumed as follows: "About a month after the family had occupied the 'Cove House,' Mr. Medford and the two ladies drove by here one afternoon and went off in the direction of Bassett—that's the next town, about ten miles south of this. Well, they didn't get back that evening, and about nine o'clock I was sitting here like I am now, smoking my pipe, when I heard a carriage come tearing along, and suddenly it drove up here and stopped, and off the box jumped Mr. Medford's man—Sedley is his name, by the way. He was in a desperate hurry, and asked me for a glass of brandy for somebody who was sick in the carriage—but I didn't catch who it was. However, I gave him the brandy, and instead of opening the door of the carriage, which was a close one, he handed it into the window behind the driver. Then he brought the glass back to me, and I says to him, 'Is it Mrs. Medford who is sick, Mr. Sedley?' he looked at me in a quizzical kind of way, and says he, 'Yes,' quite short, and then he got on the carriage and they drove off. But the strangest part of it was, that the next morning, about ten o'clock, Mr. Medford's carriage, with all of them in it, came back from Bassett and drove on up to the house. So Mr. Sedley must have lied that time, and there must have been somebody else with him, for it certainly wasn't Mrs. Medford. Now, I never knew where that carriage came from, nor how it got back; it never was seen here again, and we never heard of anybody being up to the 'Cove House;' but some time after, some of the boys were up in the piece of woods there after berries, and they said they heard somebody screaming from a window in the house; they got scared and ran home. Next a farmer, who lives about three miles beyond, came in one day with some garden-stuff, and he said as how he saw Mr. Sedley at the top of a ladder barring up one of the upper windows, and that he heard loud cries, and saw a white face looking out of it. But that same day Mr. Medford and the two ladies drove down to the beach looking as well as ever, and so I rather set the whole matter down as doubtful.

"There was one thing more though, that happened about a month ago, and though I never said anything about it, I made up my mind after that as there was a mystery in that house somewhere.

"This was the way of it: One day when the stage came in there was a girl got out and said she came from the city, and was to wait on Mrs. Medford; and sure enough, while she stood there, Mr. Sedley came along in the chaise, jumped out, said three words to her, nodded to me, and in a minute they were both in the chaise, bag and baggage, and out of sight. Next morning, bright and early, who should come along but this same girl, walking this time, or rather running, for she was all in a heat, and wanted to know when the stage would go back. It was due here then, and so I told her, and she sat down with her bag that she had in her hand, and asked me for a cup of water. So I asked her if she wasn't going to stay up to the house, and she fired up and said, 'No! she guessed she wasn't going to wait on a mad woman.' 'Mad?' says I, 'why Mrs. Medford isn't mad.' 'Isn't she?' says she. 'She's just stark, staring, raving mad, and ought to be in a lunatic asylum, that's all.' Just then the stage drove up, and she got in and went off. That afternoon Mr. Sedley came over afoot, and was talking to me, and asking about the girl; when I told him what she said, I just up and asked him if there was anything the matter with Mrs. Medford, and he laughed, and pointing down the road, there was their carriage coming along with her and Mr. Medford and the young lady in it, and all laughing and talking together as merry as you please; and says Mr. Sedley, 'That don't look much like it, does it?' and I said, 'No!' and no more it didn't; and that is all I know about it, doctor; but I'm danged if I don't think there's a mystery there yet that'll come out some day."

Here Mr. Salters ended his story, leaving me as much in the dark as ever, but very much inclined to agree with him as to the "mystery" of the whole matter. About two hours later, as I was preparing to start for the 'Cove House,' the groom who had driven me over made his appearance with a verbal message from his mistress that she would not trouble me to call again that day, and that Mr. Sedley would see me in the morning; further, the servant said that both the ladies were quite comfortable. I was half inclined to go over in spite of the message, but reflecting that I had no valid excuse, and would be, after all, only meddling in what did not concern me, I concluded to let the matter rest, at least until the next day. So I passed the afternoon strolling along the beach, and the evening in musing on my day's experience.

The next morning, after breakfast, I was informed that Mr. Sedley wished to see me, and, sending for him, he came to my room.

He handed me a note which stated that Mrs. Medford presented her compliments, and, thanking me for my attention, would not further inconvenience me by occupying my time, as her family physician would arrive from town during the day; and would I have the kindness to hand Mr. Sedley a certificate of the death of her husband, and inclosed would I please find a check for $——, which she trusted would be considered a sufficient recompense for my services, etc., etc.

I was considerably non-plussed at the receipt of such a note under the circumstances, but determined not to exhibit the slightest surprise before Mr. Sedley, who was watching me very closely. I asked him to take a seat, drew up the certificate and handed it to him with a receipt for the money, merely asking after the health of the ladies as a matter of courtesy. He drew a rather long breath, I thought, replied that the ladies were doing nicely, and remarked that he was about going to town for the family physician and the late Mr. Medford's lawyer. He then bade me "good morning," and left the room, and in a few moments I saw that he got into the stage and was driven in the direction of the station.

So far, everything seemed right; and the servant, confidant, or whatever he might be, had corroborated Mrs. Medford's note. But there was one point on which I was not satisfied, and which I had purposely refrained from mentioning to him, as it might give me an excuse for further interference in the affair if it should seem necessary or desirable for me to so use it. This point was the witnessing of that strange avowal made and signed by the dying man.

The more I thought this over, the more satisfied did I become that there was foul play going on somewhere; until at length I determined to make one attempt to see Mrs Medford, and at least satisfy myself that I was not being made a party to any underhand proceedings. So I started at once, and on foot, for the "Cove House."

Arrived at the door, I rang the bell, which was answered by the groom. He started and changed countenance on seeing me, and on my asking for Mrs. Medford, stammered, looked over his shoulder, and appeared so disconcerted that I was satisfied at once that my vague suspicions were justified. While I stood there, the door of the library opened, and Mrs. Medford appeared. She, too, seemed surprised at seeing me, which I considered natural enough, but she astonished me by saying, "Good-morning, doctor; I expected you would have called yesterday as you promised." Giving a side-glance at the groom, I said, "Will you give me a few moments' private conversation, if you please?" She at once invited me into the library, and, following me, closed the door.

I then recounted succinctly to her my interviews with her groom and Mr. Sedley, and, when I had finished, handed her the note which had been given me by the latter.

"Why! this is a forgery, sir," said she. "I never wrote you a note, but I told Sedley this morning to see you and express my surprise that you had not returned, and to settle with you. Good Heavens! what can this all mean?" Here she burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. Begging her to calm herself and assuring her that if she would place confidence in me, I would do all in my power to befriend her, I asked if it was true that she had sent to town for the physician and lawyer. She replied that Mr. Medford had no physician or lawyer in town whom she knew of, and that she had not sent Sedley further than the tavern, and did not know that he was going to town.

"Well, madam," said I, "it is evident to me that you are being made the victim of a conspiracy, though for what purpose I can not yet imagine. Will you answer a few confidential questions, which I will ask you?"

"Certainly, doctor," said she, "I will answer any question you ask; and I beseech you to be my friend, for I have few anywhere, and none here, and I am sure that Sedley has concocted some scheme to ruin me."

"Have you the paper which Mr. Medford signed yesterday?"

"I told Sedley to get it, and in the hurry and excitement I forgot to ask him for it."

"How long have you been married to Mr. Medford?"

"Eighteen years."

"Have you any evidence of your marriage?"

"No, sir, I have none. We were privately married, and Mr. Medford kept the certificate; it may be among his papers, but I have never seen it since."

"Were there any witnesses to the marriage, and do you know where they are at present?"

"There were two witnesses; one was Sedley, and the other a maid-servant of my own, who got married and went abroad. I never heard of her afterward."

"Now," said I, "one more question, and I have done. Have you in this house any one beside your own daughter and servants?"

She hesitated a moment and then said: "It was his secret, but it can do no harm now; there is a poor, unhappy relative of my late husband, a confirmed maniac, whom he had brought here that she might have tender care and nursing; she has her own servants, lives in a wing of the house, and I have never even seen her, though sometimes in her paroxysms I have heard her screams, though very faintly, as the walls between have been purposely deadened that no sound should find its way out."

"Still one more question," said I; "do you know what relationship this unhappy creature bore to your late husband?"

"He always mentioned her as his cousin, but I have reason to believe she was a nearer relation—in fact, that she was his sister."

Through all this questioning, her manner had been perfectly straightforward, and I could not for a moment doubt the veracity of her replies.

A faint glimmering of the possible truth began to dawn upon me, and made me turn faint as I thought of the consequences that might result to this innocent woman and her young and lovely daughter. Just as these thoughts were passing through my mind, and I was hesitating as to the proper course to pursue next, I saw through the window my friend Mr. Sedley walking up the carriage-way. She saw him at the same moment, and rising, I said hastily, "Call him in here at once, before he sees your groom." She stepped to the window, and, tapping to arrest his attention, beckoned him to come in.

A moment after, he entered the room, bowed slightly to me, and, turning to his mistress, stood awaiting her order, so calmly and impassively, that for a moment his consummate coolness staggered me. With a warning motion to Mrs. Medford I said to him: "Mrs. Medford has desired your presence that you may explain the history of this note which you gave me this morning."

With the coolest effrontery, he turned to me, and said quietly, "I don't see Mrs. Medford here; when you bring me before her, if she desires me to do so, I will explain the history of the note with great pleasure."

She sprang to her feet in an instant, and while her dark eyes flashed, and all her blood seemed to rush to her face, she cried, "Do you dare, sir, to insult me in this manner?"

I begged her to be seated and leave the affair in my hands, and she dropped in her seat, and sat gazing at him with a steady look that seemed as if it would pierce to his very soul.

"Did you not yourself see this lady married to Mr. Medford?" said I.

"Certainly not," he answered quietly. "On the contrary, I saw him married to another lady, five years ago, on the tenth of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine."

"And that lady?" said I quickly, at the same time repressing with a glance the movement of Mrs. Medford.

"Is at present an invalid, confined by her husband's orders in the south wing of this building."

As he said these words, Mrs. Medford, with a loud shriek, fell prostrate on the floor in strong convulsions. At the same moment the door opened and her daughter ran hurriedly in, and seeing her mother, rushed to her assistance.

"So much for interfering with what does not concern you," said Sedley, glaring fiercely at me. I did not answer him, but, servants coming in, I had the unhappy lady removed to her bed-chamber, and, after giving her a composing medicine, left her in charge of her daughter, whose anxious inquiries I had promised to answer at a fitting opportunity.

Sedley had kept with me while this was going on, and now telling him to follow me, I preceded him into the library.

As soon as we were together and alone, I stepped close up to him, and said sternly, "Now, sir, I wish you to give me the paper which Mr. Medford signed and I witnessed yesterday."

"I have not got it," said he quietly. "I went for it yesterday after you left, at the request of—that person, but it was not there, so I suppose you must have picked it up and mislaid it somewhere." I almost lost my balance at this unparalleled insolence, but, repressing my rage, I said, as quietly as I could, "I begin to see through your infernal plot, sir; but rest assured, it shall not succeed." Just as I said these words, the door burst open, and a servant-woman entered, bearing on her face the marks of extreme horror and fright. As soon as she saw Sedley, she screamed—

"Oh! sir, the lady, the lady!"

"What lady? what is the matter," cried he excitedly, and I saw that he changed countenance.

"Oh! sir, she is dead, she has killed herself." Without waiting for more, he dashed out of the room, and I followed closely behind. Up the stairs and through a long corridor; then by a turn to the left, up another flight of stairs, and to the end of another hall.

As he entered the room, he gave one yell, and with his clenched hands in the air, and staggering blindly, he fell flat on his face.

A most ghastly and horrible sight met my eyes, as I reached the door. Dangling from a hook which was fixed in the ceiling, by a rope twisted from torn strips of the bed-linen, hung by the neck, slowly oscillating to and fro, the body of a woman. Her face was black and swollen from strangulation, and her golden hair hung loosely down her back and over her face. Taking my knife from my pocket, I cut her down at once; but she had evidently been dead some time.

The servant, who had given the alarm, now came in, and to my questions replied that she had left the room for a short time to attend to some domestic duty, and leaving her charge, as she supposed, asleep, had returned to find her in that condition.

Turning then, though with utter loathing, to the inanimate form of Sedley, what was my surprise to find that he too was a corpse. The sudden and unexpected collapse of all his vile schemes, at the moment when success seemed certain, and the almost special act of Providence by which it had been brought about, had instantly developed the seeds of death that lay dormant in his heart, and he had followed the poor maniac to eternity.

I had the door locked, leaving the two bodies as they lay, and sent immediately for a justice of the peace. I then went in search of the groom, who, I was satisfied, had been a confederate, at least to some extent, of Sedley. I found him in the stable, where no rumor of the horrible events of the last hour had reached him; and, charging him with complicity in the attempted fraud, at the same time informing him of the death of his confederate, I forced from him a full confession.

His part in the scheme was to have been played later, when, having frightened Mrs. Medford into giving up her claims by threats of exposing her actual position, it was Sedley's intention to have murdered the maniac, and thus secured all of the property except such part as he should choose to allow to Mrs. Medford.

The plan had been working in Sedley's brain for years. He had brought about the clandestine marriage of the weak Mr. Medford to the dead woman, who had been his mistress; he had destroyed the certificate of the original marriage to Mrs. Medford; and he too had obtained possession of the paper which I had witnessed, and on his person I found it, when he was searched at the inquest. The necessary judicial examinations were made as quickly and as quietly as possible, and through the recovered will, and my evidence, Mrs. Medford and her daughter were placed fully in possession of their rights. As soon as their health and spirits would permit, they sailed for Europe, and at their earnest request I sailed with them as their attendant physician; but two years later, when we returned to "Malden Beach," after an extended tour on the Continent, I made my appearance in another capacity: that of the happy husband of her who was formerly Kate Medford; and though we could not but remember with pain and horror the fearful catastrophe which darkened my former visit, we shall never, either of us, regret my connection with the "MYSTERY OF THE COVE HOUSE."

FROST PICTURES.

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZ.

THE frost-work on my window,
'Tis beautiful—'tis bright!
It makes me think of Eden's bowers,
So pure it is, and light;
And methinks that in the frost-scenes
On my window wrought, I see
A fairy-picture of my life,
And all its destiny.

The lower panes are brightly decked
With bud and flower most fair,
All silvered o'er with dawn of day,
And childhood's joys are there!
But pass them by, though delicate
And radiant they are,
And look upon the next above,
More beautiful by far.

Adown a fern-entangled hill
A crystal streamlet flows,
And on its banks of shining white
The stately lily grows.
This pictures early womanhood
In flower, and fruit, and vine,
And all the grace and radiance
Are joys and hopes of mine!

The sun arises, and his rays
Have ripened all the fruit:
The golden peach may not be plucked,
The crested birds are mute.
And o'er the fern-entangled hill
No shouts of gladness ring,
And though the flowers are passing fair,
No fragrance may they bring!

I see the wealth of riper years
Beneath you palace dome;
And snowy sails of anchored ships
Foretell that I shall roam
O'er many a distant, deep blue sea,
And where the skies are bright!
But cold it is, though fair;—and now
'Tis vanished from my sight!

The scene above is sorrowful,
For high the drifted snows
And rugged mountains bound the plain
Whereon a river flows.
But, oh! 'tis radiant and bright,
Though few the flowers that bloom;
And thus the Sun of Grace shall light
My pathway to the tomb!

MAUDE ESTVARING.

(*Concluded.*)

BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER VII.

> "And so that he find what he meant to seek,
> And fulsome pleasure clog him,
> He may stay a year who was gone for a week."
>
> —TENNYSON.

SCELERATO.

WHAT prevented the prompt return of De Croissac after his sudden appearance and demand for money, Maude never knew. It was, probably, either fear or some complication arising from the fact that the gambler, if he could not gamble with hundreds, would gamble with dollars.

Months passed. The opera-season closed for some time. The new season would not begin again till the spring. Maude began almost to breathe freely and to say to herself that De Croissac would not return till he might hope that there would be less of danger.

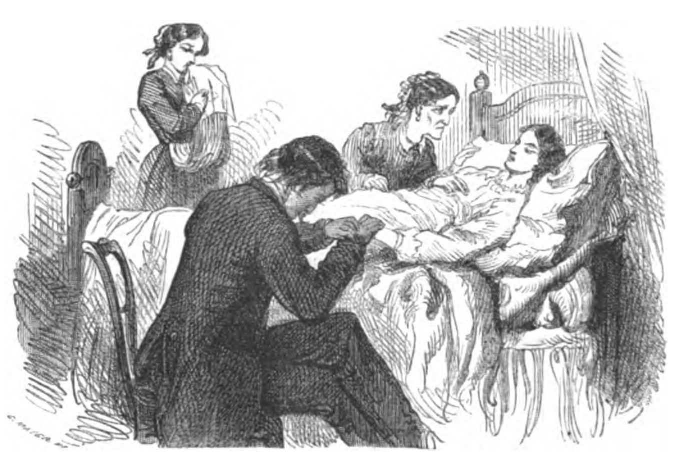
But, as soon as the papers—this was when the spring came in—announced the "re-engagement of Madame de Croissac," a form began to haunt the neighborhood, and, though it was so utterly unlike the Count that no one but Maude could have guessed that it was he, the wife felt it to be her husband.

When he presented himself before her, which he did at night and stealthily, the gambler was, to all appearance, a florid Englishman with side-whiskers and an unbearded lip, a profusion of light hair and a figure that verged upon stoutness.

De Croissac, after stating that he had "pined to be with her," seated himself beside Maude, drew from his pocket a couple of dice which he placed upon a small table, and then, while he lit a perfumed cigar, with the mockery of an apology, requested that the "daughter of perfidious Albion," by which title he persisted in calling the English woman, Betty Baxton, might be summoned before him.

He then demanded of Maude whether she had "been so foolish as to confide aught regarding him to Edith, her cousin?"

Maude assured him that she had not. Indeed, such was the dread that, absent or present, attended the thought of De Croissac, that Maude would not have ventured, certain as she would have been that, Edith's honor once engaged, the young girl would not have betrayed her, to communicate the gambler's presence in the city and his intention of disguising himself and concealing himself in her house.



THE DEATH-BED SCENE.

Betty Baxton being summoned, and the circumstances being communicated to her, and her discretion desired, nay, demanded by De Croissac, the gambler requested the Englishwoman to summon Berta.

Betty retired, quite in her element.

"Oh! 'ow romantic!" murmured she, as she descended the stairs, "purcisely like Lady Geraldina Sophonisba Featherfly when she finds 'erself among the twelve brigands hin the hunderground cave, hall harmed to the teeth and with skulls in their bloody hands—honly," added Betty after a pause, "we hain't hunderground, hand 'is 'ands haint bloody, hand is hall by 'imself and 'asn't got so much has a walkin'-stick habout 'im!"

Berta, after great difficulty in believing De Croissac to be De Croissac, which she only did when he raised his wig, consented to be silent, but the look of surprise and of deep sympathy with which the German woman regarded her mistress was one of the severest stabs that Maude's pride had ever received.

De Croissac remained.

During the day, being careful not to raise the curtains or allow any curious glance to penetrate that range of rooms, he abided in the second story apartments, smoking, reading novels—French of course—and looking over the wardrobe and music of Maude, in which he expressed the greater interest from the fact that he dared not venture out to the opera-house; that was too daring a move.

At night, he sallied forth as a bat or raven might have flown out into the darkness of the night, and went his way to the gambling house.

Then began the end.

To supply this man with money, to feed that passion which, singularly enough, seemed now to have reached the point *at which the man gambles for the sake of gambling*, not for the pleasures or advantages of gain, became Maude's task and doom.

She was overtaxed.

The large salary paid her for her services as a singer could not suffice to feed the insatiate serpent which had twined its evil life about the lustre and glory of her own, darkening it forever by its balefulness.

And De Croissac refused to see that Maude was dying, dying of overwork.

That lustrous eye, that brilliant glow could not indicate a change of health for the worse.

She was thin, true; "but woman's flesh was like that of infants'. It came and was lost and returned," so said De Croissac, "and yet without serious illness, or vital derangement," he added.

Her voice was feebler. No! That De Croissac, who could not see—he dared not risk that—that Maude could no longer fill the opera-house with her voice, would not admit.

So he continued to pile work upon her, and Maude having acquired a hold upon the public heart, the manager continued to demand, although he saw that her powers were waning, Madame de Croissac's services.

A fatal circumstance hastened the climax which was now approaching; it was the sudden death of Mr. Estvaring.

Maude was unconscious that it had taken place. She sang, with great effort, the part of *Margherita*, in *Fauste*, on the last night that ever witnessed her appearance upon the boards. The house was excellent, though many wondered that Maude, whose character was justly deemed so lofty and lovely—sorrow had made it such—should sing when her father had died but the day before.

But the politic De Croissac had, as if accidentally, destroyed that portion of the morning paper which contained the announcement of Mr. Grafton Estvaring's death, and there can be no better proof of the regard which all the *corps* of the opera felt for Maude than the fact that no one there *dared* to inform her of what they saw she was unconscious of: that she had a father no more.

Even "La Bassoli" would have shrunk from a task like that.

But it was written that this blow should fall suddenly upon the heart which had endured so much since, from the protection of the parent now no more, the daughter had fled away.

Betty Baxton, who found it to be almost as interesting as novel-reading to follow and swallow the criticism on her mistress's acting, costumes and singing, provided herself with a second copy of the morning paper, in order to read it.

But, by chance, she was called away from the place where she had laid it down without having had time to peruse it.

Betty, like all whose eye had met the paper, would have instinctively concealed the knowledge of its contents as relating to her parent from Maude, but, entering late with Betty and passing through the dining-room after the performance of *Fauste*, the prima donna took up the morning journal.

"I am failing, Betty, failing fast," said she. "I fear they do not spare me here," murmured Maude, touching the paper.

She opened it.

The shriek, not loud, but terrible as an utterance of agony, that broke from the lips of the unhappy Maude, as her eyes met the announcement of her father's death, and she realized, not only that she was orphaned, *but that she had sung while her father's corpse lay still unburied in the home she had deserted*; that shriek dwelt in the memory of those who heard it until their dying day.

And when Betty and De Croissac, who had rushed down as the wild sound reached him, into the room below, raised Maude's senseless body from the floor, it was to find that her life-blood was welling from her lips.

Maude had had hemorrhage of the lungs, and lingered for many days between life and death.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death."
—*A Dream of Fair Women.*

"So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go."

* * * * *

"He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp is lighted late, there's One will let me in.
Nor would I now be well again, even if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me."
—*The May Queen.*

IN ÆTERNUM.

The mandate of the physician had gone forth; the golden melody would never ring again; the harmonious bells would thrill no soul again; Maude's voice was still. She was dying, dying of consumption.

It was a lovely decay, gentle as declining day, calm and untroubled.

A great divine, one whose words have cheered many a couch of death with the blessed words of heavenly consolation, was brought by Edith to her cousin. Maude, it seemed then, would not live many days; but one of those deceptive changes took place, which are one of the most painful phases of consumption, for they beguile into hope the patient's friends. Maude rose. The physician said that she might live a month.

She asked to visit little Lucien's grave. It was at Greenwood, *not many paces from the spot where the duel had taken place between the Chevalier and De Croissac.**

There were flowers, white roses upon the snowy tombstone. Edith had kept them there. Edith had caused the spot to be surrounded by an iron railing. Maude's grief had been so wild after the loss of her child, and, when she knew where it was interred, still so uncontrollable, that her cousin had been glad to take this care upon herself, and anxious to keep Maude away from the little grave.

But now Maude spoke calmly of it, and so earnestly entreated to be led there that consent was given.

"Nothing now," said the physician, "can either harm or benefit her."

Then came another change; this was the heralding of the last act of a painful drama.

One day a wild-eyed woman, clad in widow's weeds, came to the door of the residence of Maude, and demanded admittance.

"Let me pass!" said she, in a low, hoarse voice, as Berta endeavored to obtain an explanation; "I will see *my daughter!*"

It was—now that it was too late, —it was Mrs. Estvaring!

No one who had watched the course of events since Maude thwarted the ambition of her haughty mother, could have believed that the woman who knelt sobbing at the bedside of her who, in seraphic loveliness that seemed above earth, was passing away from it, was that mother who had scorned Maude in her sorrow and humiliation and been the cause that had kept the daughter from the couch of the dying father, for the old man, at the last, as frequently during his illness, had asked for "his Maude! his child!"

She was bearing the remorse that must come with hardness of heart—she, the haughty and heartless, was bending beneath her anguish now! Maude was dying.

Then, then alone, when she, already widowed, felt that, that daughter gone, she would be utterly alone, then alone did the mother remember that she had ever loved her child.

She wished to bear Maude away to her own home, but that the physician forbade. It was too late for that. She resigned herself at last, and, except to go and come, was seldom absent long from Maude's residence.

And De Croissac?

The man was wretched.

The miserable being, without an earthly tie and under the ban of the law, the unhappy man, who, like some evil bird, could only flit forth at night, the victim of an unholy passion for the gaming-table, the slave of his own passions, endeavored at first to blind himself to the truth, but in vain.

And what a humiliation to him who had made Maude's life one long humiliation, was it to be obliged to leave his wife's bedside when Mrs. Estvaring, the mother who so justly despised him, approached it! What bitterness to be obliged to evade the physician and Edith!

A fever dwelt in his veins. To procure to Maude every luxury, he gambled—for he could not realize the insult of offerings procured for the dying by means so unholy—he gambled more insanely than he had ever gambled before. His last supplies were derived from this source, but Maude was spared the bitterness of knowing this.

That a part of this solicitude was selfish; that he even hoped against hope that some miracle might save Maude's voice and health, was undoubtedly true; but even after that hope faded away, such attentions as this man, trammeled by the results of that deed which exposed him to discovery, could pay Maude, his dying wife, were rendered, and, if he had been free to remain beside her, De Croissac would not for a moment have abandoned her bedside.

Edith, I scarcely need to say, was tender and devoted. Her affection for Maude had always been great, and now to see her dying was a bitter pang. She had formed bright dreams of a future in which the sinister influence of De Croissac might have been nullified; she had even proposed to Maude to leave America, and, with Harold and herself, after her marriage, endeavor in Italy to recover her shattered health and strength. But over these dreams of possible reparation and consolation, the gloom of the coming parting had fallen—the parting that must be.

Yes, the fatal work was now complete. The being to whom heaven had given exceptional beauty, a generous nature, talent, noble feeling, and a heart warm and devoted, was condemned to die before her twenty-fourth year was yet complete!

What the vanity and ambition of her frivolous, fashionable, heartless mother had begun; the grasping calculation of her wicked preceptress; the art by which the latter had led her to suppose that the fact of her having answered letters from and listened to De Croissac as a suitor placed her in his power; the threats of Mrs. Estvaring, and her violence at the moment of Maude's rejection of the wealthy banker; De Croissac's villainy, his avarice; his persistent taxing of her health and strength; his cruelty with reference to her child; little Lucien's death; the disgrace of the gambling quarrel, and the horror with which she had learned that De Croissac's antagonist had met his death at the hands of her husband; the anxiety arising from the Count's concealment in her house; the fearful overtaxing of her health, and, it would seem most cruel of all, the discovery that while she had been singing at the opera-house her father lay, still unburied, cold and dead, *without a farewell,* without a word of pardon to the daughter who had left his roof—all, all these things had done their fatal work. Maude was dying.

There, at twenty-four, lay the victim of a false, vicious, godless, world-seeking and heaven-ignoring education.

She had lived in vain; lived, toward the final years of her life, only to suffer. Had Mrs. Estvaring been a true mother; had that nature so puerile, so cold, that heart so empty, been what they were not, the fair girl who lay there, waning away into the shadows of the sunless valley, might have been a wife whose home, ennobled by a good man's love, brightened by cherished children, would have been redolent with happiness—for, despite the gloom which many endeavor to cast over all that belongs to this life, *there is happiness* on earth, there are blessed and beautiful paths even in the short transit between birth and death. Who shall say that the beloved wife, the wife who shares the nobler emotions of her husband's soul, aspires as he aspires, and with him leads a life not aimless even here, knows not *happiness?* Who shall say that the mother teaching her child to know the upward path, sharing the study that will make it great as a man, or noble and useful as a woman, knows not happiness? And Maude, like many others, might have lived such a life, *had the outset been other than it was;* Maude, too, might have reached mature years with that look upon her face which is derived from the consciousness of having fitly worked out a noble task and aspired *not in vain.*

* * * * *

The Death-Angel, "who hath the sweetest voice of all God's creatures," came as the night grew toward its final hours.

Mrs. Estvaring, she who had too late remembered that she was a mother, had become so convulsed with sobs of grief that Edith had led her into a room adjoining that where Maude lay, for the dying girl seemed troubled by the harrowing sounds of her mother's weeping. When the mother passed out of the room a man stood upon the threshold—a man no longer disguised. De Croissac, at that hour, mocked at the danger which threatened him in the hatred of Mrs. Estvaring, and, for aught he could know, in the indignation and loathing of Edith.

His face was livid; his eyes were blood-shot and sunken; dark circles beneath them announced many nights of sleeplessness. The dark locks were matted upon his brow, and he seemed to tremble as if from exhaustion.

But, raising his form to its full height and fixing his eyes upon Edith, he said:

"I am here. Neither the friends

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*Duels are frequently fought near Greenwood.

of my wife nor the law shall remove me from her bedside. Denounce me, if you will; while breath is in her body I will remain here!"

Edith shrank away. The husband of her cousin inspired her with unutterable horror.

As she passed away, acknowledging to herself that, fallen as he was, "whom God had joined" none had the right to sever, the wretched being whose sin had wrought this thing—the man who had slain Maude as truly as, with descending ax, the executioner slays his victim, knelt at her side in that abject grief, that complete realization that the parting of such a soul and a soul like his was *forever*, which makes the victory of death a triumph over the unbeliever, and over those who deny the existence of Deity or heaven.

In the grief of the good there is hope. But to the grief of the evil, what lives beyond death and the worm? Where is the ray of light?

Believe me: to such a man, isolated by his own egotism, hated, despised, mistrusted; the man at war with society, and tortured by his own abasement; the man without a friend; the man who, at the hour when it was too late, loved the woman whom he had made his victim, parting was death in a double sense: the loss of all possible hope, *the death of being*.

He clasped his wife's hand in his own, covering it with burning tears, such tears as, in all his life, this man had never wept. Maude stirred. She had been lying, with the light of another world already upon her face, silent and still.

In all the last weeks of her waning away she had been conscious of De Croissac's coming and going. *He loved her at last!*

"If you could live, my Maude, my own," murmured the penitent, "we could seek some brighter clime where health would return to you. I could venture to the south of *ma France;* the air of my land is pure. *Ah! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" sobbed De Croissac breaking down with the utterance which, singularly enough, is as well that of terrible grief as of levity with the Gallic race, "to think that it is too late!"

"If you had loved me, all would have been well," murmured Maude; "you would not now be—"

"Be tracked by the wolves of the law, you would say? What would you have? It is too late!" And the sobs of the unhappy man burst forth afresh.

But into the chamber entered now that impalpable presence that can be felt, drawing nearer and nearer to the couch of Maude. It would have seemed that "Israfel the Destroyer" had paused upon the threshold, driven back by the awful grief of those who were about to be parted; but now, immutable in resolve, pitiless, and making its unseen presence felt, it advanced and cast upon the marble face of Maude the shadow of its unseen wings.

"Lucien! Lucien!" murmured the dying lips.

A sort of inarticulate prayer broke hoarsely from the lips of the man who had never learned to pray.

"Lucien!" . . . . . That sound too died away. Then Maude murmured:

"See! my husband! He is there, our little child! An angel bears him in her clasp; he is radiant. Ah! a light breaks!" . . . .

As the light broke, all was still!

The spirit of Maude had gone to kneel at the golden portal to ask its God for pardon.

She had sighed her last sigh, wept her last tear; the wife of De Croissac was dead.

* * * * *

With the gambler, the duelist, we have no more to do. His grief was appalling, but it did not reclaim him. To the selfish heart a great bitterness, a savage fierceness seemed added, and, had he strewn the pathway of Maude's life as his wife with every flower of tenderness, honor and reverence, he could not more bitterly have goaded against fate because of her death. It seemed to cut away the last bond between him and humanity, and, though no further act of criminality marked his career, he sank into a debasement complete and utter, irrevocable cynicism and entire indifference to life. When last heard of, he was haunting, ragged, miserable and broken, those resorts of Parisian wretchedness such as no American could credit the existence of as tolerated by any government, and which the police itself scarcely dare to enter. Hugo alone has dared to describe what it seems that that the law dares not yet demolish.

It may not be amiss to say a word here as to the fate of Madame Fleurdepois, the woman whose wickedness had had so much to do with the doom of Maude.

Upon her return to Paris, "Madame's" descent was very rapid.

Paris is the city of sudden and complete reverses. The brilliant actress becomes a box-opener—but this is in her old age; while the more abrupt changes are so frequent that they excite no surprise. But Madame Fleurdepois' descent was certainly complete, for, after being an apple-vender, she became *a rag-picker!* (*Chiffonière.*)

Then the fiery stimulants by which she endeavored to obliterate the recollection of the better days of which she had so often talked of to her associates, the other rag-pickers, not one of whom believed her, worked their gradual destruction, and "'Phonsine," the *chiffonière*, was one of the earliest victims to the last visitation of the fiend, Cholera.

CHAPTER IX.

> "Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife,
> Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
> My other dearer life in life,
> Look through my very soul with thine!"
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "Two spirits with one equal mind,
> With blessings beyond hope or thought,
> With blessings which no words can find."
>
> —*The Miller's Daughter.*

ROMA!

And Edith?

Little remains for me to tell of her. Her grief for Maude was not like that of Mrs. Estvaring, mingled with remorse, nor did she selfishly indulge in it, for Harold might have thought that love for Maude's memory and grief at her loss had lessened the power of her love for him.

Still over Edith's life, as if beyond the grave, a lovely influence extended; the memory of the fair and beloved relative, the one who had died with the lustre of the summer of life upon the golden ripples of her hair, the lovely memory of the beautiful Maude ever exercised a chastening and tender influence. The perfect face, remembered well, rises into visible beauty from many a canvas at which Edith toils. Now it will shine from between the wings of an angel, looking as Edith believes that Maude now looks; again it will arise, the head bent down and tears upon its cheeks, bearing in its hands the palm of the martyr and saint. Again it will gleam forth as Poetry or as Song

> "As a bright thing remembered in its spring,
> Or still remembered as when shadows fell,
> And pale, it passed away."

And noble subjects are those which the pencil of Edith creates; for, married to Harold Trubalys, it is in the fair city of Rome that the young couple now dwell.

None but those who have lived there can know the rapture of living in Rome. The Eternal City, that city most grandiose in all that adorn that land of which the poet says:

> "Why wert not thou more powerful or less fair?"

that land to obtain the possession of which he who endeavored to found a dynasty and an empire at the portal of republican America has done so much—for none who examines the under-current of Napoleon's policy can doubt that to be his aim—but in which aim he will be thwarted, so long as the stern determination of Mazzini, the patriot and the lion-hearted Garibaldi interpose to remove his clutch upon Italy. That land is Paradise, it is inspiration!

And day after day Edith recognizes the privilege of studying art in the cradle of art, of looking upon the works of masters truly great, and among monuments which, if not what they have been, are still the grandest that, upon the surface of that earth on which the human hand has done so much to testify gratitude that "man abideth there," have ever yet risen or still endure.

And Edith there finds many of her countrywomen at work like herself in the effort to draw from the highest indications of outward and material beauty the power to embody in a fitting form the fairer work in which that which is Christian, not pagan, should find its presentment.

Hers was a blameless life, humble and unobtrusive; but, *seeking the violet, she found the star.*

May all lives prosper thus that are *after God's words!*

* * * * *

In her desolate New York home, for she is too feeble to leave it, seated in that solitude which should be, as it usually is, the lot of those whose lives have been utterly selfish, sits a mournful woman. It is the mother of Maude Estvaring.

The death of her husband left her little to fall back upon. Mere comfort without luxury—and there she is more fortunate than many who are more deserving—is all she can pretend to. But Mrs. Estvaring is beyond appreciating mere outward comfort. She sits in presence of a phantom with mournful eyes, that, while life lasts, will never leave her side. Characters like hers are often too callous to feel remorse; fortunately, hers has that redeeming trait. What would not the desolate woman, unloved by any, give to evoke from the shadow-land and bring again back to earth her dead husband, whose last hours she imbittered by denying him the presence of Maude, his daughter? What would she not give to recall the fair girl whom she banished, and whose fate she bitterly admits to have been the work of her own frivolity, and, finally, of her own heartlessness?

Have I fitly fulfilled my task?

This story has not been written idly. I have looked around me and felt so painfully the downward tendency of fashionable education, which to the present generation appears to possess a fatal fascination; I have seen so many instances of results which I do not hesitate to qualify as fearful, from an outset in life such as I have here depicted, that the recollection of what is thrust upon me in everyday life would often call away my attention from other subjects.

Serious remonstrance, *serious* representation of the evil of all this, particularly of the fatal influence of foreign female teachers—I allude more particularly to Frenchwomen—over the youth of America as represented by our fair girls; *serious* remonstrance, I reiterate, is in vain. It frets, it is discredited; and in nothing is it so true that "experience *alone* teaches" as in matters of early education. Yet who can fail to trace the result to the cause?

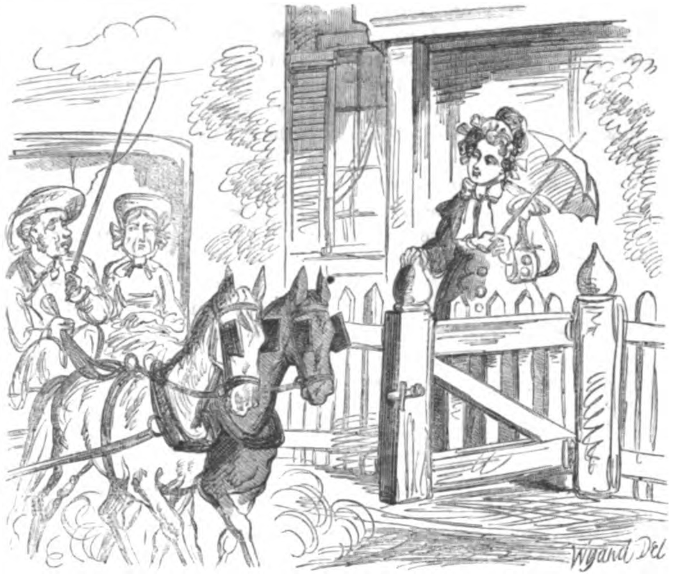
Therefore it was that it occurred to me to embody these truths, to tell one story from among many sad ones, in the form of fiction.

The aim of "Maude Estvaring" has not been to make the reader laugh with "Aunt Sempronia" or "Betty Baxton," feel indignation at the villainy of Lucien de Croissac, contempt as to the Chevalier Toure, or pity for Frere Fletchingbane, nor even to cause tears to be shed over the grave of little Lucien.

It is to cause our fair, young American girls *to read and loathe* a character like that of Madame Fleurdepois, the French instructress; and it will easily be understood why I have depicted a fashionable, heartless mother like Mrs. Grafton Estvaring.

Maude's story is not a fiction, dramatic as it may seem.

And I send forth that story to those who have invited me to be one in the working out of a purpose that is lofty and great, because they will understand that, to leave the path of good unobstructed, it is better that weeds should not be suffered to penetrate the soil—dropping, as they do, from the sources I have spoken of and pointed out, than that, when they have choked up the road to higher things, those who might be working their way up to the summit of the "Mount Beautiful" should need to bend to uproot their rank and poisonous growth.



ARRIVAL AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE "WIDOW FLAREUP."

HOME HAPPENINGS.

A DOT FROM THE SPARKINS JOURNAL.

SPARKINS is a curious individual. He believes in the *skin-flint* system; I don't, and so we occasionally get into an argument.

I said to him the other day: "Sparkins," says I, "we must take a fashion magazine."

"Can't afford it," says he.

"You *must* afford it," says I. "Here is our eldest daughter, Corolana Evalina, of an age to come out—"

"Let her come then. What's to hinder?"

"Sparkins, you are not *brilliant*. When I speak of a young lady's *coming out*, I mean going into society—"

"Oh, you mean *apple parins, huskin' bees,* and *quiltin' parties*, I 'spose, but we used to do that kind of thing ourselves, Sally, without the aid of a fashion paper, and I reckon Coral can do the same."

My name is Salubra, but Sparkins will insist on calling me Sally, particularly when he's a little out of sorts.

"Matters have changed since we were young, and you ought to remember that, Sparkins."

"I should think they *had*," says he; "if there's anything that looks ridiculous to me, it's this everlasting chase after the fashions. The girls' heads are full of it, and mothers are leading their daughters on as if life itself depended on having the latest-fashioned hat, cloak and dress, no matter what they cost," and with this expression of his sentiment, Sparkins crammed his hands into his pockets, and went strutting up and down the room, like an enraged gobbler. I saw at once that a little diplomacy was required to manage this head-strong individual.

I did not at that time care to enter into an argument with him on the benefits to be derived from a *fashion magazine* in a family like ours. I allowed him to perambulate till I thought he had become somewhat calm, then said, "Sparkins, pray don't waste shoe-leather in this way. Sit down!"

"I was thinking of dear brother Tom and his life of single-blessedness."

"Think of him, dear, to your heart's content," says I; "but for all that, I *lay out* to live some time yet, and take a magazine besides, and I reckon you'll live to enjoy it too. Come, you needn't go to buttoning up your coat, as if you meant to get out of hearing as soon as possible, for I've considerable to say, and perhaps I shall never find a better time than now. We have lived here in Sparkinsville nigh on to eighteen years, and in that time you have never, to my knowledge, spent a penny for either a newspaper or magazine, though you have not been sparing of change when tobacco and cigars were wanting. You are off to your caucuses and town-meetings, and manage to *pick up* the news of the day while I stay at home and hear nothing, unless I borrow of the neighbors; and *that* I am ashamed to do longer."

"As I've a little business in town to-day, you'd better have an *intermission* of an hour or so, and continue the discourse when I get home," said Sparkins, putting himself inside his overcoat.

"I think I'll go along," says I, "and hear the news too, as I can't take a magazine."

You ought to have seen how Sparkins looked when I put on my bonnet and shawl and got into the wagon.

"Come, come! get out and go back into the house, where you belong," says he, "and I'll bring you a magazine, perhaps, if they keep such nonsense at the book-store."

"Much obliged," says I, "but I couldn't think of it. I happen to have a little spare change myself, enough to pay for a magazine, I reckon; besides, there's to be a *female suffrage* meeting at the Town Hall, and I'm going to attend."

"Good gracious! Salubra, are you in earnest?" says he.

"Never more so in my life," says I; "we ladies must have some privileges."

"Then you'd better go alone," says he, throwing down the lines and whip.

"All right," says I. "See that supper is ready against I get home, for I shall be cold and hungry."—But he didn't get out of the wagon or make any reply.

At last he very reluctantly took up the lines and drove off.

Neither of us spoke a word till we came in sight of widow Flareup's residence. She stood by the gate apparently expecting some one.

"Why, how late you are," said she to my husband. He looked rather confused, saying, "This is my wife, Mrs. Flareup."

"Never mind about *introducing* us," says I. "I have heard of Widow Flareup before!"

"Perhaps there isn't room for me," said she, stepping back.

"I s'pose Mr. Sparkins has invited you to go to the 'Women's Rights' meeting this afternoon, so get in; you may have a seat by him, and I'll drive.

"There, sit down! Sparkins is a capital hand to take care of the *widows* and the *fatherless*." With that I gave the horses a cut, and there was a general shaking up all round, as we were hurried over the rough frozen ground.

There was quite a crowd around the Hall as I drove up. Sparkins helped the widow out without any extra flourishes, for my eye was on him. When we started for the lecture-room he offered me one arm, but as the widow was hanging on the other, I said: "You may need both arms to take care of *her*. Never mind me."

Just then the clerk of the post-office came up and asked me to take part in the proceedings. I explained to him my business, that of subscribing for a magazine.

"Here is just what you will like," said he, drawing a very handsomely illustrated paper from his pocket. "I am getting up a club. Shall I put your name down?"

Of course I said *yes;* and the next thing after that I found myself on the platform of the hall among several distinguished ladies and gentlemen, who began questioning me in regard to my principles.

I scarcely knew what to say. I had not, indeed, had time to think much about the question to be discussed, but my opinion was that if *female suffrage* became lawful there would be small chance for the *unprincipled* office-holders of the day to be *re-elected.*

"Good!" said several voices. "If you speak to-night you'll bring down the house."

As I had no desire to perform such a Samson-like feat, I declined. Then they gathered around me like a flock of geese all chattering at once, and insisting, till I felt like crawling under the desk to get out of sight. At last I compromised the matter by putting my thoughts on paper, for a more courageous sister to declaim. They ran thus:

I'll tell you what, good Mr. Dot,
When *ladies* come to vote
You'll find it won't be just the thing
To *change* so oft your coat!

When you *agree* to do a thing,
You'll surely have to do it;
And when you say a thing is *so*,
You'll find you must stick to it.

And candidates, to win our votes
For an important station,
Must show less love of *self* and *pelf*,
And *genuine* love of nation!

And men who *sell* their influence
We'll *wither* with a frown!
Oh! won't it be a glorious thing
To vote *such* patriots down?

Think what a saving there will be
Of dimes on 'lection day;
There'll be no stops at whisky shops
When women lead the way!

And wrangling party-strife will be
A record of the past;
'Twill be "*the year of Jubilee*,"
The "good time come" at last.

And when that glorious day shall dawn,
Good friends, forget it not;
One woman, if she lives, will vote--
Her name's *Aurora Dot.*

Sparkins's *Christian* name is *Dot*, and as the *hints* in the above poetical expression of my sentiments pointed at him, I thought it no more than right to *subscribe* myself A. Dot.

There was a great clapping of hands and cries of "Dot! Dot! let us have speech from Dot!" but I got out of the hall very quietly, no one having the least idea who Dot really was.

After waiting some time for Sparkins and the *widow*, I got out of patience; at last I descried him on the steps helping her to adjust her shawl; as he seemed to be in no hurry, I seated myself in the wagon and drove home, leaving him a pleasant walk of four miles with Mrs. Flareup.

How he enjoyed it he has never said, but it did him a *world* of *good.* He got home about an hour after I did, looking rather crest-fallen, but as gentle as a lamb, and he has been *docile* ever since.

Since that memorable evening he has never been to town without asking me politely to accompany him, but I'm too busy with my fashion paper and its admirable patterns to accept often. Old dresses are made new, hats of home manufacture grace the heads of our daughters, an old cloth cloak, before considered worthless, has furnished material for two stylish sacques, and all from patterns and instruction gleaned from a fashion paper which costs but $3 a year. Even Sparkins himself confesses it a *profitable investment.*

Now that widow Flareup has left the village, he has only home affairs to attend to, and he is very glad of an evening to read the —— I declare, I came near speaking the name right out, but as I'm not writing a *puff* for any of the numerous periodicals, I shan't do it.

Sparkins has become a *model* husband; he didn't even grumble when he found his last year's *comforter* and *mittens* of gay colored worsted turned into a *lamp mat* and *tidy* for the arm-chair; he only said, with a subdued look and tone of resignation, that "he supposed frozen ears and fingers would be fashionable this winter."

MY NEW YEAR'S VISION.

BY MINNIE LEE.

'Tis the first day of the new-born year,
And twilight hours are hovering near;
The winds are holding a revel wild,
And I am again a thoughtless child.

With memory's wand I wandered back
Along the thorny, tear-stained track,
Until I came to a garden mild,
And I felt I was again a child.

But it is May in that far-off land,
And flowers are clasped in my dimpled hand,
As I laugh and run in my childish glee,
With my comrade down to the noisy sea.

And, listening there to the hollow roar,
I cast my flowers upon its shore;
And gather instead the shells that have caught
The rosy hue by Aurora brought.

But the scene has changed; a *woman* stands,
Instead of a *child*, on the pebbly sands;
But she has no comrade. Where is he
Who played when a child by this foaming sea?

Go, ask of the mermaids, whose palace lies
Far beneath yon spot, where the breakers rise,
If they can not tell you of Albert brave,
Who found, near their home, a watery grave.

But my dream is ended; before the grate,
So lonely, *so* weary, *so desolate*,
I sit looking out on the mantle white,
That drapes the earth on this New Year's night.

ADAM'S DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ADAM had reached the age of 930 years, when his failing strength warned him that he must soon hear the summons of the Judge: "Thou shalt die."

Turning to Eve, who was weeping beside him, he said, "Let all my sons be called, that I may once more see and bless them." At the word of their father they assembled, numbering many hundreds, and offered up supplications to Heaven that his life might be spared.

"Who among you," said Adam, "will go to the holy mountain and bring me the fruit of the tree of of life? Perhaps mercy may be found for me."

Immediately, all his sons expressed their desire to gratify him; but Seth, the most pious, was the one selected by the father for the errand.

With his head strewn with ashes he hurried away, and tarried not until he stood before the gate of Paradise. There he prayed earnestly—"O thou God of mercy, let my father find favor with thee, and send him fruit from the tree of life." Suddenly, there stood before him a bright cherub; but instead of the fruit of the tree of life, he held in his hand a branch of three leaves. "Take *this* to thy father," he said, gently, "for his comfort; for eternal life is not to be found on earth. Now hasten, his hour has come."

Quickly Seth returned to his father, and, throwing himself down beside him, exclaimed, "I do not bring you any fruit from the tree of life, my father, but only this branch which was given me by an angel for your last refreshment."

The dying man took the branch with thankfulness, for he perceived in it the perfume of Paradise. His soul became elevated, and he said, "Children, eternal life dwells not for us upon earth. You will follow me, but in these leaves I inhale the breath of another world." Then his eyes closed, and his spirit fled.

Adam's children buried their father and mourned for him thirty days. Seth, alone, did not weep. He planted the branch on his father's grave, at the head of the dead, and called it "The branch of the new life, and the awaking from the sleep of death."

The little branch grew up to be a large tree, and many children of Adam were strengthened by it with the assurance of another and a better life. And, as upon a stem of this tree, the bringer-back of immortality gave up His holy life, the perfume of the new life spread far and wide among all nations.

HOMELESS.

BY DAISY DILL.

THE rich man's mansion towers high,
As if it fain would reach the sky,
While I with cold go shivering by.

Hungry and chill, I pace the street
With aching heart and freezing feet,
And strangely all stare whom I meet.

The moon lights up the mansion tall,
And comfort shines out from the spacious hall
Where hirelings obey the rich man's call.

Does he hear on the frozen ground my tread?
Does he care how the shivering poor are fed?
Oh, God! knows he I famish for bread?

Sharp is the wind which bites my cheek;
Homeless—a shelter where can I seek?
Ah me! how can I my heart-woes speak?

Only to God can I speak of my care,
And ask for help in the hour of despair;
Will He spurn me from Him, or list to my prayer?

He knoweth all that my life hath been,
Knoweth the battles I've fought with sin—
Oh! would to his fold he would clasp me in!

Never to wander the cold barren shore,
Or hunger and thirst in my misery more.
Is there for me such good in store?

Ah! bitter the night wind sweeps my brow,
But meekly unto the Cross I'll bow—
God in his mercy will teach me how.

The rich man's mansion is grand and tall,
He would spurn me from him, and sneer at my fall,
But God will list to the pleas of all.

◆ ◆ ◆

FACTS ON TEMPERANCE.—Dr. Colleneth, a celebrated German physician, says: "For twenty-one years I have banished all intoxicants from my practice, and during that period I have made not fewer than 180,000 medical visits, and I hesitate not to say that the recoveries have been more numerous and more rapid than they were during the five years I followed the usual practice, and administered brandy, wine, and beer."

Google

SONGS OF SEVEN.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

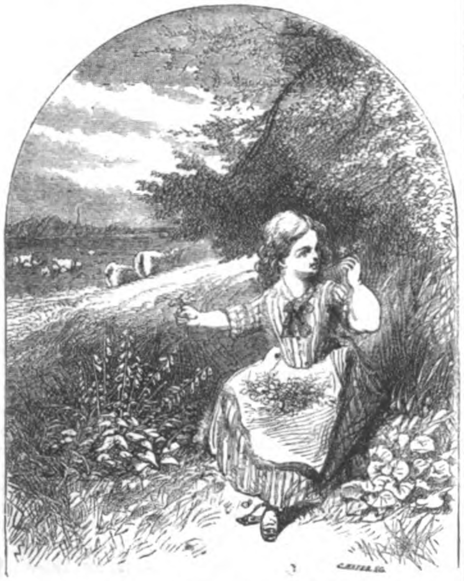
SEVEN TIMES ONE.

Exultation.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing—
You are nothing now but a bow.



You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

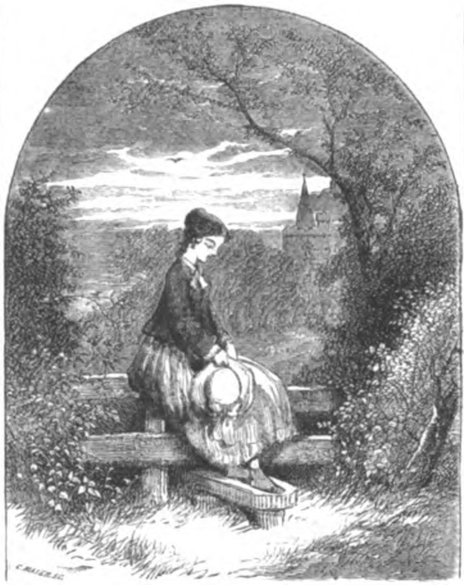
And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

Romance.

YOU bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many so ever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol, by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.



"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

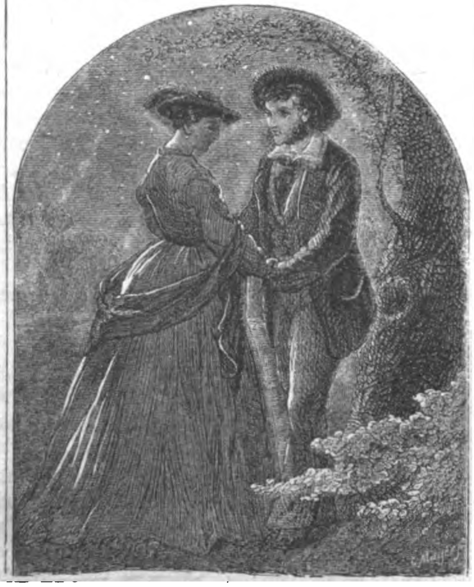
Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
Oh, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head,
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds can not sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells can not ring it, but long years, oh, bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.



SEVEN TIMES THREE.

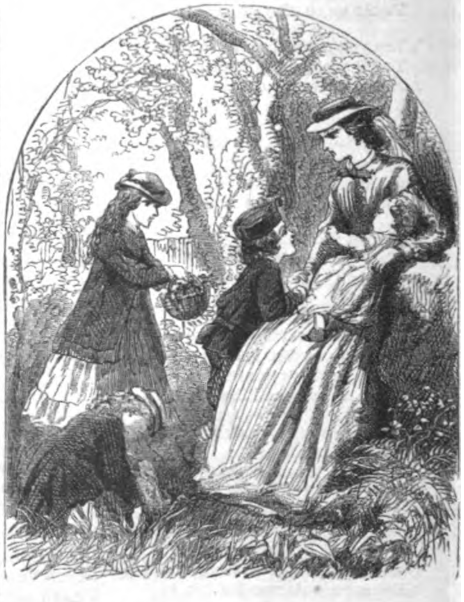
Love.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters grow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep:
You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.



SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

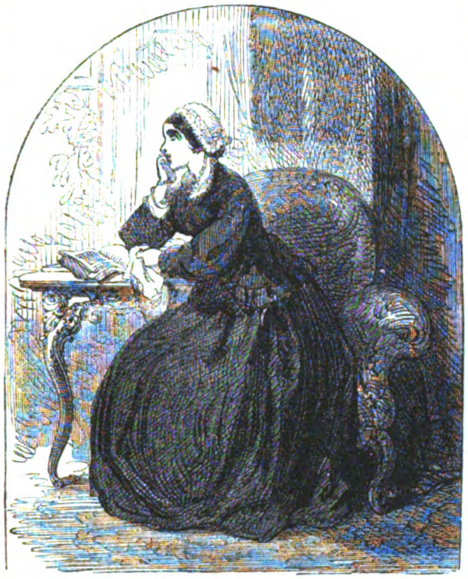
Maternity.

HEIGH-HO! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the house be but narrow,"
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all.



SEVEN TIMES FIVE.

Widowhood.

I SLEEP and rest, my heart makes moan
Before I am well awake;
"Let me bleed! Oh, let me alone,
Since I must not break!"

For children wake, though fathers sleep
With a stone at foot and at head:
O sleepless God, forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes, and what to see
But a world happy and fair!
I have not wished it to mourn with me—
Comfort is not there.

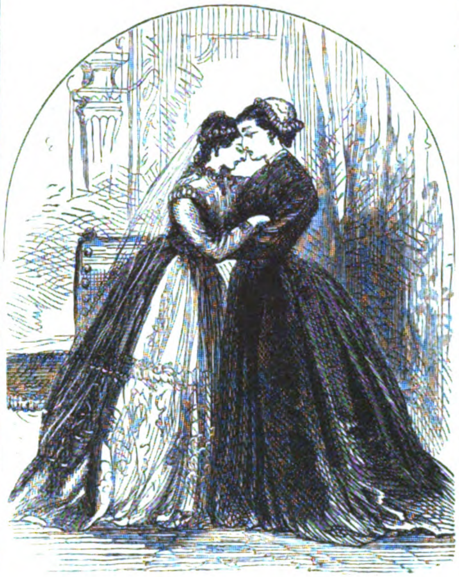
Oh, what anear but golden brooms,
And a waste of reedy rills!
Oh, what afar but the fine glooms
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore—
How bitter it is to part!
Oh, to meet thee, my love, once more!
O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!
Oh, that an echo might wake
And waft one note of thy psalm to me
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
And with angel voices blent;
Oh, once to feel thy spirit anear!
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
While an angel entering trod,
But once—thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God!



SEVEN TIMES SIX.

Giving in Marriage.

TO bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews;
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart.—
To hear, to heed, to wed,
This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
"Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind,
To God I gave with tears;
But when a man like grace would find,
My soul put by her fears.
O fond, O fool, and blind,
God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN.

Longing for Home.

I.

A SONG of a boat:—
There was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

III.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me!

IV.

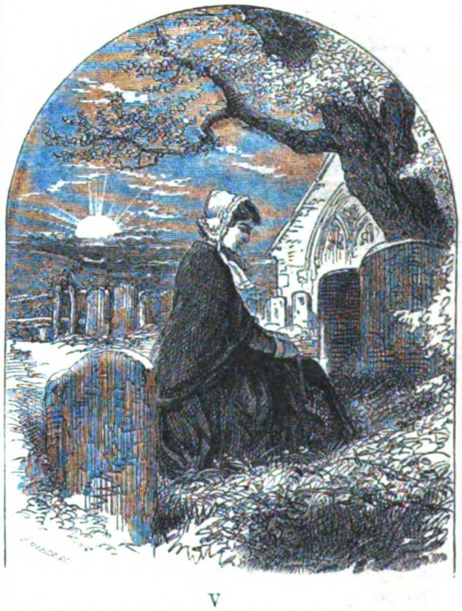
A song of a nest:—
There was once a nest in a hollow:
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim.
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:—
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown,
They spread out their wings to fly.
Oh, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.



V

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!

Miss Prim *versus* Mrs. Twig.

(VERDICT FOR DEFENDANT.)

I LIVE at a very select boarding-house. Mrs. Polhemus is the landlady's name, and she receives only five "guests" more for comfort than any pecuniary profit resulting therefrom, she says.

Mrs. P. is a fat, fair, and forty sort of woman, who likes to enjoy herself, a characteristic not generally found among landladies of the present day. We all esteem and like Mrs. P., though I'm afraid we young fellows are not as respectful as we ought to be, when we speak of her as old Pol. However, that's neither here nor there. Mrs. P. has nothing to do with my story, so I'll say no more about her, but go on with the Prim *versus* Twig case. At the time of the Prim *versus* Twig case, our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Twig, a young married couple, very fond of each other, although he was most absurdly jealous, a Miss Prim, a remarkably staid lady, of forty or thereabouts, who wears a huge waterfall, which she declares is her own hair (and I've no doubt it is, for she bought and paid for it); Tom Brett, Harry Pierce, two dashing young fellows, and myself (Jack Hall, an old bach, at your service). All of us are desperately taken with the pretty, fairy-like Mrs. Twig, who smiles, sings, shrugs her white shoulders and shakes her golden curls for all three in the most impartial manner.

One evening, about two weeks ago, we were all at home, it being absolutely too late to go anywhere else. Tom Brett, Harry Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. Twig were on the balcony—the lady rocking herself to and fro in a pretty little rocking-chair (presented, I'm not ashamed to say, by Jack Hall) and displaying every time she tilts backward the toes of the cunningest bronze slippers that ever adorned a pair of Cinderella-like feet.

Tom was seated beside her, holding a dish of ice-cream, from which every other moment the little flirt took a spoonful, turning the morsel in her rosy mouth, and raising her arched eye-brows and setting her lips firmly together, by way of expressing how very cold it was.

On the other side, Harry slowly waved a blue ostrich-feather fan. Twig, leaning on the railing of the balcony, smoking.

Miss Prim and myself were seated on a sofa in the room, not from any choice of mine. I can assure you. The fact is, I was sitting there enjoying the evening paper, and she placed herself at my side.

Suddenly my fair companion gave a gasp, or snort, or something between the two, or something made up of both.

"Good heavens!" thought I to myself, "those dreadful cucumbers!" (she had eaten two or three at dinner)—and, leaning anxiously toward her, I inquired:

"Are you ill? What is the matter?"

"Matter—matter!" returned Miss Prim, shaking ten dollars' worth of front-curls in the most vindictive manner. "Look at that woman," and she extended her skinny forefinger in the direction of the unconscious Mrs. Twig. "Ill—ill! She's enough to make any modest person ill!"

I had no objection to look at Mrs. Twig; indeed, I spent half my time, when at home, in that occupation; so, in quick obedience to Miss Prim, I looked again.

"Awful cunning," as my little neice says, she looked too, her slender form swaying to and fro, her white dress falling in graceful folds about her, and her still whiter teeth gleaming between her lips, as she gave first a smile to Tom, then to Harry, and at last (and it was well she did, too, for the ridiculous fellow was beginning to look like a young thunder-storm) fairly beamed on Mr. Twig!

"Who'd think she could do so?" hissed Miss Prim. between a hundred dollar set of—best teeth.

"Do what?" I asked innocently. "I see no harm in her eating ice-cream, though, perhaps, it *is* a little too soon after the salad."

"Stuff and nonsense! Salad! Don't be a fool!" interrupted Miss Prim. "I don't care what she eats; *let* her eat lobster and milk, custard and lemon, if she wants to. It's her going on—her behavior!"

"Why, Miss Prim!" cried I, perfectly bewildered, "what is the dear little woman doing?"

"'Dear little woman!'" sneered Miss Prim. "Oh! how mistaken you all are in that—that Mrs. Twig. Ah! if Mr. Twig knew what I know!"

A sigh.

"What do you know, Miss Prim?" asked I, and then added, in a fit of indignation: "But I don't care what you know; you won't make me believe anything against that innocent, girlish creature."

"Hoity-toity! are you so far gone as that?" exclaimed Miss Prim, raising a pair of the most artistically crayoned eye-brows. "'Girlish, innocent creature,' indeed!—a 'girlish, innocent creature,' who receives a man in her room every day, while her husband is absent; and who said to him at the door while they were parting yesterday—not that I was listening, but my hearing is very sharp (so is your imagination, thought I,)—who said to him these very words: 'Oh! if Dolly (Adolphus, Mr. Twig's first name), should find us out!' 'Never fear, Minnie,' (Minnie is Mrs. Twig's first name), answered the wretch, although I think she is a great deal worse—'never fear. I don't think he will make any discovery this week, and next week my room will be in order, and you can come there.' Upon which she said, actually, Mr. Hall, 'Good-by, *dear;* be sure and come to-morrow!' artful minx!"

I confess I was staggered. I hesitated. I looked at the artful minx. She was leaning toward Twig, holding out a spoonful of ice-cream. He bent his head in the most lover-like manner to receive it, while in the face of Harry and Tom were plainly written, "Ah! if I were Twig!"

"Hey, what do you think of her now?" persisted Miss Prim, tugging away at my coat sleeve.

"I can not believe it, yet!" I ejaculated. "You must be the victim of some frightful mistake!"

"Oh! ah! indeed!" stretching her thin, long neck till she looked like a giraffe. "Perhaps you would be willing to come home a little early to-morrow afternoon and see and hear the 'frightful mistake!'"

"Done! I'll do so. My own eyes and ears must serve me, even though Miss Prim's are so much keener," and I bowed sarcastically.

"You men are all caught by a pretty face and form," retorted Miss Prim, wiping away an imaginary tear and a little pearl powder from under her right eye, "overlooking the fond hearts that beat in less fair, but more truthful bosoms."

More truthful bosom, indeed! but, the less said on that subject the better.

The next afternoon, I came home early. Miss Prim was waiting for me upon the stairs.

"He's here," she whispered in a sepulchral tone. "He got in without my seeing him. Come along, I'll soon convince you of the truth of my story."

I suffered myself to be led into Miss Prim's room, feeling very "small," I must own, but inwardly praying that I might triumph over the old malicious maid yet!

The fan-light over the door, which formed a means of communication between the rooms occupied respectively by Mrs. Twig and Miss Prim, was open, and we could hear distinctly the sound of two voices. One *was the voice* of Mrs. Twig; the other, of a strange man. A wicked light shone in Miss Prim's gooseberry eyes.

"He's calling her 'my darling,'" she whispered, in a choking manner. He *was, I* heard him.—"Speak, my darling," he said, "why are you silent?"

My heart sank within me. I forgot my humiliating position, and listened as eagerly as Miss Prim herself. No reply from Mrs. Twig.

"Come to me, then, and give me a kiss, to show that at least you still love me."

A *kiss!* an unmistakable kiss! My heart fell to my boots. Miss Prim glared. Just then, some one ran gayly up-stairs, whistling as he came.

Heavens! Mr. Twig! Miss Prim flew out, grasped him by the arm, and had him in her room in a second of time.

"Prepare yourself," she began, while the unfortunate man stared wildly at us both. As for me, I was beginning to wish myself in the wilds of Africa.

"My wife!" exclaimed Twig.

"Yes, your wife, that's just it," groaned Miss Prim, "loves another. He's in there now (pointing to Twig's room; he's been there at this hour for several days past—he calls her—but wait, you shall hear for yourself," and she dragged him wildly to the door.

"Oh! what a naughty pet you are," the visitor was saying. "I shan't kiss you again for a week, unless you promise to be good."

"Oh! she will be good! *do* kiss her again," returned Mrs. Twig, in that peculiar baby-dialect, which all pretty women adopt to those they love. "But isn't it time," she continued, "for you to go, dear? my husband will soon be here."

"Traitress, he *is* here!" and the door flew open, and there stood Mr. Twig, foaming at the mouth, and glaring upon Mrs. Twig, her brother, Charlie Ellet, the artist, and Miss Minnie, the three-year-old daughter of Charlie, who sat beside her father, evidently enjoying a fit of first-class sulks.

"What the deuce is the matter?" cried Charlie Ellet. "*Who* the deuce are you calling 'traitress,' and *why* the deuce are you looking like an escaped lunatic?"

"And why did you come home so early, and spoil my surprise, after all? There, now, I won't give you anything for your birthday," said Mrs. Twig, half-crying, half-laughing

There stood, on an easel, in front of Charlie, "the surprise;" a nearly completed crayon-head of the "dear little wife."

For a moment Twig stood dumfounded, then turning fiercely upon Miss Prim, he exclaimed:

"What the deuce do *you* mean, you infernal, mischief-making old maid?"

Miss Prim gasped, retreated a few steps, and fainted in her own room; a proceeding which met the approbation of the spectators.

"Oh! what an ass I've been," said Twig, sinking into a chair, and grasping himself by his forehead. "Oh! what a confounded fool I've been!"

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the little woman, a sudden light breaking in upon her. "You havn't all been listening, and thinking I had a lover, have you?"

"That same, Mrs. Twig," said I; "but let me explain."

I explained. Charlie laughed. Mrs. Twig cried a little, then laughed, and next day exhibited a lovely new diamond ring.

◆

EFFIE FROST'S LOCKET.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

We had been down to the place in the woods where the wild strawberries were always plenty in June, and were coming home, with our baskets filled, Kate Hood and I, in the sweet summer twilight—which always made Birch Hollow so pretty. We were not lovers, but we had known each other all our lives and were friends, with perhaps a touch of romance in our friendship, as there must be in that of young people, when one is a man and the other a woman, and I knew that there were those who thought our friendship would come to something more and that we should be husband and wife some day. I knew we did not like each other well enough for that, and I fancied that Kate knew it too, so we were very quietly content with each other, and enjoyed each other's company very much. For Kate was smart and sharp, and had a witty word always ready, and was a girl to be rather proud of in society, though she was not one bit pretty. She was among the fine in Birch Hollow too, for her father was the well-to-do clergyman of the place, and I, who was the son of an old friend, had been thought very fortunate in finishing my studies under his care, and in being admitted to his house, and I had felt a little proud when Miss Hood permitted me to act as her escort and patronized me as a woman of twenty-two may a boy not twenty-one. But she did not make my heart flutter, and I never dreamed about her or wrote poems to her eyes, though they were fine. Perhaps if I had I could not have looked into them so frankly as I did, but would have been more shy.

We had climbed the hill, and could look down on the roof of the brown parsonage, and were on a level with the steeple of the church, and had only the winding path that led down easily into the Hollow between us and home, when something like a snow-ball struck Kate's shoulder, and a laugh rung out like the peal of a bell from a little knoll above us. I caught the ball and held it in my hand—a feathery thing made of some white flowers, ingeniously twisted together, with a pebble in its heart to give it weight, and Kate looked up and cried, "Effie Frost!" and in another minute the girl who had thrown the flower-ball was beside us. "You did not expect to see *me*, Kate," she cried. "Indeed it surprises me to find myself here. Mamma doomed me to another year at boarding-school, you know, but she has relented, and I am home for good. Congratulate me, Kate. It is so splendid. Charlie is up there, hunting for me, for I've been hiding from him. Ah, there he comes," and she laughed again merrily.

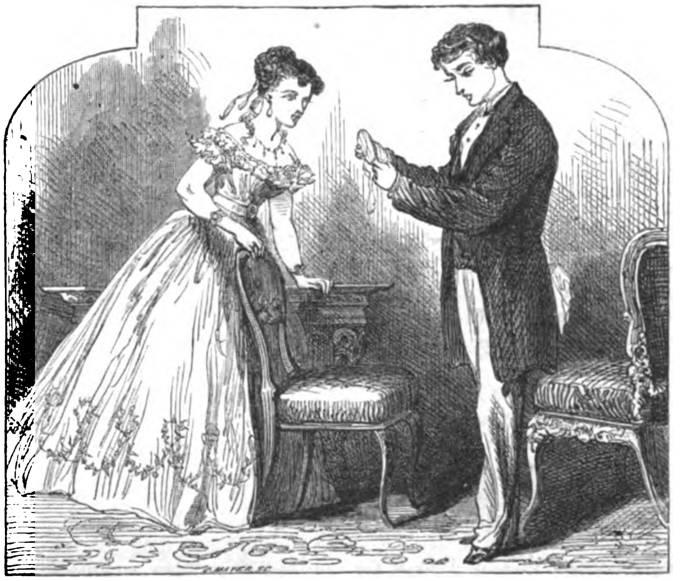
"Wherever you are, one may be sure to find your cousin Charles," said Kate. Then, as though remembering me for the first time, she said, "Miss Frost, this is Mr. Morgan—papa's pupil."

Effie Frost turned to me with a frank smile, and gave me her hand.

"You are new at Birch Hollow, are you not?" she asked. "Don't you think it a very pretty place? Don't you understand how charmed one must be to return to it after being shut up in a prim boarding-school, with one daily promenade under a row of stiff poplars, guarded by a governess? But then no one can quite guess how I feel, for mamma tells the truth when she declares nature meant me for a gipsy." She laughed again, and the dark, sparkling face had something gipsy-like about it, yet it was the most beautiful face that I had ever seen. Beside it, that of Kate Hood faded into insipidity. It was always plain, and in that contrast it was doubly so.

How mine contrasted with that of this cousin Charlie, who presently clambered down from the knoll above us, I soon found myself wondering, for I had never had any vanity, nor any reason to have any, and he was the handsomest blonde man I ever saw, colored as Reubens colored his women, full of life and energy, broad-shouldered and large-limbed. You could see in him, it is true, the foreshadowing of a florid, portly old gentleman, too heavy and too red for grace and beauty; but, as a youth, he was exquisite. As frank as his cousin, we were soon talking sociably together, and we parted at the parsonage as young people part who have taken a sudden liking for each other.

"What a pretty creature she is," were my first words, and Kate Hood gave a little look of astonishment and cried, "Do you think so? She is so very dark."


THE MINIATURE OF EFFIE'S FATHER.

"I like dark beauty," said I; "but how odd that she should have just returned from boarding-school—she looks nineteen at least."

"She is twenty," said Kate, "but I fancy she was sent away to keep her from being too much with Charlie French. The boy is in love with her and she is silly enough for anything. It would never do, Mrs. Frost thought; but they are together again you see."

"Cousins," I began, but she checked me with a laugh.

"Oh, there is a difference, you know," she said. "Mine are like brothers to me, but it is not so with Effie and Charlie. They were not brought up together, and I fancy Mrs. Frost might as well give in at once."

I began to hate Charlie French as I listened to this. I turned away to hide my face and began humming a tune and turning over the music on the piano, and Kate ran away to give the berries to a servant to hull, and came back in a few moments fresh and summer-like in a soft white dress, with rose-buds in her hair, and sang to me. But I was not thinking of the buds in the brown hair or of the white dress, or even listening to the songs she sung. I was far away, thinking of Effie Frost, wondering whether she really thought anything of her golden-haired cousin, and whether if it were so she could be brought to take a fancy to me.

Going so far on the first meeting, who can wonder that I went farther soon? My twenty-first birthday found me in love—as earnestly in love as a man five years my senior could have been—and the more I saw of Effie the stronger grew my affection, for her beauty seemed as nothing to the loveliness of her heart and soul, and I thought her the most perfect among women. I had not asked her to be my wife yet, for I could not summon courage to do so; but she was very kind to me, and I felt some hope that she would not be cruel when I told her of my love for her. At last, one evening, when I had spent some hours with her and she had walked to the little gate, in rustic fashion, to bid me good-by, I grew suddenly bold and stole a kiss from her. She was startled, I saw, but not angry, and I went home very hopeful and happy.

In the Parsonage parlor I found Kate Hood playing, as she often did of an evening, quite to herself, with no audience save the Maltese kitten which had perched upon the music-books, and was intent upon the tripping of the white fingers over the keys, no doubt with dawning dreams of birds and mice induced by their quick movements.

She did not stop as I came in, but looked up and spoke amidst the music.

"You are home early, Alfred," she said, "ten minutes earlier than usual; what made you forsake the Frosts before you found it necessary? They say Mrs. Frost puts on her night-cap and calls in the servants to prayers, no matter who is there, at ten precisely."

"I—I didn't know. I always stayed a certain time," I said, "and I have never seen anything odd. I have always found Mrs. Frost quite ceremonious—remarkably ladylike in an old-fashioned way, Miss Hood."

"Perfection, no doubt, all of them," said Kate. "Oh, you poor child, I feel sorry for you."

"Why?" I asked.

"You think Fanny Frost likes you and is going to accept you," said she.

"I—I never said so," cried I; "I'm not such a puppy."

"But you think so," said Kate, "and you are deceived."

I thought of the kiss Fanny had taken so quietly—of looks she had given me—of her many smiles.

"Deceived!" I cried; "oh, Miss Hood, I have made no question of her liking me or disliking me, but—but I am sure Miss Frost is not one to deceive." Kate looked at me sharply.

"She is a little flirt," she said. "She only likes her cousin Charles. She will some day marry him, but she likes to amuse herself with you—to give you hopes. Poor foolish boy, she wears Charlie's picture and a lock of his hair next her heart. You have noticed the little golden chain; there is a locket at the end of that, and in it, as I have said, Charlie's face and hair."

"She has a right to wear any one's miniature," said I. But even at the moment I felt that in that case she had really given me false hopes, and I was seized with a great longing to know if it were true.

Kate saw it in my face. "I will prove it to you soon," she said. "I never like to see my friends fall victims to designing people. Effie Frost exhibits her conquests as an Indian does the scalps of his enemies. I didn't care to see you swung up among the rest, Alfred."

"Thank you, Miss Hood," I said, "but I think you are mistaken in Miss Frost. I believe she is as good as she is lovely."

Kate was not quite as friendly as she had been for a few days, but at the end of that time she came around again and was kind once more, in a sisterly way, and came into my study one day to give me, with her own hands, cards of invitation to a private musical soirée to be given by a very musical family in Birch Hollow.

"Effie will be there and her cousin," she said. "There will be many whom we know. You'll like to go."

I thanked her and was pleased to be friends again, and on the evening in question we all went together, the Rev. Hiram Hood honoring the proceedings with his presence.

It was a very pleasant evening, and the windows were all open. During the performance of the music some of the guests walked up and down the piazza outside of the parlor windows. Walking there with Kate I suddenly espied Effie Frost, sitting just within the curtain.

Charlie French was near her, and she was bending forward listening with all her heart to a song worth the listening. Every one was fascinated. No one was thinking of anything else but Kate and I.

She looked at me and stole forward. I saw her bend over Effie's chair and a gleam of some golden thing caught the light for an instant. Then she stole back to me with a chain and locket in her hand.

"I have taken it from her neck," she said; "come into the library before she misses it."

I followed her Under a gleaming lamp, held in a niche by a little marble Cupid, she stopped, opened the locket, and laid it in my palm, and I, looking down upon the painted ivory, saw the face of Charlie French so perfectly portrayed that there was no room for doubt as to whose portrait it might be. On the other side a tress of the golden hair with its close glistening curl.

"Did I lie?" whispered Kate Hood.

And I answered, "Miss Hood, I never ventured to insinuate such a thing; and Miss Frost has a right to wear whose portrait may best please her."

But, calmly as I spoke, my blood was boiling, my heart beating madly. I could have done any violent and desperate thing. I hated Charlie French, and I almost hated Effie Frost. I never went near her that night; though, when a dozen gentlemen were searching for the lost locket, which Kate Hood produced, at last, as having been found in the library, I saw Effie glance toward me and smile a sort of invitation. I fancied the sudden loss of her victim annoyed her. I longed to prove that I was heart-whole. Perhaps she had laughed over my folly already with Charlie French. And I did a mad thing enough before the week was over, only to convince her that I never cared for her. I offered myself to Kate Hood, knowing that I never loved her and never should, and she accepted me.

It was a brief courtship, and we married soon and went off upon our wedding tour. Before it was over I knew that I had bound myself to a vixen. With another husband she might have been a different woman, but my coldness stung her. We quarreled: at first, only in a fretful, foolish way about nothing, when we were by ourselves, but, at last, without regard to the presence of others; so that, in a year or two, the very servants knew that Mr. and Mrs. Morgan did not get on well together. She aged rapidly, and grew sharp and witch-like before she was thirty, and we had no children to soften our hearts and knit us together.

So, although I came into certain property I had expected and was a rich man, I was wretched—conscious, too, that I had made my own misery; first, by marrying a woman I did not love, next by letting her know the truth when I might have hidden it.

And, after all, in these ten years, Charlie French had not married Effie Frost, but had taken to himself an English wife, and was a merchant in New York, wonderfully helped on by his wife's friends in making his fortune.

And Effie—thirty now, and, of course, quite an old maid—kept house for her mother in Birch Hollow, and had never married anyone. Perhaps she had quarreled with Charlie, or, as a sort of retribution, he might have jilted her. We lived in our fine city house, seeing each other as seldom as possible; I finding fault with my wife's extravagance, she with everything I did. Now and then we would tolerate each other and make some faint attempts toward sociability; but Kate was no longer *piquante* and bright, but sharp and satirical in conversation, and said no pleasant thing of anyone; and I, no doubt, was anything but the merry fellow who had picked strawberries with her in the old times before I met Effie Frost. Sometimes I said, "It is all her doing, and my wife and I are her victims;" and then I felt my heart soften to Kate, who had, at least, been true to me.

One evening, when I felt less pleasant than usual to my wife, and we were going to some fashionable gathering, she came down dressed in a way that I disliked for anyone past girlhood, and in a color that was unbecoming—a pale blue.

"How do you like my dress," she asked; and I said, roughly,

"Not at all. It makes you yellow, and then you have not the shoulders for low dresses."

"I wore them when you first knew me," said she.

"You were plumper then and ten years younger," said I.

"I'm not so old for a married woman, now," said she—"a little over thirty."

"You look forty," said I.

Her eyes flashed. "Others don't think so," said she. "It is all jealousy; you hate me to look well."

"To look well?" I answered.

The woman could not help being plain, and it was not manly of me, even though we had quarreled all our married life through.

She gave me a look of hate, and ran down before me with her shawl just tossed around her, and stepped into the carriage. It was a bitter night, and cold even in the crowded rooms where we soon found ourselves. I saw younger women with high velvet dresses, but she shivered in her low dress, pinched in woefully at the waist, the evening through. She shivered all the way home, too, giving me never a word, and shivered all the night through; before morning she was in a burning fever. The low dress had killed her. Her lungs had never been strong, and the cold it gave her that night ended the story.

She was delirious for days; but, through it all, she never forgot to hate me; to mutter my name angrily; to turn from me when I approached her. The end came soon, and she died, still hating me.

The news of her death went down to Birch Hollow, and friends came cityward to attend the funeral. They found me in great grief quite unfeigned. It had been a terrible life, and the end was terrible also. A sense of my own wrong-doing and of hers oppressed me. It seemed only the usual sorrow to others. But, amidst it all, I saw a lady who had come down with Kate's parents and sat in a remote corner of the parlors. She was quite thirty. Her black, crispy, waving hair was banded on her forehead. Her air was quiet and subdued. Yet I knew it was the woman gipsy-eyed Effie Frost had grown to be. A sweet, gentle woman, beautiful as ever, though not with the same beauty; a good woman, I felt sure, to make any man's home happy. Was she the jilt who had played with my love? It seemed hard to think it. I thought of my vixenish wife who had been a bright and talkative girl, and contrasted her with Effie. It was wrong at such an hour, but I had never been fond of the woman I had vowed to love and cherish. It was only the end of a terrible dream. When the last scenes were over and we came back to the house, I stood in a lonesome, desolate way by the window, and saw Kate's mother weeping by the window on Effie Frost's shoulder, and Effie trying to comfort her.

"You must not go," said Mrs. Hood. "You must stay. We can not return to Birch Hollow until morning."

But Effie resisted. "I am a stranger here," I heard her say. "I will go to some friends of mine and meet you at the depot in the morning."

"But Alfred has room enough. Have you not, Alfred?" said Mrs. Hood.

And I stepped forward. "The house is large and almost unoccupied," I said. "The housekeeper will find Miss Frost an apartment. I trust she will stay." And I saw Effie's face flush hotly, as she bowed to me.

There was a dismal supper set out in the dining-room; for, whatever happens, people must eat and drink. A servant came to summon us just then, and Effie Frost took off her bonnet. As she did so, something glittered in the light a moment and fell to the carpet.

"You've dropped your locket, my dear," said Mrs. Hood; and I stooped and handed the lost trinket to the lady. I knew it in a moment. I had held that locket in my palm once before. The old time returned with a pang—my old resentment also. But she looked only at the locket.

"I shall loose it yet, I fear," she said; "and I would not for the world. It is dear papa's picture and hair, and papa died when I was a little child."

She spoke as one who told the truth. I turned to her.

"May I see it?" I said. She handed it to me. I opened it. The same miniature, the same crisp, golden curl were beneath my eyes.

"Your father?" I said, almost with a sneer. "I should fancy it a portrait of Mr. French."

"Of cousin Charlie," she said, "as he looked when you knew him. Yes, papa and his mother were brother and sister, you know, and he was exactly like poor papa, they say. You would not know him now, I think, he is so much altered."

I saw that she spoke the truth, and I knew that I had been a fool ten years before, and I handed her the locket once more, and took poor Kate's mother down to supper. We were very silent, and the old people wept; but, after all, they ate something, and were not as inconsolable as though Kate had been always an amiable daughter, I suppose. In her last years she had been sharp and contemptuous to every one.

I was alone next day, and alone for some months afterward. For a year I lived in the lonely house, seeing only my servants, save when I paid a duty visit to Kate's parents, or had them there for a day. But, when the year was over, I went to Birch Hollow and to the widow Frost's cottage, and asked for Effie Frost. She came to me at once in her everyday dress, and sat down near me and began to talk of everyday things.

I bore it for a while. Then I stretched out my hand.

"Let me see that locket, Effie," I said. She looked her surprise, but placed it in my hand. I opened it.

"Your father's miniature?" I said.

She bowed.

"Effie," I said suddenly, "it is enough like Charles French to have been taken for him. On your soul, did Kate Hood know it was not his portrait?"

"I don't understand you," said she. "Your wife?"

"Not my wife then," I cried, "Kate Hood, at that time. Did she know the truth of this?"

"She always knew it was my father's likeness," she said, "if that is what you mean. We were children together, and I had always worn it."

"Then God forgive the woman," I sobbed, "for it is hard for me to do so."

And I told Effie all. At first she almost seemed to fancy it a sin to listen, but I won her at last. I told her of my lonely life, and of my long, long love for her; and, though she would never blame Kate, she pitied me; and, before another year was past, we two were wed. And then, not until then, I learnt how dear I had been to her; and that it was for my sake that she had never smiled upon another.

NORA'S KISS.

BY E. P. MATHEWS.

STARS! in the silent skies,
Tender watch keeping,
Guard her where'er she lies·
Nora is sleeping!

Flowers! bloom so fresh and fair,
Sweet incense making,
For she will soon be here—
Nora is waking.

Sweetest birds! sing, oh, sing,
All care beguiling;
This hour delight doth bring—
Nora is smiling.

Now, to crown my highest joy,
Nought else be missing,
Rapture without alloy—
Nora is kissing.

Frank Prescott's Courtship.

BY KARL DRURY.

THE scarlet June sunset had grown dull in the west, and the plaintive crickets were at their vesper-songs, when Julia Morton came strolling up the wide path which led to her grandmother's old-fashioned homestead. Somebody was waiting on the porch to meet her, and then in that dim light Julia could recognize the silver-haired old lady with whom she had lived since childhood, and her heart gave a little nervous bound, too, as she saw what a stern look was on that usually placid face.

"Don't scold, grandma," Julia said in her most conciliating tones, as she ascended the steps of the porch. "I know it's rather late, and I ought not to have disregarded your wishes about coming home earlier, but—"

"Now that you *are* home," Mrs. Morton interrupted, with a coldness in her voice that was almost like *hauteur*, "perhaps, Julia, you will not object to a few moments of conversation with me in the sitting-room."

"Certainly not, grandma; but please don't continue to petrify me with that stony look of yours. Have I been committing anything dreadful in the way of a crime by staying out a little later than usual?"

Mrs. Morton deferred her reply to this question until they stood together in the sitting-room. Then, as the soft lamp-light fell on her wrinkled countenance, lending deeper severity to its angered expression—

"I could readily excuse you for so slight an offense," she said, "as the one which you seem to suppose I am annoyed at. No, Julia; your disobedience is of a far more culpable nature. Ralph Olmsted has been the companion of your walk this afternoon—ah! you may well start and look guilty. I did not believe you capable of such deceit, Julia—such wanton, reckless disobedience, too, of my express commands. Do not attempt to deny this charge; you were seen walking on the L—— road, this afternoon, with Mr. Olmsted. My information comes from a reliable source."

"That of Mrs. Ellis," retorted Julia, "the incorrigible gossip and tell-tale! We met her this afternoon, I remember, and Mr. Olmsted attracted my attention to the hideous bonnet she wears. As for your information being thoroughly correct, I see no reason why I should deny its truth. And I shall confess, moreover, that Ralph Olmsted's society is vastly agreeable—nay, more," she went on hotly, "that I prefer it to the society of any other gentleman in Ingoldham. There's no use in disguising matters any longer, grandma; this arrangement made between you and the Prescotts is simply ridiculous. I do not consider myself engaged to Mr. Prank Prescott, because his mother and you chose to affiance us in that stupid French way, before I was old enough to *spell* the word 'marriage,' let alone *understand* it. I have never seen Frank Prescott, and I suppose you will be terribly shocked to learn that when he visits us next week, I shall take the earliest convenient opportunity of freeing myself from so absurd a contract."

"And your reasons for this behavior," replied Mrs. Morton, white with anger, "will be your love—your infatuation for a penniless adventurer, by the name of Ralph Olmsted—a man," she continued, "who, since his arrival at Ingoldham, three months ago, has used every art in his power to become the possessor of your fortune."

"These are words, grandma, which you have no right to utter against an honorable man, whose sole fault is poverty."

"Honorable!" echoed the old lady, in a decided passion. "I tell you, Julia Morton, that Ralph Olmsted is an impostor. Simple country-folk like those in Ingoldham are easily imposed upon. For my part, I believe none of his stories about reduced gentility, and *you* will believe them—mark my words—to your sorrow."

Somehow her grandmother's rage had the effect of calming Julia. "I shall not prolong a conversation which can lead to no good on either side," she said, advancing slowly toward the door of the apartment. "I love Ralph Olmsted too dearly for your bitter words not to wound me, although I may know them to be unjust. In a month's time I shall be my own mistress, and free to dispose of my heart and my money as I see proper. Until that period you have my firm, solemn promise not to see Mr. Olmsted again. Good-night, grandma.—You have made my head ache, and I am going to bed."

But Julia wrote a letter that evening before she retired to rest, in which she informed Ralph of the promise made to her grandmother, and besought of him not to seek her society during the next month. "After that," she wrote, "I shall be entirely yours. Whatever stories you may hear during Mr. Prescott's visit to the homestead—he comes next week, I believe—credit nothing, Ralph, which hints at my having forgotten you."

The letter was delivered to Ralph Olmsted that evening through the agency of a servant, and for one week, at least, Julia's promise was kept.

It was a weary week. She denied herself to most of the friends who called, and seldom left her own chamber. As for anything like social intercourse between herself and old Mrs. Morton, an occasional remark on either side (though generally on Julia's) was the nearest approach to it. I think it very probable that the grandmother's heart was deeply touched by the low spirits and altered manner of one whom she loved with the most sincere fondness. But, although Mrs. Morton's nature was at bottom a very well-spring of amiability and benevolence, thus to be thwarted in her favorite scheme of marrying Julia to the son of Mary Prescott (her life-long friend, whom years of foreign residence had separated from her), was a source of the most poignant regret. The old lady did not thoroughly despair, however, of eventually accomplishing this design. Julia's self-imposed absence from Ralph Olmsted might have the effect of making him "doubly dear," but she believed in Frank Prescott's powers to efface the impression which the former lover had made upon her heart. His arrival from Germany, where he had been educated at the Gottengen University, and where the last fourteen years of his life had been spent, she daily expected. And, judging from the eulogistic letters which Mrs. Morton had received from her friend, Mrs. Prescott, touching upon "dear Frank's" accomplishments and fine breeding and good-looks, there seemed little doubt that he would prove, after all, the acceptable suitor.

One afternoon, while Julia and her grandmother were seated at dinner, a letter was handed to Mrs. Morton, which bore the New York post-mark, and proved to be from no less a person than Mr. Frank Prescott. He had arrived from Germany the day before, and would do himself the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Morton and Miss Julia that evening.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, after reading the letter aloud to her grandchild, and dropping her gold spectacles in quite a flutter of excitement. "He is to be here this evening, and I have given no extra orders for supper. It's nearly four o'clock now, Julia, and I should advise you to begin dressing. Wear your lavender silk, my dear, and the pearl-necklace" (Mrs. Morton quite forgot to appear offended, just then), "and if you care about that diamond buckle of mine for your waist, my dear—"

"You are very kind," Julia interrupted coldly, "but as I am not particularly anxious to fascinate Mr. Prescott, and I do not consider that his wealth makes him a distinguished visitor, I shall dress plainly, if you please. A half-hour will amply suffice for my toilet."

The old lady shrugged her shoulders with a *comme-il-vous-plaira* air, and presently rose from the table. Julia, following her example, went to her chamber and remained there until dark, so lost in her own bitter, sad thoughts as to be utterly careless and inattentive to what passed below stairs. She had never loved Ralph so dearly as now—never felt more keenly the insult conveyed in those words of her grandmother—"an impostor"—"a penniless adventurer." Because Frank Prescott had enjoyed the advantages of a German University, was he therefore more educated, more accomplished than Ralph? Because one was a gentleman at leisure, and the other a struggling landscape artist, who had come to Ingoldham for the purpose of painting some of its beautiful scenery, and earning his bread with the talents Heaven gave him, could such a difference imply Frank Prescott's superiority over his rival? What, then, was the barrier that divided their positions in the eyes of Mrs. Morton? Wealth, and wealth only.

These, and other thoughts of a like nature occupied Julia's mind during the three hours which she spent in her own room. At about seven o'clock, curiosity to discover whether Mr. Prescott had arrived caused her to open the door and ask the question of a servant who was at that moment lighting a lamp in the upper hall.

The servant was not sure that the gentleman who had called and asked for Mrs. Morton about an hour ago, was Mr. Prescott. But Mrs. Morton was then in the sitting-room with that gentleman.

As Julia was about re-closing her door, a voice which she recognized as her grandmother's sounded from below stairs.

"Julia, is that you? Mr. Prescott is waiting very anxiously to see you."

"And he *shall* see me, dressed as I am in morning costume," thought Julia. Without giving a glance at her mirror, she descended the stairs. Mrs. Morton, her face beaming with smiles, met Julia as she entered the sitting-room. A gentleman was standing at the further end of the apartment, his back turned toward the door, evidently scrutinizing an old family portrait which hung above the mantel.

"Julia," said Mrs. Morton, speaking in an extremely ceremonious voice, "I wish to present to you Mr. Frank Prescott, of whom you have heard so often."

The gentleman turned, and approached Julia, who glanced at his face, started, turned suddenly pale, and then as suddenly blushed, and finally exclaimed—

"Ralph!"

The next moment he was at her side, holding one of her hands between both of his, and speaking fondly in her ear:

"Not Ralph any longer, my love, but Frank Prescott, who from this night throws aside the mask with which he has been so long deceiving both you and your estimable grandmamma. You will forgive me, darling, won't you? It was all done to test your truth and constancy; and so nobly have you stood the test, Julia, that I am heartily ashamed of my deception. I had a strange theory about all womankind, when I left Germany four months ago. I believed them to be shallow and vain and mercenary, my dear, with hardly a single exception. But you have upset that theory and made me a firm believer in your sex."

"And so, grandma," Julia said, as, a half hour later, the little party was seated at supper, "you *were* right after all in calling Ralph—I mean Frank—an impostor."

"Yes, my dear," said the old lady; "but I must ask pardon for using such terms, all the same."

"I think matters have been brought to an admirable understanding between yourself and Julia," said Frank Prescott with a merry twinkle in his eye, addressing Mrs. Morton. "*She* objected to Prescott, *you* to Olmsted; and by a species of lawful bigamy she is enabled to satisfy you as well as herself, *and to marry both gentlemen at once!*"

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

THE WOMEN OF THE PERIOD.

THE "woman question" is apparently inexhaustible. It has been, for a long time past, the favorite theme with writers upon social topics in Europe and America; and still there is much that has been left unsaid, and very much that has been said anything but wisely or truly.

It is not with the "woman question," in its generally understood sense, however, that this article, or those that are to follow, have to do. In a recent series of papers published in this magazine, I endeavored to show the relationship which should exist between the sexes, and the justice which men owe to women. In the present series I address myself to women only, their duty to themselves and the world at large, without reference to the motives or inducements held out to them, or the recompense they may find in return.

It is too late in the day to discuss the question of how much influence is exerted by women, socially, morally, mentally, or spiritually. It is now pretty generally admitted by the intelligent and reflective of both sexes that, upon the status, character, and condition of the woman, depend that of the man, and of society around her. The responsibility, therefore, is great, and should be clearly understood and appreciated.

The women of to-day have both advanced and retrograded from the position occupied by their predecessors of half or three-quarters of a century ago. Then, although the direct supremacy of man was fully acknowledged in all matters both social and political, woman possessed the consciousness, at least, of fulfilling, to a large extent, their natural duties and obligations; and, if their influence was unrecognized, their power unappreciated, they had still the consciousness of giving at least as much as they received, of deserving more than they obtained.

With the women of the present day the case is far different. The introduction of machinery has superseded the necessity for the domestic execution of labor formerly performed by hand. Political changes are gradually increasing values, concentrating wealth in the hands of the few, creating new lines of demarcation, and approximating our social condition more nearly to the European standard.

In these social and political revolutions, women, as the weakest, always are the greatest sufferers. Their field of household labor has been, in a measure, taken away from them, and none others substituted; new necessities for personal exertion on their part have arisen, and no effort has been made to develop their resources, or aid and fit them for pursuing varied or profitable employments.

With the increasing necessity for its performance, labor, among women, assumes a degrading aspect, which is encouraged by the vanity of men who, while they denounce women for idleness and extravagance, resolutely discourage any attempt at achieving independence of position, and consider "work," as associated with their own wives and daughters, as something impossible and dishonoring.

Women, therefore, can hardly be blamed for accepting circumstances as they find them. All the social and domestic pressure possible is brought to bear upon them to induce them to be the nonentities they are, and if, in spite of this pressure, they display, in numberless instances, courage, strength, wisdom, endurance and power, it only shows what might have been done had proper aid and encouragement been afforded them.

Many, however, yield to the spirit of the times and become as weak, frivolous, and idle as society demands they shall be. These are they who float upon the surface of the stream, who occupy the lighted foreground of the picture, who represent to the world the "women of the period," all unmindful of the great army in the background fighting with new opposing forces, struggling for life and bread; and it is with the "women of the period," as society claims them, that we have to do.

It is a law of nature that we can not evade the consequences of our acts, even though they may have been, in a measure, forced upon us. The sins of the fathers and mothers also are visited upon the children, and we can not evade any natural or just obligation, any plain line of duty, no matter how blinded we may be to it, without entailing upon ourselves the severest penalties.

The women of to-day have ceased to be useful wives, they refuse to become mothers, and will only preside over expensive households. The result is that, not having substituted any higher or better purpose in life, they suffer infinite moral, physical, spiritual and mental deterioration. Their ideas have become subverted; they see right as wrong and wrong as right. They set fashion and falsehood before simplicity and truth, and the opinions of people worthless, and of no real consequence, before the promptings of honor and conscience within their own breasts.

They are proud of that of which they ought to be ashamed—of knowing nothing and doing nothing. They imagine their little silly, senseless display of finery, which they do not even know how to put together, or of equipages and fine furniture, which they neither earned nor paid for, of more importance than a great thought which will live forever, an act of devotion which immortalizes the soul capable of it, or a scientific discovery which reveals the destinies of worlds.

They live and breathe only between certain blocks of certain streets; and shudder more at being behind-hand in the acquisition of a new style than at the perpetration of falsehood, deceit or treachery. They love themselves only, and openly estimate their friends according to their worldly position, and the value of the gifts they bestow upon them.

They marry, avowedly, not to fulfil wifely and womanly duty, but to evade it; they indulge their personal inclinations, their love of ease and freedom at the sacrifice of their highest faculties and attributes; they pay the penalty in knowing nothing of the beauty of the new power born of devotion and the loving fulfillment of the obligations involved in the exercise of the divine and mysterious maternal function.

They represent the animal and sensuous part of existence only—the body without the soul. The body they sublimate and worship, enhancing its attractions by all the arts known to the most depraved, adorning it with the brightness of scarlet and the glitter of gold, agonizing over the art of its drapery and the pattern of a trimming, as if honor, truth, love, courage, and the existence of all the virtues were involved in the issue.

Such women—these "women of the period"—are reviled by the newspapers, but admired by men—admired, probably, by the very men who pen the paragraphs; and this gives them their audacity, their rapid, mushroom growth, their fine airs of superiority that frequently overawe infinitely better women, and provide them with the means—never earned by their own industry—of achieving their petty triumphs.

Mental achievements, moral achievements, spiritual achievements are not easy; and the men of the period have little sympathy with the struggle to reach them. They also love ease; they also love freedom; they also love pleasure; and they would rather support a wife who administers to the gratification of their propensities, and does credit, by her appearance, to their liberality and taste, than a saint who would bore them with her efforts to perform her own duty, or her notions about their own.

No, it is not to men—not, at least, to the men of the period, that women can look for help to conquer temptations without or temptations within. From them they have to expect the suggestion and encouragement to evil, then a scolding for performing it, and a shifting of all responsibility for the consequences which follow to the weaker shoulders.

But how long will women themselves consent to prostitute their higher natures, and sell body and soul for a miserable mess of pottage?

Whatever men do, a woman's work is clear, and that is to be true to herself, to her best instincts, to her ideas of right, to the powerful voice of a divine womanhood and motherhood implanted within her own soul.

Women are charged with loving pleasure so much that they no longer wish to become mothers, and this is true; but it is also true that men no longer wish to become fathers; or, if they do, it is in order to gratify their vanity, not at the sacrifice of an iota of their personal comfort, pleasure, or convenience.

Children were formerly desired as a bond of union between the married, as the representatives of the confidence and affection which existed between them, as the natural recipients of those loving cares which wedlock involves, and which must be shared or become a dreaded burden.

But children, now-a-days, separate and divide rather than unite husband and wife, especially if the latter be conscientious, anxious to perform her duty in the old-fashioned way, and not according to the method of the "women of the period." How many a wife dates back the first symptom of estrangement to the event which ought to have bound her to her husband more closely than ever—the birth of a child! How many watch by the bed of sickness alone, and are rewarded for their vigils by comments upon their faded appearance, and laudations of the well-preserved beauty of some woman of the period, who will not have her symmetry and roundness destroyed by child-bearing; who is too "delicate" to attend the sick-bed of even those she loves, and sinks care in the demoralizing atmosphere of a fashionable boarding-house.

This is discouraging; but must women throw away their womanhood at the bidding of men who have lost their manhood? No, a thousand times, *no.*

Let women determine to redeem themselves at any price; to stop flaunting and promenading in attire purchased at the sacrifice of a father's health and comfort, or a husband's honor.

To stop painting and parading their persons as marketable commodities, and address themselves to developing their own faculties, and to the modest, cheerful, and courageous performance of their duties as daughters and sisters.

To stop waiting for some man to come along to take the burden of their maintenance, and go to work and support themselves. Do it, moreover, conscientiously and thoroughly; willing and anxious to be all that the Lord intended they should, and leaving it to him to dispose of their future in the way he thinks best.

To stop yielding honor, purity, truth, conviction, judgment, to the keeping of any man, in return for board and clothes; but sternly endeavor, married or single, to exalt the standard of womanhood, and act up to its highest dictates, whatever may befall.

If women will do this, they must at least win the respect of men; and it will rest with themselves in what way their influence shall be exerted to secure all the recognition they require, social or political.

Knowledge is power, and action is the necessary result of knowledge. Let women be proud of knowing how to do instead of how not to do, whether it is writing a book or ironing a shirt, and they will have found the key to unlock the world—all the powers of evil to the contrary notwithstanding.

Literary and Art Gossip.

"Two Interiors, or two Ways of Living."—Under this title we present our readers with a picture in this number of the Magazine, that tells more forcibly than words could the story of our past prosperity, and present decay of truth, honor, and domestic happiness.

In the December number we gave "Two Outfits," showing the introduction of our grandmothers to a married life of simple truth and usefulness, and the showy display which characterizes the modern preparations for a fashionable marriage. The present picture is the companion and outgrowth of the other—as strict in its facts, and as important in its bearings upon the subjects of domestic happiness, and the moral and spiritual welfare of the community at large.

Our artist has caught the spirit of his subject, and the picture, as we have before remarked, tells its own story. No one can look on the old-fashioned interior of the farm-house kitchen, and not feel the warmth of the trust, happiness, contentment and thrift that reigned there. No one, on the contrary, can look upon the cold, bare, comfortless apartment which represents the average fashionable boarding-house, without a chill of fear for the heart-sickness, the disappointment of all natural hopes, and the consequences that must ensue.

There is an inevitable law of nature, or Providence, which makes it impossible for us to disregard any obligation, or any act of duty, without suffering injury in our moral, physical, or spiritual nature. Life is given to us as a means of education and discipline, and not as the mere means of gratifying self propensities, and when two people obey the divine ordinance, and marry, they take upon themselves new and weighty responsibilities, which it should be the future business of their lives to fulfill.

The shirking of these obligations is not altogether the fault of women. Pride and the love of pleasure operate quite as strongly with men, and induce them to sacrifice domestic life, the love of home, and even of children, to what are called social and business necessities. But the reckoning day comes, and the sum total, when it is figured up, shows a wasted life, premature death, or an old age of remorse and discontent.

Look at this side, then on that! Is not the young wife bright, thrifty, industrious, cutting the bread of her own making, a prettier picture in the quaint, homely kitchen than the helpless young lady-bride, who prides herself upon her ignorance of all useful arts, and spends the precious hours of her objectless life in dressing, visiting, or yawning over the pages of some exaggerated work of fiction?

Still water becomes stagnant, running water is brightest and sweetest. Is not this a sufficient lesson?

"The Flags of all Nations."—Under this title a capital holiday book has been issued, which is extremely interesting to every boy, and has a permanent value. Each single page is devoted to a representation of the flag of some particular nation, held aloft by a soldier in the strict national uniform which belongs to it. This excellent toy-book is published by Kimmel & Forster, an old established Print-publishing firm of this city, and we are happy, during the holidays, to offer it as a premium to the subscribers to Young America, paying $1.50 each.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

WHEN the sun gilds the dun-colored clouds of the west,
How the clouds glow with joy at the meeting!
So we, flushed with pride at the favors received,
Send our patrons a kind New Year's greeting.

AS we glance fondly back along memory's path,
Through the red-tinted autumn to summer,
Still back to the spring-time, we meet on our way
Full many a joyous new comer.

FROM the pleasant old lady in glasses and cap
To the babe in its cradle now sleeping,
Our bright Monthly proves quite a source of delight,
And even the men are caught peeping.

LAST year at this time, cheerful patrons and friends,
Though blustering and cold was the weather,
If you but remember, we roamed with delight
Through our beautiful garden together.

WE drank in the fragrance from lily and rose,
We dallied with pink and carnation—
While sweet modest blossoms that grew by the hedge
Came in for our warm admiration!

THE flowerets still blossom as bright as before,
And the breath of the rose is e'en sweeter,
While the rarest exotics are brought from afar
To render our gárden completer

AND added to this we have galleries grand—
There the pictures of art are suspended,
Rare groupings, where color and shadow and light
Are brightly and happily blended.

AND hark! through the corridor music's afloat,
Soft warblings that make the eye glisten,
And fathers and mothers and children, forsooth,
Stop gazing on beauty to listen.

ALL this shall be yours, my dear friends, and much more,
While we scatter abroad our bright treasures,
As long as your favors we promptly receive
We shall strive hard to add to your pleasures.

MAY a happy New Year—yes, a golden New Year
Shower its blessings abundant upon you;
We shall never regret the efforts we've made
To please, as these efforts have won you!

Diamonds of Thought.

Let no Man ask for Leisure.—The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying to themselves, "I would do this, and I would do that, if I had leisure." Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing any good is *less* than in the condition of leisure. The man fully employed *may* be able to gratify his good dispositions by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance, indeed, of doing so.

A Word to Girls.—When you stop trying to make such herculean efforts to please, that moment you will become pleasing. When you learn to cease your continuous flow of small-talk to ' keep up conversation,'' and learn instead to *listen intelligently—then* you will charm, with one-half the effort you now put forth, every day and hour.

Impertinence.—That man is guilty of impertinence who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

Shortness of Time.—We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.

Avarice has been termed "the vice of little minds." And so it is, in the sense in which that is generally understood. But though the vice of a little mind, it is by no means a little vice, but one of the largest, as it is insatiable in its desires and unlimited in its cravings.

Flattery.—It is easy to tell when others are flattered, but not when we ourselves are; and every woman will lend firm belief to the soft nothings of the very man whom she believes to be an arrant flatterer when other women are in the case.

Goodness of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honor, and wisest acquisition. It is a ray of divinity that dignifies humanity, attracts admiration, and assimilates him to his Creator: but, like pure gold, it is liable to be counterfeited.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

Our Spice Box.

ECONOMY.

Papas condemn extravagance
In language so distasteful,
That daughters pinch their pretty forms
To be no longer waist-full.

A patent squalling baby has been invented, warranted to secure a whole compartment in a railway carriage for its lucky possessor. Should anyone attempt to enter the carriage, it is only necessary to touch a spring, and such will be the cry that the intruder will deem himself fortunate in being able to make his retreat. A small extract from the prospectus will speak for itself: — "A 1 babies, *very naughty*, and with the sharpest voices, price ten dollars; ditto, repetition, twelve dollars; second quality, the cry not so loud, but a whining, insupportable lament, five dollars; third quality, ordinary child, with intermittent cry, can be folded and pocketed if required, two and a half dollars. N. B.—These children are all of the most elegant and solid make, and warranted for one year.

Lord Brougham was witty himself as well as the cause of wit in others. Perhaps the most humorous speech ever heard at a wedding breakfast was made by him. He was asked to return thanks for the bridesmaids. He said something to this effect: "I am greatly flattered by being asked to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and I have been trying to determine for which of my merits it is that I have been selected for the honor of representing these fair young creatures—whether for my youth, for my innocence, or for my beauty." In the end he took credit to himself, amid merry peals of laughter, for the possession of all three.

Madame de Stael cordially hated Talleyrand, and in her story of "Delphine" was supposed to have painted herself in the person of her heroine, and Talleyrand in that of a garrulous old woman. On their first meeting, the wit pleasantly remarked, "They tell me that we are both of us in your novel, in the disguise of a woman."

All the World.—Pretty girl to Charles: "Charlie, how far is it around the world? Isn't it twenty-four thousand—" Charles (who adores pretty girl, and puts both arms around her): "That's all a mistake, my love, it is only about twenty-four inches." She was all the world to him. Dear Charlie.

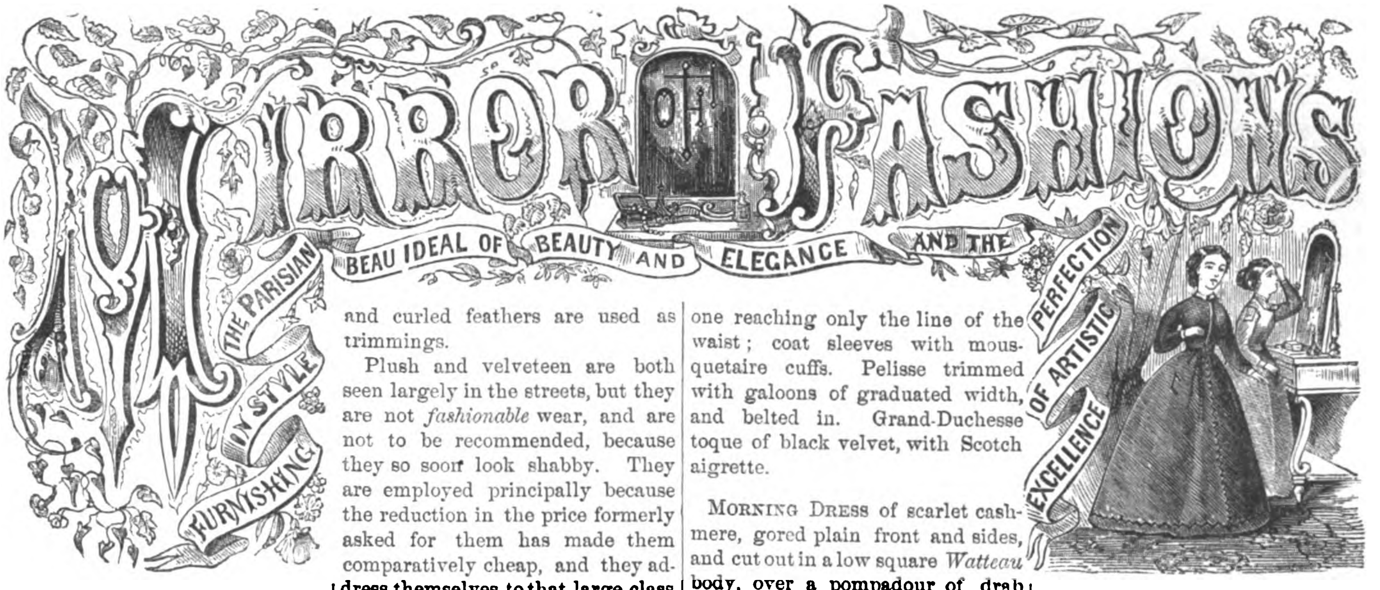
Conjugal.—"I wish I had fifty thousand dollars," said a broker the other day to his wife. "Ar'n't I worth that to you, dear?" said the confiding spouse.—"Y-e-s," hesitatingly replied the other half; "but I can't put you out at interest."

A sentimental editor says: "It is comforting to know that one eye watches fondly for our coming, and looks brighter when we come." A contemporary is grieved to learn that his "brother of the quill has a wife with one eye."

Cats or Husbands.—"Why are old maids so devoted to their cats?" asked a young coxcomb of an elderly lady. "Because, having no husbands, they take to the *next most treacherous animal*," was the reply.

What difference is there between a school-boy and a postage-stamp? One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

What is the most becoming dress for bare earth? The skirt of a wood.



FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THERE is something very picturesque and very pretty, as well as varied, about the fashions of the season. Never were they so independent, so striking, without being grotesque—so convenient, without uniformity.

Costliness is no longer necessary in order to impart an appearance of elegance to street dress. A simple arrangement of drapery—a shawl, or talma, artistically crossed and looped up on the shoulders, adds grace, as well as warmth, to the simplest walking-dress, and is more effective than a stiff, inharmonious toilet composed of much more expensive materials.

Of course, people can dress extravagantly if they choose. There is always plenty of opportunities of that kind, but there is no necessity to do so in order to produce a very tasteful and lady-like effect.

The richest suits worn this season are made of silk velvet, black, claret, mulberry, dark green, and purple. Black trimmed with real lace is probably the most distinguished, although the colors, with a trimming of handsome chenille fringe of the same shade, constitute the novelties.

Next to the real velvets come the figured velvets, which are composed of black velvet raised in thickly traced patterns upon a colored satin groundwork, green, garnet, purple, and the like, which has an illuminating effect. These suits are ornamented with heavy chenille or knotted silk fringe.

Handsome black tricot, and the new garnet, mulberry, and bottle-green cloths rank next, and are almost as desirable as either. Certainly they are much more serviceable. For the cloth suits, handsome braids and galoons, corded silk fringe, narrow bands of fur, and curled feathers are used as trimmings.

Plush and velveteen are both seen largely in the streets, but they are not *fashionable* wear, and are not to be recommended, because they so soon look shabby. They are employed principally because the reduction in the price formerly asked for them has made them comparatively cheap, and they address themselves to that large class who, if they are not able to get the real thing, are willing to take an imitation of it.

Much newer and more effective than these are the Scotch costumes, which are varied and very pretty. They are usually trimmed with fringe in the colors of the plaid, or with bands and bows of black velvet.

Round cloaks, double capes, and talmas of tartan cloth are very much worn, and are arranged in graceful and picturesque style, sometimes as a Colleen Bawn, sometimes as an Africaine, with the "Arab" hood, and sometimes as a Highland scarf, with a corner thrown over the left shoulder.

This drapery gives a "Scotch" effect, which is very becoming to costumes of simple gray serge, or dark water-proof.

The fur garments worn are small, and partake of the fanciful character of the fashions generally. The little boas and many of the muffs are ornamented with the heads of the animals. The large fur cloaks have gone out of date entirely, and have given place to the pretty jackets of seal-skin and black Astrachan. Little bags of fur are carried, and little chatelaine pockets of satin and fur are worn with mourning dresses of satin or cashmere. All are small and dainty; in fact, the smaller the size, the greater the fashion, and the cost.

* * *

TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

HANDSOME WALKING OR CARRIAGE DRESS of green Irish poplin, trimmed round the bottom with five cross-cut bands of the material, piped with satin of the same shade. Pelisse of black tricot cloth, with four small capes, one falling over the other, the upper one forming little more than a collar, the lower one reaching only the line of the waist; coat sleeves with mousquetaire cuffs. Pelisse trimmed with galoons of graduated width, and belted in. Grand-Duchesse toque of black velvet, with Scotch aigrette.

MORNING DRESS of scarlet cashmere, gored plain front and sides, and cut out in a low square *Watteau* body, over a pompadour of drab silk, trimmed with black lace. The trimming consists of drab silk, buttons down the front, and a puffing of drab silk, edged, and divided into ovals by narrow black lace at the top and bottom of the sleeves.

MORNING DRESS, No. 2, consists of a stylish *Watteau* robe of gray cashmere, trimmed with a flounce box-plaited on, and looped up at the sides, over a quilted scarlet silk petticoat, with scarlet rosettes, pinked out. The robe has a broad, double plait at the back, sleeves tight to the elbow, but flowing below, over narrow puffed sleeves of white mull, and trimmed with ruchings pinked out, of scarlet silk. Heavy scarlet cord and tassels tied round the waist upon the sides.

DINNER DRESS of gray unwatered moire, the skirt demi-trained, and edged round the bottom with a flounce, headed by two bands of cross-cut blue satin, inclosing a row of blue satin buttons. *Panier* overdress of blue satin, the front breadth rounded up, and edged with a flounce of rich bullion fringe. The upper skirt behind is divided into fan-shaped puffings by shells of satin and lace, and the body is trimmed square with fringe to match that upon the apron, and headed with lace and satin shells.

HOUSE DRESS of scarlet all wool delaine, the skirt gored front and sides, full at the back, and lined throughout. High body with "melon" tucks, and puffed sleeves; overdress of black silk, with *panier* skirt, the apron front flounced, and low square *Watteau* body, outlined by a deep frill of the silk.

EVENING DRESS of tulle, with three skirts, the upper one the length of the second, but drawn up, and divided into puffings lengthwise by bands of satin, studded with daisies. Low bodice arranged in Grecian folds, and ornamented with daisies and sea-grass; head-dress to match.

WINTER WALKING-SUIT of water-proof cloth, consisting of skirt and pelisse, with three capes attached, the lower one not reaching below the waist. Trimming, five rows on the skirt, three on the pelisse, and one on each of the capes, of broad Hercules braid.

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DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Evening or reception dress of rose-colored silk; underskirt bordered with a scolloped fold which is sewn on with a slight plait between every two scollops; only sufficient fullness is needed to produce an easy fall; the binding is made of rose-colored satin; overskirt scolloped, flowered with lace and gathered up with bands made of satin set between frills of narrow lace. Plain body with bretelles and puffed sleeves; the belt is finished with a large satin bow in the back.

FIG. 2.—Reception dress of dove-colored *poult* over dove-color striped with green satin. Bias ruffles bound with green on the underskirt; the overskirt curves like a tunic from the belt and describes a long train; it is ornamented with a bound ruffle and a double puff upon each side of a green satin fold. The plain silk body is cut out in a deep point on both sides and finished out with a striped vest and sleeves; the junction of the different materials is hidden by a green fold; the epaulets are pointed and finished with a fall of lace.

FIG. 3.—Young lady's reception dress of blue *taffetas* trimmed with pinked-out ruffles under fine white organdy flounced with lace and caught up with satin bows; the body is a Garibaldi striped with satin; the sleeves are slightly full at the top; the skirt is festooned in the back, at each side, and with two or three bows, to give a coquettish effect, upon each side of the front width.

FIG. 4.—House dress of Irish poplin ornamented with fringe and *passementerie*; the sleeves have a puff at the top and a band of trimming with a half rosette of loops at the bottom. The skirt forms a long train, and is not trimmed.

FIG. 5.—Dinner dress of Sultana silk (a rich *faille* or *poult de soie*); the underskirt is trimmed in curves with a bias fold of silk corded with satin and bordered with tassel fringe; the front is trimmed across, giving the effect of an apron; the tunic turns back with satin *revers;* it is separate from the main dress and worn at pleasure; the body is faced with satin *revers* which are continued around the neck like a wide collar. Fringed epaulets and coat sleeves striped around with Sultana satin. A fan of silk upon the belt in the back.

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CLOAKS FOR JANUARY.

THE introduction of so many and varied styles has destroyed all uniformity in dress, or at least broken up the old tendency to copy for every one the same garment, until twenty persons would become but a repetition of the same figure, and women, to use a Scriptural idea, were as trees walking.

The use of cloaks at all, excepting as wraps, is becoming exceptional upon the city promenade, suits having driven them almost out of the market.

There are still persons, however, who cling to their traditions, and want a "good, warm, comfortable cloak," and to such we recommend the new pelisse, or fitted paletot, with three or four round capes, the lowest reaching only just below the waist, the upper one forming merely a large collar. This cloak should be made in black or brown tricot cloth, and trimmed with heavy braid or galoon; it requires no furs excepting a boa for the neck or a muff for the hands, and is dressy as well as comfortable.

The most striking cloaks for winter wear are worn as wraps, and consist of three capes of gay tartan, the handsome "Stewart," the scarlet and black "McGregor," or the blue and green "Forty-second." Some are trimmed with fringe, others are plain upon the edge, but they are uniformly worn in gay and careless fashion, or like the shawls, with one side thrown over the left shoulder.

A favorite winter costume consists of a skirt of all wool plaid, bright scarlet and black; a gray overdress cut in a square *Watteau* bodice, over the high body, and a long Highland scarf, thrown around the shoulders, one end hanging from the left shoulder and the folds caught up with Scotch clasps, or pins of jet.

Black velvet suits are very distinguished, but their cost limits them to a very few persons; black velvet cloaks are made small, some of them fitted as a basque, others short and straight like jackets, with pointed hoods, and border of rich lace, put on nearly plain.

These cloaks are generally used for visiting purposes, and are worn with trained or demi-trained dresses of silk or poplin, and *pouf* velvet bonnets of the same shade as the dress, trimmed with feathers and black lace.

Algerine scarfs form a new and fashionable style of opera cloak, arranged at the back as an Arab, with white goats' hair tassels, and having a fringed end thrown over the left shoulder, so that it answers the purpose at once of a cloak and a wrap.

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HAIR-DRESSING IN BRITTANY.

THE custom of wearing the hair in Brittany differs from that of other countries, and is not a little curious. The men here wear long hair flowing about in tresses; but not so the women, who do not regard it as an ornament. On the contrary, their hair is closely cut, and no part of the same is allowed to appear from beneath the cap. A girl who allows her hair to be seen, however fine or magnificent, would be considered to disregard what was due to the modesty of her sex. Dealers in hair perambulate the country, and on fête days purchase the crops of the peasant girls, shearing them like so many sheep for twenty sous, or a cotton handkerchief worth about twelve or sixteen sous, per head. These dealers are sometimes men, and sometimes women. They have a basket by their side, into which each crop of hair is thrown, after being tied in a wisp. The hair of the peasant girls is remarkably fine, and generally of a black or dark color, though sometimes chestnut.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

TARTAN suits, tartan dresses, tartan cloaks, tartan scarfs, and broad tartan sash ribbons and shoulder-knots are all the rage for children, and certainly nothing can be prettier. With this rage for Scotch designs, of course the "Highland" dress, as a promenade and party costume, is more in vogue than ever, and looks particularly pretty and quaint by the side of some little belle, with Scotch *panier* dress, and scarf thrown over her left shoulder.

Scotch plaid suits are fashionably worn by little girls, trimmed with black ribbon velvet. These are accompanied by black velvet jockeys, with a Scotch *aigrette* on one side.

White party dresses for girls are not tucked. They are trimmed with narrow flounces, and worn with little overdresses of scarlet, blue, or plaid silk, looped up at the sides with rosettes.

Pretty dresses of Scotch plaid poplin are cut low, worn with white tucked waists, and ornamented with *bretelles* or shoulder-knots of black velvet.

A handsome school dress is of blue and green poplin in narrow stripe or small plaid, made high, with long sleeves; over this a green cashmere tunic, cut low and square, is caught up at the sides with black velvet buttons, or buttons covered with the plaid. The tunic may be bound with the plaid.

A handsome suit for a little boy of five or six years is made of dark blue cloth, faced with white, bound with white, and trimmed with round pearl buttons. The contrast would, of course, be too striking for an older boy. The suit consists of jacket with rolling collar, vest edged with standing frill, and Knickerbocker trousers. Blue and white striped stockings.

High dresses of gray serge, poplin, or merino, are warm and durable for little girls, and are made very dressy by inexpensive little tunic overdresses of scarlet all wool delaine, looped up at the sides with round bows of black velvet.

Round "Red Riding-hood" cloaks, made with three capes, are a novelty for girls, and the "Grecian" cape, an indispensable adjunct to the overcoat of a boy; there is nothing in full dress, however, so handsome for a boy as a black velvet suit, Scotch or scarlet stockings, necktie to match, or of lace or of embroidered muslin, and handsome high boots.

Dresses for little girls, if of thick material, are generally gored plain.

DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES FOR JANUARY, 1869.

(*See full page engraving.*)

FIG. 1.—House dress of figured cashmere, trimmed with silk, which is cut bias, and arranged in a series of folds suspended across the front like scarfs, one end being gathered up under an upright bow, and the other finished with a rosette and fringed tab. The scarfs cross the skirt obliquely; the end, fastened with the rosette, is set some inches higher than the bow; the folds require to be fastened upon the dress.

FIG. 2.—Boy of two years in a low-necked Gabrielle of blue empress cloth, trimmed with a fold of blue plush; the plush encircles the neck, the short sleeves and hem; it is also carried like braces over the shoulders and thence to the bottom of the skirt. Blue kid boots.

FIG. 3.—Young lady's visiting or dinner dress of changeable Irish poplin; the underskirt is finished out with a closely plaited or fluted flounce headed with a double row of silk ruching. The overdress is folded in a double box plait at the back of the neck and descends over the belt, hanging quite loose, and gathered up in the center with crochet ornaments and rich tassels; the front of the body fits plain, and below the belt the skirt curves like a tunic; the skirt has a double fall in the back, and is trimmed with ruching and tassel fringe; the sleeve has a cap divided half way and turned up like *revers*, the remaining distance drawn up with a bow like a puff. Ruching around the edge, and fringe across the points.

FIG. 4.—Handsome house dress of black silk. Train skirt with a double *panier*, and a flounce cut out in points, and set on in vandykes, headed with crochet gimp and satin rosettes. Puffed sleeves. Black silk alpaca would look very pretty made in this style, with a short, instead of train skirt. In this instance the trimming should be of silk and gimp.

FIG. 5.—Young lady's evening dress of straw-colored *taffetas*, trimmed with black satin; the satin is made in loops, which form a chain around the train, ending with a cluster; a second row begins some distance below, and crosses the front. Pompadour body with clusters upon the bust and belt; coat sleeves ornamented with graduated ruffles of satin, the widest being at the elbow, and the narrowest at the shoulder; a plain fold at the hand. Puffed tulle underbody, ruffled with thread lace; the edge of the dress requires a lace ruffle, also the bottom of the sleeves.

DESCRIPTION OF CLOAKS AND SUITS FOR JANUARY, 1869.

(*See full page engraving.*)

Fig. 1.—A suit of rich black silk, consisting of a double skirt, plain body, and cape; the lower skirt is finished with a flounce cut out in Maltese points and bound with black satin; a flat plaiting and satin piping forms the heading; the upper skirt has a *panier* and round apron finished with a bow at the side; the side gore slopes in a curve from this bow, and the next seam is left open to the *panier* with *revers;* three long, wide loops descend from the belt over the *panier*, the longest being caught *under* the *panier* over two pointed tabs; the cape is gathered up in the back to a pointed hood, finished with *revers* at the neck and a satin lining; the front of the cape is gathered up under a plain point.

Fig. 2.—A suit of black velvet, plain skirt, and a long paletot, trimmed with satin *passementerie*, buttons and rich fringe; the front of the body has a round fringed cape cut out in small points on the shoulder and having the effect of buttoning over the hood and sleeve; fringe and gimp are carried across the hips and front of the skirt to break up the otherwise stiff outline; the hood terminates in a heavy tassel. Velvet bonnet trimmed with satin loops, a frosted pansy with buds, thread lace ties.

Fig. 3.—Carriage silk dress of apricot silk. The skirt is trimmed with a fluted ruffle of silk to have the effect of a train over a flounced petticoat; the flounce is set a little distance up from the bottom and headed with box plaiting. Cloak of apricot plush trimmed with satin and thick tassels; the hood is very deep, and lined with Mexican blue. Bonnet of blue satin and white lace, ornamented with delicate autumn foliage.

Fig. 4.—Walking costume. Dress of gray *velours*, trimmed with wide purple *passementerie* of velvet.—Long paletot of purple *velours* cloth, with a cape and trimming of black velvet cut out in scollops, and bound with satin; the cape describes a deep curve in the back. Black velvet bonnet, with shaded orange flowers in front, and thread lace ties.

Fig. 5.—Walking-suit. Poplin underskirt striped in brown and black; basque and overskirt in brown and black changeable poplin; the overskirt is puffed with bands cut out in diamonds between; the lower end of each is fringed, and buttons carried down through the center; the trimming may be velvet or gimp; plain basque trimmed with velvet or gimp and fringe; bows are set upon the back form, to simulate a hood.

The brown tinge in the material requires to be a bright golden shade. Bonnet in brown and gray, or blue.

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DESCRIPTION OF BALL AND OPERA COSTUME.

(*See full page Illustration.*)

Fig. 1.—Ball dress. Rich silk changeable in pearl-color and rose-pink; flounce cut out in leaf points and bound with rose-pink satin; it is set on with round puffs of the silk made by gathering in a broad band at intervals; plain bodice laced over satin and finished with satin folds and shoulder straps. Square-necked tulle underbody; the sleeves are made of two loose puffs of silk under tulle, with a fall of lace to the elbow; the belt closes under a broad plaiting of silk standing across the back of the body like a fan; a rose is placed on both sides of the braces, another between the sleeve puffs and a cluster upon the bosom. Rose-colored fan and gloves. The hair is dressed in five finger-puffs in the back and loosely waved in front, a loose curl at the side; the whole mass is white powdered and crowned with a small wreath. The throat is encircled with a wide band of black velvet.

Fig. 2.—Opera costume. Dress of Mexican blue silk trimmed with white thread-lace set on under satin *passementerie* as narrow as a line of piping; a double fall of lace occurs at each broad curve. Coat sleeves the outline of which is broken by falls of lace set on with *passementerie* heading silk quilling. Opera cloak of white silk plush; the sides are open and faced with white satin quilting which narrows as it approaches the shoulder under a satin bow; the arm is left quite free, and the edges of cloak held in place by a strap fastened with pearl buttons; the front is closed with heavy cord tied at the throat and thrown back over the shoulders; a point is described upon the back with a satin fold and tassel fringe. The hair is dressed in a *chignon* of thick braids, surrounded by a rope of frizzed tresses over a fall of ringlets. Front lightly crimped, with two cordons of pearls coming to a point at the parting.

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Among the Paris modes for walking-dresses are suits of black satin, the body and overdress with *panier* and round apron, plain; while the petticoat is embroidered in the style of the Exposition work, commonly called "stuffed" embroidery, with life-sized and naturally colored katydids, beetles, or other insects. The most striking petticoat of this class was bordered with green lizards, from nine to ten inches in length. The satin composing these suits is that known as linen-back, which renders the costume comparatively inexpensive, as the complete dress sells for about $60. Satin, striped with velvet, is a new and elegant material for underskirts. Suits are always made with two, and sometimes three skirts, and the petticoat is as great a matter for consideration as the upper skirt. Striped material without trimming is very fashionable. Changeable silks, both plain and striped, have superseded solid colors. A green and black ground, striped with blue satin, has made its appearance. Fine gold and black is *distingué*. For evening, *poult de soies*, changeable in pale pearl and pink, or green or blue or lavender and straw-color, are beautiful. These combinations light up with exquisite effect, resembling rainbows fading into mist. Black silks and satins, enriched with raised garlands and bouquets, are still favorites. For a matron, a handsome *Gros d'Afrique* is embossed with autumn leaves, in the various shades of brown, each veined and tinted like the veritable "sere leaf." There are also stripes thrown up in fine brocade, known as the pompadour style, and the veritable pompadour cloth, all satin veins and medallions, and "heavy as a board." Other rich goods for evening wear are satins, in blue, pink, and Metternich green, stiff with silver embroidery, or sprinkled with delicate silver flowers. Silk and satin sashes, with embroidered bouquets in the ends, have lately been imported. The price of these ranges from $15 to $25.

White and black Astrachan are in greater demand for suits consisting of cloak, boa, muff and cape, than last season, when both were so well received. A hooded jacket, of white Astrachan, with pelerine tabs and muff, etc., is a stylish outfit. White skins, hung with fleeces of Angola tassels, are made up into similar suits. Nothing could be more luxuriously warm and comfortable than garments of this kind. Deep circulars of embroidered white cashmere or cloth are worn for the opera; quilted satin is an effective trimming. The imported cloaks are very elaborately ornamented with scarlet satin and tassels in red and white. In most cases the circle is cut up at the sides, that the arm may be free if desired, and a hood is made or described. A round cape caught up with a rosette is sometimes the variation for the shoulders, over a circle or talma.

Pelerine capes of white Astrachan are used for some opera toilets; the edge is finished with Angola fringe. Black velvet pelerines are made upon the shoulders of black silk or *velour* walking-suits. Silk, satin and plain *passementerie* have superseded jet as a trimming for velvet. Velvet cloaks are often made sufficiently long, with festooned skirts, to answer as an upper dress for a suit with a colored silk or satin petticoat.

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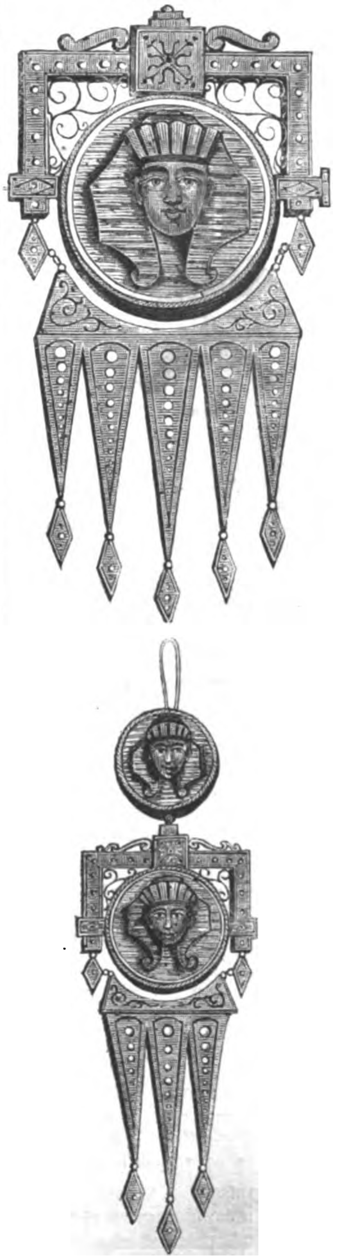
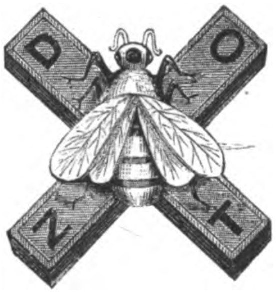
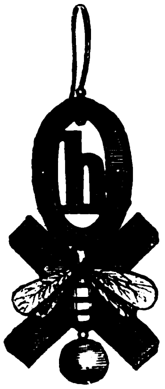
JEWELRY.



Set of Byzantine Jewelry.—This elegant set, of brooch and ear-rings, represents the latest and most fashionable style in jewelry at the present moment. The design is the Byzantine Mosaic, and the cost is not only on account of the purity of the metal employed in its construction, but the fine and elaborate character of the workmanship. The Byzantine designs are finished in colors; and the globes of richest gold introduced into this set impart an admirable effect. The price is $230. **Ball & Black.**





"**Don't Be Cross.**"—This is the device of the quaint set in gold and enamel, which is presented above for the inspection and admiration of our subscribers. It is a gift set, extremely pretty, and not very expensive, which would answer most beautifully to make up a lovers' quarrel. **Ball & Black**, whose design it is, will probably have to duplicate it. The price is $78.

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BRUSSELS LACE.

A story is told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels which is pleasant in itself, and carries with it a lesson worth learning. A poor girl named Gertrude was deeply attached to a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage, and, without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins and how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached, the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The maiden grew rich by her work, and married the object of her love. Years afterward, while living in luxury, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said: "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you, and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and her bobbin in hand, and, going from cottage to cottage, she taught the art she had so mysteriously learned, and comfort and plenty came to all.

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BONNETS FOR JANUARY.

There is little that is new to be said of bonnets. The styles are decided for the season, and they are smaller and more coquettish than ever. Many of them have cut the Fanchon altogether, and display the round toque or jockey form, a style very becoming to a striking, *piquant* face, but very much out of place on a commonplace woman, or in conjunction with a commonplace toilet.

The *pouf* bonnet can be more generally worn, and the Polish cap, with its soft crown and coroneted brim, is very becoming to some; but they are all dressy, and require elaborate costumes to harmonize the general effect.

The "Mantilla" bonnet is very much in vogue for visiting and carriage wear, and is exceedingly distinguished in black velvet and feathers, and softened by the rich drapery of black Spanish lace; but the feature of the season decidedly consists of the reception bonnets, *pouf* and Polish cap styles, in pink, drab and peach-blossom satin, ornamented with white lace and feathers.

These bonnets only properly accompany a *Watteau* toilet of soft gray and pink satin, or blue, white and gray, and are entirely out of place with an ordinary walking-costume of dark color and stiff material; yet some ladies have the bad taste to associate them.

Tulle bonnets are still worn for wedding receptions, and are charmingly trimmed with satin, lace, and flowers, the latter somewhat sparingly, but frequently in wreaths and cordons of grasses, which mingle with the short curls of the chignon.

Andalusian hats of white felt or velvet are fashionable for children, trimmed with a plume, or *aigrette* of white or scarlet feathers. A less pretentious style consists of round toques of gray felt, bound with blue or scarlet velvet, covered with black lace. A peacock's breast ornaments one side, out of which a small white or scarlet *aigrette* springs, held by a horse-shoe of mother-of-pearl

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FUR-TRIMMED SUITS.

The new fur-trimmed suits are a feature of the winter fashions. They are made of handsome broadcloth, of English water-proof cloth, of velvet, and occasionally of velveteen, which has been very much reduced in price, and can now be bought, of very good quality, for $1.50 per yard.

They are not usually cut *en panier*, but with a skirt and pelisse, the latter bunched up at the sides, and held by a strap or ornament of fur. A still more stylish method is to loop the pelisse, on one side only, very high, and ornament it with a strap and chatelaine of cloth trimmed with fur. The pelisse is always finished with a cape, cut round, and looped up at the back and on the shoulders, or with two or three capes, quite plain, and graduating in size, the lower one reaching only to the waist, the upper one forming merely a collar. Mink, sable, Astrachan, chinchilla, and swan's-down are the principal kinds of fur used.

Chinchilla, upon dark green or brown cloth, is beautiful. Swan's-down is used for blue or purple plush; mink and sable for garnet cloth, velvet, and velveteen.

Two narrow bands of fur are more in vogue than one broad one.

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NEW EVENING DRESSES.

A new and very showy material for evening dresses consists of "silver" grenadine and "frosted" grenadine. The silver grenadine is striped in silver threads upon the ground surface, the "frosted" patterns are dotted with silver. The material can be bought in all colors at $2.00 per yard; but white is the prettiest.

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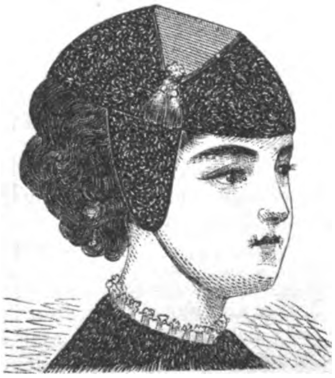
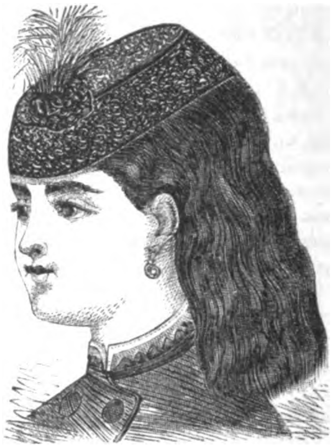
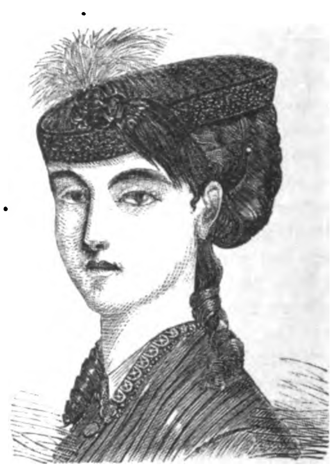
HATS.



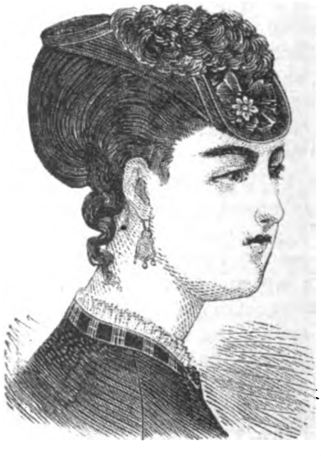
A **Polish Turban** of black Astrachan. A fold of velvet falls from the center of top, trimmed with tassels at the end.



The "**Turban Boulevard**" for ladies. The top is composed of chenille, the band of fine black Astrachan. A tufted ostrich and *aigrette* pompon is the only trimming.



A **French Turban**, all of black Astrachan, ornamented with Angola tassel and ostrich *aigrette*.



The **Siddon**, of black velvet, is the newest design, and the most chaste feature of the season. The brim loops up on both sides to the center of top, and droops front and back. A roll of velvet forms the band, pipings of satin trim the sides, and an ostrich tip gives finish to the whole.

These hats are from the establishments of **J. R. Terry**, No. 19 Union Square, and 409 Broadway, New York.

OUR SYSTEM OF POSTAL SERVICE.

In some respects the American people are ahead of much older nations, but it is generally where individual enterprise has been allowed free scope, and individual skill and genius free chance for development. We have given to the world the two greatest modern inventions, the telegraph and the sewing-machine; but our national postal system, in its practical working, is a disgrace to any civilized country.

The City of New York annually receives and distributes as many letters as some entire States, yet its business is transacted in a miserably shabby building that looks like an ill-kept poultry-pen, located in a narrow, out-of-the-way corner of the city, and it adheres with the tenacity of tradition to the ancient system of "boxing," which was instituted when New York City was a twentieth part its present size, and business letters could afford to lay over twelve or twenty-four hours without material detriment to commercial interests.

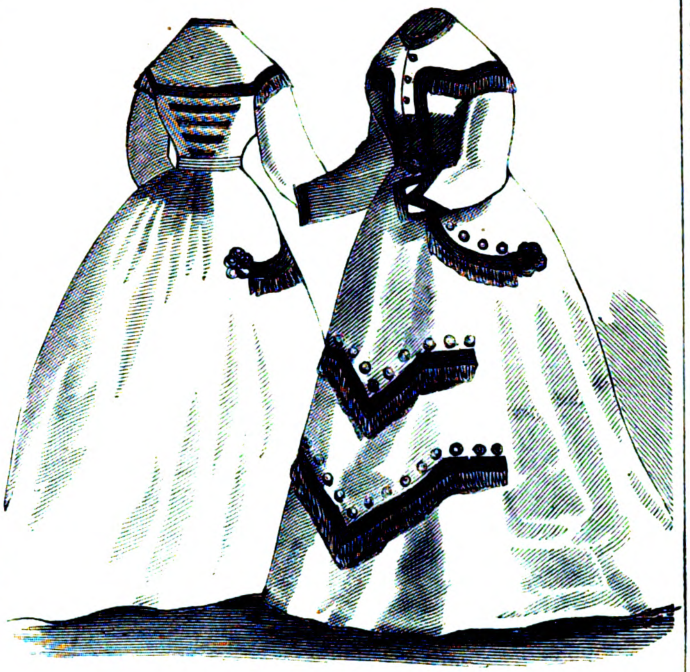
Now the case is widely different. It is of the highest importance that letters should reach the parties to whom they are addressed as quickly as possible after reaching the city, and this would be immensely facilitated by abolishing letter-boxes in the large cities altogether, and introducing the letter-carrier system, which is, and has been for years, so successfully practiced in London.

Our mail system is called cheap, but really in its practical working in the large cities it is very dear. It compels the employment of boys, whose almost exclusive business it is to run between the office, store or counting-room of their employers and the post-office; and, even by this costly method, it is almost impossible to obtain letters until many hours after their arrival in the city, even if they are obtained at all.

For, by this slow, stupid, old-fashioned method, there is not only time lost in the double distribution which must take place, but it has developed boy-thieves and thieving to an extent which, it seems, scarcely any are able to resist.

The carrier system, therefore, by which every letter would be given to the man whose route authorized him to receive it, would not only have the advantage of speed, directness, and economy of labor, but would remove the most powerful incentive to dishonesty which exists, viz.: time and opportunity.

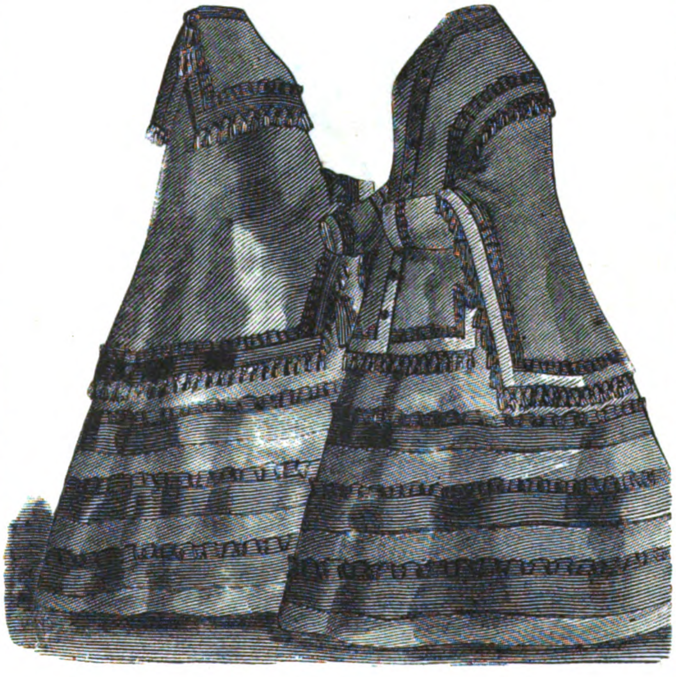
We sincerely hope that this much-needed reform (the perfection of the carrier system and the expulsion of box delivery) will be pressed upon the powers that be until it is effected. It is a reform in the interest of the country and of every individual, and the sooner it is effected the better for the moral well-being, and the material prosperity of the community at large.



AFTERNOON DRESS FOR HOUSE WEAR.

(Front and back view.)

Empress cloth or French poplin, trimmed with velvet, narrow silk fringe and velvet buttons. The velvet encircles the shoulders and descends the front, describing a basque; the back of the waist is ornamented with velvet bars graduated in length; a rosette finishes the trimming on the hips.



ALICIA WALKING-COSTUME.

(Front and back view.)

Dress and cloak of heavy black silk, trimmed with bias folds bordered along the upper edge with box-plaiting. The dress has a plain-fitting body with coat sleeves. The cloak has a sash-front closed the entire length with buttons; the side droops over the arm with the effect of a flowing sleeve, and is continued around the back like a straight mantle; a cape, divided in the center, is fitted in the shoulder seams, and the front trimming extended around the edge; crotchet buttons and knotted silk fringe.

CAN WE RECOMMEND IT?

We have received any number of letters asking if we can *recommend* the Bartram & Fanton sewing-machine. We certainly can, and very highly too. We have it in use, and find it a favorite with operators, and its work greatly liked and admired by ladies.

We consider it the most simple, yet perfect and practical sewing-machine now in the market. It has all the improvements in detail which are so necessary to the permanent pleasure and comfort of the operator, yet were not thought of until the advent of this machine—the wheel, for instance, arranged to be out of the way of the dress of the operator; castors upon which the machine can be readily moved from one room to another; foot-rests warmly faced with heavy scarlet flannel, so that delicate slippered-feet will find convenient aids against fatigue.

These are minor matters, but they are important to permanent satisfaction in the use of a machine, and when to these are added all that is known and has been tested in the way of excellence of design and construction, united to the modern simplicity which renders it so much less liable to get out of order than a more intricate machine—we feel justified in saying much in its praise.

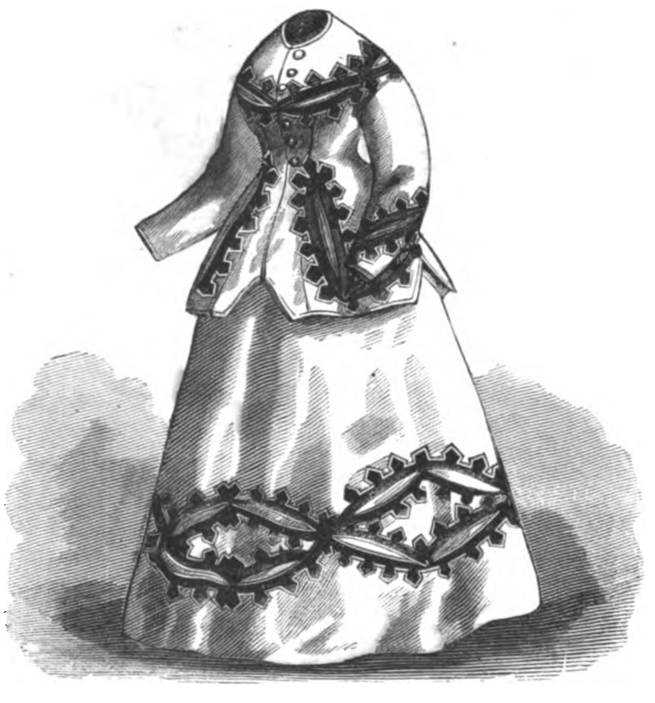
In doing all kinds of family sewing it is extremely inconvenient to have a machine the stitch of which can not be taken out, though the least tightness of tension will cause it to break when it is washed. The stitch of the Bartram & Fanton sewing-machine is both durable and elastic; it can be taken out by knowing how, but it does not break or crinkle the finest material in washing.

It does more kind of work than any other machine in the market, ruffles beautifully, makes button-holes, embroiders, braids, tucks—in fact, does almost everything that the hand can do, in the way of useful and ornamental sewing.

We are happy to announce that we have made permanent arrangements by which we shall be able to offer this admirable machine as a premium for twenty subscribers to the Monthly at $3 each.

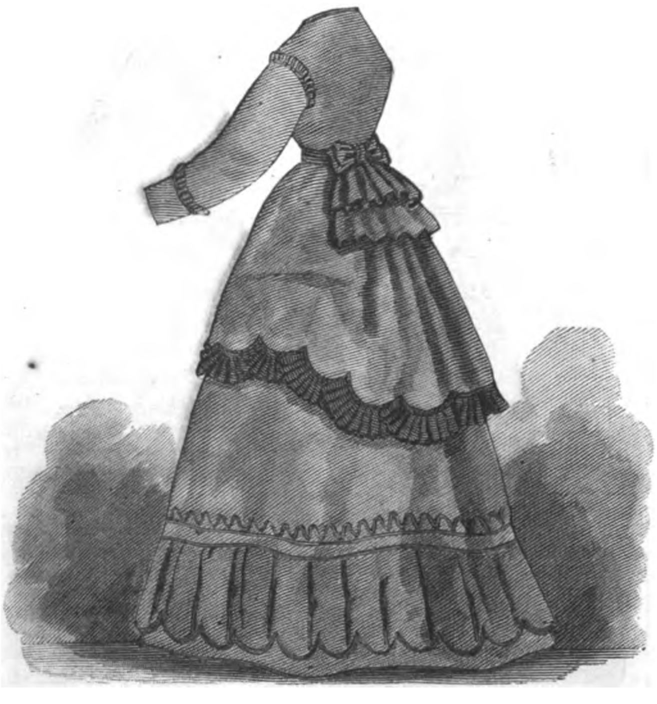
A JAPANESE BELLE.

EVERY Japanese girl, of no matter what class in society, appears inspired with an innate love of coquetry. The daughter of the humblest tradesman loves to pass whole days in shopping, and takes the greatest delight in preparing, long before it is needed, the dress she intends to display for the first time at the next *fete*. The day arrived, the happy girl rises early in the morning, and, while her fresh new dress lies in some corner of the room, impatiently submits to the dilatory labors of her hair-dresser, in whose profession there are some artists so celebrated that they devote whole hours to the study and toil requisite for the composition of some graceful or fashionable style, where the hair, carefully dressed with the brush and pomade, half hides a piece of crape coquettishly chosen and fastened by heavy pins of tortoise-shell or coral. The chignon, it must be confessed, is not altogether of nature's growth; and if, after the hair, we examine the face, we shall see that Madame Rachel herself could not teach the Japanese much in the art of making up. On the dressing-table stands a perfect collection of little boxes just drawn from some hiding-place; there are whites for the neck, the arms, the bust; reds for the mouth and cheeks; black for the eyes, and sometimes gold for the lips; and yet, with all these aids from art, age is unable to conceal its decrepitude, while, strangely enough, the children are the most laden with paint. Putting aside this coquetry, universal in spite of its bad taste, the dress is very simple and invariably well chosen. A silk robe, generally of a dark hue, covers a *chemise en crepe* made of small patches of every color, a perfect harlequin's mantle, where bright green is placed beside a lively red. In winter the costume is completed by a short mantle doubled and thickened according to the season. The dress is long, without shape, and open from top to bottom; the upper part is confined by a belt broad enough to cover the breast and the lower part of the form, and terminating behind in an enormous knot, to tie which with more or less elegance demands a careful examination and many retouches. The sleeves hang like large pockets. To the belt are fastened a pipe in a velvet case, and a pocket-book containing two chopsticks of silver, if it is intended to do honor to the host who may offer refreshments. In one corner of the pocket-book sparkles a little mirror, a European innovation, for our civilization has made this slight breach of Japanese manners. During the greater portion of the year the feet are bare; in winter they are clad in white cotton, and rest upon sandals of varnished wood, kept by wooden supports high enough above the ground to escape the mud and damp. The sandal is ornamented with braids of straw, or sometimes of velvet, and held to the foot by a strip of cloth passed between the toes. Occasionally it is re-covered with leather or paper, but is never honored by being worn in the house.



VALERIE WALKING-SUIT.

BASQUE and skirt of gray *velours* or tricot cloth, trimmed with emerald-green velvet cut out in figures and sewn on with an edge of green silk braid. The basque has one row around the lower part; the edge is cut out in the back to correspond with the front and sides, and the velvet figures follow its direction; a *berthe* is described across the bust; the skirt is ornamented with a double row of figures, one crossing the other at regular angles.



MATHILDE DRESS.

THIS is appropriate for a young lady's house dress, and, with an outer garment, for walking-costume.

The material is *satin de chene* in rich purple. The lower skirt has a flounce cut out in scollops and bound with corded silk; the top is box-plaited, so as to leave the curve below plain, and headed with a corded fold and narrow, scolloped edge. The overskirt is caught up in a tuck at the sides; the front is shorter than the back, which is gathered into the belt under a large double fan of the dress material fastened with a bow; belt made of a series of folds. The edge of the skirt is cut out in curves, each being finished with a plaited frill or fan set on with gimp; flat plaiting and gimp on the shoulders and cuffs. *Satin de chene* is a worsted fabric with a fine glossy surface; the price of it is from $1.00 to $1.25 per yard.

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HOW WE DRESSED DURING THE CONFEDERACY.

BY S. E. W.

GLENDALE, 1868.

DEAR JENNIE:—You asked me, in one of your letters, how we managed to dress during the late war; and I have determined to try and answer that question in this epistle.

Shall I begin first with the bonnet? We had only one fashion during the four years of blockade. I suppose you remember the large top bonnets of '60; that was the shape everybody altered their bonnets by, sewing a piece of pasteboard, and then covering with some ribbon or silk, putting a quilling of the same where the pasteboard ended, and the show of the bonnet commenced. If you will pay me a visit, I will show you one of those bonnets; I made it. People did somewhat better in the cities, but you know we live in the country, fifty miles from any city. Toward the end of the war, when the bonnets began to give out, hats became the rage. They were made of plaited straw, rye, wheat; and some of them were quite nice, I can assure you. We dyed them black with walnut leaves, put in a plume, made of goose feathers, and thought it all quite beautiful. I think Southern ladies ought to immortalize the goose, for I do not know what we should have done without their feathers; as the geese once saved Rome from the attack of the barbarians, they have also saved us much trouble and perplexity of mind. Every variety of flowers was made of the feathers; and happy the possessor of a little oil paint, for then they could be colored. When you went to church, every head would have some description of feather flowers. The whole congregation seemed dressed in uniform.

When we had that Tournament at the Springs, each knight's hat was adorned with a plume from the breast of a goose, and the crown for the queen was from the same downy bird. Percy Barton was the successful knight; he had a jacket made of his mother's velvet cloak, and very regal and handsome did he look; he crowned little May Ferguson. Poor fellow! he was shot through the head at the battle of Gettysburg. Forgive me; this letter, I remember, is devoted to dress, and I must not wander off to other topics.

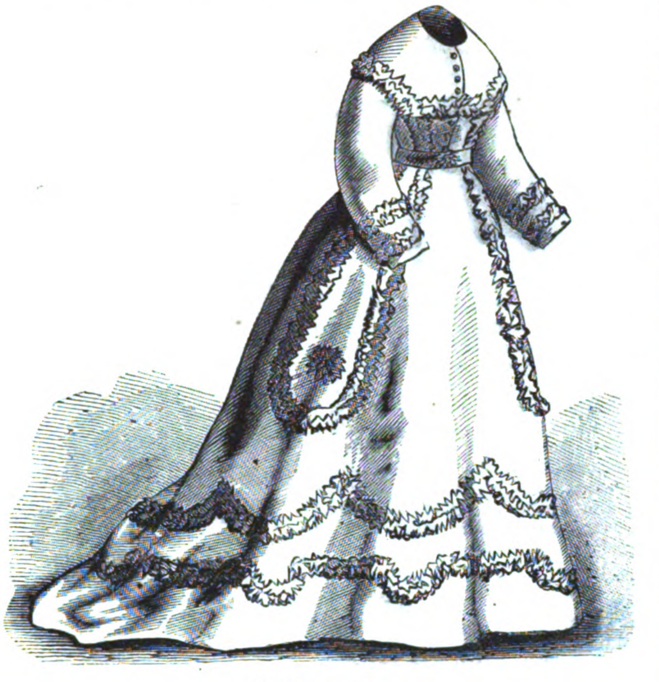
All of us had home-spun dresses, and for the winter, cloaks of the same material—a gray goods, made of black wool, mixed with cotton. Those who were able to get skirt-braid trimmed their dresses with that; sometimes we succeeded in getting a calico; the price went up from one dollar per yard, to fifty. Of finer dress goods, we country folks kept no account. I did give six hundred dollars for an organdy, and thought it a bargain.

Spool cotton was ten dollars a spool, and impossible to get, even at that price. I know that you, living in New York, must have thought of us often, and wondered how we existed without a fashion-book. Occasionally, some one would come from the North, and bring a Demorest. What rejoicing! what borrowing! what altering!

The black silk I had the winter I was with you was a treasure. After wearing it in every conceivable garment, I picked it up, had it mixed with cotton, spun and wove into a suit of clothes for father.

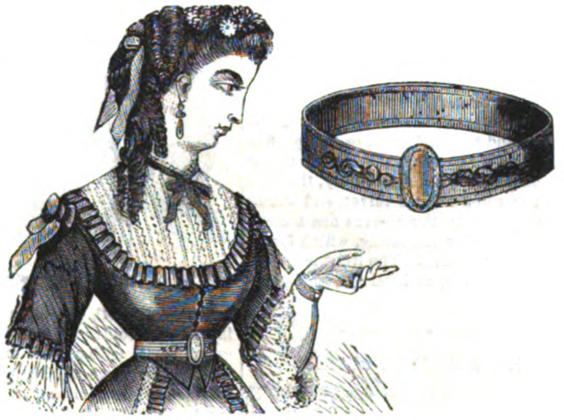
White bodies with colored skirts for summer, and black ones with the same for winter, was the prevailing uniform. We managed better in winter than in summer, for home-spun was comfortable in the cold weather, but so warm in the dog days.

I do not, for my life, see how we did, to get pins, needles, hair-pins, etc., but I do not remember ever to have been entirely out; any old linen was cut up and hem-stitched for handkerchiefs. In my life, I do not think I ever saw anything so beautiful as the box of things you sent us in the spring of '65. The little cap-like hats, with the bright, bright flowers and ribbons, the lovely purples, blues, pinks, etc., of the muslins or organdies—it was a regal feast for my poor eyes, so long accustomed to the faded and worn goods of the household.



HOUSE DRESS.

Purple empress cloth, trimmed with ruching of silk in the same shade of color, as follows: two rows at the bottom of the skirt; two sashes described, and braces described upon the body; two rows at the lower part of the sleeve; a large bow on the belt in the back.



THE EMPRESS BELT.

This is a new and beautiful article for ladies' wear, which bids fair to become exceedingly fashionable. There are various styles, the decorated gold and silver being most elegant for full-dress occasions. This belt aids to support and improve the appearance of the figure. The plainer styles are very useful for wearing under ordinary silk belts to preserve their shape, which ladies well know is soon lost, in fact, long before the material is injured sufficient to warrant its being laid aside, if there is no extra stiffening worn beneath. The Empress belt fits so handsomely that it suits this purpose better than any other device.

BOULEVARD SKIRTS.

These new and excellent skirts have achieved an unprecedented popularity. They came in and supplied a want, long felt, of a really good and reliable walking-skirt, ready-made, water-proof, weather-proof, and handsome enough for all but the most ceremonious occasions, when white skirts are required.

The late method of ornamenting by the application of a handsome design in cloth, or velvet of a contrasting color, is very successful. The result is a very handsome border, which has all the effect of embroidery. Our readers, however, must be careful to distinguish between the genuine "Boulevard" and some cheap imitations. The border of the Boulevard skirt is incorporated with the body of the skirt, in the fancy imitations it is simply laid on, and can be rubbed or washed off.

Ladies living in the interior will find the Boulevard skirt the best and most satisfactory in the market for riding or walking wear.

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PARLOR GARDENING.

Jardinière stands for flowers, in bronze, porcelain, and carved wood, are among the choicest holiday gifts, filled with rare plants.

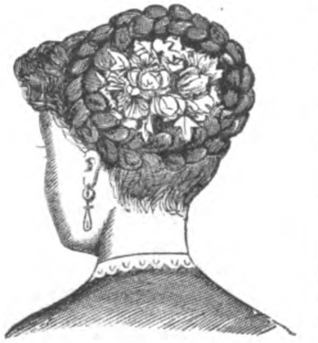
Let me tell you a secret. The first time I went to a city, so busy was I looking in the windows at the pretty things, that I fell flat on my face going down Main street; and one of the clerks—impertinent fellow—laughed at me, deliberately laughed, when I asked him the use of some ornament; it was for the hair, I believe. The beautiful nets with glass beads, my first green-back went for one. We knitted gloves, and some of them were very nice. I saw some made of cloth and stitched on the sewing-machine—quite comfortable they were; and Nannie Thatcher made a pair of buckskin. We did not go gloveless, if kids were two hundred dollars a pair.

Now for the feet, Jennie; that was the hardest matter. It seemed almost impossible to get shoes; all the shoemakers were in the army, except a few coarse cobblers. One of our servants made shoes, I know to my sorrow, for he made me a pair, and I will carry a remembrance of them to my grave, in the shape of several corns. We had some squirrel skins tanned, and made into slippers, which were, however, quite nice; dog-skin made very good shoes, and I heard of some one having hog-skins tanned. We made cloth gaiters, and had them sewed to the soles of the old ones, but our feet did not look well. Give me a nice fitting shoe and I am happy; they are indispensable. Wooden sole shoes were worn by the negroes and poorer class of whites; some of the girls had wooden sandals to walk in. Knitted hose were all we could get, and we had to knit them ourselves. I wish I could tell you the number of gloves, stockings and socks I knitted during the war; it would astonish you, and I am afraid you would not believe me.

Oh, Jennie, do you remember how Miss M—— used to paint? Well, her rouge gave out the second year of the confederacy—it was late in the summer. I saw her once without any; but the next Sunday she came out as blooming as a rose. Poke-berries were getting ripe. I heard that she dried a bushel, and suppose she still has a large supply on hand. I know she will be as mad as can be with me for writing this, but I have no patience with a woman who paints. I hear that some people in New York have themselves enameled. What can they be thinking of? It deceives no one, does it?

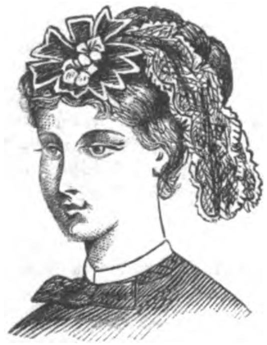
I must close my long letter; in another, I will give you an account of what we lived on, etc., during the war, *i. e.*, if you wish it.

Yours, as formerly, Acton.



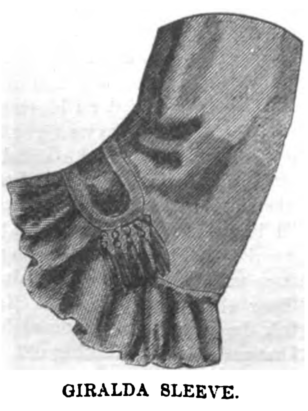
BOUQUET COIFFURE.

A **THICK** plait of hair coiled in oval form around a large cluster or bouquet of flowers, which may be either natural or artificial. A less dressy mode would be to make the central ornament a thick rosette of lace or satin ribbon. Front hair waved loosely and powdered with diamond dust.



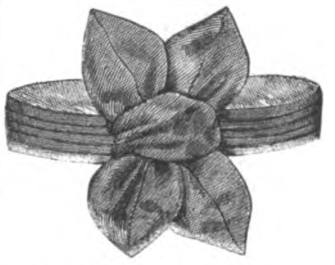
ROSALINE COIFFURE.

A **ROSETTE** of satin or velvet tabs, bordered with fine edging, two velvet pansies in the center, and a lace barbe, with both ends falling at one side, and held in place over the side of the *chignon* by a hidden hair-pin. A pretty combination would be black tabs, black lace, and shaded orange pansies; this is appropriate for a brunette: a blonde could wear blue velvet tabs, blue or black lace, and pink or blue flowers.

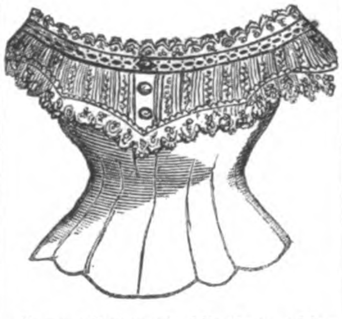


GIRALDA SLEEVE.

A **SHORT**, flowing shape, having the effect of the Marie Antoinette; the bottom terminates in a wide ruffle set on with piping; a short bar, curved at the ends, is laid over the inner seam, half upon each side. It is bound with a wide fold of satin, and hung with netted fringe.



A **PRETTY** mode for making a silk belt. The girdle is formed of a series of narrow folds; the ornament for the back is composed of four pieces of silk or ribbon folded in leaf shape; the edges, caught together on the upper side, give the effect of a vein like that seen in the natural leaf; the four are fastened with a loose cross piece. The leaves are made of squares, two upper corners being folded to a point to the opposite edge, which is then drawn in with a trifling fullness.



CORSET COVER of white linen, with a *berthe* composed of alternate strips of tucking and embroidery; lower edge finished with Valenciennes lace: upper edge encircled with embroidery, through which is run a colored velvet, and above this a lace frill; the sleeves are a mere band, hidden by the *berthe*, which forms a point over the arm. The front is closed with three studs, and below small pearl buttons.

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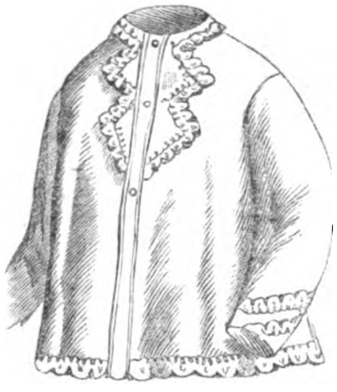
NEW PARLOR GAME.

A **NEW** game in Paris is becoming a great favorite. It is called "Les Confessions." Printed interrogations on any subject are given out, to which you write your own answer. Here is an example of the confessional questions: — "Votre vertu favorite? Vos qualités favorites chez l'homme? Vos qualités favorites chez la femme? Votre occupation favorite? Le trait principal de votre caractère? Votre idée du bonheur? Votre idée du malheur? Votre couleur et votre idée favorites? Si vous n'étiez pas vous, que voudriez vous être?" The game is sure to lead to an animated conversation.

◆

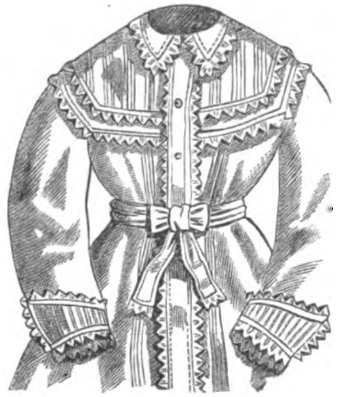
WINTER SILKS.

THE fashionable silks this season are extraordinarily rich and thick; the thinner qualities, called *taffetas*, are now quite laid aside. For day wear the dead-looking silks, which have no gloss on them, are preferred, and all shades of maroon and claret are popular.



DRESSING SACK.

COLORED opera flannel, ornamented with braiding above the edges, which are simply pinked out; the collar and lapels are cut in one piece; a double point turns back from the wrist; the straight piece in front for the button-holes is doubled and stitched on each edge.

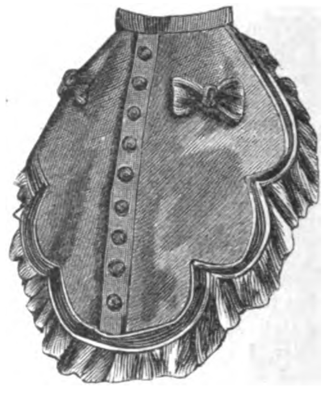


NIGHT-DRESS.

FINE long-cloth ornamented with tucking and embroidery. The shape is a long, gored sack, with a hem and six small tucks at the bottom. The yoke is tucked in clusters; one cluster runs down the front to the hem: the embroidery is set on with narrow bands stitched upon each edge; narrow scarfs are fastened in the center of the back and tie around the waist loosely.

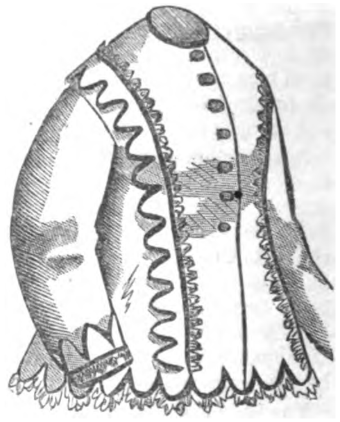
◆

SOMETHING LIKE A WARDROBE.—The wardrobe of the Princess Metternich, it is said, consists of 119 dresses of silk, each of 119 pieces, and trimmed with 1,900 yards of trimmings; 164 morning gowns of various materials, adorned with 1,000,000 of buttons; 61 walking-dresses and cloaks, ornamented with one ton of bugles; 51 shawls of various sizes and colors; 152 petticoats, in variety; 275 other under-garments; 365 pairs of stockings; 156 pairs of gloves of every known color; 49 pairs of boots and shoes; 71 sashes and belts; 64 brooches, in variety; 72 pairs of ear-rings, in variety; 31 fans; 24 parasols; 1 umbrella.



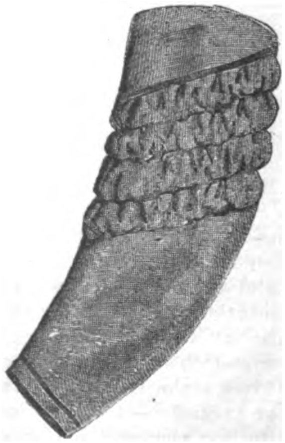
SILK APRON.

THIS may be made in black or colored material; the edge is finished with a box-plaited flounce and wide *passementerie;* a bow upon each side and fold held down with buttons through the center; a satin fold would trim as prettily as gimp, and, if used, the buttons should be satin covered.



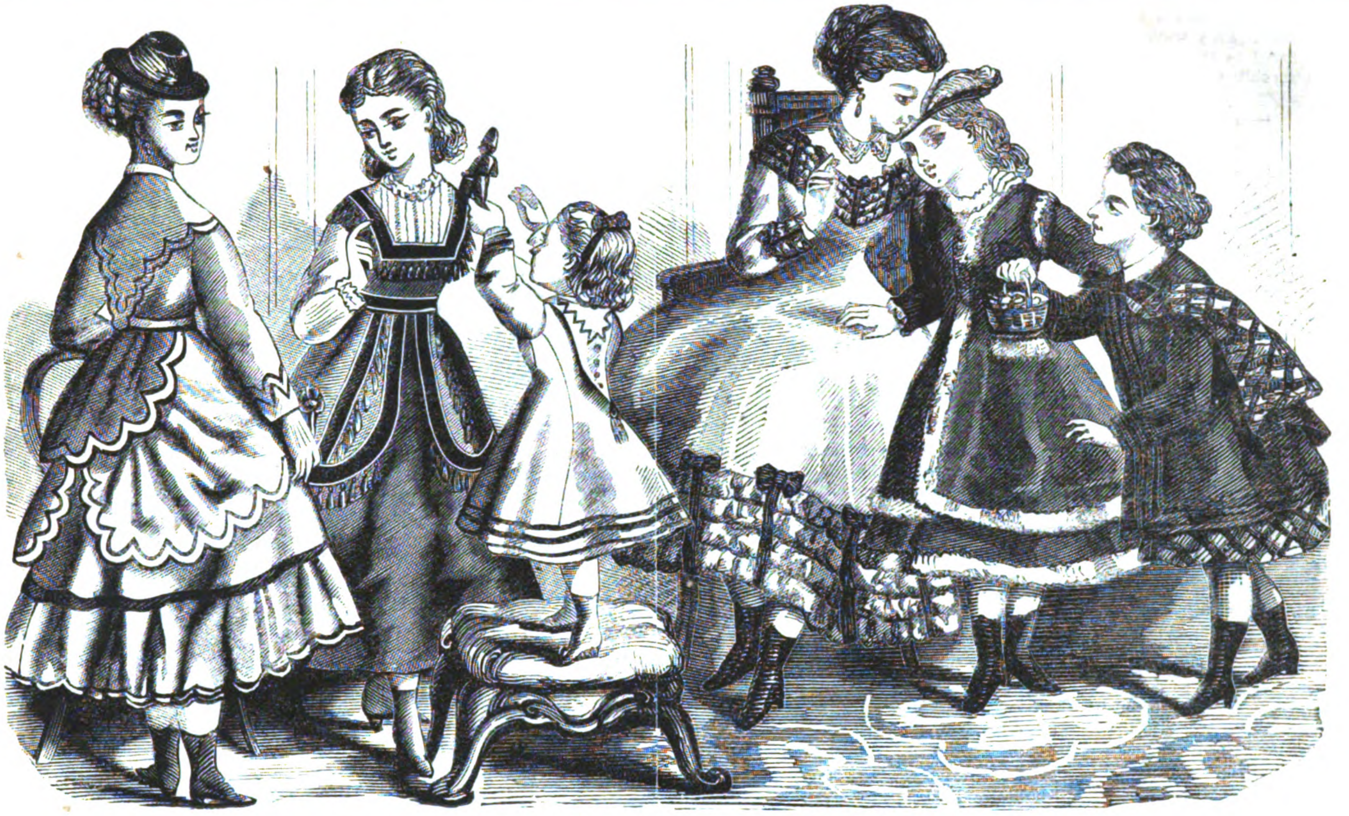
BREAKFAST SACK.

A **HALF-FITTING** garment of cashmere; the trimming consists of bands of the material cut out in round points along one edge; the lower edge of the sack is cut to correspond. The binding is of black satin, and the lace thick guipure. Both sides are ornamented. This is a pretty style of sack, to be made *en suite* with the dress for walking-costume.



PAULINE SLEEVE.

FOUR puffs of the material, set across the sleeve diagonally above the elbow; one row of satin gimp as a heading, and two rows at the hand.



LATEST STYLES OF CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR JANUARY, 1869.

DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—School-suit of green Winsey. A scolloped flounce set in box plaits on the lower skirt with a gimp heading; overskirt describing two wings sloping from the belt, and gathered up in plaits under a round basque; cape square across the bust, and pointing in the back; the scolloped edges are finished with two rows of gimp.—Black beaver hat with green plume.

FIG. 2.—Party-dress of blue Irish poplin trimmed with wide bands of black velvet, figured with blue satin and rich silk fringe. The inner row upon the skirt curves over the other upon the side, terminating in a rosette; the outer row descends to within seven inches of the bottom and turns around the skirt, describing a straight tunic. Pompadour body. White cambric underbody. Blue boots.

FIG. 3.—Little girl of two years. Pink merino Gabrielle trimmed with black velvet, a wide row between two narrow rows upon the skirt and cuffs; the hood forms a little collar in front, the inner edge being cut in points, and bound with velvet. Velvet buttons in the point which terminates in a silk tassel.

FIG. 4.—Miss's dress of bright green cashmere trimmed with puffing of the same, divided at intervals with satin bands and bows in a darker shade of green.

FIG. 5.—Suit of purple velveteen, a skirt and fitted paletot ornamented with bands of white down. One side of the paletot folds obliquely across the other; a pocket is set in the broader side.

FIG. 6.—Little boy's walking-costume. Dress of Scotch plaid and cape-cloak of brown cloth trimmed with galoon; the cape is quite deep, and one side is thrown back over the shoulder to display the plaid lining. Brown felt hat trimmed with velvet.

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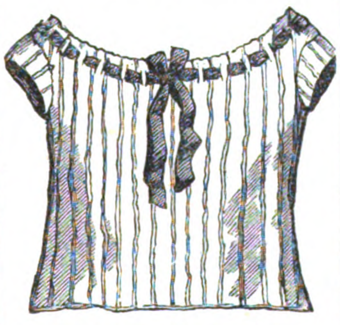


INFANTS' KNIT SHIRTS,

As they are sometimes called, have almost superseded the use of cambric in cold weather; indeed, many children wear them through the year. When only flannel shirts were used for warmth, the harsh seams and shrinking made them unfit for the tender infant; but we have seen robbins made so delicately soft and white, that they seem altogether the most appropriate. They are knit of various patterns and styles, and of split zephyr, Saxony yarn, or, if these can not be procured, any very soft and fine domestic yarn or worsted. We give directions that any one who knows the ordinary knitting stitch can follow.

DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING.

A PAIR of knitting-pins, bone or wood, medium size.

Saxony yarn, No. 60.

Cast on 60 stitches.

Seam two, knit two plain; ribbed is the old-fashioned term when used for the tops of stockings; knit a straight piece in this manner, about eight inches in length.

Knit ten stitches as above, at the commencement of the needle, for the shoulder-strap. Knit two together, and widen by putting the thread twice round the needle, alternately across the needle until you come to the last ten stitches. Knit them as above for the other strap.

In returning, knit the loop with a seam stitch, in the usual manner.

Knit the ten stitches, and bind off the forty stitches, between the two shoulder pieces. This makes one side of the shirt (see cut), and the loops forming the holes through which the ribbon is to be passed. These must now be continued over the shoulder piece: for this,

Knit one of the ten stitches plain; narrow the next two; make a loop as above; seam and knit the seven as in the body of the shirt. The ribbing is continued over the shoulder.

Going back, knit the loop; the third time across finishes the hole.

Make eight holes in this way.

Knit up the other strap in the same manner.

Cast on 40 stitches between the two.

Knit across the 60, as at first.

Make another row of holes, as above, and you have the neck connected by the straps.

Continue with the other half of the shirt in a straight piece, as at first.

Bind off *very loosely*.

You have then the entire length of the shirt in one straight piece, the neck cut out, as it were, from the center.

Double it at the center of the strap, and sew up the sides with a needleful of the worsted very lightly, catching up the stitches from side to side. Leave an inch and a half for the gusset, under the arm.

TO KNIT THE GUSSET.

Cast on 18 stitches.

Knit two, seam two, once across.

Knit one, narrow one; knit across, as before.

Narrow at *the commencement* of each needle, as above, until but one stitch is left.

Sew in the gusset, placing the point at the bottom of the opening left for it; the wide part, together with the strap, forms the sleeve. Run a narrow white ribbon through the holes surrounding the neck, as in the cut. The object of the alternate seam and plain stitches is to give greater elasticity to the garment. It may be knit plain, but will not fit as well.

The above is for a new-born child. For a child three months old, cast on 70 stitches.

Six months, 90 stitches.

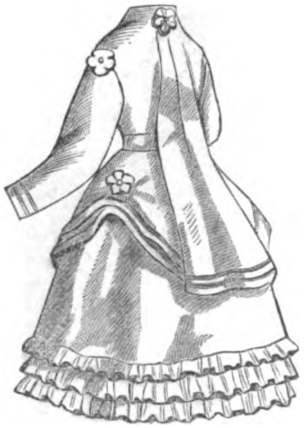
A year, 110 stitches.

The same gusset and strap will do for the three first sizes; for the last leave 12 stitches for the strap, and set up 20 for the gusset. Proportion the length to the breadth, in all instances.

Wash them in very hot soap-suds, rinse in clear water the same temperature, and squeeze them nearly dry in a towel. *Pull* them down into the proper shape, but do not press them with an iron, or you will have a stiff, shapeless garment, much broader than it is long.

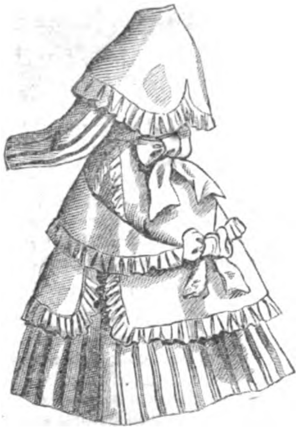
If these directions are carefully followed the shirts will last a long time, as good as new. Fine woven undershirts will be found to save much trouble, as soon as the child is large enough to wear them.

◆



FAUSTINE DRESS.

This is very handsome for a Miss of nine to thirteen years, made as follows: material, changeable silk or poplin; underskirt ruffled; overdress fitted, with the exception of the back, which is folded at the neck in two double plaits; these descend over the belt into the skirt; at the sides the latter is caught up with rosettes; the trimming consists of satin gimp or piping. White mohair is less expensive, and yet quite appropriate for making this way.



VALERIE SUIT.

A rich walking-costume, for a Miss from nine to thirteen years old; petticoat and sleeves of striped silk, blue and white; body, cape and overskirt of plain blue, bordered with fluting; the overskirt is divided the entire length at both sides, and in shape resembles a double apron; the cape describes two sweeping curves in the back, with the fronts crossing and curving down around the skirt, like a basque, held in place by a satin bow; a large bow on the belt.

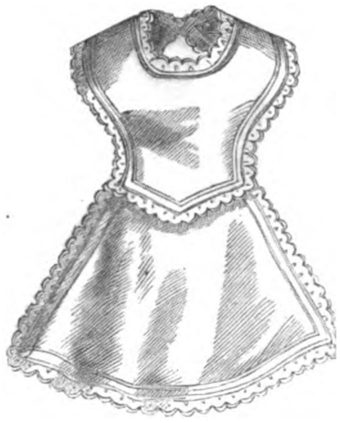
◆

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE SLIPPER.

This new and stylish slipper has become a great favorite.

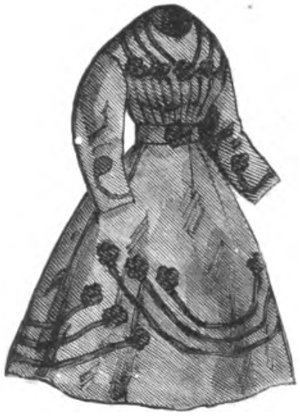
◆

Where should one always expect to find a bountiful supply of the milk of human kindness? Within the *pale* of the Church.



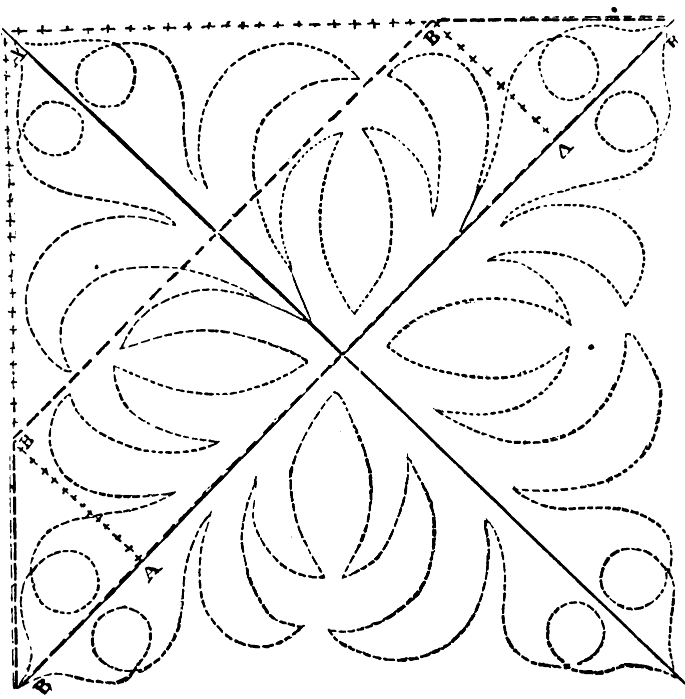
CRISTA APRON.

Child's apron of white linen, trimmed with fine Marseilles braid and needlework edging; the waist points in front like a bodice, the skirt beisg seamed on under the trimming; the back falls over the shoulders like a collar; it is closed with a button at the neck; the sides of the waist are held in to the figure by a belt, which may be finished with ties or simply buttoned.



MATIE DRESS.

Mohair or cashmere, ornamented with velvet and rosettes of the material, having a small button in the center; the three rows of trimming which start at the side pass in parallel lines around the skirt, terminating in the same way below the curve across the front. Gray and crimson or brown and blue are good contrasts for the material and velvet. The lower part of the body is plaited into a plain, square yoke; the rosettes cover the joining.



DESIGN FOR FRENCH DRY STAMPING.

This design is a copy of the stamp given with this issue of the Monthly, and can be used for many purposes. For a pair of slippers: A A are the outlines for the toe-piece, B B for the heel; or one-half the design will answer for almost any article that may suggest itself to those who make ornamental needle-work a specialty.

HOME DRESS.

For home dress there are many fashions; but these depend principally on the material. Woolen materials should be very simply trimmed, rather long, though less so than last year; a trimming down the front of buttons and a band is sufficient. The bodies should be trimmed to imitate a round, square, or pointed pelerine. There has been a talk of making them pointed, but there is no appearance that there will be any change in that respect; round waists are still the prevailing make.

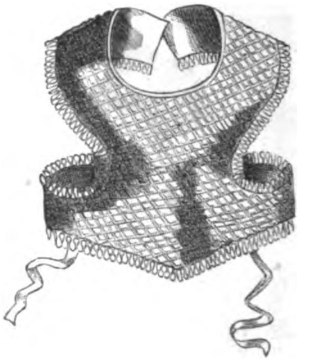
VANDYKE COLLARS.

Large Vandyke collars of Venetian Point are now very fashionably worn with satin or velvet dresses. They are exceedingly becoming to dowagers of ample proportions.

◆

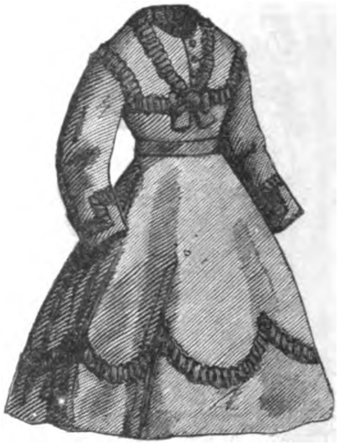
PARASOLS.

Parasols are imported, for holiday gifts, which cost one hundred and fifty dollars in gold.



INFANT'S BIB.

A bib, with a pointed belt or ceinture, which may be drawn together with tapes, or fastened with a button. The material is linen quilted and finished with a border of Coventry ruffling.



WINNIFRED DRESS.

Girl's dress of gray French poplin or tricot cloth, trimmed with folds of silk doubled and plaited through the center; the waist trimming describes a cape, round across the back and square in front, with a bow where the ends join over the bust.

◆

A PRINCESS REPRESENTED AS A MURDERESS.

The Princess de Furstenberg, a lady highly respected at Vienna, has just laid a complaint before the police of Berlin, in consequence of a misuse made of her portrait by a photographer of that capital. Wishing to publish a likeness of the Baroness Julie Ebergenyi, recently convicted of murder, he charged a colleague at Vienna to procure him one. The latter, not being able to succeed, simply purchased a *carte-de-visite* of the Princess de Furstenberg, which, having been copied, has been sold by thousands as the portrait of the prisoner. What renders the fact still more unpleasant is that the pictures reproduced in the illustrated newspapers are excellent resemblances of the princess.

◆

Ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

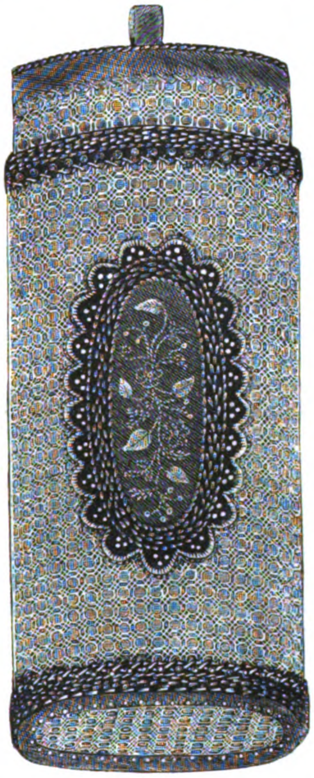
WORK TABLE.

LEATHER CANVAS CIGAR-CASE.

APPLIQUE.

Materials.—Leather canvas, cardboard of the same color, brown cloth, brown silk cordon in several shades, small steel beads.

This case consists of two parts pushed into each other, and rendered firm by a ground of cardboard. The outer part measures five inches in length and seven inches in circumference; the inner part is a half inch shorter and a half inch narrower. Cut these parts out in leather canvas, the holes of which must run quite straight, and sew the long sides together so as to form a round. The two medallions which ornament the outer part are of brown cloth. The outer buttonhole stitch and initials are worked with brown silk. The branch of flowers is in shades of red-brown. The edge is ornamented with three different shades of brown, which harmonize nicely with the steel beads. One of these medallions is so arranged as to hide the greater part of the seam. The second medallion is placed on the other side of the round. The outer edge is bound with a brown ribbon three-quarters of an inch broad, and the medallions are ornamented to correspond. The binding is not fastened inside until the cardboard is put in, and the edges gummed over when the binding is gummed inside over the cardboard. Then for the bottom, on one side, cut a piece of the canvas three inches long and about three-quarters of an inch broad, rounded at the corners, also a piece of cardboard the same size, and bind them round with a narrow binding of the brown ribbon, ornamented with steel beads, and sew it to the binding of the case, and cover the seam with a line of stalk-stitch. The inner case is made in the same manner, but without the ornamental embroidery, and pushed in.



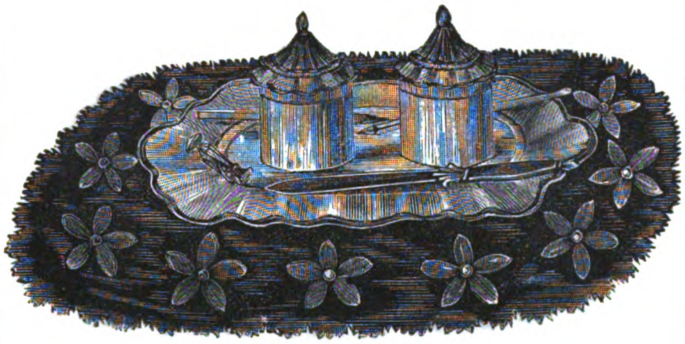
CIGAR CASE.

Before the bottom is finished, the ribbon loops are placed between the canvas and card-board, and a button is placed on the under side to close the case.

MAT FOR AN INKSTAND.

Materials. — Brown toile ciree, pumpkin seeds, and peas, gum-arabic, vermilion.

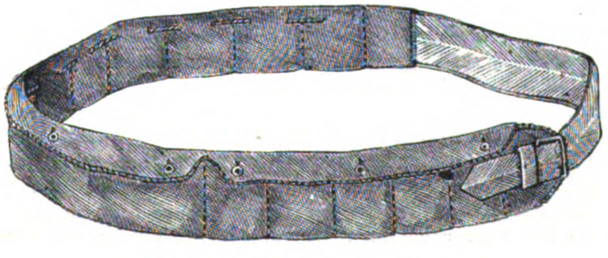
Cut out the mat the size and shape required, in brown toile ciree (leather) and scollop the edge according to the design. The ornamental part consists of little flowers composed of five pumpkin seeds and one pea, previously softened in water, sewn on with strong thread, as shown in the design. Then take one-half oz. clear and rather thick gum-arabic, dissolved in water, and mix it with vermilion. Take a paint-brush and cover the little star-flower with this mixture; let it dry, and repeat this till the flower is of a beautiful red color. Then paint it again with copal varnish to give it a polish and to render it water-proof, so that it may be washed without taking out the color.



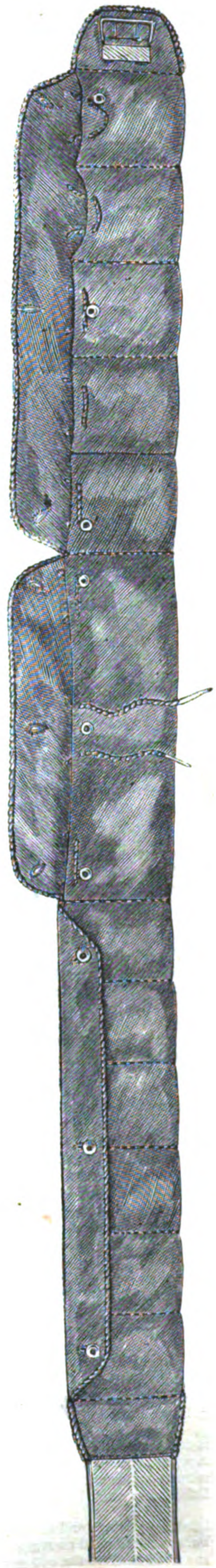
MAT FOR AN INKSTAND.

TRAVELING-PURSE FOR GENTLEMEN.

TAKE a piece of wash-leather or flannel, twenty-nine inches long, and six inches high, for the pocket and flap, reserving an inch for the latter. Lay the remainder of the stuff together in folds lengthwise, and stitch it in several places to form a line of pockets. Previous to the stitching, the upper edge of the pocket part must be turned down and hemmed, or gummed with a narrow hem. Arrange the stitching so as to leave a pocket seven inches long in the middle for valuable papers. On one side make five pockets measuring two inches; on the other, six measuring one inch and a half, and leave one inch free at the ends. Cut the piece that turns over so as to form three separate flaps, rounded off at the corners. Bind them or trim them with white braid, and place buttons and button-holes, as shown in the design. For greater security, holes may be bored in the leather or worked in the flannel, and a cord drawn through to fasten both sides together. Sew the ends on firmly, with a buckle on one side, and a hemmed belt ribbon on the other to fasten the purse.



TRAVELING-PURSE AS WORN.



GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELING-PURSE.

GUSHALINA BENDIBUS, THE VICTIM OF FASHION.

BY A FAVORITE CONTRIBUTOR.

Poor Gushalina Bendibus!
In pain she drew her breath;
Her *mode* of life was sad, as was
The fashion of her death.

She lived among the very cream—
So dreadful was her fate—
The uppercrust, I mean; she dined
From off a fashion-plate.

Poor child! when first to take the air
They carried her about,
They took great pains to vail her close,
And keep the air all out.

Cute, rather than *cutaneous*,
And firm upon her pegs
She looked; yet had a breaking out
Upon her lower l—legs.

She could not bear to have them dressed,
You might have thought she'd freeze;
The only thing that she could bear
Was just to *bare* her knees.

And, when she grew, her trouble grew,
Her head produced a wen;
And soon it took another kink,
And kinked her hair up then.

At Saratoga Springs she drank
Her cup of bliss each year;
Some said it was her merry *hops*,
That brought her to her *bier*.

To *lie till late*, and *scintillate*,
These were her greatest *sins:*
She made herself quite *inn*-famous,
By coming *out* at *inns*.

Soon her disease assumed new form,
It changed about so fast:
The weakness just above her eyes
Got into them at last.

She held her parasol in such
A dainty attitude,
She had to have an arm support;
But all would do no good.

And so, to shield them from the light,
A little cap she chose;
The back upon her forehead hung,
The front upon her nose.

And folks remarked, that saw her cap
A-hanging o'er her face,
Cap-illary attraction 'twas
That kept it in its place.

Next, her disease went to her waist—
Now you may smile and scoff!
But here it took another *shape*,
And nearly *cut her* off.

Folks shook their heads who saw her pass,
Some laughed, and some grew wroth,
To see so great a *waste* of health,
So small a *waist* of cloth.

And how she could *so*-lace herself,
I'm sure I can not say;
But she, with wider *corset*, might
Have made a longer *stay*.

And now she took another turn,
Among her cranks and quips;
She got the hypo, and she got
Enlargement of the hips.

The doctors called her new disease
A *panier*, so I've heard;
She looked a beast or bird-un, but
I think she was a bird.

Of good physicians and advice,
Poor girl! she had no lack;
They tried to drive the evil out,
But only drove it *back*.

It was not *catching*, some believed,
Because no men were *took;*
Some said that she *contracted* it
By seeing the *Black Crook*.

They gave her first some peppermint,
Then brandy, and then schnapps;
They treated her just as they do
The last stage of collapse.

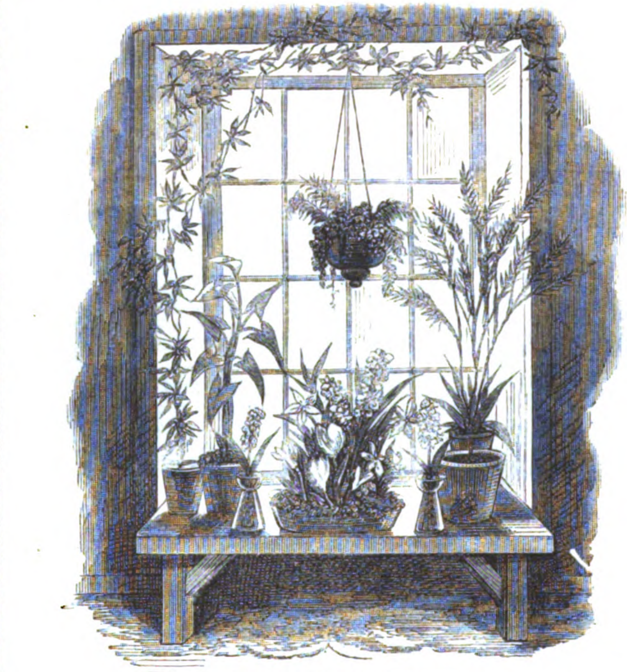
And while they *bent* their energies
To save her from her fate,
She, sad to say, seemed *doubly bent*
On going from them *straight*.

One day she, in the street, grew worse,
And fast began to droop;
While taking *steps* to get her in,
She died upon the *stoop!*

Poor Gushalina Bendibus,
By all the world forgot,
Is buried in oblivion now—
That was her burial lot.

THE COMMON FLEA.

The flea, it is stated, lays from eight to twelve eggs, which fall down into crevices, or among dust, where they are hatched in about five days. They produce small white maggots like cheese-mites, which increase in size for about fourteen days, when they spin a bag or case of silk around them, and become chrysalides. Within this case they gradually darken in color, until, at the end of about sixteen days, they come out of it perfect fleas, having been, on the whole, about thirty-four days from the laying of the egg to the perfect state. Servants must get rid of dust, therefore, if they wish the house and their persons to be kept clear from fleas.



WINDOW GARDENING.

BY ROSE BELL.

In every home where refinement and beauty dwell, there a love of flowers is inherent. Therefore, a few hints concerning the treatment of house-plants may not be out of place in these pages.

House-plants are easily raised, give very little trouble, and we are inclined to ask, why does not everybody have a geranium, a rose, a fuchsia, or some other flower in the window? It is very cheap—next to nothing, if you raise it from slip or seed, and it is a beauty and companion, making sweet our daily life. As charming Leigh Hunt says: "It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is *something to love*." If it can not love you in return, it can not hate you; it can not utter a hateful thing, even for neglecting it, for, though, it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and living, as it does, purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how can you neglect it?

A small stand of plants, well cultivated, is far greater adornment to a parlor than all the splendid upholstering New York can produce. Fuchsias are not usually in bloom in winter, but all the species in budding-out geraniums well repay the amateur florist. Chinese Primroses, Bouvardies, Begonias, Lobelias, Carnations and Roses, are all winter bloomers, and, with proper attention, will give a succession of flowers all the season. They require good compost for potting. If this can be obtained at a greenhouse, the cost is little, and success more certain. If not, take one-fourth sea-sand, one-fourth well decomposed manure—fresh manure should never be used, as it is too heating for tender rootlets—one-half good loam; mix this well; place small pieces of charcoal, or broken pots, at the bottom for drainage, then fill the flower-pot half full, place the plant in it, and pack the earth close round the roots. Many a plant dies from too loose potting. Shake the pot, so the soil can settle, fill high, and press down closely. Now, set your pot in a dark place for three or four days, and your plant will probably grow. For a month it is better not to force the growth. It requires rest. If plants are stimulated through November and December, they will cease growing in January and February, when you most desire them to bud and blossom. Toward Christmas you can give stimulants. One table-spoonful of guano, dissolved in one gallon of warm water, will increase the vigor of all plants wonderfully. Water with the mixture twice a week—but this is very disagreeable in odor. Liquid ammonia proves a very desirable invigorator, and most easily applied. Drop ten or fifteen drops into one quart of warm water; water with this once a week, and you will soon see its effects.

Water should be given sparingly during the autumn months. Verbenas are often killed by being drenched with water. They are natives of Brazil, and require a warm, sandy soil, with but little water. Water all plants with tepid water. Many a plant is chilled to death in winter by water taken from the pipes. It must always have the chill taken off.

Vine worms are great enemies to house plants; they insinuate themselves into the tiny rootlets, and destroy all their vitality. The plant droops, the leaves wither and fall, and its owner can not imagine the cause, for the tiny worms are rarely visible. Angle worms are a great detriment to the vigorous growth of plants.

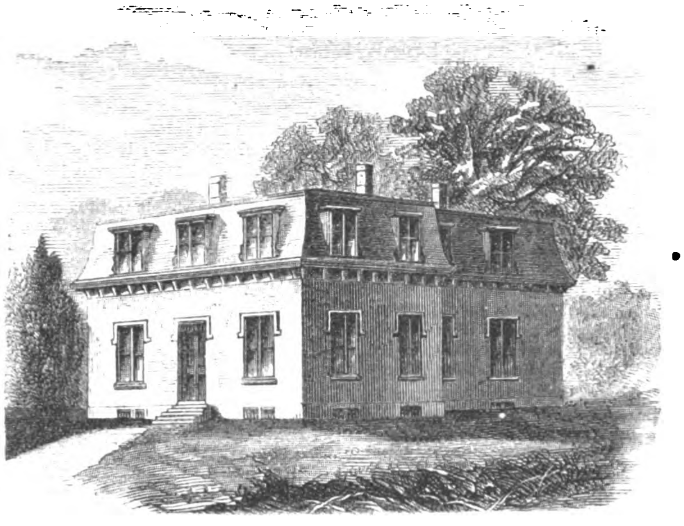
All these pests can be killed by the application of a little lime-water. This improves the growth of the plant, and is *death on worms*. Water is only capable of taking up just so much lime in solution, so no one need fear applying it too strong, and it is most easily made.

Take a piece of lime large as too fists, slack in a pail or firkin of cold water. When it settles, pour off and bottle, and continue to do so till the lime is used. Wood-ashes, taken from a stove or fireplace, are equally effectual in destroying worms. Red spiders, those pests of house-plants, too minute for the unaided eye to discover, yet whose destructive work is visible to all, can be routed with the aid of cayenne pepper carefully dusted over the leaves and stems of the plants, first spreading a paper over the surface of the pot to prevent its mixing with the soil, as it might destroy the roots should it come in contact with them, it is so sharp and biting. Flowers in conservatories can be kept free from the spider by daily sprinkling with a fine watering-pot. Bulbs are most easily cultivated, and well repay the small amount of care and money expended upon them. November is none too late to start them for winter blowing. Hyacinths are more generally cultivated than any other bulb; but Narcissus, Jonquils, Dwarf Tulips and Crocusses, are all very lovely, but they are not fragrant—hence the popularity of the Hyacinth. These can be cultivated in glasses made for the purpose—pots, glass dishes, and even common pudding-dishes. First place a layer of charcoal to keep them sweet, then fill in with pure sand. Place your bulbs in it, filling up the interstices with Crocusses. Water well; cover over with the prettiest moss you can find, and set in a dark, warm cellar or a closet. Leave them three or four weeks, watering a little once a week. Now bring forward to light and air—the buds are all formed, and will, in a month or six weeks, repay you for all your trouble. Watering with three drops of liquid ammonia in half a tumbler of water will greatly enhance their size and color.

Hyacinths can be grown in balls of moss, covered with a net-work of wire, to keep the moss in place, and suspended from the windows or chandeliers. They must be kept in the dark three or four weeks. This is needful to allow the roots to shoot forth before the leaves and buds. If this is not attended to, you will not succeed in raising Hyacinths.

The Czar violet, a new variety of the blue sweet violet, so much sought after in winter, is highly praised by all florists. It will bloom all winter, with little care and attention. There are numbers of flowers to choose from—let us all cultivate some one of them. Their influence is ennobling; indeed, such is the influence arising from the cultivation of flowers, that we intuitively suppose those to be more courteous, if not more intellectual than their neighbors, whose delight is in a flower garden. Flowers! beautiful flowers! What can we discover in nature so emblematical of our birth and bloom—decay and death?

ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN—NO. 1.

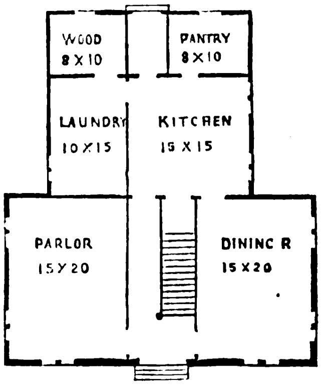


DESIGN FOR A SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE.

WE present our readers, this month, a design for a small country house, with a "French" roof, that, we trust, may be adapted to the wants of some.

The "French" roof has not been generally used in this country, excepting on buildings of two or more stories. But we see no reason why it should not be used for small houses, with even more advantage than on larger ones. Where there is but little room, it is desirable to have the chambers as high and well ventilated as possible; and this result is obtained in no way so well as by constructing the roof in this style.

Accommodation: The ground floor will be readily understood by reference to the following cut. The chamber floor provides six bedrooms, all of good size and well lighted.



THE Household

Christmas or New Year's Cake.—Five pounds of flour, (prepared,) three and a half of granulated sugar, three of good butter, one dozen of eggs, half pint of wine, half pint of brandy, one ounce nutmegs, one ounce each of powdered cinnamon, cloves and mace, one pound of candied citron, two of currants, two of stoned raisins, half pint of yeast. Make a sponge of the yeast, and set it in the middle of the flour, cover it and let it rise; when risen, add all the other ingredients—previously working the butter and sugar to a cream—bake in one large, shallow pan, after raising a second time, and when done, frost, and trim it with a holly wreath.

We give this receipt by request; for our own part, we should omit the wine and brandy, and put a pint of sweet milk in the place.

New Year's Cake.—Dissolve one pound of sugar in one-half pint of boiling water; one-half pound of melted butter, one tea-spoon and a half of saleratus, three oz. cream of tartar, caraway and flour to make a soft dough, roll out light, in thin squares, and mark with flour shapes on top.

New Year's Hickory-nut Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three quarters pound of butter, six eggs, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, one of soda, half cup of sweet milk. Beat the cake thoroughly, and then stir in a small measure of hickory-nuts, first, of course, taking them from the shell. Bake in a steady but not quick oven. This is a fine cake.

Cocoanut Cakes.—Scrape off the rind and grate the nut quite fine, and mix it with half its weight of finely powdered white sugar, and the white of an egg. Drop the mixture on wafer paper in rough pieces, the size of a nutmeg, and bake it in a moderate oven.

Macaroon Cakes.—Blanch one pound of almonds, beat them with rose water, one pound of sugar, whites of eight eggs. Drop them on paper, sift sugar on them. Bake in a slack oven.

Gold Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of butter, yolks of fourteen eggs, juice and peel of two lemons. Beat the butter to a cream, adding the sugar, and then add the yolks, well beaten, then the flour and lemon. Dissolve a tea-spoonful of soda, which add to the lemon-juice, and stir it in just as you place your cake in the oven.

Silver Cake.—To the whites left from the above, add one pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of flour, six ounces of butter. Beat these whites to a stiff froth, then add the flour, mace and citron. Almonds in the place of citron improves the cake. These two cakes should be mingled in the basket. One being yellow, the other white, makes a very pretty contrast.

Charlotte Russe (very nice).—Some Savoy biscuits, three-quarters of a pint of good cream, rather more than half an ounce of isinglass, two dessert-spoonfuls of curacoa or vanilla, one ounce of loaf sugar, a large slice of spongecake, one egg. Take as many Savoy biscuits as will cover the inside of a mould, lightly moisten the edges with the beaten white of an egg, and place them upright all round the sides of the mould, slightly over each other, or sufficiently close to prevent the cream from escaping. Arrange them at the bottom of the mould in a star or rosette, taking care that it is well covered, and then set it in the oven for five or six minutes to dry. Whisk the cream with the curacoa or vanilla, the isinglass dissolved, and loaf sugar to taste. When sufficiently firm, fill the inside of the Charlotte Russe, and place over it a slice of spongecake, or of bread cut the same shape and size. Cover it with the cream, and ornament it with sweetmeats or colored sugar. Place it in ice till set.

Hodge Podge.—One gallon of chopped tomatoes, green, half gallon of chopped cabbage, half dozen of chopped onions, half dozen green peppers. Spice highly with cinnamon, cloves, and English mustard; cook about two hours and add a little brown sugar. Soak tomatoes one night in salt.

German Puffs.—One pint o milk, four eggs, five spoonfuls of flour; bake in cups fifteen or twenty minutes. Beat butter and sugar till they are light, and you will have a nice sauce for the puffs.

Cocoanut Pie.—Excellent.—One grated cocoanut, two cups of new milk, one heaping cup of sugar, two eggs, two table-spoons of butter. Bake with one crust.

Plum-Pudding (time, three hours).—Six ounces of raisins, six ounces of currants, six ounces of bread crumbs, six ounces of suet, half a nutmeg, a little lemon-peel, five eggs, half a wineglass of brandy. Mix these ingredients together, and put the pudding into a mould, and boil it.

Ivory-Handled Knives.—To take stains out of ivory-handled knives, rub them with a little moistened salt.

Soft Molasses Gingerbread.—Dissolve two tea-spoonfuls of soda in a half-pint of milk; add a tea-cup of butter or lard; mix with a pint of molasses, a table-spoonful of ginger, a pint of flour, and a couple of beaten eggs. Fresh lemon-peel, cut fine, improves it.

Cottage Plum-Pudding (time, five hours).—A pound and a half of butter, four or five eggs, a pinch of salt, a little nutmeg, one pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, sugar to taste, and a little milk. Make a thick batter with five well-beaten eggs, a pound and a half of flour, and a sufficient quantity of milk. Then add the currants, washed and picked, the raisins stoned, a little nutmeg, and sugar to taste. Mix all well together, and boil it in a basin or floured cloth for quite five hours. The peel of a lemon grated, and a few pieces of citron cut thin may be added.

Unrivaled Plum-Pudding.—Ingredients: One and a half pounds of Muscatel raisins, one and three-quarter pounds of currants, one pound Sultana raisins, two pounds finest moist sugar, two pounds bread-crumbs, sixteen eggs, two pounds finely chopped suet, six ounces mixed candied peel, the rind of two lemons, one ounce ground nutmeg, one ounce ground cinnamon, half ounce powdered bitter almonds, half-pint of brandy. Stone and cut up the raisins, but do not chop them, wash and dry the currants, and cut the candied peel into thin slices. Mix all the dry ingredients well together, and moisten with the eggs, which should be well beaten and strained; to the pudding stir in the brandy, and when all is thoroughly mixed, butter and flour a stout pudding cloth, put in the pudding, tie it down tightly, boil from six to eight hours, and serve with brandy sauce. A few sweet almonds blanched and cut in strips, and stuck on the pudding, ornament it prettily. This quantity may be divided for small families, as the above ingredients will make a large pudding.

THE LADIES' CLUB

The "Telegraph" is merged in the **Ladies' Club**, of which we invite all our lady friends to become subscribers, and to the first meeting of which, in this first month of the new year, we bid them all heartily welcome.

The "compliments of the season" are still in order; for justice will hardly have been done to the Christmas pudding before this January number, bearing its sincere good wishes of a "Happy New Year" reaches our subscribers.

Our Ladies' Club starts with so great a list of members that we shall hardly be able to do justice to all; we shall do our best, however, and those who have anything to say must remember that space as well as time is limited, and be brief.

"**Constant Reader.**"—"Accept thanks for the many hints of sense and value we receive each month. All gentlemen pronounce your book free from the vices usually attendant upon fashion. My husband will bring home no other. Will you answer a few questions, through your columns, that I know will be useful to others besides myself? Is there a paper edited by ladies of the Sorosis in Chicago, and how can I obtain a copy as a specimen? I have a garnet silk rep, made gored in front and sides, plain at the back; sleeves open, lined with white satin; a short suit, same shade French merino, made plain, paletot trimmed with broad velvet. Then I have a black silk, skirt plain, waist not made. How shall I make the sleeves? I also have an all-wool French poplin, black, that I wish to make in a street dress; have ten yards, am slight, under medium size. Will you tell me how to make it, so I can wear it all winter and spring, with a circular for very cold days? I have also a very fine, superior cloth circular that I wore one winter three or four years ago. It is good as ever, long, has armholes, a pointed hood lined with scarlet silk. Can I make a fashionable cape of it to wear with my silk? Am a brunette; what style of jewelry should I get, not costing more than forty or fifty dollars, something that would not go out of date soon? Could you get it for me? What sort of a hat would be nice for my little boy, fair, aged three years."

Ans. There is a paper called *Sorosis*, in Chicago, which was started by some of the ladies connected with the "Women's Association" of that city, who rather unjustifiably appropriated the name which originated and belonged to the New York Ladies' Club. The paper, however, has been taken possession of by the husband of one of the proprietors, and the ladies of the Chicago Association have retired from it. The Association, which is composed of the most active and intelligent women in Chicago, has united, or is about uniting itself, as a branch, with the New York *Sorosis*, and will shortly commence the publication of another periodical, to be called the *Chicago Sorosis.*

2d. Take your garnet sleeves, make out of them an immense *panier* bow for the back of your dress, bound with white satin. Save the scraps for bands with which you can divide the puffs of new white satin sleeves. Part of your satin lining will probably answer for the sleeves, and only a little more be required. This will transform it into an elegant and fashionable dress.

3d. Wear your short French merino suit as it is.

4th. Make the sleeves of your black silk close, nearly straight at the wrist, and ornamented with a cluster of leaves high on the top, bound with black satin. A similar cluster, bound also, but larger in size, should ornament back and front of belt, unless there is a sash which can be made into a large bow at the back.

5th. We should advise a flounced petticoat of black or dark blue silk with your black French poplin, a *panier* overdress and cape with pointed hood, looped up on the shoulders with rosettes. There is not enough of material to make the entire suit of poplin, and the style mentioned would be most becoming to your size and figure.

6th. You might utilize such a garment by making a double cape of it, and looping up the upper one *à la Colleen Bawn.*

7th. Plain or frosted gold would be most becoming, distinctive, and has a standard value. A good set could be obtained for fifty dollars.

8th. Yes.

9th. White felt trimmed with blue velvet, or white beaver with short, curled feathers.

Mrs. E. E. G., S. C.—"Tell me if a sash made of the same material of the dress should be lined, and with what material, allowing the dress to be made of light, soft, woolen material; and what would be the cost of braided chignon, or a good size coil, or hair for a coil. I have but very little natural hair, and wish to know which will be more economical, to purchase a chignon already braided by the hairdresser, or purchase a braid that I can adjust myself."

Ans. Line the sash with marcelline silk.

Puffed and braided chignons can be purchased from five dollars, but there is very little real hair in them. The truest economy is to buy a handsome switch—cost twenty to thirty dollars—and adjust it in any way you choose

Mrs. S. M. B.—"Will you tell me if the hem on the waist of silk, woolen, or any kind of nice dress should be stitched on the right side, or just the lining; and should the darts be stitched on the right side?"

Ans. No. The stitching is now done on the inside, the buttons and other trimmings upon the waist assisting to give the hem firmness and security.

L. S. C. S.—"Can the 'Breast Protectors' be worn without a corset?"

Ans. Yes.

Viola W.—"Will you please inform me where I can purchase that *Chambery Gauze*, and how much it requires for a dress made after your pattern that you speak of in this month's (November) Magazine, and also what is worn now and is going to be worn this winter for evening?"

Ans. Stewart's. Chambery gauze is narrow. About twenty-five yards would be required for a dress like that of the first figure upon November colored plate. Tulle, embroidered muslin, and light *glace* silks for young ladies.

Annie S.—We do not know the price of "tangled" hair, and could not express an opinion, not knowing its color or quality.

The price of a handsome braid or switch is from twenty to fifty dollars.

F. C. C.—"What is the most fashionable color for silk dresses?

"What could I get one for at your establishment?

"Would you make a silk skirt gored?

"Do you think the gored skirts will be in fashion long?

"How would you make a merino or delaine skirt, one to be worn in the country?

"What could I get one of Conant's binders at—the size to bind music?"

Ans. Garnet, green, and black are fashionable colors.

The price would depend upon style and quality.

Gore the front and side breadths; leave the back full.

If it is short put a *Marie Antoinette* flounce on the bottom; if long, obey the directions for a silk skirt.

Seventy-five cents.

"**A True Narrative.**"—We have no recollection of the MS.; but, if unaccompanied with stamps, it may have been thrown into the waste-basket.

M. L.—"Do you know of any preparation that will effectually remove superfluous hair? Even if it left a scar I would use it, for it so disfigures a woman."

Ans. Dr. Gouraud's is said to be the best; it costs $1.00 per bottle.

A lady writes from Minn.: "Your Ladies' Magazine is winning golden opinions from us; and I shall make up my club for 1869, with the addition of several new subscribers."

From another lady, M. E. W., we have received the following acknowledgment—one among ten thousand others:

"Your most useful premium, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, was received about a week since, during my absence from home, consequently my delay in acknowledging its receipt. Please accept many thanks. Your Magazine, without any premium, would be well worth the money spent for it."

Miss A. C., Texas: "Is there any way of preventing kid gloves from spotting while keeping them about two or three weeks in my bureau? And, also, what will take off the spots from the dampness of the atmosphere?"

Ans. Fold your gloves in silver or white tissue-paper, and keep them in an air-tight box.

You can not remove the spots without destroying the gloves.

"**Jilted.**"—The poems were returned.

Mrs. G. S. C.—"I have a dark gray English broadcloth dress to make, and do not know exactly how to make it. I am a widow, and have worn only deep black for four years, but am now desirous of laying it off, in some measure, very gradually."

Ans. Make the skirt walking length, and accompany it with the Hungarian pelisse, instead of a sack. Add a round English cape or pelerine to the pelisse, and it will then be warm enough for very cold weather.

Trim it with broad black "Hercules" braid.

G. J. R.—"What style of 'wrap' will be worn this winter, and how trimmed?

"How should the waist and skirt of a Scotch plaid poplin be trimmed?

"I am a subscriber to your excellent Magazine, and hope I may be for some time. No lady should be without it."

Ans. Round cloaks, composed of two or more capes, and made of waterproof or Scotch plaid cloth, are most worn. They may be edged with fringe, or simply bound; the upper cape caught up with a rosette of the material.

Trim it with a very broad, fan-shaped bow at the back, bound with black velvet, and smaller bows upon the tops of the sleeves, also bound with velvet; or with fringe in the colors of the plaid, with a large bow at the back, the ends edged with fringe.

"**Bettie D.**"—"Have you those nice Solferino covers for your Magazine of 1867, and how much money should I send to obtain one?

"What will remove the musty odor that books have when they are old, or when they have lain long unopened."

Ans. Yes. $1.00 for the Young America; $2.00 for the Ladies' Monthly.

Fresh air is the only remedy, and exposure to sunlight.

"**Maggie.**"—"Please inform me what material and color would make a handsome traveling suit for a bride (complexion fair, medium height).

"Which would be prettiest to travel in, hat or bonnet?"

Ans. Fine bottle-green cloth, made with a pelisse looped up at sides to form a *panier.* Trim it with fringe and corded galoon.

Little "Grand Duchesse" hat of black velvet, with short plume of well-curled black feathers.

Your other questions are answered under other heads.

The following extract of a letter from one of our correspondents, Mrs. S E. C., is too flattering to be overlooked:

"I have taken your Magazine for the past two years, until it has become a *sine qua non;* and I always await its advent before taking any further steps in procuring an article of dress. So far as I am aware it is the *leading* periodical of the kind in this country, and the remainder—nor is it any detraction to assert it—are satellites, who derive at least a portion of their brilliancy from your effulgence. Now, I do not mean to flatter—because praise is not flattery—but assert facts."

"**Texas**" asks, "Have you ever used Spear's Preserving Fluid, and what objection have you to it?

"Are hats in good taste for middle-aged ladies in the country?

"What would be the price of a plain, neat set of gold buttons for a little boy—say, collar, sleeve, and bosom buttons?

Also the price of half a dozen silver plated napkin-rings, numbered?"

Ans. No; we know nothing of it personally.

Some middle-aged ladies can wear them, but bonnets are preferable for middle-aged ladies in city or country.

Ten dollars.

Plated napkin-rings can be obtained from one to two dollars each.

"A Young Wife."—"Will you plesse inform a young wife what articles, and how many of each would be included in a complete yet simple and inexpensive baby outfit?"

Ans. Six high-necked, long-sleeved day slips.

Four night-gowns.

Six little knitted skirts.

Six supporting linen bands.

Four day flannels.

Three night flannels or pining-blankets.

Six white underskirts.

Three dozen diapers, and a dozen small, soft ones, made out of old linen or muslin.

A shawl.

A cloak.

A cap.

Four flannel or knitted sacks.

Two pairs warm, thick, knitted shoes.

Half a dozen metal diaper-pins.

A small baby-blanket, and a couple of very large, soft linen towels to wrap the baby in when it comes out of its bath.

A baby hair-brush. A box for powder-puff. A basket in which to keep its dressing apparatus.

To this list may be added as many expensive robes, etc., as desired, but these are the only *necessities* for the first five or six months, with the addition of one visiting suit—dress, embroidered flannel, trimmed skirt, etc.

Mrs. A. K.—We do not buy hair.

H. S. G.—Black velvet would be extremely elegant and lady-like for a street suit. Belt the basquine in and loop it up at the sides. Make the dress skirt walking length, with a short single upper skirt, which will form a *panier*. Trim with rich, knotted silk fringe. The quantity would depend upon the width.

A little *pouf* bonnet of "Sultan" red or violet velvet, trimmed with black, real lace and short, curled feathers, would be adapted to such a suit.

Mrs. E. V. B. writes us from Iowa:

"I have received the patterns that I ordered, and am very much pleased with them. I think your Magazine the best that I have ever seen. I am very much pleased with it. I will endeavor to get up a club for it, as it comes to hand more promptly than any magazine I take, and there is more information and knowledge to derive from its perusal."

S. A. D. H.—This correspondent will find some hints of use to her in answer to a "Young Wife."

Fine white dimity is the best material for the *first* high-necked slips for a baby. Fifteen yards will make six.

Wide, pure wool flannel, not very fine, is required for night or "pinning" blankets, one width only, plaited to a plain flannel band. Two widths of fine, all-wool flannel will be required for day flannels.

Thread edging trims the neck and wrists of the first slips best; Valenciennes the cambric dresses and fine needlework.

The double cape, made of fine white merino, handsomely braided in white, and lined and quilted with white silk, is the best style of infant's cloak, although the scarlet cloak and round hood, lined with white satin and trimmed with white satin ruching, is a fashionable novelty.

Pillows are made large and square, with fine linen cambric covers edged with fluting, which are put over the usual linen slips in the daytime. The covers are further ornamented with a large monogram embroidered in the center, at the top.

Sheets have very wide hems, and are marked with large, elaborate monograms in the center instead of in the corner. Blankets soft and thick are also marked with monograms, but into these colors are introduced.

White Marseilles "spreads," striped in colors to form a border, are used for ordinary occasions; but white lace, with broad fringe border over silk, are more elegant. Lace covers, fringed, are then used for the pillows, the slips for which are of the finest linen cambric bordered with fluting.

"Emily J."—"Will you please inform me, in your next Magazine, in what way I can use five yards of purple silk in making a walking-suit? I am in second mourning. What material of black should be used with it besides silk, if any; and how many yards? I am medium size."

Ans. Use your purple silk for the band and flouncing of a petticoat, made walking length, and also for the vest part of a jacket waist. Make the jacket and short upper skirt of black cashmere, poplin, or all-wool delaine, and also a pelerine cape to loop up at the back and on the shoulders with rosettes of the black material. Bunch up the short skirt as a *panier*. You will require about ten yards of black delaine and eight of wide cashmere. The cost will be small, and you will have a pretty suit, which you can wear on into the spring.

"L. M." writes us: "The machine arrived on the 11th inst., and I must say that I am very much pleased with it, and think I am amply repaid for what trouble I was at getting up the club. I do not intend to stop here, but will try, at some future day, to send you some more subscribers. Accept my thanks for the machine."

"Trousseau" asks:

"Which would make the most suitable dress for a bride, white silk or satin; and what trim it with (whatever you think the most suitable), and how make it?

"What kind of vail? Worn over the face or not?

"What color silk dresses shall I get? (I say dresses, for I intend getting three.) How shall I make them, and with what trim them?

"I have a handsome garnet I intend making over. How shall I make it, and what would trim it nicely?

"What would be most appropriate to wear to church in the city the next Sabbath?

"What the next morning at home after the ceremony? If a morning dress, what kind of material and trimmings?

"What would make a nice walking-suit, and how trim it? Will the *panier* be worn this winter?

"What would trim a suit of linen underclothes very nicely? One more question and I am done. What will make a handsome opera-cloak, and trimmings? Would swan's down be pretty? It's rather common, I know."

Ans. White *glace* silk is, just now, the most fashionable, trimmed with *point applique* lace. Mak it high, trim it square and very low. Put a fall of lace at the wrists, which should be close. Fasten the front of the waist with white *crochet* buttons. Wear no *panier*, but ornament the back of the dress with an immense fan-shaped bow of silk, with short ends trimmed with lace. Tulle vail. No jewels, but full *parure*—ear-rings, breastpin, etc.—of orange-flowers.

Blue, French gray, and either Sultan red or scarlet. Trim the first with white guipure lace, the second with knotted fringe of the same shade, the third with black lace.

Trim the garnet with the same, with fringe to match, or with black lace.

Blue silk dress, black velvet mantle, or jacket and ermine furs—muff and boa.

Morning-dress of white cashmere trimmed with bands of blue silk striped diagonally with narrow black velvet, with a white corded edge.

Dark green or mulberry cloth, edged with a narrow black curled feather trimming.

Tucking and tatting, linen embroidery or Cluny lace.

White cloth, embroidered or braided, and trimmed with fringe.

M. M. S. writes:

"I frequently see in your valuable Magazine the kind answers you give to inquirers. May I trespass on your kindness?

"1st. In a room with *green* furniture, principal color in carpet green, what colored gauze can be covered over picture frames, mirror, &c., and what color must the cords be to tie up the pictures?

"On leaving the dining-table should one *fold up* the napkin? While eating, should the knife be kept on the plate and should the latter be passed to receive anything with knife and fork remaining on plate? If not, what should be done with them?

"3d. Should one ever wipe their mouth with their handkerchief at table?"

Ans. 1st. The cords should be green. The gauze may be green or rose-colored.

2d. Yes. No, the knife and fork should be removed from the plate and placed so that the ends will rest on a raised edge, and not soil the table-cloth.

3d. No. Unless your entertainers are so rude and unclean as to provide no napkins.

Mrs. P. M. W. wishes to know "How much material it will take to make a bed-quilt like the diagram in the October number of the Magazine?

"Do the lines across the diagram represent where the squares are sewed together, or do they represent plain strips sewed in?

"Is the groundwork white, or y color one fancies?"

"I have never made a bed-quilt 'all alone,' but as soon as I saw the 'cluster of roses' pattern, I felt a desire to make one."

Ans. We do not know; perhaps the correspondent who furnished the pattern can inform her.

Where the squares are sewed together.

The groundwork should be white or green.

Thousseau.—"A Green Mountain Gipsy is very happy to say that she takes your Magazine. But so many have sounded its praises, that any from her can only be a repetition of the same, consequently there is none necessary.

"As it is often a difficult matter for a young lady to decide what articles to get in purchasing a *trousseau*, a few hints would be very acceptable and useful. And it is precisely what I wish to know. What it must consist of *necessarily* when the young lady's means are very limited, and her 'lord' in 'prospective,' independent.

"It is so much easier for a novice to regulate a bridal outfit by the advice and suggestions of those who have experience in such affairs, than to rely wholly upon the fickle fancies that continnally present themselves.

"And one requires a systematic rule in view of the most important change in life—for which I will repay you in love and good wishes."

Ans. As a general rule, brides provide themselves with by far too large a quantity of underclothing. A dozen of a kind is quite sufficient.

Let it be as near as possible of uniform fineness and nicety. What you wear all the time is really more important than the garments you put on occasionally. Put the cost in fineness and excellence of material, and let the trimming be delicate tucking and ruffling, if you can not afford great outlay.

Put no trimming on your white underskirts—only tuck them. Have three nice, new flannels and a "Boulevard" skirt.

Have a handsome winter walking-suit and a tartan or water-proof cloak.

If you get only one silk dress let it be a handsome black, and trim it with lace. A white mohair, trimmed with white silk or mohair fringe, makes an attractive and useful evening dress.

Garnet is a good winter color for an in-door dress, or crimson in merino or empress cloth. A scarlet, all wool, would also make a charming costume, with an overdress made out of old black silk.

Don't spend money on velvet cloaks, and not much on shawls, unless it is one of white or black *Llama*, which is always useful.

Have a good stock of neat shoes, and nice, well-fitting gloves.

THE ART OF LIVING.

Living is becoming a problem even in America, and a thousand new schemes, or old ones under new names, are proposed to solve it. Until within a few years, mere living has been so easy in this country, food so plentiful, money so readily obtained, that few realized the possibility of a change which would increase values to such an extent as to make care and economy, those two words about which we know so little, imperative, in order to preserve a respectable status as a nation and as individuals.

It is very hard for us to learn economy, however; as a people we are lavish and wasteful, eating twice as much as we need, throwing away in the preparation and disposition of food as much as we eat.

Lavish of fuel, lavish of light, reckless of the residue of every article of domestic consumption, servants follow in the footsteps of their masters and mistresses, and learn to throw away or appropriate to their own private benefit whatever the carelessness of employers places within their reach.

The *Atlantic Monthly* recently had articles upon Co-operative Housekeeping (simply embodying, however, the old communistic idea), and newspapers are advocating co-operative stores as one of the methods of getting rid of our domestic evils. But we think a better beginning might be made by opening a crusade against the sin of national and individual wastefulness. So long as this continues, co-operation will do little good; the unthrift and dishonesty which marks the details of domestic life will be carried on upon a broader basis, a larger scale, and the advantages of the co-operative movement, to which individuality has been, to a certain extent, sacrificed, mainly lost.

Let us try to cultivate simple and less luxurious habits. Instead of trying to get rid of work altogether, use labor-saving machines, and get rid of the superabundance of lazy, wasteful servants. Let women at least superintend their own households—find out where the leaks are, and stop them, train children to less self-indulgence and greater usefulness; less to the idea of being fine ladies and gentlemen, and more to the means of earning an honorable livelihood.

Earn your bread and then eat it. This comprises the whole art of living; but don't buy and don't eat more than you earn or more than you need.

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"I'VE BEEN THINKING MOST OF YOU."

This is the title of the music for this month, which we commend to the attention of our musical lady subscribers. They will find it a desirable addition to the parlor *repertoire*.

◆

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Husbands, subscribe to this Magazine as a New Year's gift to your wife. It will be highly appreciated, you may be sure, and pay you back in so many ways, that you may rely upon considering it the best investment ever made of so small a sum.

◆

NEW MUSIC.

C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, the most enterprising of all our Music Publishers, have issued new holiday music, in great and attractive variety. Among the most fashionable and sought-for gems are "Selections from Genevieve de Brabant;" Dance Music from Genevieve de Brabant; the "Captain Jinks" Quadrilles; a Barbe Bleue Pot-Pourri; the charming Serenade and Duet, "Beneath my Lady's Window," as sung by Mmes. Rose-Bell and Desclanzas, in the Opera of Genevieve de Brabant; the Broadway Polka, introducing the air of "Walking down the Zoo;" "Walking in the Park," a Minstrel Song adapted to the air of "Walking down the Zoo;" the "Grecian Bend" Waltz; "What Josie Said;" the "Little Brown Jug;" "National Guard Polka," by Harry Sanderson: Lecocq's "*Fleur de Me* Polka," etc; all the new music from Offenbach's popular operas, arranged vocally and for the piano-forte, can be found at Ditson's, at the lowest prices.

◆

FRENCH DRY-STAMPING PATTERNS.

In this number of the Magazine our lady-readers will find a specimen of new French Stamping Patterns for Braid and Embroidery, well worth their attention. The stamping is effected by the dry process. The proprietors of the invention are A. W. Frauenthal & Co.

◆

IVES' LAMPS.

We lived in the country, not a very long time ago either, and the only consolation we had for the absence of gas, sidewalks, and other modern improvements, was the possession of lots of Ives' lamps and chandeliers. Between the old kerosene lamp and Ives' modern, improved article there is all the difference that exists between the railroad and stage-coach. Nearly all the dirt and trouble of kerosene is banished by the use of Ives' beautiful lamps.

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

We regret exceedingly being compelled to announce to our friends and subscribers a sad loss and disappointment, in which they must also share. On the morning of the 24th of November a disastrous fire destroyed the premises of Hatch & Co., in this city, and with them the sheets of two magnificent chromo-lithographs, prepared for the January numbers of the Monthly and Young America, and just ready for publication.

The pictures were fine as works of art, and had been in preparation four months when this deplorable accident took place, depriving us of them and of the means expended in their design and execution.

The time at which the event occurred, (the eve of going to press) absolutely precluded any attempt at replacing the lost gems; we have therefore to apologize for the absence of a most attractive feature of the present number, the first also of the year, and beg our readers to excuse a dispensation which we had no power or foreknowledge to control.

◆

PARLOR GARDENING.

Those of our lady readers, who are fond of parlor gardening, will be glad to know where they can obtain the choicest bulbs for an early spring shoot of hyacinths and tulips. The best place that we know of is the nursery of James Vick, Rochester, New York. All the latest and rarest varieties of single and double tulips and hyacinths, are to be obtained there, and are sent, per order, in splendid condition to any part of the country. Send for illustrated catalogue, containing list of prices.

◆

THE SONGS OF SEVEN.

We know that we have prepared a great gratification for many of our subscribers, by publishing and illustrating, as a gift for the New Year, Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven." The illustrated holiday edition of this remarkable poem sells for seven dollars at retail; and our designs will bear favorable comparison with those contained in that edition, although, of course, the execution is less fine upon wood than upon steel. To persons, however, who do not possess the one, the other will be most welcome.

◆

THE PATTERN-SHEET.

We present, with this number, two full-sized patterns of articles useful and fashionable for ladies' wear. The first is a half-fitting basque or jacket suitable for in-door or out-door wear, the second a double cape, of a style very much in vogue, either in lace or thicker material. As an accompaniment to a cloak or a suit it is very pretty, cut plain, without scollops, and with three capes instead of two—a change easily effected by cutting the second cape somewhat larger than the small one of the pattern, and the collar or third cape somewhat smaller.

◆

FLATTERING PROSPECTS.

The prospects for doubling our subscription list were never more flattering than now; for the past two months clubs have been pouring in upon us, and single names attached to the most congratulatory and complimentary of letters. Double the usual force has been employed in packing and sending premiums, yet still we are behind. At this rate our list will reach its Hundred Thousand before the close of the first month of the New Year.

"THE MOTHER OF A MARQUISE."

With the February number we shall commence the publication of a new serial story—"The Marriages of Paris; or, The Mother of a Marquise."

This charming *brochure* will amply repay perusal. It is sensible, practical, admirably written and translated, not in the jerky style of the ordinary French novelette, but with vigor and felicity. We commend it to our lady readers.

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers; to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

Advertisers will please understand that the crowded state of our columns renders it necessary that they should send in their advertisements by the twenty-first of the month to secure insertion in the following issue.

Our readers will also confer a favor on us personally if they will, when writing for articles, say they saw them advertised in Demorest's Monthly.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

An Old and Faithful Servant.—The following communication, from the pen of Mrs. Cole (a daughter of the late George P. Morris), will be of value to those interested in the subject under discussion:

Mr. Morris Phillips,

Dear Sir:—In reply to the question you put to me the other day, as to whose make of sewing-machine I am in the habit of using, I would say that we still possess the Grover & Baker, which has been in our family ever since that firm first commenced business—*the number of years being beyond my recollection.* Now, although the use made of it has been varied and hard, it has never, to my knowledge, needed any repair. I have no hesitation in advising you to give the Grover & Baker the preference, for we are satisfied (having at one time owned two other machines of different makers) that it will, better than any other, fully and faithfully perform all the tasks you may impose on it. Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. George Morris Cole.

—*Home Journal.*

"How To Do It," "Economy; or, A Short Cut" to "Good Reading."—All the best magazines and newspapers at Club rates! Putnam's, Harper's, Atlantic, or Galaxy, $4 each, and the **PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL** $3, sent a year for $6; or, with Living Age, only $9; with Weekly Times, Tribune, Liberal Christian, Methodist, or Artizan, only $4 50.—Or Phrenological, with N. Y. Observer, or Protestant Churchman, $6. Or Phren. Jour. with Demorest's Magazine, Hours at Home, Home Journal, Christian Advocate, Christian Intelligencer, Examiner and Chronicle, $5. Or Phren. J. with Independent. $4 50. Or the Phrenological alone, devoted to Physiognomy, Physiology, Ethnology, with Portraits and Biographies of most noted persons in the world, $3. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Mrs. G. W. Parker certifies to having earned over **$600** in a year, with one needle, on a **WHEELER & WILSON SEWING-MACHINE.**

If you want a good Piano, Melodeon or Organ, go to **WATERS', 481 Broadway**, where you will find Chickering's, Waters', Steinway's, Carhart's, and other first-class instruments at bargains for cash, or on monthly installments, or you can rent for twelve months, and the rent be deducted when purchased.

The Great American Tea Co.'s French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee.—Owing to the fine flavor and great strength of this coffee, it requires a less quantity than is generally used of other coffees. Boil over a quick fire not exceeding one minute. It is much improved by breaking an egg into the pot. It will settle perfectly clear in five minutes. Serve with sugar and cream, or scalded milk. For a dinner coffee, serve without cream or milk. Napoleon, in preparing this coffee, never allowed it to be boiled, but filtered it through a percolator. That is the favorite French style of preparing it.

COLGATE & CO.'S

Aromatic Vegetable Soap

Is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of Ladies and Infants.

Sold by all dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

Something to the Point.

A highly polished and desirable companion, arrayed in a new and elegant wrapper, having a beautiful form, brilliant complexion, clear eye, iron constitution, nerves of steel, pliant nature, fine temper, and in every point perfection—a companion seemingly inclined to union, and will stick by you through thick and thin.

MME. DEMOREST'S DIAMOND NEEDLES.

These Needles are made of the best quality of steel, best in form, best points, best eyes, best finish, and best in every particular, including the superior and convenient manner in which they are put up. They are made in Europe, expressly for our trade, and are warranted the best Needles in the world—one of them being worth nearly one dozen of the ordinary kind. Ladies, do not fail to try these exquisitely superior needles.

Price, 15 cents per paper, or in very convenient and ornamental cases, containing fifty assorted sizes, 30 cents each. Mailed free on receipt of price.

No. 838 Broadway, New York.

BALL, BLACK & CO.,

565 and 567 Broadway, cor. Prince St.,

Importers and Jewelers,

Manufacturers of Silver Ware, Services of Plate for private families, churches, associations, military companies, etc.

The facilities in manufacturing on so large a scale enable us to place both workmanship and price beyond competition.

DIAMOND JEWELRY.

Watches, of all first-class makers in Europe. Gold, Enameled, and Etruscan Jewelry. Stone, Cameo, and Coral Jewelry. Jet and Tortoise-Shell Goods. Fine Military Equipments on hand, and manufactured to order, comprising Swords, Belts, Sashes, Flags, etc.

GALLERY OF ART.

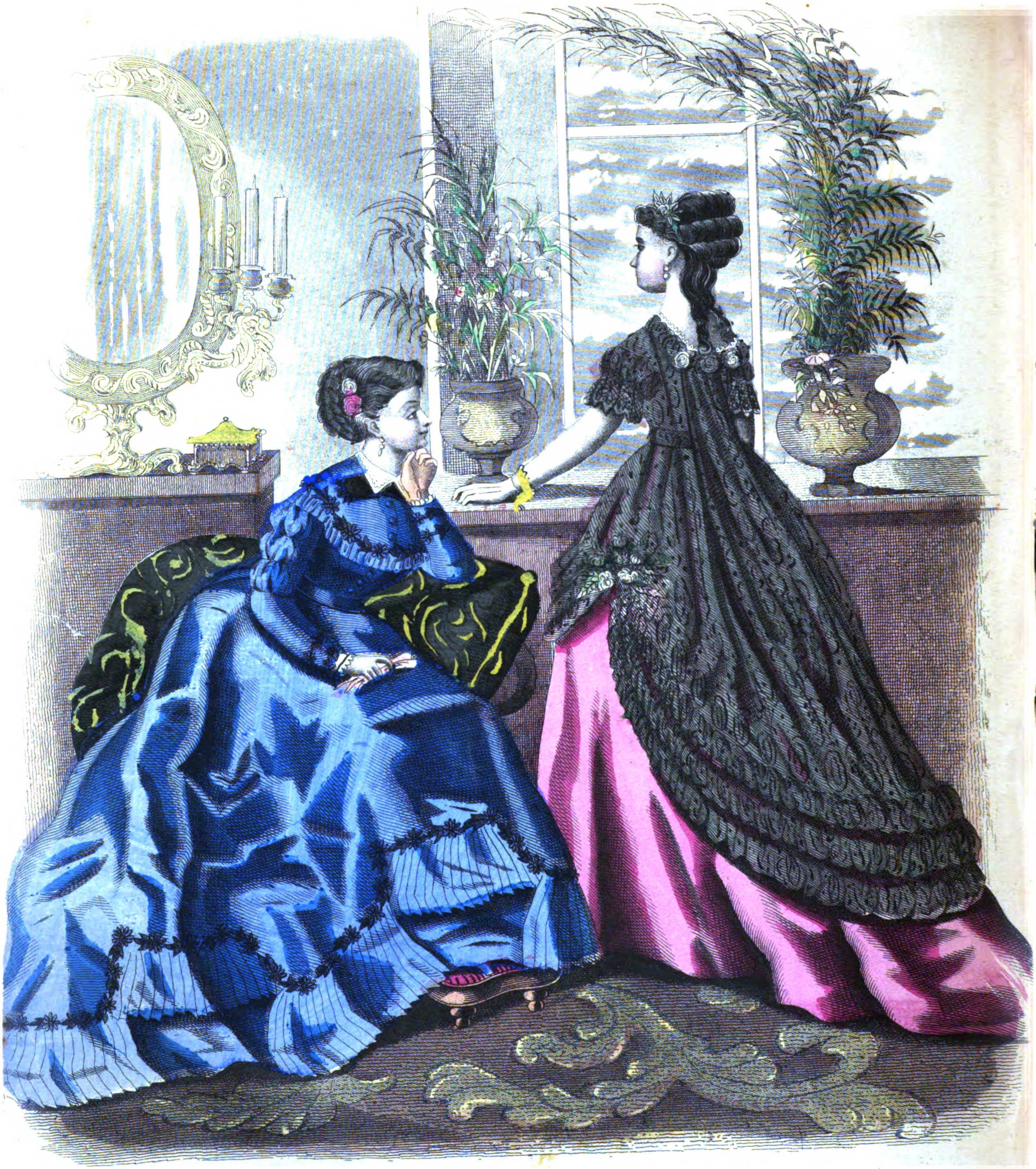
Paintings and Marble Statuary, Artistic Bronzes, Clocks and Mantel Ornaments, Fans, Opera-Glasses, Dressing-Cases, Writing-Desks, and rich toilet articles, etc., etc., form the largest collection in this country, and are open to the inspection of the public; together with our rich assortment of Chandeliers and Gas-Fixtures of entirely new and elegant designs, to suit private residences, stores, or public places.

HOUSE-FURNISHING ARTICLES.

Our assortment of Sheffield and American Plated Ware and Cutlery is at all times very extensive and complete.

BALL, BLACK & CO.

Henry Ball, William Black,
Ebenezer Monroe.



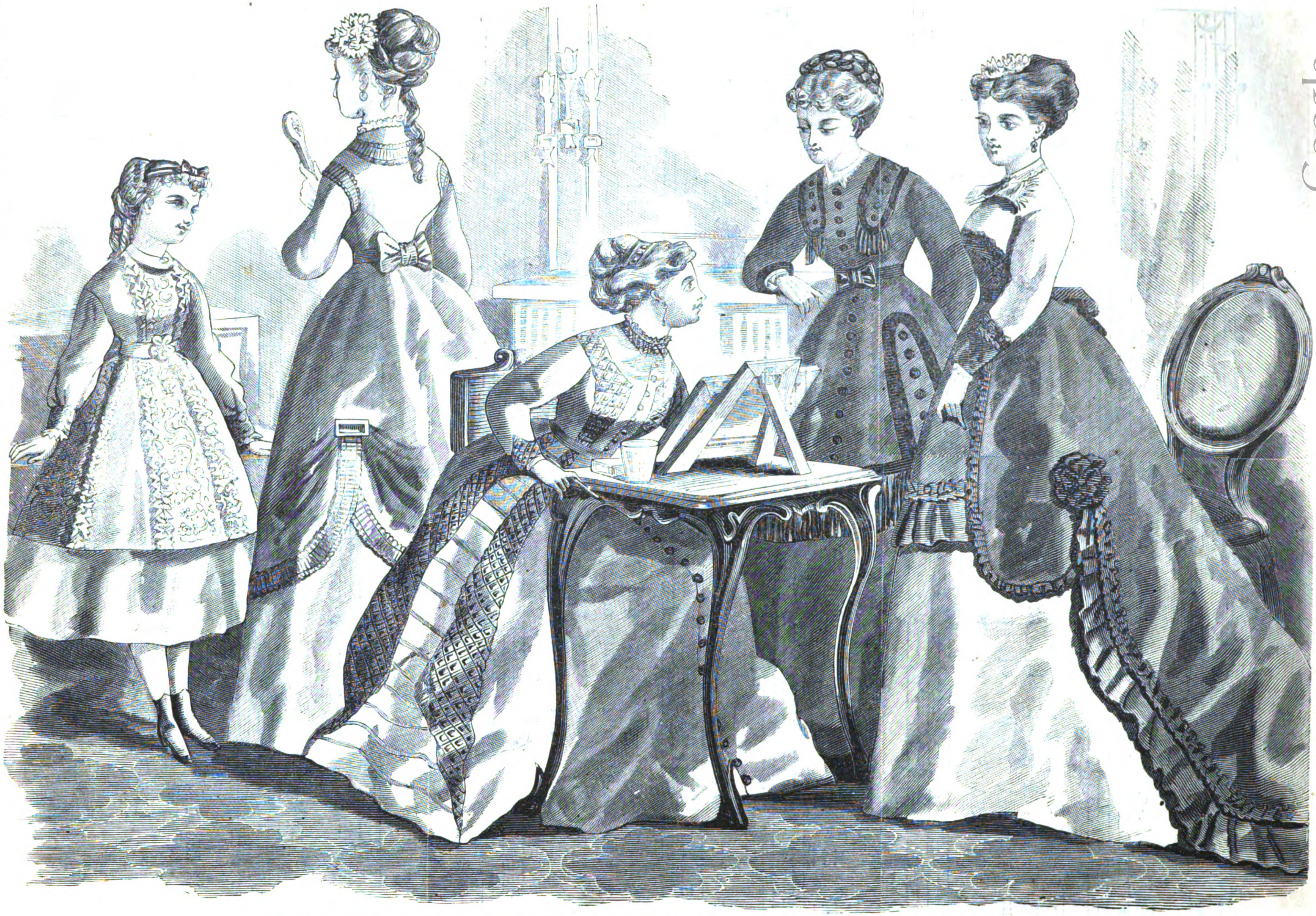
Feb. 1869

Kimmel & Forster

MME DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.

BROADWAY N Y

FEBRUARY

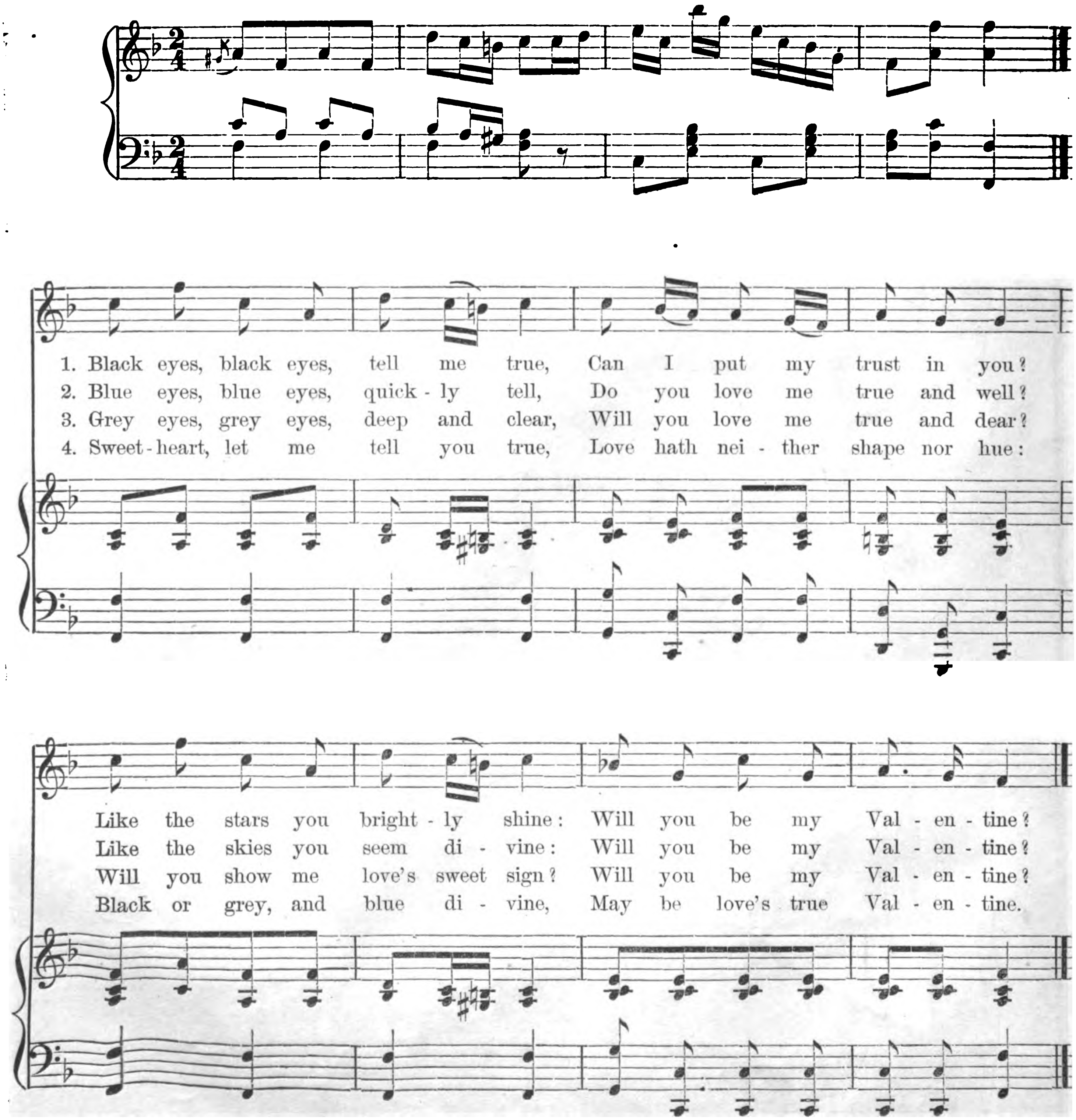


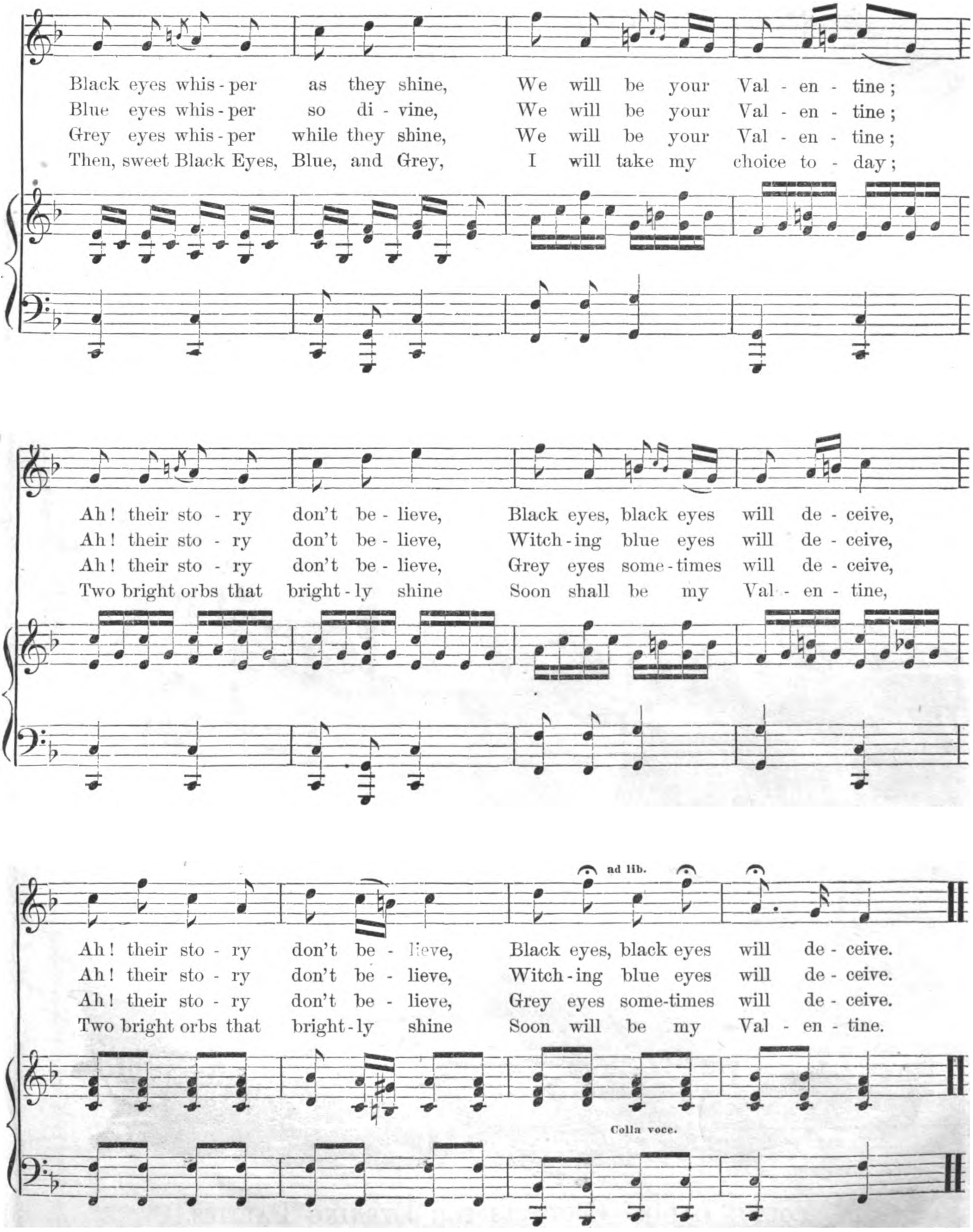
LATEST STYLES OF COSTUMES FOR FEBRUARY, 1869.

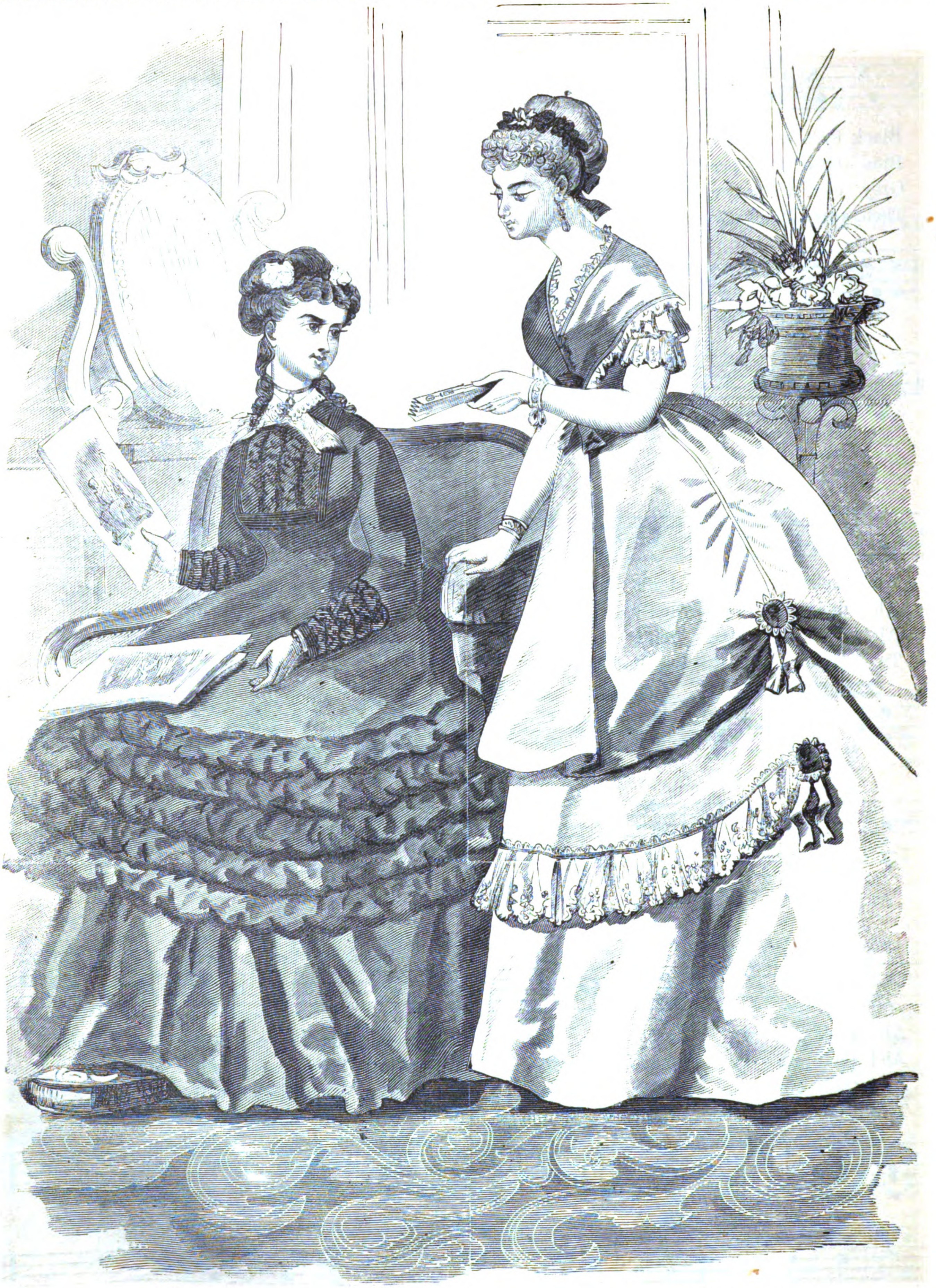
Eyes Black, Blue, or Grey.

A VALENTINE SONG.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. **Music by HENRY TUCKER.**


1. Black eyes, black eyes, tell me true, Can I put my trust in you?
2. Blue eyes, blue eyes, quick - ly tell, Do you love me true and well?
3. Grey eyes, grey eyes, deep and clear, Will you love me true and dear?
4. Sweet-heart, let me tell you true, Love hath nei - ther shape nor hue:
Like the stars you bright - ly shine: Will you be my Val - en - tine?
Like the skies you seem di - vine: Will you be my Val - en - tine?
Will you show me love's sweet sign? Will you be my Val - en - tine?
Black or grey, and blue di - vine, May be love's true Val - en - tine.


Black eyes whis-per as they shine, We will be your Val-en-tine;
Blue eyes whis-per so di-vine, We will be your Val-en-tine;
Grey eyes whis-per while they shine, We will be your Val-en-tine;
Then, sweet Black Eyes, Blue, and Grey, I will take my choice to-day;
Ah! their sto-ry don't be-lieve, Black eyes, black eyes will de-ceive,
Ah! their sto-ry don't be-lieve, Witch-ing blue eyes will de-ceive,
Ah! their sto-ry don't be-lieve, Grey eyes some-times will de-ceive,
Two bright orbs that bright-ly shine Soon shall be my Val-en-tine,
ad lib.
Ah! their sto-ry don't be-lieve, Black eyes, black eyes will de-ceive.
Ah! their sto-ry don't be-lieve, Witch-ing blue eyes will de-ceive.
Ah! their sto-ry don't be-lieve, Grey eyes some-times will de-ceive.
Two bright orbs that bright-ly shine Soon will be my Val-en-tine.
Colla voce.



Young Ladies' Costumes for Evening Parties.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE MARRIAGES OF PARIS.

THE MOTHER OF A MARQUISE.

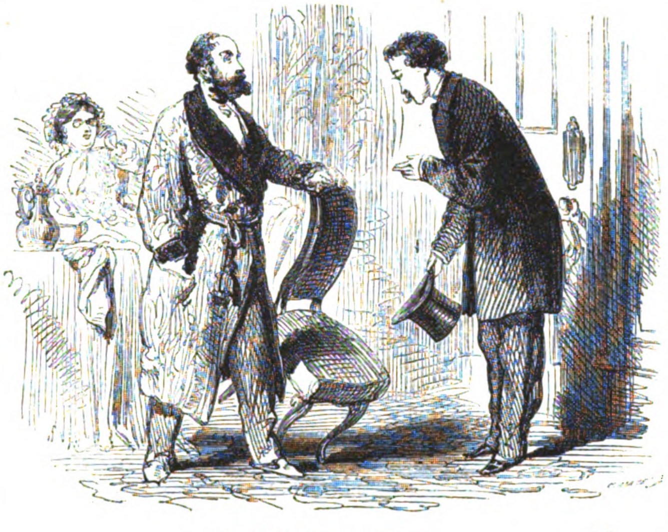
On the 15th of April, 1846, one might have read in all the principal papers of Paris the following advertisement:

"A young man, of good family, graduate of a government school, having had ten years' experience in mining, casting, and surveying land, wishes to find in his profession honorable employment. Address at Paris—M. L. M. D. O."

The proprietor of the fine ironworks of Arlange, Mme. Benoit, was then at Paris, in her hotel in the Rue St. Dominique, but she never read the papers. Why should she read them? She was not looking for a manager for her forge, but for a husband for her daughter.

Mme. Benoit, whose disposition and face have changed very much since ten years ago, was at that time a very amiable person. She was then enjoying to the fullest extent that *second youth*, which nature does not grant to all women, and which extends from the fortieth to the fiftieth year of their age.

Her *embonpoint*, a little stately, gave her the look of a full-blown flower, but no one would ever have thought of calling her a faded flower. Her little eyes shone with the same brightness as they had done when they were only twenty years old, her hair had not become thin or gray, her teeth had grown no longer, her cheeks shone with that vigorous freshness, and her chin had none of the down that does not fail to distinguish the second youth from the first. Her arms and shoulders might have been the envy of many younger women. Her foot, to be sure, was a little crushed under the weight of a hundred and fifty pounds, but her little hand, plump and rosy, still shone, in the midst of rings and bracelets, like a jewel between jewels.



THE REAL MARQUIS APPEARS.

The inner nature of so finished a person corresponded with the outer. Mme. Benoit's mind was as lively as her eyes. Her figure was not more developed than her character. A smile was never wanting on her pretty mouth; her little hands were always open to give. Her heart seemed filled with kindness and goodness. To those who wondered at her constant cheerfulness and universal benevolence, she would say, "What do you wish to see? I was born happy. My past is all pleasant, save a few hours forgotten long ago; the present is like a sky without clouds; as to the future, I am sure it will be the same. You see then, I should be very foolish to be dissatisfied, or to find fault with human nature."

As there is nothing perfect in this world, Mme. Benoit had one fault—but an innocent fault, which had never done any one harm but herself. She was, although ambition seemed to be a privilege of the sterner sex, exceedingly ambitious. I regret not being able to find another word with which to express this *only* fault; for, to speak truthfully, Mme. Benoit's ambition had nothing in common with that of men. She aimed at neither fortune nor honors. The forge, or ironworks, at Arlange, brought in regularly one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year; and, finally, Mme. Benoit was not the woman to accept anything from the government of 1846. What *did* she aspire to then? A very small thing. Such a small thing that you will not understand me unless I relate, in a few words, the history of Mme. Benoit's youth:

Gabrielle Auguste Lopinot was born in the heart of the faubourg St. Germain, on the border of that happy stream called Bac, which Madame de Stael preferred to all the rivers of Europe. Her parents, *bourgeois* all over, sold *novelties*, at the sign of Good St. Louis, and accumulated without much trouble a large fortune. Their well-known good principles, their enthusiasm for the monarchy, and the respect which they professed for the nobility, brought them the patronage of the whole suburb. This estimable merchant, however, surrounded by illustrious people, some of whom often tried to cheat him, came by degrees to despise his former noble patronage. One would see him very humble and very respectful in the shop; but he would bound up like a spring in his own house. He astonished his wife and daughter by the liberty of his opinions, and the audacity of his sayings. Madame Lopinot would hardly have time to cross herself devoutly after dinner, when he would say, "I like marquises well enough, and they are nice people, but at no price would I wish one for a son-in-law."

Such, however, was not the opinion of Gabrielle Auguste. She would have been charmed with a marquis, and since all of us must act a part in this world, she willingly gave the preference to the *rôle* of a marquise. This child, accustomed to see the carriages passing by as the little peasants see the swallows, lived in a perpetual enchantment. Carried away by her feelings, as all young girls are, she admired all that surrounded her—hotels, horses, toilets and liveries. At twelve years of age, a great name exercised a sort of fascination upon her; at fifteen she felt a profound respect for the faubourg St. Germain, where she resided, and for the aristocracy, which she thought superior to any other human beings, by the right of birth. When she was old enough to marry, the first thought that came to her was: "What a stroke of good fortune if I could only enter these hotels, of which I only see the front doors, to sit side by side with those great ladies, whom now I hardly dare look at, to join in the conversation, which must be more spiritual than the most beautiful books and more interesting than the best romances. After all," thought she, "it will not be a great miracle if I break down the barrier between me and the great world. My face or my fortune ought to suffice for the conquest of a count, a duke, or a marquis."

Her ambition aimed at a marquis above all, with reason. There are dukes and counts of recent creation, and which are not received in the faubourg, whilst the marquises, without exception, are of *old* times, for since Molière none have been made.

I suppose if she had been left to herself she would have found the man she wished for, without much difficulty; but she was under her mother's wing, living quietly as possible, that quiet disturbed now and then by her father coming to offer the hand of a lawyer, or a notary, or banker.

She refused disdainfully all offers until 1829. One fine morning she discovered that she was twenty-five years old. Soon after that she married Mr. Morel, proprietor of the iron works at Arlange. He was an excellent man, though of low birth, whom, if he had lived long enough, she would have loved as much as a marquis. He died the 21st of July, 1830, six months after the birth of his daughter.

The beautiful widow was so carried away by the revolution in July, that she almost forgot to mourn for her husband. The responsibility of succeeding to the management and direction of the iron-works kept her at Arlange until 1832, when the cholera in that year carried off in a few days both her parents.

She then returned to Paris, sold her father's shops, and bought herself a hotel in the rue St. Dominique, between the Count de Preux and the Marshal de Leus. She established herself in her new residence, and was not without a secret joy, in finding herself situated in a hotel of noble appearance, between a count and a marshal. Her glass and furniture were richer and finer than those of her neighbors, her horses of a better stock, her carriages superior. Nevertheless, she would have given willingly glass, furniture, horses and carriages, to have been able to visit her neighbors.

Her garden-walls rose not very high, and, in the tranquil evenings of summer, she could hear them talking, sometimes the count, sometimes the marshal. Unhappily, she could not join in the conversation.

One morning her gardener brought her a bird he had found in one of the trees. She blushed with delight, in recognizing it as a parrot, that belonged to the marshal. She would allow no one to restore the bird but herself, and, running the risk of having her hands bitten by the vicious thing, she took it in, but was received by a stately domestic, who thanked her coldly, on the *steps* of the door. A few days afterward, the children of the Count de Preux threw their foot-ball into her grounds. The fear of being thanked by a servant made her return the ball to the countess by one of her domestics, with a very well-expressed note. The instructor of the children replied to it. The pretty widow was done making advances. She would sometimes say to herself, "Fate is a very ridiculous thing. I have the right to go in number fifty-seven as often as I wish, but I can not enter fifty-nine, or fifty-five, for even a quarter of an hour!" Her only acquaintances in the faubourg were some debtors of her father, of whom she had never asked payment. Grateful for her forbearance, these honorable (?) people sometimes received her in the morning. By noon she could always undress; her visits were over.

The manager of her iron-works called her away from this unendurable life, to look after her affairs. On arriving at Arlange, she found there what she had looked for in vain at Paris, the key of the faubourg St. Germain. One of her country neighbors had boarded for three months with the Marquis de Kepry, captain of the second regiment of dragoons. The marquis was a man of forty years of age, a bad officer, a *bon vivant*, celebrated for his debts, his duels, and frolics. "Now I have my marquis," thought the pretty widow. She made court to the marquis, and did not find him very inaccessible. Two months later, he sent in his resignation to the Minister of War, and then led to church the widow of M. Morel.

According to law, the marriage was posted in the *commune* at Arlange, which was the last garrison of the captain. The certificate of the captain's birth, which took place under the Reign of Terror, showed only the vulgar name of Benoit, but joined to that was the attestation of a notary which declared that M. Benoit had always been known as the Marquis de Kepry.

The new marquise began by opening her salons to the faubourg St. Germain, and its neighborhood, for this faubourg extends almost to the frontiers of Paris.

After having dazzled with her magnificence the country neighbors, she wished to go to Paris, to take her revenge on the past, and she spoke of her wishes to her husband. The captain frowned, and declared at once he was well enough at Arlange. The cellar was good, the cooking to his taste, the hunting very fine; he would not ask more. The faubourg St. Germain was as strange a country to him as America; he had there no relatives, no friends, no acquaintances. "Unfortunate me!" cried poor Gabrielle, "can I have fallen upon the only marquis in the world who knows no one in the faubourg St. Germain?"

This was not her only mistake. She soon perceived that her husband took absinthe four times a day, not to mention another liquor called Vermout, which he sent for to Paris for his private use. The head of the captain could not always resist these repeated potations; and when he would go out of his senses, it would only be to go into a great fury. In his bursts of passion he spared on one, not even Gabrielle, who came to wish she never had become a marquise. This event came sooner than she expected.

One day the captain was suffering from having gone too far the day before. His eyes were red and his head was heavy, and he pulled fretfully his long, red mustache. His wife, seated at the table, handed him, now and then, large cups of strong tea. A servant announced the *Count* de Kepry. The captain, sick as he was, quickly rose to his feet.

"Did you not tell me you *had* no relations?" said Gabrielle, somewhat astonished.

"I know of none," replied the captain; "and the devil take me! But we will see; let him come in."

The captain smiled disdainfully when a young man of great beauty, about twenty years of age, entered the room. He was of medium height, but so frail and delicate-looking that one would have thought he had not yet done growing. He looked about with his large, blue eyes in a scared and timid way, and, when he saw Gabrielle, his face became like a peach on a tree. The sound of his voice was sweet, fresh, and clear, I should almost say feminine in its tone, and, if it had not been for the light brown mustache just appearing on his lip, he might have been taken for a young girl disguised as a man.

"Sir," said he to the captain, but turning slightly toward Gabrielle, "although I have not the honor of your acquaintance, I have come to speak to you about family affairs. Our conversation will be long and have many tedious chapters in it, and I am afraid that Madame will become very tired."

"You are altogether wrong, sir," said Gabrielle in a very conceited tone of voice; "the *Marquise* of Kepry wishes and *should* be acquainted with all the affairs of the family, and, since you are a relation of my husband, I—"

"That is what I ignore, Madame, but we will soon decide it, and before you, as you wish it, and your husband seems to consent."

The captain listened in a stupefied manner, as if he only half understood what was going on. The young count turned toward him and said, "Sir, I am the son of the oldest Marquis de Kepry, who is well known all through the faubourg St. Germain, and whose hotel is in the rue St. Dominique, No. 40."

"How charming!" thoughtlessly said Gabrielle.

The count replied to this exclamation by a cold and ceremonious bow, and then continued: "Sir, as my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were sons of marquises, and as there *never* have been two branches of the family, you will excuse us for the astonishment we felt, when we learned through the papers of the marriage of the Marquis de Kepry."

"I had not the right to get married, I suppose," said the captain, rubbing his eyes.

"I did not say *that*, sir. We have, at our house, the family tree and all the papers which establish our right to bear the name of Kepry. If you are a relation of ours, as I hope you are, I doubt not that you also have family papers."

"Of what use are they? Papers prove nothing, and every one knows I am Marquis de Kepry."

"You are right, sir, a bundle of parchment is not necessary to establish a solid fact. A registry of one's birth, with—"

"Sir, my *birth* was registered under the name of Benoit. It was dated 1794. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir; and, in spite of this unfortunate registry of your birth, I am anxious to claim you as a relative. Were you born at Kepry or in the neighborhood?"

"Kepry, Kepry, *where* is Kepry?"

"Where it has always been, three leagues from Dijon, on the road to Paris."

"Ah! sir, what is that to me? Robespierre sold all the belongings of my family."

"You are not well informed, sir;

it is true the grounds and castle were put up for sale, but they found no purchaser, and were restored to my father by His Majesty, Louis XVIII."

The captain was now thoroughly aroused out of his stupidity; this last declaration had its effect upon him. He strode with closed fists toward his frail adversary, and shook them in his face. "My young man, I have been Marquis de Kepry for forty years, and any one that tries to take my name away from me will feel the weight of my fists."

The count grew pale with anger, but he remembered the presence of Gabrielle, who sat on a sofa, with a most humiliated air, and replied in a careless tone: "I would accept willingly the means of *conciliation* you offer if I alone was interested in this affair, but I represent my father, my brothers, and my whole family, who would be open to pity if allowed a blow in the face to settle *their* interests. I will return to Paris. The courts shall there decide who usurps the name of De Kepry."

The count turned, made a profound bow to the pretended marquise, and was in his carriage before the captain dreamed of detaining him.

The tea-urn boiled no longer, but it was not the tea that now agitated the captain; and his wife, Gabrielle, wished to know if she *was* or *was not* Marquise de Kepry. The impetuous Benoit, whose stock of patience was exhausted, forgot himself so far as to *strike* the *prettiest* woman of the place. It was owing to *this* circumstance that Madame Benoit said she had a few disagreeable recollections—forgotten, though, long since.

The proceedings of Kepry against Kepry began; and, although Benoit repeated over and over again that he had always been Marquis de Kepry, he was obliged to sign himself in the end as Benoit, and to pay the expenses.

The day he learned the decision, he wrote the young count a grossly insulting letter, signed Benoit. The next day, at eight o'clock in the morning, he was brought on a litter to his own house, with several inches of steel in his body. The young count had broken his sword in his wound. Gabrielle, who was still asleep, reached him in time to receive his excuses and farewell. If this adventure did not cause much scandal, the province would not have been a province.

The country counts experienced a comical exasperation. They would have liked to have been able to have taken back the visits they had paid the pretended marquise. The widow knew nothing of the social commotion around her. She mourned, not for M. Benoit, whose faults, little and great, had not been altered by marriage, but she deplored her misplaced confidence, her lost hopes, her contracted future, her powerless ambition. Out of her retreat she threw such glances on the coveted faubourg St. Germain as Eve must have done when she was driven out of the Garden of Paradise.

One morning, while weeping under a bower of clematis in full bloom—it was in the summer of 1834—her little daughter passed near her. She caught hold of her by the dress, and kissed her five or six times, and reproached herself for having thought more of her trouble than her child. When she had embraced her, she examined her face, and was satisfied with it. At four and a half years of age the little Lucile was of a refined and aristocratic style of beauty. Her features were charming, her hands and feet exquisite, and Gabrielle recalled to mind the children she had seen in the gardens of the Tuileries, and recollected none that could compare with her. She gave another kiss to the little one, who then ran away. Then she wiped her eyes, and cried no more.

"Well," said Gabrielle, with a sigh, "all is not lost, all can be managed. It is well, it is all for the best. I will go in. It is an affair of time; it will take time, but these proud doors *shall* open to me. *I* will not be a marquise, no; I have been married often enough. No one will ever see me do *that* again. But, the marquise, there she is, stamping on the strawberries. I will select a marquis for her, and a good one; and I will be very stupid if I do not profit by my past experience.

"I will be the *mother* of a *real* marquise. She will be received everywhere, and I also; fêted everywhere, I also; she will dance with dukes, and I—will look at her dancing."

From this moment, her only occupation was in preparing her daughter for the *rôle* of a marquise. She dressed her like a doll, taught her several ways of bowing and using her eyes, while her governess was teaching her her A B C.

Unfortunately, the little Lucile had not been born in the *rue de Bac*, where her mother was. She was aroused in the morning by the singing of the birds and not by the rolling of the carriages, and she saw more villagers in their blouses than lackeys in livery. She did not listen to her mother's aristocratic lessons any better than her *mother* had listened to M. Lopinot's remarks against marquises. The minds of children are formed by what is around them; they have their ears open to a hundred teachers at once; the scenes of the country and the scenes of the street influence them more than the strictest teacher or sternest parent. Madame Benoit might well preach. The chief amusement of the *young marquise* was to play with the children of the village; she also delighted in rolling in the dirt with a new dress on, in stealing eggs just warm from the hen and dragging a large Scotch dog along by the tail. Seeing her play in the garden, an attentive observer would have perceived the blood of the good man Morel, and of grandpa Lopinot in her veins. Her mother was in despair at not finding in her neither pride, vanity, nor the slightest trace of coquetry. She waited with feverish impatience for the day when Lucile would scorn some one; but Lucile opened her heart and her little arms to all the good people who surrounded her, from Maget, the dairywoman, to the blackest workman of the forge. When she grew a little bigger, her tastes changed a little, but not in the way her mother wished. She interested herself in the garden, in the orchard, in the poultry-yard, in the house and (why should one withhold it?) in the kitchen. She had an eye to the vegetables, she studied the art of making sweetmeats, and perfected herself in pastry. Strange fact! the people of the house, instead of being impatient at her overlooking affairs, took it all in the best part. They understood better than Madame Benoit what an advantage it is for a woman to learn early in life those habits of order, usefulness, wise and liberal economy, obscure talents though they be, which, however, add so much to the pleasure of a house and to the enjoyment of the guests to whom one opens one's doors.

The lessons of Mme. Benoit had borne strange fruit. The instructress was severe from her love for her daughter, impatient from her love for the future marquis, and passionate by nature. She lost her patience so often that Lucile became afraid of her mother. The poor child heard her say every day, "You know nothing, you understand nothing; you ought to be very glad that you have me." She tried to persuade herself that she *was* glad, and she really believed herself stupid, and unable to learn; but instead of being in despair thereat, she returned to her *own* tastes, gave herself up to all her own likings, and was happy, beloved, and charming.

Madame Benoit was so eager to enjoy life in the faubourg, that she would have married her daughter at fifteen years of age—if she could have done so; but Lucile at fifteen was only a little child. Age, ungratefully, prolonged itself for her beyond the ordinary limits. It is a remarkable fact that the children of country towns are always less precocious than those of the cities; this is doubtless from the same cause that field flowers are always later than garden ones. At sixteen Lucile began to develop. She was still a little thin, a little red, a little awkward; but her thinness, her awkwardness, and her red arms were not sufficiently formidable to scare away love. She resembled one of those chaste statues that the German sculptors of the Middle Ages worked into the stone of their cathedrals.

Her mother said to her one morning, after closing five or six trunks, "I am going to Paris, to look for a marquis whom you are to marry."

"Yes, mamma," she replied, without any objection. She knew for years past she was to marry a marquis. One idea occupied her mind, which she never had imparted to any one. In the parlor of one of her mother's friends, Mme. Melier, turning over one day a book full of costumes, she had seen a colored engraving representing a marquis. It was a little, old man, dressed in the costume of the time of Louis XV., with short pantaloons, or knee-breeches, shoes with gold buckles, a sword with steel blade, hat with feathers, and a velvet coat. This image had been so well impressed on her mind, that it always came up when she heard the word marquis, and the poor child could not imagine there were any different looking marquises in the world. She thought they were all alike, and she wondered if she could keep from laughing when she would give her hand to such a looking husband. She was left to her innocent imaginings. Madame Benoit went off in search of a marquis. She soon found one. Among her father's debtors, with whom she still kept up her acquaintance, was the old Baron de Subressac. Not only was he always at home to her, but he would often come to her house to dine *tête-a-tête*. These were not at all compromising familiarities with a man sixty-six years of age. She asked him one day, between the two last glasses of a bottle of Tokay, "Baron, do you ever think of matrimony?"

"Never, my charmer: have not for years."

The Baron called her his charmer in a paternal manner.

"But," said she, without losing her confidence, "suppose by thinking of it you could be of some use to two of your friends."

"If *you* were one of them, Madame, I would do anything you would command me."

"I know a young girl, then, sixteen years of age, pretty, and well educated, who has never been at a boarding-school, who is an angel: but, in fact, I do not know why I should be making a mystery of it to you—it is my own child. She has, for her marriage portion, firstly, this hotel; secondly, four hundred acres of land; thirdly, the iron-works, which, in the worst years, bring in fifty thousand francs. Besides that I have one hundred and fifty thousand francs—from other sources—which enables me to live as I wish. Let us go over it again: a hotel, a forest, and one hundred thousand francs a year."

"A fine sum," said the Baron.

"Stop. For several reasons, which I am not at liberty to explain, it is necessary that my daughter should marry a marquis. I ask for no money, care nothing about his age, mind, face, or any external advantage; but what I do wish, is that he will be a *real* marquis, of good stock, well connected, known all through the faubourg, and who can present himself proudly everywhere with his wife and family. Do you know, Baron, any marquis that you like well enough, to let him marry a pretty girl with a hundred thousand francs a year?"

"On my honor, charming one, I could not find *two*, but I know of *one*. If your daughter marries him, she will marry a man that I love like a son, and in him I give a great deal more than you have asked. First, he is young—only twenty-eight."

"That is no matter; go on.'

"He is very handsome."

"Vanity of vanities."

"Your daughter will not say that. He is *very* intelligent."

"A commodity of not much use in a house."

"Has had a very fine education; is a graduate of the polytechnic school."

"Well?"

"He is also proficient in things you have never heard of."

"That is all right: but what else, Baron?"

"Ah! as to fortune, he comes up exactly to the requirements. Ruined utterly. He handed his resignation to the family because—"

"I will overlook that, Baron."

"The last time he came to see me, the poor fellow thought of looking for some situation."

"His place is already found; but tell me, my dear Baron, is he of high birth?"

"As high as Charlemagne—that is what *you* call fortune."

"Always."

'One of his ancestors just missed being king of Antioche, in 1098."

"And his relatives?"

"All the faubourg is related to him."

"A well-known name?"

"As well-known as Henry IV.—it is the Marquis of *Outreville*—you certainly have heard of that name?"

"It seems to me I have. *Outreville!* It is a pretty name. I will put a block of marble above the front door with "Hotel D'Outreville." But will he go to see my daughter—a misalliance?"

"Ah! my charmer, a *man* never marries beneath him! I can understand that a young lady named Mademoiselle de Montmorency, or Mademoiselle de Rochefoucauld, would not care to change her name and be called Madame Mignolet. But a man keeps *his* name and loses nothing. Besides, Gaston has none of the prejudices of his rank. I will go to see him when I leave you this evening, and to-morrow, at the latest, you shall hear from me."

"Do your best, my good Baron, and if he seems inclined to the match, bring him to dinner with you to-morrow. Has he family papers, a genealogical tree?"

"Doubtless he has."

"Try and make him bring them."

"Very well; and I will do myself the pleasure of explaining them to you. Adieu."

The Baron then walked with rapid steps to the rue St. Benoit, No. 34. It was an ordinary house, the proprietor of which had furnished several rooms to accommodate a few boarders. He went up to the second story, and knocked at a little, numbered door. The marquis, in a working-dress, opened the door. He was, truly, a very handsome young man, and a very desirable husband. He was very tall, but with so well-proportioned a figure, that no one would have dreamed of thinking him too much so. His hands and feet gave evidence that his ancestors had lived without working for several centuries. His head was magnificent—a high and wide forehead, crowned with black hair, which he would throw back now and then; blue eyes, with a beautiful expression in them, sometimes soft and gentle, and then piercing, which latter expression was aided by thick and long black lashes; a finely chiseled nose, the nostrils of which quivered with every emotion; a rather large mouth, but charming teeth; a black mustache, thick and fine, which framed beautiful red lips, without concealing them; a complexion at once brown but florid, the color of health and exposure. The Baron took in this inventory with a glance, while shaking Gaston by the hand, and said to himself, "Well, if the little one is not satisfied with *him*, I am much mistaken." The young marquis's face was an open one, but not too much so. In examining him attentively, one would have perceived that, although he gave his attention to you, his mind was elsewhere. Gaston had left his work to open the door for his old friend. He had been wiping the Indian ink off some drawings, under which was written, "Place, section, and elevation of a large economical stove." His table was covered with drawings and memoranda, the titles of which, half concealed by each other, were enough to excite the curiosity of the most indifferent. One might discern such inscriptions: "A new kind of more fusible steel." "New plan for high stoves." "Accidents more frequent in the mines, and how to prevent them." "A way of melting, in one piece, the wheel of—" "The rational employment of combustibles in—" "New steam bellows for iron works." When you saw this table, you saw all that was worth seeing in the room. The little boarding-school bed, the six damask delaine chairs, the arm-chair of cotton velvet, the little book-case, over-filled with books, the *stopped* clock, the two vases of artificial flowers, under their globes, the framed portraits of Lafayette and General Foy, the red curtains, with yellow cornices, all disappeared before the mass of labors and hopes.

"My son," said the Baron to the Marquis, "it has been eight long days since I saw you; how are you getting on?"

"Good news, baron; I have a situation. I put a notice in the papers some days ago. One of my old schoolmates, who manages the mines of Poullaouen, in Fenisterre, guessed my name from my initials; he spoke to the managers, and one of them has offered me a place at 3000 francs a year, beginning the first of May. It was time, I assure you, for I had come to my last ten franc note. I will leave in four or five days for Brittany. Poullaouen is a dismal place; there it rains ten months out of the year, and you know how fond I am of sunshine. But I will be able to continue my studies, if not some of my theories in practice, and make my experiments on a grand scale."

"You see how disappointed I am at all this; I came to propose something else to you."

"Well; say what it is. I have not said no."

"Do you wish to get married?".

The Marquis made a *sincere* grimace, expressing *no*, and said: "You are too good to trouble yourself about me, but I have never thought of such a thing. I have not time; you know how my studies engross me. I have yet a million things to find out, and science is jealous."

"Ta-ta-ta," replied the Baron, laughing, "you are only twenty-eight years old, and yet you live like a monk. I have come to offer you a young girl, nice, pretty, and well raised—an *angel*—sixteen years old, and this is the way you receive my proposal."

A gleam of youth shone in Gaston's blue eyes for a moment—but for *only* a moment. "Thank you a thousand times," said he, "but I have not time; marriage will impose duties on me contrary to my taste; I have too many duties of another kind."

"It will impose nothing at all; your future father-in-law has been dead for more than fifteen years; the family is composed of the mother-in-law, an excellent little body, in spite of her pretensions. To give you an idea of her knowledge of society, she charged me to bring you to dine with her to-morrow, if this marriage was not displeasing to you. You see she uses no ceremony."

"Thanks, Baron; but I have Poullaouen in my mind."

"What a man! The contract secures you a hotel in the rue St. Dominique, a forest of four hundred acres in Lorraine, and one hundred thousand francs a year. That would be how much more than Poullaouen?"

"No; but *there* I would be in employment. Would you propose to a fish to live out of the water for one hundred thousand francs a year?"

"Very well; we will say no more about it. I only mentioned it as an inducement. Now I must go and make some visits—*au revoir!*"

"You will not go before coming to say good by to me?"

The Baron walked toward the door, smiling maliciously. Just as he was going out he turned round and said to Gaston: "By the way, the hundred thousand francs are the revenue from a magnificent iron-works—"

Gaston stopped him instantly—"Iron-works? I will marry. Will you let me go with you to-morrow, to dine with my pretty mother-in-law?"

"No, no; marry Poullaouen!"

"My *dear* Baron!"

"Very well; let it be, then, to-morrow!"

END OF BOOK FIRST.

BOOK SECOND.

AFTER the Baron's departure, Gaston d'Outreville threw himself in the arm-chair, buried his head in his hands, and remained thinking so long that his Indian ink had time to get quite dry. "What a proposal," he said to himself, "a plain woman, offering me her daughter, and one hundred thousand francs a year." I know many young men who, in his place, would have been much more astonished at such a proposal—they would have planned a most *romantic* construction upon it; but Gaston lacked in fatuity what Lucile did in coquetry. The only plausible reason he could assign, was, that Madame Benoit wished for an overseer, who had been well raised. "She has heard me spoken of," said he. "They have told her of my researches and discoveries. I was quite well-known in the faubourg since I gave up all the vanities and fooleries of the world. It is evident this manufactory needs a man at its head; a mother and daughter together would not make one manager. Who knows that the works may not be in danger? Ah! please God! I will save them—Outreville to the rescue! as our ancestors would say. Oh! these heroic artizans—who make their own swords." Then he dipped into the Indian ink, and conscientiously resumed his plans and drawings.

The next day, he walked rapidly up and down the gardens of the Luxembourg, until nearly breakfast time. After twelve o'clock, he shut himself up in his reading-closet, for it was too small for a room, and turned over mechanically all the daily papers and magazines of the month. He had not made so much disorder for a long time. "What a fortunate thing it is," he said to himself, "that one does not get married often; there would be but little work done." At five o'clock, he made his toilet, which took a long time. *He* expected to dine with his future wife. Half-past six was striking when he entered the Baron's house. He hoped to learn from his old friend why Madame Benoit had selected *him* for her son-in-law; but the Baron was as mysterious as an oracle. He respected his (the Count's) pride too much to tell him the truth. On reaching the little hotel in the rue St. Dominique, he saw two workmen perched on a double ladder, measuring something above the front-door.

"Guess now," said the Baron, "what those fellows are doing there? They are taking the measure for a piece of marble, to be inserted there, on which will be cut: 'Hotel d'Outreville.'"

"What a good joke," said Gaston, jumping over the sill of the door.

"You do not believe me, then! Well, return in a day or so, this way"

"Halloa! M. Reuadol, do I not see you?"

"Yes, Baron," said the marble-cutter, coming down the ladder.

"How long will it be before you have that block finished?"

"Not before a month, Baron, on account of the coat of arms, which are to be sculptured on it."

"Why is that? You only took a fortnight for the Marquis of Croix Manger."

"Ah! Baron, but the Outreville arms are much more complicated."

"That is true! Good evening, M. Reuadol."

"Well, now, skeptic?"

"Now, my old friend, what kind of a fairy story do you promise me?"

"It will be called Puss in Boots—because there is a marquis in it."

"Much obliged."

"And the Beauty Sleeping in a Wood, as the future marquise, whom you have never seen, is sleeping innocently at this moment, at Arlange, waiting for a king's son to come and wake her up.

"Then she is not here?"

"You must let her know how you regret it."

Madame Benoit received them with open arms. Informed in time as to the success of the affair, she had ordered, in *Lent*, an archbishop's dinner. No time was lost in presentations—acquaintances are made more easily at the table. The conversation became pleasant enough between the mother and son-in-law. Gaston spoke of Arlange. Madame, in reply, spoke of the faubourg—she overwhelmed him with questions about the nobility; he, by a roundabout way, *would* return to the iron-works. Each one pursued their favorite idea. This obstinate wrestling enlightened no one, not even the excellent Baron, who gave himself up to the only pleasure of his life, and paid more attention to the dinner than to the conversation.

Madame Benoit did not guess the passion of her son-in-law, and Gaston did not suspect the mania of his mother-in-law. He said to himself: "It is one thing or the other: Madame Benoit avoids from vanity of speaking of the subject most interesting to her; or, she is afraid of wearying the Baron, who is not listening to us." Madame Benoit was thinking at the same time: "The young man *thinks he* is being polite, in talking to me of things I know all about; he does not know I am just as familiar with the faubourg as he is." Gaston, weary at last of this conflict, left off asking any more questions about ironworks or metallurgy, and Madame Benoit interrogated him to her heart's content. She knew by heart the big book in his father's collection — this prosaic, golden book, of Parisian nobility, and she was ignorant of none of the names that Hozier had put down in it. To assure herself that Gaston would have it in his power to take her everywhere with him (although she did not not doubt him), she submitted him to a very rigid examination, from which he came out with honor.

She rejoiced to the extent of her ambition, when she learned that Gaston had dined at such a place, or danced at another; that he was intimate at such a house, and that they scolded him for his peculiarities at another; that at ten years of age he had played with such a duke, and danced with such a princess at twenty. She had inscribed in her memory, on tables of brass and stone, all the relations, near and distant, of her future son-in-law. If he had forgotten one, she would have become suspicious.

After coffee, they walked in the garden; the night was beautiful, and the sky was lighted as if for a festival. Madame Benoit showed the Marquis the neighboring houses.

"Here," said she, "we have the Count de Preux. Are you acquainted with him?"

"He is my cousin, once removed."

Triumphantly Madame immediately inscribed this unlooked for relation.

"There," she continued, "lives the Marshal de Leus—it would be strange if he too was a relative of yours."

"No, Madame, but he was a godfather to a brother I have lost."

"Good!" thought Madame Benoit. "If that impudent servant is still there, we will soon make him leave. What a *treasure* of a son-in-law!"

The Baron, who always wanted to sleep after dinner, now made the move, and Gaston followed him. A neat little carriage, with Madame Benoit's cypher on it, was waiting for them at the door.

"My dear boy," said the baron when the door was shut, "I have dined famously, and you—but you do not care for dinners at your age. How do you like your mother-in-law?"

"I found her just what I wished, an empty, vain woman, who will not interfere about the iron works, or allow my experiments to be interrupted."

"So much the better, if she pleases you.. As to you, you have made a conquest of her; she made me a sign to that effect, while I was kissing her hand on leaving. I believe you could ask for her daughter at once."

"What! already?"

"That is the way they arrange these affairs in the fairy tales. When the king's son had aroused the beauty sleeping in the wood, he married her at once, without going to ask permission of her parents."

"For me—unhappily—I have no one's permission to ask."

"If, then, you think to-morrow too soon, we will wait a few days. I will await your orders, and you shall tell me when to put on my white gloves. By-the-way, you must lend me the certificates of your birth, and several other indispensable papers."

"Whenever you want them; I have all my papers in a portfolio. You can take whichever are necessary."

The carriage stopped before the Baron's house. Gaston got out and walked home, to assure himself that he was not dreaming.

The next day the Baron came to get the certificate of his birth, and took away, as if by chance, all the other papers that were with it. He gave them all to Madame Benoit, who, with an excess of precaution, gave them to a keeper of records and a graduate of the School of Fine Arts, adjoining the Royal Library. The authenticity of the smallest paper was recognized and certified to. The Baron then made a formal demand, which was agreed to, as you may imagine. . . . .

The radiant widow was for a long time uncertain whether she would marry her daughter in Paris, or whether she would transfer this grand ceremony to the little church at Arlange. On the one hand, it would have been very flattering to have taken the principal altar in the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, and to astonish half the faubourg with the mass for matrimony; but on the other, she must take her revenge, and, to do that, it was necessary to efface in the country the last traces of the *Marquise of Kepry.* Madame Benoit decided then in favor of Arlange—but decided positively to return soon afterward to Paris. She wrote then as follows, to her coach-maker:

"M. BARNES—I leave here the fifth of May to marry my daughter, as you know, to the Marquis d'Outreville. As soon as I leave, I wish you to take all my carriages to do them up, and paint on them the inclosed arms. Further, I want you to make me, as soon as possible, an old-fashioned carriage—large, high, and of the most aristocratic shape that you can. The driver and footmen to be powdered with white—regulate yourself the harmony of colors."

The thought came over her, that it was her daughter who would introduce her to the coveted world—and it inspired her with tenderer feelings toward her. She wrote to Lucile, who had not been accustomed to such a display of feeling, as follows:

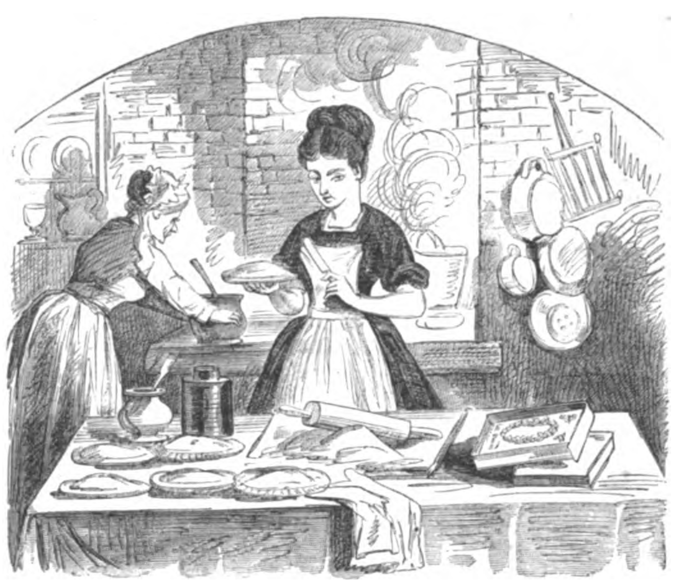
"My precious child, my darling one, my adored Lucile, I have found the marquis I have been looking for; you will be the Marquise d'Outreville. I have chosen him from a thousand—to have him worthy of you; he is young, handsome, talented, of an ancient aristocratic family, one of the noblest in France. Dear little one! your good fortune is made, and mine also, for I will not live away from you. You will soon come to Paris, you will leave that horrid Arlange, where you have lived like a beautiful butterfly in a black chrysalis; you will be received and fêted in all the best houses. I will lead you from pleasure to pleasure—from triumph to triumph. What a spectacle for a mother's eyes!"

(*To be continued.*)

◆

WELL-DOING.—The great high-road of human welfare lies along the old high-road of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort.

LUXURIES.—Luxuries soon cease to be sources of pleasure, and become mere necessaries, the possession of which gives no enjoyment, but the privation of which is a positive pain.



"WHO COULD HAVE SENT IT?"

LIZZIE BLAUVELT'S VALENTINE.

"LIZZIE! Lizzie! Lizzie! Come up-stairs; here is a parcel for you," screamed Miss Helen Blauvelt, forgetting her dignity in her extreme astonishment, and rushing from the hall-door to the top of the kitchen stairs.

A lower door opened and shut, an odor of cooking was wafted up through the house, and then a young girl, drying her hands in her cotton apron, appeared at the opening.

"You know it can't be for me, Helen, and the bread is nearly baked, and my pies are not finished, so I can't wait."

"But it must be yours; Miss Elizabeth Blauvelt, and the address in full. Don't stand there like a dunce, but come up and open it."

"Give it to me," cried Mrs. Blauvelt, appearing on the scene, followed by another daughter with a shawl thrown about her shoulders, and her long, fair hair streaming down her back. Surprise was written on every face, and without more ceremony Mrs. Blauvelt tore open the outside wrapper, and cut the slight cord tying the box that it contained. Lizzie, who had followed the others into the parlor, felt the blood tingling in her veins and reddening her pale cheeks, as her mother raised the lid and disclosed an exquisite valentine. Within a circle of delicate forget-me-nots, was painted a drooping lily-of-the-valley, with creamy buds and bright green leaves. Beneath was the motto—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"Well! I declare. I didn't know before, Lizzie, that *you* possessed an admirer," exclaimed Miss Augusta Blauvelt, tossing her head, and surveying her fine figure in the pier-glass.

"Who *could* have sent it?" questioned Lizzie, taking the box in her red hands, and surveying the treasure with glittering eyes.

"I am sure this is the first St. Valentine's Day, that I remember, that I have not had a valentine," sighed Helen, in an injured tone.

"Miss Lizzie, the bread is burning," screamed a voice from the foot of the stairs, and Lizzie hastened down, her box in her hand.

She placed it on the table where she could have it in sight, and went on with her work, her hands moving mechanically, her heart and brain in a whirl of bliss and excitement that they had never before experienced. While she rolled and cut the paste, filled the dishes with fruit and inspected them as they browned in the oven, her busy thoughts were engaged on the problem, "Who could have sent it?—who, in all the great, noisy world, cared sufficient for her to think of sending her such a costly, beautiful valentine?" In her mind she canvassed every one of the opposite sex that she could remember ever having spoken with. First came the boarders in the house. Mr. Turner was devoted to Helen, Mr. Graham had eyes for no one but Augusta.

Young Mr. Ayres, who occupied the third floor front, belonged to the upper ten, talked a great deal of his "set" in society, and always regarded her with a glance of supercilious contempt that roused her to indignation which could find vent only in helpless tears. She dared not complain of him, nor offend him; he was one of the best paying men in the house, and must be conciliated no matter at what cost. Mr. Sourberry was a cross, gouty old bachelor, always scolding and taking snuff; he had never spoken to her in all the months that he had been in the place.

Mr. Spare was a thin, lank young man, who liked to be called stylish. He wore the most fashionable clothes, prided himself on adopting the "*latest*" ten months sooner than anyone else, was delighted when well stared at, affected eye-glasses and a cane, and never had a cent to spend on any one but himself. Lizzie shook her head. There was no one in the house that would do it, she felt sure.

Outside of it, her acquaintances were limited. There was the clergyman of the parish, but he always looked at her through his spectacles inquiringly as if he had never seen her before, when she ventured near him; he was out of the question.

There was Mr. Blake, her old Sunday school teacher, but he was engaged to Miss White, and had only a cool bow for Miss Blauvelt when he met her. None remained but the butcher's boy, who always gazed awkwardly at her when she received the meat and vegetables; the baker's young man, who rather patronized her; the grocer's boy, who whistled and grinned to himself while she emptied his basket; and the gas-man, who rushed by her into the cellar without word or look, and left in the same uncouth manner.

Lizzie laughed to herself as these various personages flitted through her brain, and at last gave up guessing in utter despair.

Twenty times however, during that short winter day, did she open her box and peep in at her puzzling prize, on each occasion finding something new in it to admire and exclaim over.

Her sisters had gone out shopping and visiting, her mother was engaged up-stairs, so she worked on, aided or hindered, as the case might be, by the stupid, ignorant servant, the only domestic in the house.

It was late that day when dinner was over, and the boarders had dispersed. Lizzie had not found time to change her dress, so she ate her meal when the others were done, and then undertook her usual after-dinner employment. She brought in a large dish of hot water, and commenced washing the silver and china.

She was still bending over them when Augusta came running down the stairs and opened the door. The contrast between the two sisters, as they thus stood, was striking. Augusta was tall and fair, with a brilliant complexion and bright blue eyes. She was in a light silk, somewhat old and worn to be sure; but the faded parts were covered by a handsome cape, trimmed with lace and gay ribbon, and knots of the same color were fastened in her beautiful hair, and contrasted with her round white throat.

Lizzie was short and thin, her skin was colorless, her dark abundant hair was twisted carelessly around her small head, anyway so that it would keep up. Her eyes, under other circumstances, would have made amends for all shortcomings; they were large, soft, and of a dark gray, but they seldom sparkled with mirth or shone with joy. Sadness was usually expressed in their quiet depths. An old merino dress that had never been made for her hung loosely from her small form, and a faded shawl was tied at her waist.

She took her rough hands, coarse and red with toil, out of the steaming dish, and regarded them sorrowfully while Augusta spoke.

"Lizzie, can't you come up-stairs? Mr. Dalton wants to see you."

"Mr. Dalton!" cried Lizzie. "Why I thought he was in California."

"Well, so he was there, but he came home this week. You talk so stupidly. Can you come up? He has asked for you several times."

"I don't see what he wants with me."

"Neither do I, I'm sure," retorted Augusta angrily. "Mother sent me for you, and you had better come up. He may want to board here again."

"Isn't Helen there?" asked Lizzie.

"No, she went to see 'Rosedale' with Mr. Turner. Mr. Graham is in the parlor, and I don't want to have to entertain Mr. Dalton. I wonder is he richer than when he went away. He has a great diamond pin, and a mighty pretty ring on his finger; but of course they may be paste. Will you come?"

"No, I can not. Tell mother I am sorry, but my hair isn't fixed; and just look at my feet. I have no good shoes to put on, and I don't want him to see me in these."

Lizzie put out her foot as she spoke, displaying a small gaiter boot, in holes at the sides and broken at the sole.

Augusta looked annoyed, and left the room without another word. Her own feet were set off by a pair of elegantly fitting boots, with bugled rosettes shining over the arched instep. She returned to the parlor, and, taking up her fancy-work, a rich anti-maccassar, resumed her seat in the cheerful circle.

Mr. Dalton, a quiet, self-possessed looking man of thirty-five years, sat on for some time, talking with Mrs. Blauvelt, and at last rose to go, without, however, alluding to a wish to return to the house as a boarder.

Lizzie was asleep when her mother went up to her room, her hands clasped above her head, her thick hair unwound and falling in wavy lines over her pillow. A smile, caused by pleasant dreams, softened the small mouth, and dimpled the colorless cheeks; for the time, the dreamer was beyond the effects of her daily trials and efforts.

The Blauvelts, at one time, had been somebodies, and had held up their heads with the highest. Mr. Blauvelt's fate was that of thousands of our merchants, who occupy elegant houses, and live up to their means, if not beyond them. A financial crisis engulfed him in its waves, and left no trace behind of the once solvent house of Blauvelt & Co. His failure was a *bad one*, as they say in mercantile language, and completely destroyed his old hope and energy.

Mrs. Blauvelt found refuge in that crowded haven for women possessing good business talents, and a number of pretty, helpless daughters. She retained her handsome, well-furnished residence, and turned every room to account by taking gentlemen boarders. As the years went by, she managed, as the saying is, "*to get along.*" Her husband survived the wreck of his fortunes but a few years, and his death rather lightened than increased his wife's difficulties.

She was a shrewd, indefatigable, unscrupulous woman, and trouble had obliterated all that was soft and romantic in her nature, and brought out the worse lines in her character. For years her husband had been a mere incumbrance to her, and Lizzie, who was a little girl of five at the time of her father's failure, was looked upon in much the same light.

She did not promise to be a beauty, like her elder sisters, and she had to be fed, clothed and educated a little, without any hope for future reward for the expenditure. As she grew up, she gradually became the drudge of the household, a sort of upper servant, who could be trusted and relied upon in her mother's house.

Her sisters helped their mother in the lighter household duties; they were dressed becomingly and fashionably; they could indulge in expensive ornaments and fancy-work, while Lizzie went in clothes not made for her, old shoes and gloveless hands. They were attractive, had numerous beaux, unlimited attention, and went to opera, theater, concert and ball, as is the custom with young ladies of the present day.

Lizzie was never seen in the parlor, scarcely ever in the dining-room; when her work in the kitchen was done for the night, there were always numberless articles that required mending; her clever hands and quick needle saved her mother many dollars to expend in finery for her pretty Helen and stately Augusta.

By dint of economizing here, pinching there, and expending somewhere else, Mrs. Blauvelt kept up a good appearance, and had already succeeded in marrying her eldest daughter, Louisa, to a short, coarse-looking, middle-aged man, with glasses, a red wig, and half a million in various securities.

Mr. Perkins lavished thousands on his young wife, but took good care that his mother-in-law should not be benefited by Louisa's grand match.

Louisa drove her own ponies, and reclined gracefully in her luxurious carriage. She draped costly shawls about her well-formed shoulders, and wore the heaviest of moires and the prettiest of laces. She had diamonds that glittered on her white hands, at her swan-like throat, on her rounded arms, and in her coral ears. She had all these, together with a brown-stone mansion, furnished from kitchen to garret with black walnut, rosewood and brocatelle; and yet, she was not happy. She had a coarse-minded, uneducated husband, and she had no child to inherit the Perkins' money and real estate.

The morning after St. Valentine's day, she ordered her carriage, and, having done some shopping, arrived at her mother's door, just as the family were going to their early lunch.

Mrs. Blauvelt received her with delight and many kisses. What could be more gratifying than to have a private carriage, with servants in livery standing at the door for half an hour—their owner her own daughter?

"Will you come down and have some lunch with us?" asked Mrs. Blauvelt, as Mrs. Perkins sailed into the parlor, her dress rustling, her feathers shaking, her ornaments glittering.

"Thank you, ma, I have just left Maillard's. I had a delicious one there. I am hurried, so if you like I will sit with you and talk while you eat.'

The three sisters were seated at the table when the two ladies rustled in, discussing some cold meat, left from the dinner of the previous day, with cheese, bread and butter, and coffee. Helen and Augusta were neat enough in their woolen morning dresses and becomingly arranged hair, but poor Lizzie felt the hot blood creeping to her cheeks as Louisa's critical eyes scanned her from head to foot. She hurried through her meal, while the usual conversation went on, an interminable relation of all the places the sisters had visited, what they had said and done, above all, what they had worn since their last meeting. Then they examined and went into transports of delight over a new velvet cloak of Louisa's that Mr. Perkins had just purchased for her, and discussed the trimmings of her little hat.

"Oh, I knew I had something to tell you," cried Louisa during a lull in the acclamations. "Do you recollect that quiet, silent individual that boarded here when Mr. Perkins came—Mr. Dalton? Well, we saw him in the street two days ago, looking just the same as ever, but Mr. Perkins heard all about him from a gentleman that is very intimate with him. It seems, that while he was in San Francisco, some old uncle or grandfather, I don't remember which, died here and left him no end of money. That is what brought him home."

"He was here last night," said Helen, "but he did not tell us anything about his reasons for returning."

"Was he?" ejaculated Louisa. "I hope you made yourself agreeable. No doubt he will marry now; he always was so very domestic."

"He was uncomfortably so," said Augusta. "I often wished him in the Red Sea when he persisted in sitting in the parlor, and Mr. Perkins dying to be alone with you so he could propose."

"Well, what did he say?" questioned Louisa.

"Oh, not much," replied Augusta. "Helen went out, as Mr. Graham was talking to me, so mother had the flirtation pretty much to herself. He asked several times for Lizzie, but she was, as usual, not to be seen; so he left early."

"Asked for Lizzie! Isn't that comical?" said Louisa.

"Lizzie waited on him that time he was sick," said Mrs. Blauvelt; "she used to bring him his soup, and find out what he liked in the way of food. I was not able to fly up and down the stairs, and the servant was noisy and distracted his head. No doubt he wanted to thank her for her kindness to him."

"What used he say to you?" asked Louisa, turning her bright, black eyes on Lizzie's face.

Lizzie neither colored nor looked embarrassed, as Louisa meant she should. Their rude jokes never had the power to move her.

"Nothing of much consequence, as I don't recollect a single sentence."

"She was such a child," said her mother, "not more than sixteen, and she would pass for much younger."

"I wasn't much of a child at sixteen," retorted Louisa.

"No, but you had superior advantages—beauty and accomplishments. It makes a great difference in girls. Lizzie is eighteen, and has never been out an evening in her life."

"It is about time for her to commence, if she ever expects to marry. She has some beauty, if it was cultivated," went on Louisa.

Lizzie had quietly left the room, and was mixing puddings, out of hearing.

"Yes, but two girls are enough to have out at one time. Lizzie don't look her age, and if Helen or Augusta marries well, I shall try and do better by the child. Just at present she would be right in our way."

"She is looking very delicate; even Mr. Perkins remarked it the other night."

Mrs. Blauvelt shrugged her shoulders and smiled satirically. "He has never helped to lighten our cares, though you have been married four years, and in all that time I don't think he has spent ten dollars on us."

"Well, mother, he took me off your hands. I know he is not disposed to be generous out of his own house. I have to account for every cent I spend, and that is anything but agreeable. When he is angry he scolds and swears so much that I hate to irritate him. Of course, he always makes up for his unkindness by giving me a costly present; still I think I would prefer fewer jewels and fewer scenes."

"You are so pretty, Lou," said Augusta, glancing admiringly at Mrs. Perkins, "I don't see how he can find fault with you."

"Oh, it is easy enough; no doubt I do provoke him without intending it. He is fearfully jealous of me, and sometimes I forget it, and talk and laugh with younger men. Whatever you do, girls, never marry for money; it may seem delightful to wear costly clothes, and expensive jewelry, but one grows tired of it after a while, and longs for some one to love and understand one's thoughts and feelings."

"Nonsense, Louisa; don't grow sentimental. Your husband loves you."

"Yes, after his own fashion. He loves my beauty, and is proud of exhibiting it, but the weight of the dresses and shawls seems, sometimes, to rest on my heart and press me down, and then the diamonds mock me with their brilliancy."

"I declare, Louisa, you shock me!" exclaimed her mother, as Louisa burst into tears and laid her head on Lizzie's shoulder. She had come in, attracted by the words she heard.

The much admired, bitterly envied Mrs. Perkins had her cry out on Lizzie's sympathizing breast, and then, having bathed her eyes and shaken out her disordered dress, she returned to her carriage, taking Helen and Augusta with her, and set out for her afternoon ride in the park.

The following Saturday proved wet and cold during the morning, and Lizzie, dreading the sharp air, postponed her usual errands until the late dinner was over. It had become clear and promised to be star-light, but under foot it was damp and slippy.

Lizzie threw a much-worn waterproof of her mother's over her old dress, drew over-shoes on her little feet, and her hair being, for a wonder, becomingly dressed, she borrowed a plain hat of Helen's, and fastened it securely to her dark braids. Thus arrayed she started on her usual round, and, having paid the baker and grocer their week's bill, and ordered what she needed fof the ensuing day, she set off for home, walking briskly against the clear, frosty air. It was after eight, but the streets were bright with lighted stores, and full of people bent on errands similar to her own.

She passed several windows still filled with valentines, and loitered to examine them, searching in vain for one that would compare with her own treasure.

As she turned from one of them, she was startled by hearing an unfamiliar voice addressing her by name. Looking up quickly, there stood Mr. Dalton, his hat in one hand, the other extended in a most friendly manner.

Confused and blushing at this unwonted attention, Lizzie hurriedly put her hand in his, hoping that the miserable old glove on it would escape his notice.

He drew her hand to his arm, saying as he did so, "I was just going to your house. Are you on your way home?"

"Yes," faltered Lizzie, painfully conscious that his keen eyes were wandering over her dowdy little figure. She raised hers, however, courageously to his face, and met a glance of combined tenderness and admiration that thrilled her from head to foot.

"You are cold," exclaimed Mr. Dalton, feeling her tremble. "You are too young, too delicate to be out these bitter nights. I wish you would give me the right to protect you from future trouble, to take you out of your present sad condition. I have not been blind, even if I have been silent," he went on in suppressed, passionate tones. "I did not live a year in your mother's house without thoroughly understanding your position and treatment in it. I learned to appreciate your virtues also, your sweet temper, your perfect unselfishness. I went away for no other purpose than to earn the means to take you to a home of your own. I have worked for two years for that end successfully. Lately, fortune came to me from an unexpected source, and I did not lose a moment in coming back to the city that contained my treasure.

"The other night when your sister excused you so gracefully under the false plea of a head-ache, I felt that you were down-stairs as usual, slaving, and exhausting your strength for her benefit. To-night I set out again determined on seeing you, no matter in what dress. I was thinking of you when I caught a glimpse of your pale face gazing at those valentines. I would have known you anywhere, although you are much thinner than when I went away. I have never forgotten your care of me when I was so sick, and if you will be my wife, I shall take care of you as long as I live."

Could this be "that quiet individual," of whom Louisa spoke, this excited, earnest man, with bright, flashing eyes, and flushed cheeks? Lizzie, surprised and affected by his emotion, found no words to answer him, but she clung to his arm, faint with excess of joy, and listened with downcast eyes and blushing face to his strange words.

The house reached, Mr. Dalton let Lizzie escape to her room, and then asked for Mrs. Blauvelt. That lady heard his communication with feelings hard to describe. Astonishment gave way to anger, which, in time, changed to extreme delight. Here was her plain, ignorant child suddenly transformed into a jewel of great price, and about to be provided for without an effort on her part to bring it about. Mr. Dalton was taking every anxiety off her mind. He was firm in demanding a quiet wedding, with no one present but the relatives on both sides, and wished it at an early day. He announced his intention of taking his bride South for the winter, not being satisfied with her state of health. He left Mrs. Blauvelt nothing to do or think of but the mere fact of preparing wedding-dresses and a wedding-breakfast; and, having arranged matters to his satisfaction, he took his leave, saying that he would call on Lizzie the following afternoon.

Helen's and Augusta's exclamations of wonder must be left to the imagination. Lizzie scarcely had time to listen to them, for her marriage was to take place in two weeks; the number of things to be done was past counting; and, to add to the confusion, Mr. Dalton persisted in driving her out every afternoon, in the interval.

Owing to the rides, and her extreme happiness, she agreeably disappointed the calculations of both lover and relatives by looking equally pretty and interesting on her wedding-day.

Mr. Perkins, with characteristic generosity, suddenly discovered that he had always liked "dear little Lizzie," and forthwith proceeded to "Stewart's," from which emporium he sent her a bridal dress of the richest silk, and a vail of exquisite texture and beauty. Not contented with this, he visited "Ball & Black's," and ordered a gorgeous silver service, with shield and monogram complete.

"Dalton is deuced rich," he explained to his surprised Louisa. "We must do the right thing by them."

The ceremony was over, the breakfast discussed, the cake almost demolished, and Lizzie, in her gray traveling-dress, was receiving good-by kisses and congratulations, when she suddenly remembered something, and left the room. She returned in a moment, carrying a small box in her hand.

"I am sorry, but will you open the trunk for me? I forgot this when we were packing it."

She spoke to her husband, who was standing in the hall near the bright, new trunk, on which was lettered, "Mrs. Arthur Dalton, New York."

"What is it," he asked, bending to do as she requested.

"My valentine," Lizzie said, blushing. "I could not leave it behind. Something might happen it."

"Your valentine? Pray where did it come from, that it is such a treasure?"

"I think you know as well as I do," Lizzie replied, her face lighting up with a happy smile.

◆

WHISPERED AT TWILIGHT.

BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

OPEN thine arms, my gentle wife,
And kiss me oft and oft;
Those kisses are my wine of life,
Its food, thy words so soft.
Oh! how I thrill and tremble still,
Love, at thy fond caress!
In gather'd years I ne'er have grown,
Dear wife, to love thee less.

FOR thou hast been my counselor,
Friend, guide, love, sweetheart, all,
Cheering my flagging footsteps on,
Lest, weary, I should fall.
I can not find a hasty word,
A gloomy look or cold;
And all the treasure memory grasps
Is pure as purest gold.

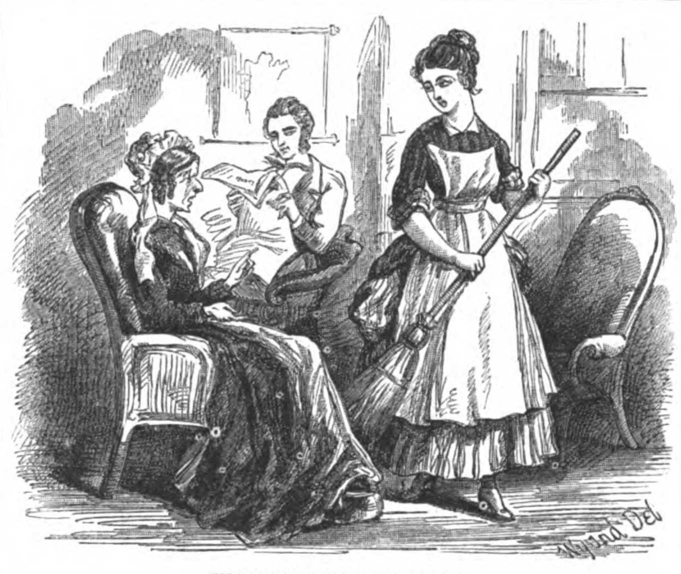
AND while I clasp thee, dearest, thus,
Look down and let us see,
Sleeping, and smiling as she sleeps,
Love's loveliest mystery.
The light of other, holier worlds
Is beauteous on her brow;
Remembered sounds of angel-spheres
Cradle our darling now.

I READ the page of happy days
That God will make her own;
She will be blest, as we are blest,
My fair, my precious one!
And for this boon of hallowed love—
This crown of marriage-life,
Bend and embrace me while I give
Another kiss, dear wife.

◆

THE Red Wing (Minn.) *Argus* tells of a young woman in East Red Wing who is building her own house. Failing to obtain competent workmen, she discharged the incompetent ones she had employed, and is doing the work without help.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.—The overseers of the borough of Southwark have consented to put the names of the women householders of their borough on the register of voters. The overseers of Hillingdon, in West Middlesex, have done the same.



MRS. BRANSCOMBE AND SARAH.

Acting Charade.—Proposal.

BY M. C. W.

Characters—MR. LINTON—MRS. LINTON—MISS SARAH LINTON—MRS. BRANSCOMBE—EDGAR BRANSCOMBE.

SCENE 1ST.—PRO.

(*Mrs. Linton and Sarah engaged in conversation*).

MRS. LINTON.—Now, Sarah, let us talk over the *pros* and *cons* of this matter of your going out to do house-work.

Sarah.—I know how it is with you, mother: you are all *con.* Let me give you the pros. Well then, *Pro. 1st.* I'm eighteen, and ought to take care of myself, for I know father can't afford to take care of me. *Pro 2d.* I'm not needed at home, and can do nothing here to earn anything to buy me such things as I want. *Pro 3d.* I'm better fitted to do house-work than anything else, for I have no taste for teaching, and sewing I could not follow as a business. It would kill me in three weeks.

Mrs. L.—But it seems as though it was rather coming down in the world for you to go doing house-work.

Sarah.—I think not, mother; and here's another *pro.* Those who think less of me because I work out for a living are welcome to their opinion, for I can afford to lose such shallow friends. Why is the broom any more disreputable than the needle? Any sensible person will think better of me for trying to do for myself, instead of staying at home dependent on father, when his health is poor and his business so unprofitable. I know he is perplexed for money all the while, and it will lighten his load just so much, if I take care of myself.

Mrs. L.—But where can you find a place to work?

Sarah.—Plenty of them everywhere, mother; and just now I know of an excellent place—excellent for the pay, I mean—though I suppose I shall have to work pretty hard.

Mrs. L.—Where is it?

Sarah.—At the widow Branscombe's. Her servant-girl is going away next week, and she is looking for another.

Mrs. L.—Sarah Linton! What are you thinking of? She is a terribly tyrannical woman over her help, makes perfect slaves of them, never lets them eat at her table, or treats them as equals at all.

Sarah.—I know all that, mother; but she pays higher wages than any one else, so I can afford to sacrifice some pride. I expect to be a servant indeed, but I can endure it for the pay.

Mrs. L.—But see here, Sarah; here's a *con* for you. Edgar Branscombe has been quite attentive to you, and I've thought he might, some time, ask you to be his wife. I know he is pleased with you; but, if you go to drudge in his mother's kitchen, he will never look at you again.

Sarah.—He needn't. There's a *pro* instead of a *con.* If Edgar Branscombe despises me for being his mother's servant-girl, then he's no true man, and I should never want to be his wife.

Mrs. L.—Well, well, don't say any more about the matter now. Talk it over with your father.

(*End of Scene 1st.*)

SCENE 2d.—PO.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Linton, and Sarah.*)

Sarah.—Father, what do you think of my going out to do housework?

Mr. L.—Poh! poh! it's a ridiculous idea.

Sarah.—You always poh at everything. But I'm in earnest now, father. I'm going to work out this very summer.

Mrs. L.—She has her place all selected and plans all laid. What do you think of that?

Mr. L.—Poh! not much to that, I guess.

Sarah.—It is all true, father. I'm going to the widow Branscombe's to work, next week; and I'm to have three dollars a week, too.

Mr. L.—I guess you'd get your three dollars worth every week. Such a scold as she is!

Mrs. L.—So I tell her; but she don't mind it at all. I don't imagine she'd stay many weeks.

Sarah.—If I have my health, I shall stay all summer, unless she turns me off.

Mr. L.—Poh! I guess you would. How would you like to hear that young Edgar, who has waited on you so much, order you to black his boots?

Sarah.—He won't do that, father; I know him too well. I expect to meet with some trials from Mrs. Branscombe, but I'll put up with anything for the sake of making money.

Mrs. L.—We'll let her try it, if she is so determined. I shall be sure and tell people that it is none of my doings.

Sarah.—I'm not afraid to take the responsibility and incur the disgrace.

Mr. L.—That's very easily said, but you'll know better when you've tried it. Come, let's have tea; I'm hungry as a hunter.

(*End of Scene 2d.*)

SCENE 3d.—SAL.

(*Mrs. Branscombe sitting in state. Edgar reading a newspaper. Sarah Linton standing in working-dress.*)

Mrs. B.—Your name is Sarah, I believe.

Sarah.—Yes, ma am.

Mrs. B.—Well, I shall call you Sal. I always call my girls by names of one syllable. My last girl was Mehitable, and I always called her Hit; and the one before was Catharine, and I called her Cat.

Sarah.—I will try to remember; but I may, sometimes. fail to answer, not being accustomed to the name.

Mrs. B.—You'll soon learn it. Well, now, Sal, you may go out and get the broom, and let me see you sweep this floor. I'm very particular about my sweeping. (*Exit Sarah, and returns with a broom.*) Begin here at this corner, and sweep lengthways of the boards; that's my golden rule in sweeping—never sweep across a board. (*Sarah commences to sweep, just behind Edgar, who does not move.*) Edgar will you move your chair; don't you see Sal is sweeping?

Edgar.—(*Moving his chair a little.*) I beg your pardon, ladies.

Mrs. B.—There's only one lady here, as I see. Sal, you have left some dust on that narrow board behind you; take shorter strokes, and more of them in a place. Edgar, be good enough to move again?

Edgar.—(*Moving.*) Anything to oblige Miss Linton.

Mrs. B.—There's no one here of that name. Sal, Sal, you are so forgetful, sweeping right across the boards. There's a hair on that board. Pick it up and wind it around your finger, and go out and put it into the stove. I never allow hairs on my floor. (*Sarah obeys, then resumes sweeping.*) Edgar, will you move out of the way?

Edgar.—(*Moving again.*) Certainly, mother.

Mrs. B.—Oh, Sal, there you are sweeping across the boards again.

Sarah.—I don't know how I can avoid it, now I have swept it all to this end of the room. How else can I get it together?

Mrs. B.—Nothing easier. Take it up on the dust-pan from each board separately. You may go out now to the kitchen and get the dust-pan. Before you bring it in, wash it in suds, scald it, wipe it on a dry cloth, and dry it by the stove, and do the same after you use it. Never forget to do that every time, before and after using. (*Exit Sarah.*)

Edgar.—(*Laughing.*) Mother, I think you are the neatest woman that ever lived. What's the use of washing a dust-pan so carefully before you use it?

Mrs. B.—That's a man's question—so simple! Don't you see that the cleaner it is the less dust will stick to it, and the more likely she will be to get it clean afterward?

Edgar.—Oh, my patience! I'm glad I'm not your servant-girl. Now, mother, this girl isn't like the Dutch and Irish ignoramuses that you usually have, and you ought to treat her differently. She is educated and refined, and deserves to be recognized as a lady, whatever work she does.

Mrs. B.—That makes no difference; she comes to do my drudgery, and must expect to be treated as a servant.

Edgar.—Well, mother, do leave off one thing—don't call her Sal; it must be very disagreeable to her.

Mrs. B.—I'll risk her, whatever name I call her. I should think my life was hard enough without your aggravating it.

Edgar.—I didn't wish to aggravate it, I'm sure. I wish you would give up the care of your work, and rest in your old age.

Mrs. B.—And so I will, and gladly, when you will take a wife to relieve me from it.

Edgar.—Will you? I'll do it, then. Though, as the other fellow said: "Whose wife shall I take?" However, I'll make it my first business to engage in the matter, I promise you.

Mrs. B.—You'll succeed well enough, if you only try, and I shall be so relieved when I can throw the care of my house on some one else.

(*End of Scene 3d.*)

SCENE 4TH—PROPOSAL.

Tableau, representing Sarah, in her working-dress, while Edgar kneels at her feet, holding one hand in his.

END.

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM ITALY.

"THIS is the fourth day of the storm, and this afternoon we have, at last, a blue sky, full of rosy clouds, and a lake as still as glass. For three days the clouds have seemed determined they would not yield their ground. If for a minute they did give us a glimpse of the glories they were hiding, they soon rolled down again, thicker than ever. Four days seem to be about the usual length of rain-storms in Italy. They are none of the make-believe sort; when they begin they continue to the end, as though the very gates of heaven were opened for another flood, and when they have passed, you should see the long white lines of the torrents plunging down the mountain-sides. Not all you have ever read or dreamed of can equal the exceeding beauty and the soft, enchanting loveliness of these Italian lakes. The mountains, for the most part, rise abruptly from the shores, their bases clothed with tender green, and their tops of slate and granite making a beautiful line against the sky. Wherever there is a foot-hold upon the mountain-sides you will see a little cluster of houses around their church and bell-tower, and from every direction you hear, at all hours of the day and night, their musical chimes, softened by distance. If at evening you chance to pass over, you will see throngs of the simple-minded people, devoutly kneeling, while the fathers, in their white robes and in clouds of incense, perform their rites before the high altars. With the Ave Maria ends the toil of the day, and after that, you may see them in companies, and singly, sitting and walking in the narrow, ill-paved streets, looking as happy and contented as you please. You can not think how lovely it is to sit here by my open window and look off to the mountains, some snow-clad, the nearer ones with soft undulating lines upon the higher and more distant ones; little hamlets peeping from the trees, and the crystal Lago Maggiore reflecting earth and sky, making a sweet, musical sound, as it washes over the pebbly beach; the little boats moored here and there, waiting to convey people to the Isola Bella; and the garden full of ladies and children. I ought not to omit the inevitable hand-organ, a crazy old thing, played by a poor old hump-backed man in a scarlet jacket, small-clothes, and comical shaped hat.

"Between Como and Maggiore is still another little lake, whose name I have forgotten, but the loveliest of the three, smaller than either of the other two, lying at the foot of its mountains like the very "smile of God," and seeming the very home of cool breezes and sweet odors.

"But of all we have seen, in England, Scotland, Switzerland and Italy, we like Rome best. Until you have been there, you can never know what a charm the grand old city has of its own

"People are often disappointed at first; the streets are so narrow and filthy, the houses, even in modern Rome, so dingy and comfortless-looking, and everywhere about the streets such pitiful objects begging, your heart turns sick to see human creatures brought to such a wretched pass, for, of all wretched-looking things, a Roman beggar exceeds anything you can imagine. But if you will picture to yourself all this, and then the grand, gloomy palaces, its wonderful ruins and arches, the old walls, the aqueducts, striding over the Campagna, and, over it all, the deep vivid blue of an Italian sky, with sunshine glorifying it all, you will come as near to seeing Rome by proxy as is possible."

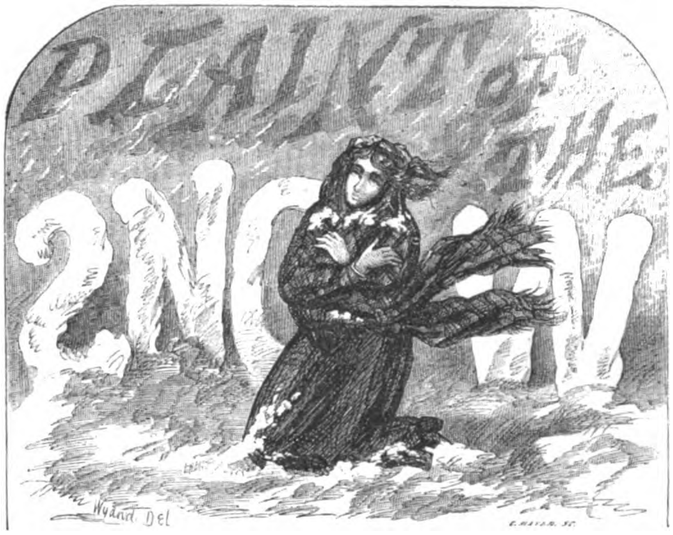
A REMINISCENCE.

BY ANNA DAYTON WALKER.

A BRIGHT spring morning, the sun shining brightly, birds singing sweetly, and nature habited in emerald verdure; little Annie came into my room like a ray of sunlight to gladden my heart, for I was an invalid.

How well do I remember her sweet face and winning ways! She was robed in white, fleecy muslin, tied at the waist with a pretty blue sash; her hair, in color golden brown, nestled in tiny rings about her fair brow; her eyes dark, bright blue, were full of baby glee. She flitted about the room like a bird; at length spying a glass of water which had been placed upon the table, she exclaimed:—"Pitty water, Annie love pitty water!" She came trotting up to the bed for a farewell kiss, said cunningly—"Annie bing auntie dink pitty water," seized the glass, and was gone before I could utter a detaining word.

About half an hour later I was roused from a light slumber by the voice of the child's mother, who said, as she opened the door, "What! Annie not here? Where can she be?" She hurried away at once to search for the little one. A great fear came over my heart as I remembered the last words of the child as she left my presence, for near the house was a stream deep enough to drown our treasure. I recalled how she liked to go to the "riber" when her dear voice had persuaded some one of the older members of the family to take her there. Why had I not thought of this sooner, and given an alarm? Alas! illness had weakened my strength both bodily and mental. I shudder to think how well grounded were my fears. On the mossy bank of the streamlet they found the glass the wee, dimpled hands had carried thither, and beneath the clear water slept our Annie, only one hour before so lovely, so joyous, now how changed! The dear little form, the white baby-face were motionless; death had come unheralded, and stolen our infant. The tiny, wet form was borne homeward, physicians were summoned that they might try to restore the precious life, but all was vain, for angels had taken the spirit, and the dark grave waited to receive the beautiful clay. How early God had called her to walk beside the crystal sea, and drink the pure waters of everlasting life!



PLAINT OF THE SNOW.

BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

A VOICE that seems a human voice,
That sighs with human sigh,
Comes near my door. Close, close it comes:
The winds alone reply.

It moans. Soft! I can hear it moan;
It says: "It was not well
To send me from the realm above,
My home, from whence I fell.

"I MINGLE with the sordid earth;
Not thus I left the sky.
I was pure white; and now the mire
Is scarce more foul than I.

"The slightest stain my whiteness mars;
Lilies and I are one
In this: that all our purity
With but a part is gone.

"PEARLS, lilies, snow, are purest things;
White flame, the vestal glow.
The mystic flower is chastity,
The fire 'is pure as snow.'

"On hallowed earth its robe of white
Is fairest vesture-fold;
What sanctity its garments hath—
The purest, though so cold!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A FANCY! I have slept and dreamed,
Dreamed while the snow-drift grew;
And yet that voice, that human voice—
Hark! hark! It comes anew!

Or can it be yon woman's voice,
Who crouches in the snow?
"O God! the past—blot out the past!
I was not always so!"

TATTERED her garments, worn her frame;
No home, at midnight's hour!
Fiercer the raging of the blast,
Darker the storm-clouds lower.

"Won to believe *him* heaven—O God!
To trust, and give, alas!
My woman's heart; he shattered it
As reveler the glass."

THE Spirit of the Snow replies:
"So mourn, so languish I;
The whitest flower that God has made
Was scarce so white as I.

"But, when I touched the earth beneath,
I lost that purity;
I mingled with the mire and moil—
I changed, and ceased to be."

"I AM no more," the voice replies,
The woman's feeble tone;
"For what is woman when the flower
Of chastity is gone?

"The storm is wild—well! morning's light
Will find me cold and still.
Helpless, I die! Offended God,
I bow me to thy will!"

NO, no! He knoweth how you fell—
Man, *man* created sin.
Oh, open wide, dividing door,
And let the wanderer in!

THE MATCH-MAKER.

BY JEROME.

"FOLLOW him—follow him!" said my aunt, in a hoarse whisper, as she rushed into the room where I was sewing, and, clinching my arm, almost dragged me to the door. Equally terrified and bewildered, I attempted to ask who and where.

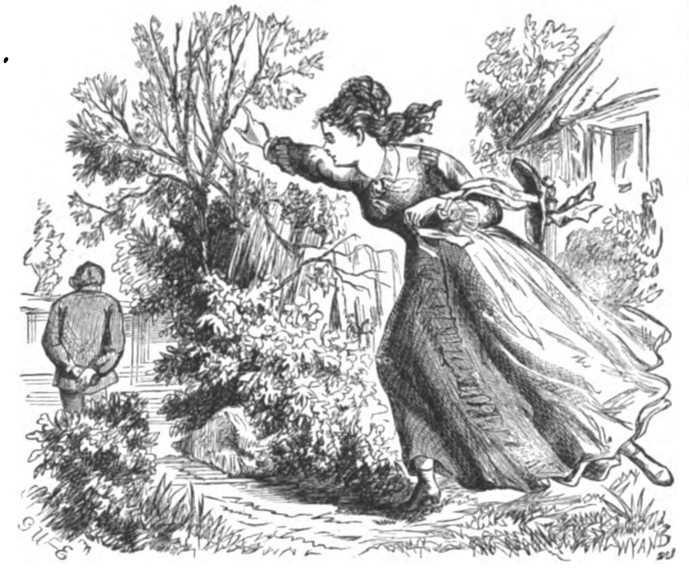
"Don't stop to ask questions—don't you see? There!" she said, pointing down the path, but still detaining me.

Looking in the direction indicated, I saw my handsome cousin Sol, bare-headed, and hands clasped behind him—slowly, with the air of one who sees not whither he is going—walking toward the gate. My aunt held her breath as he entered the road.

"Look! Which way does he turn? Yes," she gasped still more excitedly, "just as I thought, he has gone to the river! Oh, that wicked girl, what won't she have to answer for! Now, do you cut across lots and head him off. *I* darn't go, for I never did have much influence with the poor boy. If I had it might have been better; and don't lose sight of him for one instant. His life is in your hands!"

I sped. What passed through my mind in those few seconds I can not tell, simply because I do not know. It was one intense confusion. The only clear instinct was haste. Instead of striking the road ahead of, and waylaying the object of my pursuit, I was surprised by finding him a few rods in advance of me, but walking at the same pace, and in precisely the same attitude that I had noticed as he descended the path. To have accomplished this without having accelerated his pace in the interim was impossible. Taking advantage of the screening bushes, he must have made what to me seemed supernatural speed in gaining his present point, yet now he would seem in no haste. Clearly he knew he was pursued. "They are always cunning," I said to myself, with horror at what was embodied in the word "they."

A sudden shock to one's nerves may render them helpless; but real danger nerves us to the full possession and keenest mastering of our faculties. "His life is in your hands," my aunt had said; then I must hold it. I saw not definitely how, but I had a grand sense of being master of the situation. All



THE PURSUIT.

are blest with little nicks of time in which they are heroes. If ever I was a hero, it was then. So excited am I still at the remembrance of that chase, that I can not restrain myself to its detail. I must hasten on. He had gained the river—I should say *we*, for I was at his side. Not till he reached the very brink did he stop. "Sol," I said softly, (a loud voice might startle him,) "cousin Sol, don't make a noise, please. A robin has just flown to its nest in that tree, and I want to watch it." I pointed to a large tree behind me, with one hand, while I slipped the other cautiously through his arm.

"Ye gods and cousin Clara!" exclaimed Sol, as he turned upon me two great blue eyes, not wild with the vacancy of insanity, but, if I could trust my own, brimful of fun. "If I didn't think you were aunt Hetty! and was just at war between inclination and prudence as to whether I could afford to spoil a suit of clothes for her benefit. Your timely presence cut short the argument. My beloved cousin, you have saved me from a watery joke, which would have resulted in a tailor's inquest. Let me embrace you!"

Though pretty much reassured at heart, I had no notion of being embraced by even a possible maniac. I hastily receded a few steps, and assumed offended dignity at his mistake.

"That shows how much notice you must have taken of *me;* you don't know us apart yet."

"Is not that her gown?" said he, with melo-dramatic tone and gesture.

Sure enough, I had on one of aunt's morning wrappers, and that had misled him.

"Now confess, was it you or aunt Hetty that rushed so frantically across the lot and scaled the wall? I thought it wonderful agility for a rheumatic. 'Twas you, you sinner, and you came mighty near heading me off. Come now, you might as well own up, and tell me what you came here for. She sent you to follow me, didn't she? Oh, that's rich!" and he threw himself on the grass and fairly rolled with laughter.

"Sit down, cousin Clara, please do; I've something to tell you."

I remarked, as I took the proffered seat beside him, that I thought his conduct *might* admit of some slight explanation; but I could not restrain laughter—he was irresistible.

"Here, read this letter—that will explain," said he. "But first, let me premise a little. You don't know aunt Het. as well as I do. Well then, let me tell you that the longer you know her, the better you will love her. She's the dearest, good-natured-est, kind-hearted-est, most obliging-est aunty that ever was born; *but she's the biggest match-maker in this town,* and that's saying more than you, unsophisticated maiden, can comprehend. Now, don't be shocked. I've as much respect for her as you have, but I owe her this one, as you shall see. There, what think you of that?" said he, reverently drawing a crimson velvet case from his pocket and unclasping it for me.

"She's a beauty in face. Has she a figure to match?"

"Of course she has, and a heart more beautiful still."

"And you have stolen it?"

"*She* says so. And as conscience won't let me keep it from her, I'm going to steal *her* next week."

"Really, are you to be married, and so soon?"

"Really, I am. I meant to have made a confidant of you before; but aunt Hetty has followed us so close I have had no chance. She don't approve of cousins marrying, as I presume she has told you before this time." He looked at me roguishly, and I am afraid I blushed sufficiently to prove his conjecture right; for, on my first arrival, one week before, aunt Hetty had admonished me that cousin Sol was very susceptible, and I must not put myself much in his way.

"Who is she?" I asked, still looking at the picture.

"Paul, I call her. Her name is Pauline Gray."

"I have heard all about her. But aunt Hetty said nothing about your being married."

"Of course not. She don't dream such a thing. And I verily believe it will be the first matrimonial prospectus in this county that she hasn't ferreted out."

"Aunt told me that Miss Gray boarded with her one season."

"Yes, she was very much elated at the prospect of boarding the school-mistress, and I had heard so much of her good qualities before she came, that I had made up my mind to detest her. But, on the contrary, I was charmed at first sight. She seemed entirely unaffected, and so affable, I promised myself a world of pleasure in her society. I found it more than pleasure—it was life. But in a few weeks her manner was entirely changed. From the first, aunt Hetty had beset me to set my cap for her, and was continually throwing us together at the most inopportune times, to the great annoyance, as I afterward learned, of both. One afternoon I had hurried home to finish a game of chess with Paul. I was impatiently waiting her return from school, and aunt Hetty, as usual, was rallying me upon my fair prospects. It was rather a delicate subject to have thrust upon me at all times, and I determined to put a stop to it.

"'Don't be forever pestering me about the school-marm,' said I, most disrespectfully. 'I've seen plenty of girls that she couldn't hold a candle to, and could show you a trunk full of their pictures. You needn't think I've been knocking about the world for nothing.' But my speech had no effect.

"'Now, Sol, you know you like her,' persisted my aunt.

"'So I do, well enough to flirt with. It's very nice to have some one to chat with when one comes

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home,' and I began to whistle Yankee Doodle by way of ending the conversation.

"Unknown to us, Paul had already come in, her door was open, and she had heard every word. She is quick, and very sensitive, but cool withal, and upon the instant resolved to act upon what she heard without letting me know that she had heard it. Accordingly she slipped out of a side door, and in a few minutes entered as usual, with a large bouquet, as though she had just come from school. I sprang to the door to meet her and admire the flowers, but I didn't get them this time. As she passed up to her room, I told her the chessmen were placed and waiting.

"'They flatter me,' she said; 'but I have letters to write, and some one else will have to entertain them.'

"I saw no more of her till tea, and was by that time pretty well out of sorts.

"She had a great many letters to write after this, and in a little while found the walk too much for her, and engaged board nearer the school. But I had no intention of making so long a story."

"Go on," said I; "love stories are always interesting."

"No; if I get too serious, I shall forget the fun at the end.

"Suffice it to say that before she went home she had refused me point blank; and I could only explain it in one way, of course, that she did not love me. The next season some one else came here in her place. Paul had gone East, but we did not know where.

"Last summer I attended commencement at ——— College. I went to the President's reception, and there, before either of us were aware of the other's presence, I was presented to Miss Gray. Meeting thus, we commenced our acquaintance anew. Before the evening was over Paul had let fall something concerning aunt Hetty that opened my eyes. And in the few days that remained to us I made her confess what aunt Het's course had been. She had been even busier with her than with myself. Angels and hobgoblins forgive her and her match-making! It was by the merest chance, you see, that we were not eternally separated.

"From that day to this aunt has never let her rest. At one time she will upbraid her for her coquetry, and at another bemoan that I was so blind as to let such a chance slip. She has contrived no less than a dozen matches for me since, and, as she finds them all failures, ends by declaring that I am still hopelessly in love with Paul. From the first I never gave her the least satisfaction. She has no idea that we have ever met since Paul left; and, most wonderful of all, her spectacles has not discovered our correspondence.

"Now for the grand surprise—the fun! I coaxed Paul to write her a letter, saying that she was to be married, and would stop here on her wedding tour. The letter arrived here this morning, and it would have killed you to see her break the terrible news to me. She came up to my room, and began with a long face to talk about the vexations and vanities of this life, and the duty of all young people to prepare for disappointments. I thought I would help her along, so I solemnly told her that I had met with one great disappointment.

"'I know it; I knew it all along,' said she; 'but there are just as good fish in the sea as ever *was* caught.'

"And then she produced some half dozen specimens from her matrimonial aquarium, all of which, of course, I might have for the asking. Finally, she hoped I was in a frame of mind to bear bad news, and she read me the letter. This it is. By this time I was convulsed, and she ran for the camphor. When she came back, I had flown. She followed me to the door, informed me that I was crazy, and begged me not to drown myself. This gave me my cue, and I couldn't help playing off a little. The rest you know."

Here Sol rolled over on the grass again for a good laugh. So interested had I been that I had not thought before what a state of anxiety aunt Hetty must be in.

"Don't worry yourself," said Sol; "aunty is very excitable, but it don't last over five minutes. By this time she has forgotten all about it in her plans for company. It is her perfect delight to set her house in order for any one who is coming; and for a bride she will half kill herself with scouring and baking."

"But will she enjoy this when she thinks you heart-broken in consequence?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll set that all right."

When we went back to the house, aunt Hetty met us with some anxiety in her face, though she had evidently been busy during our absence.

"You've been telling Clara, havn't you, my poor boy? Well, I'm glad—free confession is good for the soul," was her first greeting as she looked piteously upon Sol.

"Don't fret yourself about me, aunty," said Sol, throwing his arms around her. "Just go to work and make a good time for Paul—I've forgiven her. I shall be off to-morrow morning."

"Oh! don't you think you could stand it? Well, it would be a great cross. I've a great mind to not let her come. She here parading off her new husband, and you off dying of a broken heart—and all for her!"

"Pshaw! aunty, I'm going to see my girl."

"Now, Solomon, have you really got a *girl*, and never told me!" exclaimed aunt Hetty, in a most injured tone.

"Just as true as the gospel, aunty; and I'm going to show her to you soon."

"Not engaged?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm *engaged*."

Some alarming thought evidently struck her, and she glanced quickly at me.

"No, it isn't cousin Clara," said Sol; understanding her look.

"Well, I'm relieved. I've been afraid ever since she was coming that one or t'other of you would get interested, and it wouldn't have been my fault if you had."

"That's so, aunty; you've watched us as a cat watches her kittens."

"Well, I never *did* believe in cousins marrying. And now, Solomon, take my advice, don't trust to long engagements."

Sol assured her that he would make "haste to the wedding."

"And send me her picture," continued aunt Hetty; "if she is good-looking I want to show it to Miss Gray, or *Mrs.* whatever-her-name-is. I wonder she didn't give his name. Guess she thought it didn't compare very well with Granville. She'd have done well to get you, and I told her so; but young folks never know what's best for 'em. I'm thankful though, for she never *was* good enough for you; I always told you that."

Sol made a grimace at this sudden misremembering, which nearly upset me, and then made aunt Hetty promise not to divulge his secret.

"Not a soul will *I* tell, you may be sure; but I should just like to let the Smiths and Jones's know it, for they think you are a-dying for Pauline Gray."

* * * * * * *

A more utterly bewildered, thunder-stricken individual (as Sol expressed it) was never seen than aunt Hetty when Sol and Paul drove up to the gate.

"This is my wife, aunty—Mrs. Granville; ain't you going to ask us in?" said Sol.

"You're an ungrateful boy, Solomon, to deceive me so," said aunty.

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, aunty," throwing his arms around her neck, "you must forgive us; but the fact is, we owed you a little grudge. You talked so much to Paul about me that you made her afraid of me, and drove her off to parts unknown. So it was you that parted us, and it was by the merest accident in the world that I ever found her again."

"Say Providence, rather," said aunt, with tears in her kind eyes. "I always knew Providence would bring all things right in time."

"Let me call you aunty too, won't you?" said Paul, in as pretty and winning a voice as ever I heard.

"Of course I'm your aunty. I always felt it in my bones. Didn't I always tell you you were just cut out for one another? I don't like to boast, but I'm proud to have been the humble instrument of so much happiness."

And with many kisses she welcomed them in to the nicest wedding-breakfast that ever was spread in a farmer's best room.

"Match-maker to the last!" whispered Sol behind his napkin to Paul and I.

WHERE ARE THEY ?

BY ANNA DAYTON WALKER.

SOME of the household, where are they?
Feet that oft would come to meet me,
Bringing soft hands in mine to stray,
And voices sweet and fond to greet me.
Where, where are they?

WHERE are faces for earth too fair,
Eyes of blue that told of heaven,
The missing forms of beauty rare,
The hearts where grace of God was given?
Where, where are they?

DEATH, stern and cold, makes this reply:
"I took the treasures that you miss,
I hushed the tones for which you sigh,
I numbed the lips you loved to kiss."
Where shall we meet?

YES! too true! Death plucked my flowers,
But whispers in my longing ear,
"Too pure were they for earthly bowers,
Too mortal fair to blossom here."
Then where, oh, where?

AWAY, sad tears, for they are free
From sin, temptation, earthly pain,
And, angel-voiced, will welcome me.
I'll see mine own, nor part again,
When I reach home.

MISS SKEMPER'S BROTHER.

"WHAT a stormy night!" exclaimed Miss Skemper, turning from the window at last, with a long-drawn sigh. She had been gazing out at intervals for an hour, wondering what could possibly detain Robert, who was always so punctual. On this particular evening, the supper had been ready at the usual time, and was not improved by the delay, and Miss Skemper began to regard the cosy little table, set for two, with uneasy glances, and fear that the viands would be perfectly tasteless before his arrival.

What could have happened? He closed his office at five on winter evenings, and his route home was direct and convenient. His outdoor engagements were few and far between, and he always told her of them beforehand, so as to save her any uneasiness. It was slippery in the streets; could he have fallen? Miss Skemper was not given to nervousness except on her brother's account. He was the only person living who possessed the power of exciting any great anxiety in her mind. Others might slip, break their bones, or take sick, and she would be ready to aid them at once, calm and capable; but, if Robert was in danger, all courage forsook her without the least warning, in spite of every effort to retain it that she was able to make. She sat down at last in her favorite arm-chair by the blazing fire, and allowed her imagination to run riot in horrors of all possible and impossible kinds. Just as she had reached a grand climax, in which he was knocked down and robbed by a gang of thieves, and left insensible on the pavement, the hall-bell was pulled violently, and with a beating heart, prepared for any fearful tidings, Miss Skemper hastened to open the door.

Mr. Skemper was standing on the broad stoop, half supporting the drooping figure of a young girl in deep mourning. Miss Skemper uttered an exclamation of surprise scarcely heeded by Robert, who unceremoniously lifted the slight form in his strong arms, carried it into the parlor, and placed it carefully on the sofa near the fire. Then he drew his sister into the hall and closed the door.

"I wish you would find out what the trouble is, whether a doctor is necessary, and tell me at once. It will only take a moment to run for Elliott, anyhow, and I think it is the best plan."

He was off, without another word of explanation, and Miss Skemper returned to the parlor, all curiosity and wonder. The young lady looked up as she opened the door, and fixed a pair of the softest brown eyes on her face.

"You must excuse this rather strange intrusion, but indeed I did not know what to do. I slipped and fell on the ice, some distance up the street, and your brother assisted me to rise, and proposed my coming in here for a little while. I think I have sprained my ankle and my wrist."

"Let me see," said Miss Skemper, quite won by the sweet voice and apologetic tone of the words; and, kneeling down on the carpet, she proceeded to unlace the small high boot, admiring as she did so the pretty foot within it. Its owner sat motionless, her tearless eyes regarding her little gloved hand and wrist, which was assuming ominous proportions.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Skemper, suddenly looking up and noticing it also. "Why, I declare, that is worse than your ankle. I am glad Robert went for Dr. Elliott. Does it give you much pain?"

"No, not so much pain. Will you take off my glove?"

Miss Skemper drew it off as gently as possible, and was proceeding out of the room in quest of cold water and linen bandages, when the bell again rang. This time she opened it with a feeling of relief, and admitted Dr. Elliott and Robert. The latter went up-stairs, and Miss Skemper lost no time in bringing the former to his new patient.

He was a tall, bluff-spoken, good-hearted man, and, having taken the small white hand in his own large brown one, looked down at it with a serious face.

"Quite a bad sprain," he muttered to himself; then quickly scanning the pale, delicate face before him, "Where do you live?"

"In Brooklyn, three miles from the ferry," was the answer, in a smothered voice.

"You can not very well go home, then, to-night. The cold is too intense."

"But indeed I ought. Mother must be anxious already. I am seldom out as late as it is now. If I do not go, she will fret herself sick."

"I do not see how you can. It might be possible, if you were well wrapped up in shawls, and put in a carriage; but you run the risk of being laid up several weeks longer than is necessary. However, as you please." Dr. Elliott looked anything but pleased himself.

"You are welcome to remain until the Doctor thinks it safe to remove you," said Miss Skemper, warmly. "A sprain is a bad thing if the frost gets near it, and there is plenty of room in the house, and no noise to disturb you."

"You are very kind—but about my people at home? I dare not cause them so much uneasiness, and I know of no one that could take a message to them."

"Well, Robert, I am sure, can find some one to go for you by the time the Doctor has attended to you."

"And you are sure that I am not intruding on you?"

"Not at all; I am always glad to be of use in this world." Miss Skemper, as she spoke, took the girl's left hand in hers, and patted it gently. Then, as if they perfectly understood each other, she nodded kindly, and left the room for the necessary bandages.

Half an hour after, Dr. Elliott left, promising to call early the next day, and giving strict injunctions that his patient was not to use her hand or her foot, under any circumstances. So Mr. Skemper, coming into the room, found his new acquaintance reclining on the sofa, her arm resting on a pillow, and her head bent on the uninjured hand. His sister had removed her bonnet and heavy shawl, and he could not help admiring the small, graceful figure and pretty face before him. He had come in noiselessly from the dining-room, where Miss Skemper was superintending the tea-table, and the young lady was unaware of his presence, until he came near the sofa, just in front of the bright fire. She started, and a pleasant smile lit up her face, while the bright color rose for a moment in her cheeks.

"I was more hurt than I had any idea of; and, according to your doctor's advice, I have accepted your sister's invitation to remain here all night."

"That is right, quite right. I saw you fall, and know that you were injured more than you were willing to admit. You must stay here as long as Elliott thinks proper. After tea I will find a way to send tidings of you to your home. Will you give me the address?"

"Willingly. 'Mrs. Alice Maxwell, No. — Marcy Avenue.' It is a long way out. I am so glad that, this morning, I spoke of several messages that I had to give here in the city: she will think that they detain me."

Mr. Skemper took out his pocket-book and wrote the address.

"I believe," he said, "I gave you my name before we reached the house."

"Yes, you did." Then, as if a light suddenly broke in upon her: "But I forgot to tell you mine. It is Dora Maxwell. I was so utterly discouraged by this accident, that I could think of nothing but the effects of which it may be the cause."

"It will not help matters to fret. 'What's done,' you know, 'can not be undone.' Of course I do not understand what grieves you; but very often what seems a great trouble is in reality the beginning of a great blessing. I have found it so, time and again."

Dora Maxwell raised her eyes quickly, and for the first time observed Mr. Skemper closely. He was a tall man, straight and broad-shouldered, with a large, massive head and good features, two of which might be called decidedly handsome—the eyes and the mouth. The eyes were full and expressive, of a dark gray in color, and so deep, set under heavy arched brows, as to appear much smaller than they really were. The mouth was firm, and beautifully curved; the lips soft and red, disclosing fine teeth when he smiled or spoke. There was something very attractive about him, although he seemed quite indifferent to the fact, and leaned against the mantle-piece, gazing into the fire, wholly occupied with the point in question, namely, communicating to Mrs. Maxwell intelligence of her daughter's condition and safety.

Miss Skemper coming in with a tray, containing Miss Maxwell's supper, roused him from his reverie.

"There, Robert, your tea is ready at last, and I will remain here while you take it. You must be almost worn-out by this time."

Mr. Skemper shrugged his shoulder and smiled half to himself.

"Not as bad as that. I could do very well without it, if necessary."

"Please go and eat with him. I can do very well with my left hand if you place the tray near me. I don't like to disturb your comfort, and I know that I have done so already."

Miss Skemper looked at the young girl, rather amused than otherwise, but, seeing that she was perfectly in earnest in what she was saying, did as she desired, and left her to her own meditations.

They seemed to be of a sorrowful cast, although everything had been done to raise her spirits and make her feel perfectly comfortable and at home. She tried to use her right hand, but found herself incapable of moving a finger of the swollen member. It was numb; she could not feel the touch upon it of the other. What if its power were gone forever? She could have cried aloud at the thought of such a calamity, yet was obliged to sit quiet and control the despair creeping over her. In justice to Miss Skemper's kindness, she should eat some of the supper spread so temptingly on the tray, but the morsels choked her when she endeavored to swallow them, and, at last, giving way entirely, she covered her face with her handkerchief and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Miss Skemper, returning to see if her guest needed anything, was shocked at the state of grief she found her in, but was too delicate to ask questions where confidence was not volunteered, and it was easy to guess that Miss Maxwell's trouble was beyond the reach of any consolation that she could offer. So she removed the untasted supper, and, excusing herself for a short time, left the room. The hall-door was shut a few minutes afterward, and the house became so silent and the heat of the room so agreeable, that Miss Maxwell sank into an uneasy slumber that lasted several hours.

When she awoke, the gas was burning dimly, she was covered with a large soft blanket, the fire looked bright and cosy as ever, and Miss Skemper was dozing in an easy-chair within view of her sofa. While she still lay watching the various articles in the room, the bell rang, and Miss Skemper, starting up, exclaimed, "It is Robert at last."

Mr. Skemper came in a moment after, his cheeks rosy with the cold, his eyes bright with satisfaction.

"I performed your message myself, Miss Maxwell—found your mother and sister very anxious, but not exactly frightened, and they will be over as soon as possible to-morrow morning. The little girl thinks it a very romantic adventure."

"Does she?" asked Miss Maxwell wearily, as if she would gladly have dispensed with the romance if possible.

"Yes, and now if you will permit me I shall carry you up-stairs."

"Is it necessary?" she said, coloring.

"Well, yes. Elliott declared that on no account must your foot touch the ground, and I can take you up much less awkwardly than my sister, even if she were able."

"It is not that; it is the trouble I am giving you; you have been out in the cold nearly three hours on my account already."

"And the expedition afforded me much pleasure."

"Perhaps mother told you enough to make you understand why the accident to my hand frets me."

"She did, and I fully sympathize with you. Still the cloud has a silver lining, without a doubt, and you must look for it, instead of repining."

Miss Maxwell smiled through the tears that had filled her eyes.

"Perhaps I shall, after a day or two. I am easily discouraged; and this seems to be a climax to other misfortunes."

"And, no doubt, a termination to them all." He raised her gently as he spoke, and, preceded by his sister carrying pillows and wraps, went slowly up the stairs to the large spare room, in which a fire had been kindled and everything made cheerful early in the evening.

Afterward, when his sister went down to see that the house was secured and the lights out for the night, she found him in the parlor, sitting, lost in thought, near the fast-fading fire.

"Come and sit down, Bessie; let me tell you about Miss Maxwell. I discovered the reason of her extreme distress about her right hand, and I called at Elliott's on my way home. He don't think that she can use it for some months; there is some little bone either broken or dislocated, I could not clearly make out which, and nothing can be done about setting it until the swelling goes down. He thinks that the less she hears about it the better; seems to understand her temperament. I was perfectly surprised at what her mother told me. Mr. Maxwell was an artist, and taught his daughter a little painting, without intending her to follow it as a profession. He was quite successful, and, like other men, kept his family entirely away from his business affairs, and looked forward to leaving them comfortably provided for. It was the old story over again. He was in a railroad accident, and was so much hurt that he died from his injuries. His sickness swallowed up all available means, and, when the funeral expenses were paid, his widow was penniless. She had no friend to assist her permanently, and knew no occupation herself. Miss Maxwell, she told me, sat down and thought of all the ways open to a young girl brought up as a lady, and tried several. She succeeded with what she understood best—her father's art. She obtained pupils in drawing, and, at home, she colors the most exquisite little pictures, landscapes, and figure-pieces. Mrs. Maxwell showed me her table and materials. Everything was arranged for work to-morrow morning, as she has a number to finish by a certain date for one of our prominent stores. You can imagine the blow this is to her, as she is the sole support of the family. The sister is a sweet little girl, ten years of age, goes to school in the morning, and assists in taking care of their rooms in the afternoon. Miss Maxwell was here giving lessons all day, and you can thank the porter for my happening to meet her at such a lucky moment. He lost the office key, and I had to wait while he searched for it. That detained me nearly an hour. Then the stages were so crowded that I made up my mind to walk home, and, just as I turned into the street, I noticed her ahead of me, and began wondering why she walked so fast. At that moment she slipped and fell very heavily, throwing out her hand to save herself. I took her up as soon as I could reach her, and she would persist in walking here, although I could have carried her as easily as not. Poor girl! Her mother says that they were just beginning to see their way clear, and now comes this hard trial. You do not wonder, now, at her crying, when we were at supper. Her right hand is her support."

"I suppose you will befriend them, Robert. It is a case well worthy of benevolence. Poor girl! what a hard life, and how very pretty she is. Did you notice her?"

"Yes," was the answer, in a weary, absent tone. Mr. Skemper was thinking of something else, evidently, and his sister left him to his meditations.

They lasted for hours, and, in them, he reviewed his whole life from boyhood up to the present time, when he sat in his own home surrounded by comforts and luxuries, far removed from anxiety of mind or pain of body, in the prime of life, every wish gratified, every taste studied; and in the room over him lay another human being suffering under an accumulation of troubles such as he had never endured singly. As he thought of her, her youth and delicacy, her unclouded childhood, her quiet, persistent efforts to make the most of her talents and assist her family, her anxiety of mind and physical suffering, and of the sore poverty staring her in the face, he began to realize his own selfishness and his deep ingratitude to the Providence that had preserved him from like trials. He began to understand, clearly, the meaning of the expression, "sins of omission."

Against those of commission he struggled successfully; but, against the others, he felt that he had gained no victory. He and his sister were the children of parents of ample means. They had been reared in the midst of plenty, had never experienced real need of anything. They were two of a large family—the eldest and youngest. Miss Skemper was twenty when Robert was born, and, her mother dying while he was still a baby, the care of him had devolved upon her. The affection between them resembled that of mother and child, rather than of brother and sister; and, as years went by, and the others married and sought homes of their own, she remained with her father, a loving, faithful daughter, a home maker and keeper for him and Robert.

After the father's death the two returned to the quiet house and pursued their easy, tranquil ways, as formerly. Once, indeed, she anticipated a serious change. Robert fell in love, and seemed willing to bring a wife into the family; but the young lady jilted him for a richer lover, and he sank back into his old habits, and became more old-bachelor-like every year — so much so, in fact, that he was known as Miss Skemper's brother, and generally considered ten years older than he really was. His disappointment hurt his self-love and esteem; he had given his whole heart, and it had been rejected flippantly. His respect for women and his belief in their sincerity diminished visibly; he became undemonstrative and somewhat cynical with them, regarding them all as actresses, to a certain extent, whose true characters he might never hope to fathom.

So he became, in the eyes of all his relatives, a settled, old bachelor; and was looked upon something like the rich uncles in the old comedies. He stood godfather to numerous nephews and nieces, performed his duty in the matter of silver cups, forks, and spoons, and took his seat at the table on all festive occasions with a cheerful gravity quite becoming to a man of sixty, but excessively ludicrous in one of thirty-five. An easy-chair and a book on a scientific subject were his great comforts, and they were provided for him by all his brothers and sisters, who resigned him to them with perfect equanimity and satisfaction.

His action, therefore, in regard to Miss Maxwell somewhat surprised his sister, although, under the circumstances, he could hardly have done less. Still she felt the change in his manner, and on the following morning, when he expressed his determination to remain at home until Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Maxwell arrived, her astonishment was amusing to witness.

"Never mind me, Bessie. I can read somewhere in the parlor, and you can imagine me down at the office," was his remark on quitting the breakfast-table, and so his sister went to attend as usual to the house affairs, having already visited Miss Maxwell's room and found its occupant in a deep sleep.

When Mrs. Maxwell and Jessie arrived soon afterward. They found Dora awake and in better spirits, Dr. Elliott having pronounced her hand and wrist much improved, and encouraged her to expect a rapid recovery. His advice to Mr. Skemper, however, was different.

"That arm will be weak for months, and I would not have her removed at present, were she under my control. She is nervous and imaginative; the least thing will throw her back, and in her own home, where the surroundings must constantly remind her of her helplessness, her anxiety will not be set at rest."

"She can remain here as long as she will," Mr. Skemper replied. "I shall see that your advice is followed."

He was as good as his word. Overcoming Mrs. Maxwell's scruples and making a strong friend of Jessie at the same time, the former took her place in the house quite naturally, and the latter sang and danced from morning until night, perfectly delighted with her release from the double duties of school and home. The season of her sister's convalescence was to her a joyful holiday—if anything, too brief in duration.

The invalid's room in the evening was quite pleasant to contemplate. Dora lying back in an easy-chair, her small foot resting on a hassock, her little hands in her lap, her eyes and cheeks bright with returning strength and peace, listening eagerly to, and sometimes taking part in the conversation going on between the two ladies and Mr. Skemper; and Jessie ensconced in a corner, under the gas-light, working comical needle-books out of gay pieces of silk and satin.

For nearly two weeks the little comedy was enacted nightly, and then Miss Maxwell, being able to walk and move her fingers without much pain, asked to go home, telling Miss Skemper, with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, that she had intruded long enough on Mr. Skemper's generous hospitality.

"Nonsense," replied that lady. "It is no intrusion whatever, and if you want to leave us so soon, why you must just tell Robert so yourself. I shall not."

That evening, when Mr. Skemper opened the parlor-door, he distinguished a small figure leaning against the mantle-shelf, its shadow thrown on the opposite wall by the flickering fire-light. He started slightly on recognizing it, then came forward.

"So you are down-stairs at last. Let me congratulate you. But why are you in the dark? Where is your mother? It seems strange to find you alone."

"I suppose so; still, I am accustomed to it. I am alone the greater part of the time, when I am busy; and about the light, I enjoy its absence more than I can express. One of my greatest pleasures is to sit in a room lit by an open fire, and think. It is one, too, that I seldom enjoy. Mother is packing up my various possessions; and now I believe all your questions are answered." She spoke in a tone half jesting, half serious. Mr. Skemper detected tears stealing down her cheeks, although her face was in shadow, kept there purposely.

"Packing!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"What I say. Dr. Elliott thinks me quite well enough to return home, and surely it is time. I can teach now, and in a short time I shall be able to paint again."

"Then you are not comfortable here," Mr. Skemper said, drawing forward a chair, and motioning her to be seated.

"Not comfortable! what an idea. On the contrary, the comfort is so intense that I fear to enjoy it any longer. The contrast will be great, and I don't wish to grow dissatisfied with my life. I was contented with it a month ago; this rest, this freedom from care, will not tend to make me return to it with the same feeling; so the sooner it is over the better."

Mr. Skemper looked down at the face raised to his, looked at it for a moment keenly, but there was nothing to be read in it that her words did not express. It was candid and earnest; the eyes met his fearlessly, although the lips trembled just a little with the emotion that a recollection of her position occasioned. She was evidently stating sad facts—facts that she realized to their fullest extent, and which she had no motive for concealing.

"You will not think us ungrateful," she said, wondering at the piercing glance fixed upon her. "It is not that indeed; it is this: We have no claim on your kindness, and yet you have done more for us than any one we have met since our troubles came. We tried to be independent, and we can only be so by returning to our old home and taking up our work where we broke it off."

"That is very true, but can you take it up at once? Elliott says not."

"I know," she answered, her face changing. "Still I can do a little."

"Will that little be sufficient to support you until your hand is perfectly strong?"

She thought a moment.

"Come, be honest and candid with me," Mr. Skemper said, touching her hand as if afraid of hurting it.

"Hardly, if I must tell you the truth. There is money due to me, but I can not collect it at present, although I feel sure that it is safe."

"Will you make a little memorandum of it, and let me advance you the amount now? You can repay me when you receive it at another time."

"You are very kind; that would enable us to live without incurring much debt until I am quite strong."

"Then you will do that at once?"

"Yes, willingly," was the reply.

"Thank you," said Mr. Skemper, relapsing into silence, as his sister entered the room.

The following day Mrs. Maxwell took her daughters home, greatly against the wishes of Miss Skemper, who enjoyed their society to an extent surprising to herself. But it happened that their conversation and ideas suited her, a circumstance very unusual, indeed, and their presence brightened everybody in the house most wonderfully. However, they were firm in carrying out what they had determined upon, and so Miss Bessie saw them off, Robert accompanying them in the carriage, and then returned to the deserted parlor, puzzling her mind over what the result of this strange adventure might be.

Dr. Elliott, dropping in during the evening, was rather annoyed at finding his interesting patient gone; for, although Miss Maxwell had acquainted him with her design, he had put it aside as improbable and absurd. Besides, he feared that she would resume her employment too soon, and possibly injure herself. However, she had promised to send him word in case she felt worse, and, not hearing any report as the days went by, he concluded that no news was good news. Mr. Skemper, too, brought favorable tidings whenever he paid them a visit, which he did occasionally, seldom seeing any one but Mrs. Maxwell, as Dora, finding it impossible to work at home, had taken more out-door pupils, their instruction not necessitating much use of her hand.

One afternoon, however, he found her seated at her little table, looking dejected and thin, as if mind and body were overworked to an alarming degree. She appeared delighted to see him, and made an effort to speak cheerfully and look bright. Mr. Skemper, however, was not deceived.

"You are wearing yourself out," he said. "This will never do. How long do you expect to last under it? Dr. Elliott was inquiring about you last night, and I determined to come over here to-day and take the chance of seeing you."

"It is not so much work, as anxiety. Teaching does not pay as well as coloring—it is not as sure; pupils change about so much. Then I have been disappointed in other matters. It is two months since you lent me that money, and I see no sign yet of being able to return it. If anything, prospects look darker."

"Miss Maxwell," said Robert Skemper, rising hastily, and striding back and forth while he talked, "there is only one way to end all this trouble, and I came over to-day to propose it. You will think me practical, business-like and unromantic, but if you could comprehend my feelings, you would believe me as true and sincere as if I had taken the usual manner of addressing you."

"I do not understand," said Miss Maxwell, looking up bewildered, and noticing the eager expression of the face bending over hers.

"No, I did not think you would. I am not in the least lover-like, although I love you as devotedly and fondly as I can. My plan is quickly told. Be my wife, and all these anxieties, all this hard brain-work will cease. Your mother and sister are welcome to live in my house. I will take care of them as long as I am spared."

He took her hands in his, but she freed them suddenly and drew away from him. "You hurt me," she murmured. "You think me capable of selling myself for wealth."

"No, I do not, I did not mean that. I think you are a noble, true-hearted girl. I only ask you to let me win your love in time. Surely the condition is an easy one."

"Yes, but quite an unnecessary one," Dora said, blushing as she put her hands in his, her eyes beaming with an expression not to be mistaken. He understood her, and his manner changed at once, becoming as tender and lover-like as even she could wish to have it.

All Robert Skemper needed was appreciation, and his best qualities developed themselves, making him peculiarly attractive and likeable. Under the influence of Dora's sweet smile and unaffected love, he became a totally different man in speech and bearing, growing easy and communicative where he had been reserved and blunt-spoken. Sitting, holding her hand in his strong clasp, he described to her the hopes and fears, the successes and disappointments of his whole life, conscious that in her he had a listener at once sympathetic and interested.

He left her, feeling perfectly happy, while she seemed under the influence of some fairy power, which, in the short space of half an hour, had transformed griefs into joys, trials into blessings, despair to intense peace. The silver lining was indeed showing itself at last; the suffering that was so hard to bear had led to happiness beyond all possible anticipation. Some weeks afterward, a large wedding-party assembled in the church that the Maxwells attended, for Robert insisted on having all his family present to witness his marriage, so strangely brought about, and, as the gossips remarked, "so very sudden."

The old adage does not hold true in their case; the leisure for repentance has not yet come to them. Miss Bessie looks even happier than she did before his wife came home, in spite of the noise of several little nephews and nieces, and tells to anyone who will listen about the stormy night on which she waited tea for him, his adventure, and its wondrous result.

* * *

Sharp Practice.—A lady and gentleman, with their very little girl, were looking into a shop window in Paris. To their surprise and horror, as they moved to go away, it was found that an expert thief had cut and made off with the magnificent crop of golden hair worn by the young miss. Harvest begins early in France.

Extravagance of Men.—It is the fashion to denounce the extravagance in dress manifested by women now-a-days; but men are, it would appear, not altogether free from blame on that score, and there are now to be seen in a shop window of the Rue Richelieu men's shirts marked 2,500f. to 3,000f. (100l. to 120l.) the dozen.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE

THE MODERN WIFE.

THERE is a general opinion abroad, among men at least, that marriage is less desirable than formerly; that a wife is an incumbrance rather than an assistance; that the loss of companionship and family ties is more than compensated by the avoidance of all family difficulties; that, in short, matrimony does not pay.

It does not come within the province of this article to inquire if the men themselves are not partly at fault; if they have not grown more selfishly fond of their own pleasure, and less willing to make the sacrifices which are necessary to the accomplishment of a man's or woman's highest duties. Our business at present is simply to discover how much of the blame, if any, is chargeable upon women, and in what respect they have fallen away from the standard of wifely duty.

The object of marriage, so far as we are capable of judging of it, is the creation of the home and the family. If it fails in this, it fails in its purpose.

Any two people can live together, and separate, if they wish to do so, without the consequences becoming wholly deplorable. But the safety, comfort, and happiness of the *family* depends on the permanency of the ties formed by men and women, and this involves mutual duties, mutual obligations and responsibilities, which each must be satisfied to meet and perform.

At present (whatever change may take place in the future), to the man is assigned the task of provider; to the woman, that of care-taker at home; and it is quite as requisite that one line of duty should be fulfilled as the other.

Does the modern wife understand this? Is she trained to it? Does she recognize her own share in the promises made at the altar? and is she willing to sacrifice her inclinations and previous habits to them?

To all these questions we are constrained to answer, *no*. The modern wife has no conception of duty. To her it is a disagreeable, "low" word, which is proper enough for the servants in the kitchen, but has nothing to do with the mistress in the parlor. She has been trained to dress and display, to flirting and coquetry, to a little music, a little French, a little dancing, perhaps a little drawing and Italian, but, above all, to an extravagant conception of her own claims to attention and consideration. But she knows nothing of her business as a wife. She is not acquainted with the names or uses of half the articles with which her own kitchen is stocked. Her husband really "keeps house." He does the marketing, Bridget the cooking, Norah the up-stairs work, and Susan the sewing. The wife is purely ornamental.

Supposing the husband can not afford this style of living, then they must board; for it is out of the question that a young lady, trained to nothing in her own home, should be expected to work in that of her husband.

In this way have sprung up the numberless boarding-houses that have taken the place of homes in our large cities; and in this way thousands of women have drifted out weary, barren lives, deprived of every stimulus to healthy effort, lost to every instinct of a noble, active, vigorous womanhood.

It is not women who are altogether to blame for this, but it is upon them that the severest consequences fall. Times have greatly changed within the past half-century, and women have been forced along with the current, and in many instances compelled to the idle, useless parts they have had to play. New social necessities, or what seemed to be necessities, have taken the place of old domestic duties, and where women have ceased to be drudges, they have become mere toys and ornaments.

This deteriorates the whole nature of woman, and, through her, that of man also; for one sex can not exist independent of the other, and what exerts a bad influence upon one must necessarily affect the other. Human nature, whether it exists in man or woman, requires to be put to its highest use; and any use is better than the inaction which tarnishes and corrodes, without rendering to God or man a service.

The growth of wealth, the increase of luxury, has assisted materially to bring about a change in the condition of women, which it was natural they should accept, as it embodied the religious and social idea of paradise—absence of labor. But this idea proves to be a false one. If heaven simply afforded the opportunity for indulging in perpetual idleness, it would hardly be a paradise for fools, and the longer we keep out of it the better. Work is not a curse, it is a blessing; and if it was through the first woman that mankind obtained the boon of it, the world has more to thank Mother Eve for than it has ever yet acknowledged.

The modern wife loses this blessing, and throws away her birthright, when she consents to be absolved from all useful employment, and sits down a mere child, to be caressed, waited upon, and provided for; or, mayhap, neglected, despised, and deserted. The Lord never created one set of human beings to be absolutely dependent upon or subservient to another, and when the modern wife signs her own title to such degradation, she inflicts a wrong not only upon herself but upon her whole sex. The consequences are naturally just what we see—subjection on the part of women, contempt on the part of men, and the gradual disruption and disorganization of the whole framework of modern society.

Home and the family are, after all, the foundation and inspiration of the greatest happiness we know; and women especially, as the creators and perpetuators of the home, are dependent upon it for their comfort and permanent welfare.

We have no fear that the home will ever be destroyed—it is the basis of good order, of security in society, and wins a double blessing; but, by the selfishness of men and frivolity of women, it is threatened, and there never was so much reason why the good and intelligent of both sexes, who become husbands and wives, should make the creation and sustaining of the home a matter of duty, and impress its value by every means in their power upon their children.

The modern wife ignores all such considerations. She will have neither home nor children, if they involve labor and care. But she wants a husband, because he represents her means of living and her resources for enjoyment; and he is angled for, and petted, and submitted to accordingly. Assuming the airs of a princess, she is in reality a slave; for there is no slavery so shameful and so complete as that which is voluntarily accepted as a means of release from exertion and performance of duty.

The modern wife is untrue to her sex—to womanhood in general as well as to herself. Men recognize in women only the qualities which they see them exhibit as wife, mother, daughter, and sister; and women, taking upon themselves the position of wives, yet feeling none of its responsibilities—

using it altogether as a means for selfish indulgence—dishonor womanhood, and give a false impression to the world at large of the qualities which belong to the sex.

If women are to achieve anything in the future, it must be through their own efforts, and those who become wives should expect to take upon themselves more, rather than less, than single women. They are measurably responsible before God for their husbands, their children, and for the influence which the household brings to bear upon society. As a home, filled with the gentle amenities and kindly customs of a refined domestic life, its value can not be told; for its gracious sunshine penetrates far beyond its immediate circle, and acts as an educator, not only upon the family but upon the community.

As an unhappy, discontented, useless fragment of a boarding-house, however, the family can hardly be said to have an existence. It can never crystallize or consolidate into beauty, or order, or excellence; for it is in a constant state of disintegration, and finds in its surrounding elements only sources of moral deterioration and decay.

To the home of the future will be confided a great work; but it is not the feeble hands of the modern wife and mother that can accomplish it. Women are beginning to feel their necessities; they are waking up fully to the new claims, the new demands made for them; but they must prove themselves equal to the occasion. For equal rights in the household, they must take their share in its duties; for equal pay they must give equal work—equal in quality as in quantity; for equal education they must show equal energy and aptitude, and for equal political rights, an intelligence beyond the eternal discussion of the trimming of a dress or a bonnet, and an appreciation of them as a power for the general good rather than as a means of personal distinction.

The highest and best influence of woman must however, always, it seems to me, be exerted at home. It is better to be the power behind than the power upon the throne; it is greater to make a man than to cast a vote. Of course there is no reason why women, while training men, should not cast votes too; but the last office is inferior to the first, or gamblers and prize-fighters would not take their seats in our legislative halls.

It is the privilege of women to do their work, and exert their influence for the general welfare, rather than their own personal aggrandizement; and if they obtain equal possessions and equal power, they should hold them in trust instead of appropriating them to personal uses.

The modern wife, who demands everything but gives nothing in return, is a libel upon womanhood, and has a claim upon nothing but toleration or contempt.

MOZART'S OXEN WALTZ.

THE sensitive nature of Mozart, that sweetest of all musical composers, is well known. The slightest discord produced in him severe irritation, and when engaged in musical composition his feelings grew so intense that he almost lost consciousness of all going on around him. One day he was engaged in arranging one of the most beautiful airs in an opera he was composing, when the butcher called for his pay, which had long been due. In vain his wife endeavored to attract the attention of the rapt artist, who scribbled away, utterly unconscious of her presence. She ran down-stairs, with tears in her eyes, telling the butcher that her husband could not be spoken to, and that he must come another time. But the man of blood was not easily to be daunted; he must have his bill settled, and speak with Mozart himself, or he would not send him another ounce of meat. He ascended the stairs. Mozart, distantly conscious that something had passed in his presence, had continued pouring the effusions of his fantasia on paper when the heavy foot-steps resounded in the hall. His stick was at hand. Without turning his eyes from the sheet, he held his stick against the door to keep out the intruder.

But the steps were approaching. Mozart, more anxious, hurried as fast as he could, when a rap at the door demanded permission to enter. The beautiful effusion was in danger of being lost. The affrighted composer cast a fugitive glance at his stick; it was too short. With anxiety bordering on frenzy, he looked around his room, and a pole standing behind the curtain caught his eye; this he seized, holding it with all his might against the door, writing like fury all the while. The knob was turned, but the pole withstood the first effort. A pause succeeded. Words were heard on the staircase, and the intruder renewed his efforts the second time. But the strength of the composer seemed to increase with his anxiety. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Stemming the pole against his left breast with the force of despair, he still kept out the visitor. He succeeded but for a moment, yet it was a precious moment; the delightful air was poured upon the paper; it was saved!

"Mr. Mozart—" said the butcher.

"Halt! halt!" said the composer, seizing the manuscript, and hurrying toward the piano-forte. Down he sat, and the most delightful air that was ever heard responded from the instrument. The eyes of his wife, and even of the butcher, began to moisten. Mozart finished the tune, rose again, and, running to the writing-desk, he filled out what was wanting.

"Well, Mr. Mozart," said the butcher, when the artist had finished, "you know that I am to marry."

"No, I do not," said Mozart, who had somewhat recovered from his musical trance.

"Well, then, you know it now, and you also know that you owe me money for meat."

"I do," said Mozart, with a sigh.

"Never mind," said the man, under whose blood-stained coat beat a feeling heart; "you make me a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a year to come."

"It is a bargain!" cried the lively and gifted Mozart; and down he sat, and a waltz was elicited from the instrument—such a waltz as the butcher had never before heard.

"Meat for a year, did I say?" exclaimed the enraptured butcher. "No: one hundred ducats you shall have for the waltz, but I want it with trumpets and horns and fiddles—you know best—and soon too!"

"You shall have it so," said Mozart, who could scarcely trust his ears, "and in one hour you may send for it."

The liberal-minded butcher retired. In an hour the waltz was set in full orchestra music. The butcher returned, was delighted with the music, and paid Mozart his one hundred ducats,—a sum more splendid than he had ever received from the Emperor for the greatest of his operas.

It is to this incident that the lovers of harmony are indebted for one of the most charming trifles, the celebrated "Oxen Waltz,"—a piece of music still unrivaled.

WHAT author uses the most uncommon words? The compiler of dictionary.

A TRIP ACROSS THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

BY MRS. E. P. MILLER, M. D.

IT was the eleventh day of November. Rain had been falling constantly, and most of the time heavily for three days and nights, but the heavy thick clouds were fast breaking, indicative of sunshine to come, and we decided to wait no longer for our journey; so, from a snug little cottage in the valley four miles east of the main ridge, we started for a ride "over the mountains" to take the cars at Manchester, on the western side.

The sun broke through the clouds here and there, just enough to afford a glimpse of the brightness that lies always beyond.

Slowly we wended our way along the gentle ascent by which the "height of land" is reached from the eastern slope of the mountains. When some two miles or less were passed, we began to feel that the air was much more chilly than we had left it in the valley; soon we tucked the robes closer, and were glad mother had put in an extra shawl. Almost before we knew it, we observed that the road-side weeds and bushes had not shaken off their coat of water, and that it had perceptibly thickened and crusted over. As we mounted higher, every bush and tree and blade of grass was hung with coral, small and delicate at first, but growing larger and heavier at every step of our advance. Bushes which were wont to stand higher than a man could reach, were now bowed down till their very heads touched the earth; festoons of most fantastic form were waving in the gentle wind, and with merry heart we caught and dashed them from our path, as on, on we went. The coral which had been opaque became transparent, increasing in and radiating new beauties, till, finally, when the mountain-top was reached, our souls were awed at the grandeur and the glory of the wondrous scene. Each variety of tree presented an aspect proving its identity, and each stood a marvel of loveliness in itself. The beeches, with their millions of tiny twigs all crystallized, were perhaps the most beautiful; but the birches, with their extended boughs, along the entire length of which little icicles were drooping, challenged our liveliest admiration; the evergreens, the spruces and the firs, presented themselves as crystal towers and temples, crystal pagodas and pyramids, crystal monasteries, and mausoleums, and monuments.

We passed along under extended archways formed by the branches on either side having reached over and clasped hands with their neighbors in a crystal embrace. We wound around first this side and then that, to avoid being ourselves embraced by the bowing branches and kissed by their crystal tips. Meadows and marshes were covered with crystal carpets, every earth-clad and all ungainly things had been concealed by a crystal robe, and seemed to rejoice in their new-found loveliness; every bush and twig, every rock and fence—every object, in short, was clad in crystal, and in our ecstacy we exclaimed, Oh! this is, indeed, Nature's own Crystal Palace! No human hands could ever have wrought out such magnificence. We felt that we were, truly, close up to the great White Throne, and involuntarily we burst forth in a jubilant song of praise.

Suddenly the sun burst forth, and this whole crystal world became so gloriously illuminated that the pulses almost ceased to beat in admiration of the gorgeous display! Spangles and brilliants, pearls and diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, the topaz, the beryl, and the amethyst—every precious gem which earth affords, was here formed into diadems of every shape and hue, and lavishly scattered around, above, beneath, in the wildest profusion, and, flung over all, a million tiny rainbows glanced and danced till we were so filled with glory that it was almost a relief when this ice-region was passed and its enchanting imagery left behind.

But beauty and glory were not alone displayed in this grand scene The tokens of the frost-king's power were almost terrible; the weight of his mighty hand had not only bowed to earth all supple trees, but had broken, midway, hundreds of such as were too stout to bend, and even upheaved by the roots many forest giants which had withstood the winds and storms of ages; and at the thought that for a distance of more than forty miles, northward on the mountain's ridge, the forest was unbroken save by now and then a highway, and that in all probability it was one continuous scene of just such grandeur and beauty as was here presented, we could not but regret that thousands were not there to see, instead of the solitary few who might pass by.

Such a picture will last a lifetime, and be "a joy forever."

FLORIDA AIR-PLANT.

I REMEMBER once to have taken a trip southward to Florida, the land of flowers. Passing up that magnificent river, the St. John's, or, as the Seminoles more beautifully called it, Wee-la-ka, or River of Lakes, on the steamer "Darlington," I observed at various points a curious pineapple-looking plant, growing on the large live-oaks near the river. I at first thought they must have been placed there by the hand of man. So unlike did they appear to me to any parasite that I knew of, that I made inquiries of all I met about them. The invariable answer I got was, "Stranger, them's air-plants." I some time after that met a gentleman, who, for short, I will call Doctor, who gave me the desired information in answer to my question. I will give you as near as I can from recollection what the Doctor said about them.

"Well, sir," the Doctor said, "a great many people, and knowing ones too, call the Florida air-plant a parasite. It is not: it is truly an air-plant; subsists on what it can draw from the air and from the heavy dews. You see its coarse, fibrous, and rather sparse roots are not fitted to draw nourishment, but serve the purpose of holding the plant firmly to the tree: this service done, the plant takes care of itself. I have cut off all these roots, and bound the plant strongly to a limb, and it grew as well as if never mutilated. The air-plant belongs to the order *Bromeliaceæ*, genus *Tillandsia*, named in honor of Elias Tillands of Abo.

"The air-plant is a curious object to look at. Its large whitish-green-looking serrated leaves look so much like that of the pineapple-plant, that if I were to take a large one from the tree, and put it on the ground near a bed of pineapple-plants, you could hardly tell the difference. Of these air-plants we have many varieties, from the little one three inches high to the gigantic one six feet high. All of them vary, some in leaf, some in flower. This large variety sends up during the summer a long spike crowded with numerous greenish-white flowers, which in a short time fall off. They almost invariably form seed. The spike is from four to eight feet high, and, while in bloom, is somewhat conspicuous.

"This large air-plant has at least one useful quality aside from its beauty. It always contains water,—not water dripped from trees, but pure heaven-distilled, cool water. Take a large plant, and invert it over some receptacle, and it will yield from eight ounces to a quart of cold water, clear and bright. This water is found in it constantly. They do not derive it from the rain, for it is as plentiful after a long drought as it is in moist weather. The constant breeze blowing through the plant keeps the water cold,—cold almost as ice-water. This plant, you may well imagine, is the hunter's favorite; for after a long, dry day's travel after game, when he finds one of these plants, he is sure to find a drink of cool, pure water. I have seen them growing in the arid sandy scrub where no water could be found for miles; yet these plants contained a full supply. I have enjoyed them many times, lying beneath a shady live-oak, after a day of travel through hot scrubs peculiar to Florida, where a tree or bush higher than eight feet could not be seen.

"The air-plant has no choice where it grows, provided it receives its regular supply of nourishment, air, and water. It is as often found on a dead tree as on a live one. It will grow on a planed board, if tightly bound to it; but it much prefers some irregular surface, where its coarse roots may catch hold in the crevices and irregularities. It would live in the Northern States with care; for it is very hardy. Frosts (light frosts) never kill them. On the approach of winter, the color of the air-plant changes from a whitish-green to a beautiful maroon or purple, and the leaves fold closer together. So hardy and so indifferent is this plant as to its place of growth, that it is often found lying on the ground, and lives there as well as in a tree-top. It is hard to kill one of them. You can dry them to death, but can seldom mutilate one so that it will die.

"We have two other varieties of air-plants worthy of notice as curiosities,—the grassy air-plant and the bulbous-rooted air-plant. The first-named is rather scarce, and presents the appearance of a tuft of large-bladed grass, deep green and thick-leaved; it bears flowers and seeds. It presents quite a unique appearance, and is most beautiful in a hanging-basket.

"The bulbous air-plant is rather more plentiful than the grassy variety, but still quite scarce. Its appearance is not unlike enlarged cives. It has a bulb independent of its roots, about the size of a hickory-nut, and a few long, flat leaves. This bulb is a receptacle of all the nourishment the plant receives during the winter and spring months; and in the spring and summer it sends forth a little spike of bloom, which rapidly exhausts the bulbous portion of the plant. You can see it daily dwindle; and, by the time the seed ripens, it is a mere shriveled stem. It again draws nourishment from the air and moisture, and performs year after year the same routine: they seldom or never shed the leaves. The flowers are quite brilliant, and look much like an orchid.

"This family of plants is well worthy the attention of the botanist, the amateur, and the florist; and I predict that ere long they will become quite well known and highly prized. Surely they are as handsome in appearance as any of our foliage plants; and, if they receive the same care that these choice exotics do, they will repay well the trouble. Nothing could be finer or more attractive than one of these magnificent six-foot gigantic air-plants in a conservatory."—*Journal of Horticulture.*

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THE BABY HOSPITAL AT ANTWERP.

THE most touching characteristic of the house is in the infants' room, where the youngest lie in their cots most of the day. Small lozenge-shaped tablets in the cot-head bear the names given by subscribers to the tenants of the cots. Many of them bear brief but touching records of sorrow, "words of hope, yet heartbreak;" for the cots were given in memory of departed brothers or sisters. There is "The Little Susan;" next, "Our Brother Edward;" "The Legacy of Emma;" "The Inheritance of Olga." A brother and sister had endowed two cots, and the inscriptions were "Our Brother Leonie," "Our Sister Eulalie." As often as possible, children bearing the name inscribed on the cot are put into it; so in one where the tablet was marked "Wolfgang," lay an infant of that name. He was in a deep decline. Four brothers and sisters had died in infancy from the insidious disease, and Wolfgang was born to a like heritage. The boy had a strangely sweet look of resignation on his infant face, and when the nurse lifted him up he pressed his little head close to her breast. Nor would he have nestled less fondly in those arms, had he known that they were those of the "Adieu-nurse"—they display a wonderful amount of pathos in the choice of names, do these Flemings—who had carried to the "Silent Chamber" many a little one who was about to die. His turn must soon come; and, cradled in arms as tender as mother ever had, he will receive the "Adieu-kiss"—another expressive technical phrase—and become heir of the better life in the better land.—*Cassell's* (*English*) *Magazine.*

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BIARRITZ.

The largest and favorite bathing establishment at Biarritz, is on the smooth sands near the imperial villa; but, owing to the constant roll of the Atlantic waves, swimming is almost impossible. There is another at the Vieux Port, a sheltered cove where one can swim about with ease and safety; and a third is on the sands at the other side of the town. Every precaution is taken to avoid accidents, and to each place a boat is always stationed in front of the bathers. The fashionable times for bathing are from 7 to 10:30 in the morning, and from 3:30 to 6 in the afternoon, when the sea in front of the bathing establishments looks quite alive with human beings, some swimming, some plunging into or jumping up to meet the waves, some floating with huge gourds to buoy them up in the water, others taking lessons in swimming from the numerous "baigners" in constant attendance here. As the sexes bathe indiscriminately, all are of course dressed in full costume. Some wear straw hats, or have gaily colored handerchiefs tied round their heads, and the long trousers and jackets are often of the brightest hues of the rainbow. This bathing is by no means an expensive luxury; a box to dress in, towels, full costume, and a warm bath to wash the sand from the feet after bathing, can all be had for the small sum of sixpence; and for an extra half-franc the timid or inexperienced can secure the services of a baignenr to attend them in the water. These men, who are dressed in red or blue flannel, are principally employed in bathing ladies and children, and teaching them to swim. Their kindness and tenderness to delicate little children who dread the water—the way in which they coax them in, and change into a pleasure what had been looked forward to as a terror, is pleasant to witness. The bathers remain a long time in the water, and generally bathe twice a day, both morning and afternoon. 10:30 is the hour for breakfast; and after this is over the time is killed by lounging at cafés, or strolling over the sands and rocks till about four or five, when everybody bathes again. Dinner is at six, after which the gay throng adjourns to the casino, or walks up and down the principal street, which is as crowded every evening as the boulevards of Paris.

Diamonds of Thought.

Studying what One does not Like.—To study what one does not love—that is, to contend with ennui, weariness and disgust, for a good that we do not desire; to lavish the talent, that we feel is created for something else, in vain, on a subject where we fear that we can not succeed, is to withdraw so much power from one where we could make progress.

Employment.—Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unfitness for everything, and a man must either fill up his time with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.

The Vulgarity of Affectation.—Few subjects are more nearly allied than vulgarity and affectation. It may be said of them truly, that "thin partitions do their bounds divide." There can not be a surer proof of an innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel.

Hope.—Hope is a vigorous principle; it is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute; it sets the head and heart to work, and animates a man to do his utmost. And thus, by perpetually pushing and assurance, it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way.

Prudence.—Be more prudent for your children than, perhaps, you have been for yourself. When they, too, are parents, they will imitate you, and each of you will have prepared happy generations, who will transmit, together with your memory, the worship of your wisdom.

Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be Cheerful.—There is enough in the world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on hard and uneven roads; but with a cheerful spirit, we may walk thereon with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

Industry.—Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn—it is praise; his contempt is honor.

Self-Love.—By a sure contradiction, no system of philosophy gives such a base view of human nature, as that which is founded on self-love. So sure is self-love to degrade whatever it touches.

Benefits and Favors.—We should never remember the benefits we have conferred upon others, nor forget the favors we have received from our friends.

Sweet Temper.—The first and most important quality in the character of young women, is the possession of a sweet temper.

A Beautiful Sentiment.—Over all movements of life, religion scatters her favors; but reserves her choicest, her divine blessing, for the last hour.

Pride.—Of all human passions, pride most seldom obtains its end, for, aiming at honor and reputation, it generally reaps contempt and derision.

Glory is well enough for a rich man, but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience.—*Haliburton.*

Literary and Art Gossip.

Temperance Books for Boys.—The National Temperance Society, of New York, have added to their list of publications two excellent new books, "Philip Eckert," by the author of "Margaret Claire," and "The Broken Rock," by **Krune**, the author of "Lift a Little." Both works are decidedly religious, as well as temperance, in their teaching and tendency, and very well adapted for gifts to boys or girls.

Tilton's Journal of Horticulture.—This admirable horticultural journal grows better with every number, and has recently added to its strength, influence and usefulness, by consolidating with the *Magazine of Horticulture*, published for upward of forty years by C. M. **Hovey**, Esq. The Journal will be known hereafter as "Tilton's Journal of Horticulture and Floral Magazine," and will be published in Boston, as heretofore. It is a most useful and interesting periodical, to those interested in garden culture.

Sheldon & Co., the enterprising publishers of the *Galaxy*, have secured the greatest of the year's literary prizes—the new serial story, by **Charles Reade**, for which the popular author, it is said, is to receive fifty thousand dollars from them and from his English publishers. The new story will be commenced early in the year. The *Galaxy* has also purchased the advanced sheets of the new story, by Mrs. **Edwards**, the author of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," and "Archie Lovell," two of the most successful of recent novels. This attractive serial is commenced in the January number. With these two authors among its stars, the *Galaxy* promises to shine brilliantly during the coming year. But it by no means stops with them. **Richard Grant White** is to contribute to the volume for 1869 a series of papers on "Americanisms." **Eugene Benson** is to analyze, in a series of articles, the characteristics of the leading journalists of New York—Greeley, Raymond, Parke Godwin, W. H. Hurlbut, and others. Besides these, Scientific, Social, Literary, Practical, and Economical Articles are promised by Prof. E. L. **Youmans**, H. T. **Tuckerman**, **Edmund C. Stedman**, **Schele de Vere**, **Justin McCarthy** (the editor of the London *Morning Star*, now visiting this country), **Wm. R. Alger**, **John Meredith Read**, Jr., and other well-known writers. From **Mark Twain**, humorous articles are expected. From **Henry James**, Jr., **Harriet Prescott Spofford**, **Caroline Chesebro**, **Jane G. Austin**, **John Esten Cooke**, short stories and sketches. Taking the *Galaxy's* prospectus for 1869, altogether, it offers one of the most tempting bills of fare to magazine readers ever set before an American public.

Our Spice Box.

Matrimonial Paste.—"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his "better half," "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste."—"Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed: "What *shall* I do to get warm?"—"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on another *breast-pin!*"

The Cut Direct.—A conceited young man asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation.—"Oh, my dear friend," said the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

Chewing.—A lady, who has a great horror of tobacco, got into a railway carriage the other day, and inquired of a neighbor, "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, madam, I don't," was the reply; "but I can get you a chew, if you want one."

A Beau-knot.—A young lady, being engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied. "It is very easy to untie it now while it's a beau."

Grateful.—An epitaph in a rural graveyard reads thus:—"Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family."

Affecting.—Isn't it very affecting to behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air of a parent as he gives the bride away, when you know for the last ten years he has been trying to get her off his hands?

Pure Bread.—The manufacturer of an "unfermented bread" drew attention to his special product by a placard, headed, in very large type, with the words—"As pure as a soul without sin."

An impertinent fellow asked a gentleman at a public gathering why he had shaved off his side-whiskers, and was answered, that to meet some men he required more "cheek."

Conundrum.—*Q.* It is made with a train, it travels with a train, it is of no use to a train, but a train can not travel without it.—*A.* A noise.

What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady?—One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

Age.—"Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look!"—"Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in my life."

A bachelor, according to the latest definition, is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE PARISIAN IN STYLE FURNISHING BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FASHIONS for February present nothing that is novel, little that is attractive; winter styles have been long ago definitely settled, and spring is still considerably in the future, if one takes the evidence of one's senses instead of the almanac. In February, more than any other month in the year, one settles down into one's cloak and furs, into warm merinos, and comfortable poplins, with a feeling of home and enjoyment which we have hardly before experienced. The holidays are over, the gay dresses worn at the Christmas and New Year's festivities are laid aside, and we occupy ourselves once more with the quiet, and, it must be confessed, sometimes rather dull details of domestic life.

There are social gatherings, however—parties, which if not very much enjoyed, still break up the monotony of everyday life.

Paniers have almost run their course; they are not near so much worn as at the beginning of the season—although the back of the skirts is still made full, and upper skirts almost uniformly looped up at the sides.

The trains for evening wear are longer than ever; the dresses are in general trimmed *en tablier*, with a tunic open in front, and spreading out at the back as a *manteau de cour*, or court train. The bodices to dinner dresses are not always cut low; several are made high and open in front, either square or pointed; the sleeves are made both coat-shaped and with ruffles.

Some modistes are trying to revive the deep frill, once worn at the elbow of long coat-sleeves; it is a very ugly fashion, and we hope will fail to achieve any favor.

Sashes are worn much shorter; they are nearly always composed of large fan-shaped bows, or several loops with wide ends.

A new style of lace flounce is made with spear-shaped points, which ascend upon each breadth of the skirt. The lace is put on flat. The effect is beautiful upon lavender, green, or scarlet.

Striped costumes for home wear are very fashionable this winter. They are generally made with an upper tunic, in a plain color, the sleeves and underskirt being striped, and sometimes the collar, cuffs, and *revers* of a jacket, which takes the place of the tunic.

Cloaks with capes are very general; nearly all cloth cloaks are made as paletots, or basquines with round capes looped up in the back, and trimmed with fringe. It is a simple, useful, and most comfortable fashion.

Short suits composed of dresses with three or four small capes, graduating in size, and edged with fringe, will be fashionable for spring wear.

High bodies are cut lower in the neck now than formerly, and rounded out. The space is filled by a locket, and by round, bright-colored neck-ties with fringed ends.

The newest hooped skirts are very narrow, imperceptible when covered by the dress. They are arranged with a *tournure* at the back, which saves the necessity of a separate "bustle," and is much more elegant in appearance.

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TOILETS FOR FEBRUARY.

HOUSE DRESS of striped green and black poplin, jacket of black poplin or cashmere cut in to the figure, and ornamented with cuffs, *revers*, and short sash of the striped material. Scarlet necktie. The jacket is cut high, and finished with a band, inside which is a narrow standing collar.

STREET DRESS of Scotch tartan, with an overdress of black silk, looped up with black rosettes. Scarf of the tartan, arranged as an "Arab" at the back, one end worn over the left shoulder.

STREET DRESS, No. 2.—High short dress of scarlet merino, trimmed with narrow bands of gray Astrachan. Astrachan jacket, Astrachan muff, ornamented with head of animal, and *toquet* of gray felt, trimmed with band of Astrachan, and small scarlet breast of a bird.

DINNER DRESS of brilliant shot satin, blue and black. Plain, trained skirt, with "Pompadour" sleeves and sash of blue satin, ornamented with black satin quilling, edged with rich black lace. A Pompadour is a square yoke, cut high on the shoulders, low at the back and over the bust.

SHORT CARRIAGE OR VISITING SUIT of rich speckled velvet, consisting of dress, with upper skirt, and jacket. The trimming consists of band of peacocks' feathers, forming a border, and the jacket is open on the back to the waist, disclosing a handsome sash, made fan-shaped with short ends. Black velvet Polish bonnet, trimmed with black Spanish lace and feathers.

EVENING DRESS of pale silvery pink silk, trimmed *en tablier* with flounces of silver tulle, over others of tulle, the color of the dress. *Panier* sash, made of the two kinds of tulle; low bodice, draped, with tulle in folds, edged with rich white silk fringe.

EVENING DRESS of fine white organdie, trimmed with flounces laid in flat plaits, and surmounted by narrow green ribbon, run through narrow stitched bars of muslin. Low body, and *Marie Antoinette* cape trimmed to match the skirt. There is no lace upon this dress, which is simple, yet distinguished from the amount of work put upon it.

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CLOAKS FOR FEBRUARY.

WINTER garments assume a more decided form during this month, which, in our northern latitude, rarely indicates by the temperature any approach of spring. Suits are relinquished, or are only worn with additional outside covering, and, in many cases, warm cloaks take their place, lined, wadded, and trimmed with fur.

One of the newest models is of brown tricot cloth, made in the form of a half-fitting paletot, and trimmed upon the seams with narrow bands of mink fur.

Another is the "Russian" pelisse, made of dark bottle-green cloth, with a cape, and trimmed with gray Astrachan.

Black tricot cloth is also in vogue, and is most fashionably made as a pelisse, with three small capes, the lower one reaching only to or just below the waist.

In black velvet, tight-fitting casaques, finished upon the edge with a flounce of lace, and at the back with a lace hood, ornamented with black satin bows, are general, though by no means new.

A later style is the *Louis XV.* cloak, draped something like the *Watteau*, but having a large double instead of a single plait in the back, and shorter fronts, which are rounded off sharply, leaving the effect of a mere jacket, compared with the depth which it descends behind. The trimming consists of a deep flounce of rich lace, headed by a double satin ruching pinked out upon the edge, and the wrists are ornamented also by a deep fall of lace, turned back from the hand, and finished with a ruching.

A new and handsome cloth costume for the promenade is composed of a short dress, flounced, and short, double-breasted paletot, also flounced. Above the flouncing, which is in flat plaits, and made out of the material, three folds of alternate cloth and satin, stitched on, and of the same shade as the dress.

There are few showy or contrasted trimmings worn upon cloaks this winter, and glittering ones even yet are dispensed with. Satin is used—but the favorite ornaments consist of lace, or rich fringe and gimp, heavy and handsome, but dull in its effect.

The "McFarlane" cloak is a late style of round cloak, and will, probably, be used for early spring. It is made in ladies' cloth, of any color preferred, and trimmed with plaid cut on the cross, or with a bias velvet, striped with cross-bars of satin in a contrasting color.

Double capes of a large size will also be good spring wear, the upper one looped with silk rosettes

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DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES FOR FEBRUARY.

(*See full-page Engraving.*)

FIG. 1.—A Miss of thirteen years. Dress of violet merino over a plain petticoat of the same. Fitted waist closed in the back, and upper skirt gathered into the belt behind; the sleeves are full, being gathered into a deep trimmed cuff. The ornamentation consists of embroidery in green silk braid and green silk ruching carried down upon each side of the design; the skirt is trimmed on the sides and front.

FIG. 2.—Evening dress of white mohair; trained skirt without trimming; overdress describing four deep curves festooned with pearl and gilt buckles; a wide gold-colored satin plaiting is set upon the edge; the neck is trimmed to give the effect of a vest; plaiting at the top and bottom of the sleeve. Satin belt laid in folds.

FIG. 3.—Morning dress of gray cashmere trimmed with blue satin or silk quilting, piping and covered buttons; the style is a Gabrielle; he quilting is set upon the side of the skirt and the space between the two sections barred with piping; quilted collar and cuffs; the trimming upon the body describes a point between the shoulders.

FIG. 4.—Short house dress of garnet poplin trimmed with velvet, velvet buttons and wide netted fringe in the same color. A square apron is described upon the skirt, and from this the velvet curves down to within ten inches of the bottom, and thence, finished with a fall of fringe, encircles the back, the buttons extend to the point where the velvet turns off; the body is alike on both sides.

FIG. 5.—Dinner dress of orange-colored silk with black silk overdress forming the train; the latter, also the apron, is finished with a flounce set on with arrow piping in orange; the curve at the side is bordered with box plaiting; the bodice rounds over the bust with arrow piping and black lace, broad cuffs to correspond; the belt is united under a cluster of large loops.

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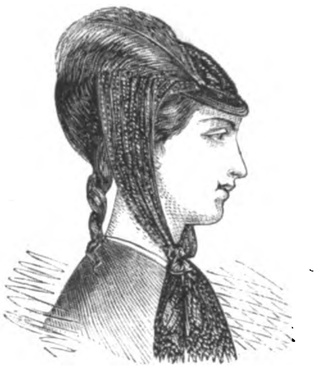
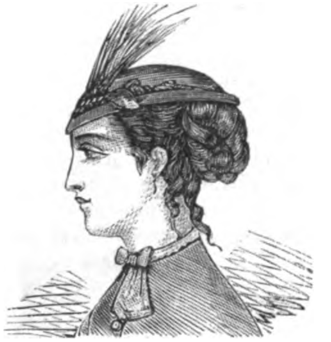
WHERE should one always expect to find a bountiful supply of the milk of human kindness? Within the *pale* of the Church.

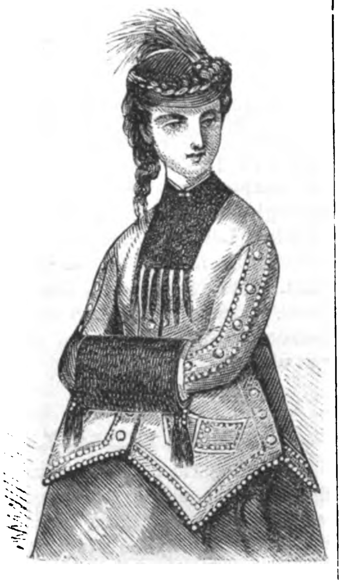
HATS AND FURS.



No. 1 is a very stylish hat of black velvet, with a vail and rosette in front, and a rich ostrich tip at the side.



No. 2 is a Persian lamb turban of a new and original design; the only trimming is an ibis' wing.



No. 3.—A very choice set of Siberian sable—muff and boa, valued at $800.

These are taken from goods now on exhibition at J. R. TERRY'S Emporium, 19 Union Square, N. Y.

◆

PREJUDICES.—When we fancy that we have grown wiser, it is only, in many instances, that new prejudices have taken the place of old ones.

WHEN you are angry, don't write. Words when spoken are air, but when they are written they are things.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Dinner dress of blue silk, skirt trimmed with a plaited flounce, set on in sections alternately, one at the bottom, and one above the vacant space, the edge reaching to the top of the other; the heading is a very rich gimp, composed of crochet leaves and satin rosettes all black; a narrow plaiting and gimp defines the shoulders; three puffs are set in at the top of the sleeves across the back, the inner side being plain; two rows of gimp at the hand. Collar and cuffs of fine embroidery worked in lace.

FIG. 2.—Ball costume; plain dress of rose-colored Irish poplin; overdress of Spanish lace; the front and sides are cut like a loose Gabrielle, and the back full, caught in at the square neck in a broad box plait; the front of the skirt is much shorter than the back, which is bordered with three puffs; the sides are festooned with clusters of white roses and foliage; the neck is defined by one row of puffing; the back is ornamented with single roses, three in number, across the box plait. Sleeves puffed and finished with a deep fall of lace; the front and sides are held in to the figure by a lace belt, closing with a rose and foliage.

◆

Description of Young Ladies' Costumes for Evening Parties.

(*See full page Engraving.*)

FIG. 1.—Gored dress of bright garnet silk; short skirt, having a very deep flounce with five puffs above it; the body closes behind with velvet buttons; it is trimmed square, with velvet an inch wide and puffing, a band of velvet at the wrist and five puffs above; the buttons and velvet match the silk in color; all the puffing is made of the dress material; twenty yards of silk will be required for the entire garment.

This toilet is completed with a full set of Valenciennes lace; the collar closes over a white satin tie, embroidered with colors; white artemesias in the hair; a velvet with a garnet medallion around the neck. White kid gloves.

FIG. 2.—Dress of light green and pink changeable silk, or Irish poplin; gored skirt with train, a flounce of white lace across the front, set on with green satin piping, and fastened where it terminates at the sides with a cameo or pearl medallion set in a lace rosette with satin ends. Low *corsage* and short box-plaited sleeves finished with a lace ruffle; tulle overskirt and cape or scarf; the former is caught up in the side seams in scattered gathers or fine plaits under green satin piping, and the edge festooned with a medallion to correspond with that upon the underskirt; the front is set on the belt in a large box plait; the scarf is bordered with piping and lace, the back describes a point, and the front crosses under an upright satin bow. The hair is ornamented with a pink crushed rose and frosted velvet foliage, forming a half wreath over the chignon, and knotted beneath with satin ribbon. A satin rosette may be used instead of medallions if preferred. Very light green gloves, stitched with white.

◆

BONNETS FOR FEBRUARY.

"SHALL we ever have bonnets again?" is the cry from hundreds of women, who can not or will not mount the huge chignon, and who must fashion a *chapeau* which will cover their heads the best way they can, for shapes so unfashionable are not to be found at the milliner's.

Had some prophet foretold, six years ago, that we should now be wearing an enormous bunch of hair at the back of the head, and a small, circular, three-cornered, or pointed little patch of velvet in front, mounted with a flower or feather, and called a bonnet, we should have laughed, and refused to credit the idea; but it has become true, and remained true longer than the warmest admirers of the small bonnets dared to hope.

The extremely fashionable bonnets are smaller this winter than ever; they are simply little *poufs*, or puffings of velvet, edged and coroneted, with an *aigrette* on one side and a fall of lace at the back.

A new style of bonnet has been made recently, for elderly ladies, with velvet lappets which cross under the chin, and are edged with lace. These form a very complete protection to the neck and throat.

A pretty, hood-like bonnet, invented for ladies living in the country, is made of quilted satin, with a brim pointed *à Marie Stuart*, and a cap crown, or "baby" crown, bordered by a small, quilted curtain. The entire hood is edged with a narrow band of fur, and a rose or some single flower is placed high on the left, inside of the brim.

The Mantille hood serves either for wearing in the country or for an opera hood. It is composed of a square of cashmere, either blue or white, edged all round with black guipure. One of the points falls over the forehead, two others are brought under the chin, where they are fastened with a satin rosette; then the fourth point—that at the back—falls upon the shoulders, where it is slightly rounded, and looped up with two or three plaits under a rosette similar to that which decorates the front.

A late style of *Fanchon* bonnet is made of folds of satin, made broad at the top, and graduated at the sides. They are bordered with a wreath of satin leaves, and finished with a rose or japonica at the side, or edged with a feather fringe, and ornamented with a feather *aigrette*, fastened by a gold brooch.

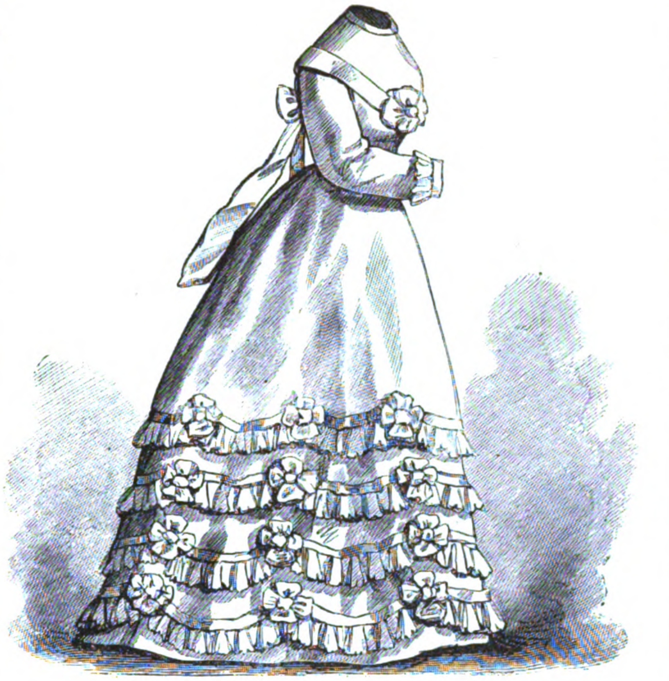
A very new and pretty reception bonnet is made of blue satin, puffed, and ornamented on each side of the front with small blue satin bows set in shells of white pointed blonde. In the center, over the forehead, a pearl crescent incloses a white *aigrette*, and the lace lappets are crossed in front with bows of blue satin.

Hats are more worn this winter for demi-toilet by ladies, than ever before, the *toquet* and the three-cornered *Grande Duchesse* being the favorite models. They are of black velvet, or felt, and are trimmed with bands of feathers and feather fringe, or fur, the ornament being the head or breast of a bird.

◆

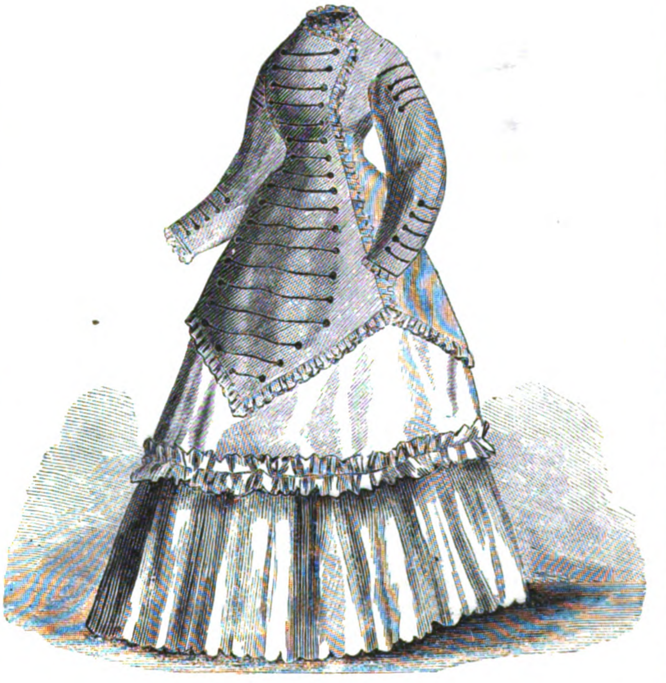
FASHION IN HAIR.

ATTENTION has lately been drawn to the proof of the fickleness of the goddess Fashion, which has been afforded by ladies' hair. It was remarked that the yellow Saxon tresses were at one time being everywhere thrust out of existence by the browns and blacks of the Norman type; but an astonishing Saxon reaction shortly afterward set in, and society suddenly glittered with golden locks. Scarcely had we become accustomed to this metamorphosis, before the reaction was followed by another. Golden hair was to be no longer the fashion; nothing would answer but the somber charms of the brunette. The latest change, however, in the ever-varying mode, and we venture to hope it may be more permanent than the preceding ones, is to let the natural hue alone. It is somewhat singular that only one great nation ever left the hair in its natural state—the Greeks, the most artistic of all. They recognized that the lovely covering of the head was given for artistic handling alone—the volute of the stately human capital, the crown to the fair edifice of beauty.



GEORGETTE DRESS.

THIS is very pretty for an evening sociable; it is made of plain or changeable silk, light-colored; the skirt is flounced in curves, with silk pinked out on the lower edge, and headed with a satin fold and silk rosettes. Fitted body with belt closing with a rosette in front; a wide satin fold, caught down upon the bust with a silk rosette, is carried over the shoulders and fastened in the center of the back with a bow and sash ends; the sleeve has a ruffle at the hand.



WALKING-COSTUME.

SKIRT of purple silk bordered with a deep flounce and heading composed of thick silk ruching. Double-breasted basque of purple plush; the bottom is cut out in four points, and the edge finished with satin box-plaiting. It is trimmed with bars of satin piping, ending with small buttons; the back corresponds with the front.

KNITTED WOOLEN GOODS.

THE hand-knit woolen goods are every season to be found in greater variety, in more beautiful colors and combinations, and in better designs and qualities. They have been and are a God-send to the children, especially the little children, who were formerly condemned to bare legs, bare arms, and bare necks, in the coldest weather.

The high colors undoubtedly give an attraction to the brilliant hosiery, sacks, scarfs, jackets, and the like, which the old-fashioned browns and grays did not possess. The new jackets are particularly pretty. They are made with and without sleeves, the body part in some neutral color, or representing chinchilla fur, the vest and border to the jacket knit in scarlet, blue, purple, violet, solferino, or some other good contrasting color.

There are also a great variety of hoods, caps, cloaks, knit bonnets, and sacks for children. There are fine and coarse, some very closely knit, and edged with a handsome fringe—others bordered in colors, and all finished with cord and tassels, or with loops, bows, and ends, to represent lace.

For children, the striped and Scotch stockings are the most fashionable; for ladies, scarlet or Scotch stockings with Tartan costumes, and striped stockings with striped petticoats and Pompadour dresses.

There are all sorts of cheap woven imitations of handsome hand-knit woolen goods, but it is not economy to buy them. The colors are always poor, the styles inferior, and there is little or no wear in them.

The knitted "breakfast" shawls, formerly so fashionable, have given place, to a considerable extent, to the Turkish jackets now in vogue; but they are still worn by middle-aged and elderly ladies, and, in white, scarlet, crimson, or some warm single color, make a pretty addition to the morning toilet. They are entirely unsuited to the street, however, and no lady should think of using them for such a purpose.

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NEW SASHES FOR WHITE MUSLIN DRESSES.—For evening wear, and with white muslin dresses, some very stylish sashes have been lately introduced. They are made of wide ribbon, either blue, mauve, pink, or green, and the ends are edged with Valenciennes lace; on the lower half of each end there are sprays of flowers embroidered on muslin, cut out and *appliqué* on the ribbon. The edge of the waist-band is likewise bordered with Valenciennes lace, and a narrow row of *appliqué* embroidery heads the lace.

PREMIUM SEWING-MACHINES.

BY the subjoined list, our subscribers will see that we have added to our premiums all the first-class machines in the market, and offer them at the lowest possible rates—that is to say, for the smallest number of subscribers that we can, consistently with justice.

By a fortunate contract we are able to offer the BARTRAM & FANTON upon much more favorable terms than any other first-class machine, and, although less known, yet its own merits will certainly win for it, very shortly, a place in the front rank of the best sewing-machines in the market.

The following are the club rates for 1869, with the retail prices of the different machines affixed.

Bartram & Fanton Machine, price $55, for 20 subscribers.
Grover & Baker Machine, price $60, for 30 subscribers.
Florence Machine, price $63, for 35 subscribers.
Wheeler & Wilson Machine, price $55, for 40 subscribers.
Howe Machine, price $60, for 40 subscribers.
Singer Machine, price $60, for 45 subscribers.

All these machines have their warm admirers and adherents, and all their good qualities; but the Howe and the Singer are generally conceded to be less desirable for family purposes than the others, though they are unrivaled for manufacturing. A club of 20 subscribers for a sewing-machine costing $55, is a great and exceptional opportunity, and we beg to call the attention of the getters-up of clubs to the chance afforded them, and which may not be continued longer than this year, of obtaining for that number the favorite BARTRAM & FANTON.

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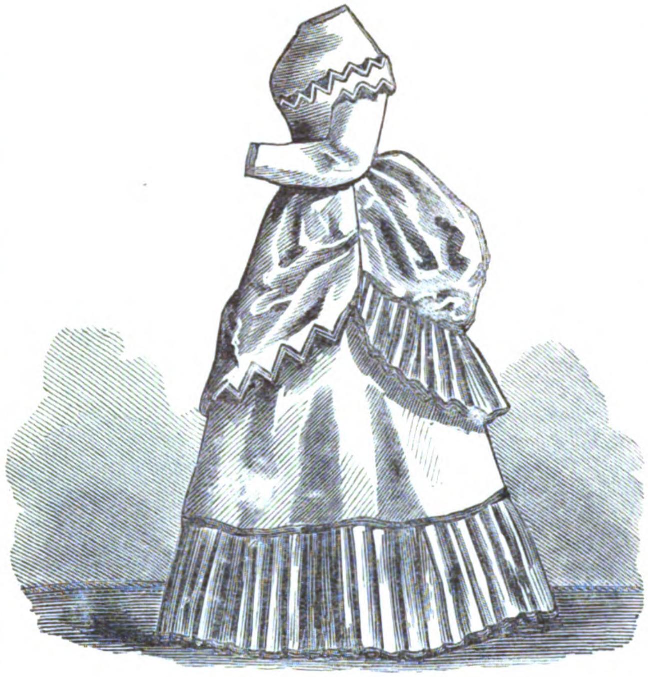
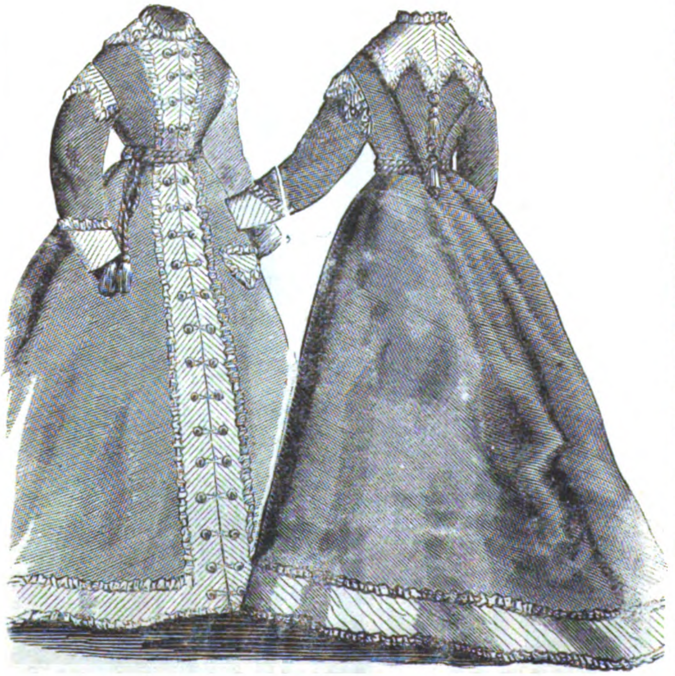
"LA GRANDE VICTOIRE."

UNDER this title we desire to introduce to our readers a new style of hoop skirt, designed for wearing with *panier* dresses. It combines a crinoline and bustle, a great advantage with regard to both economy and convenience, as it costs much less, and saves time and trouble to have the two united in one article of apparel; the bustle is adjustable upon a very simple plan, by which it may be elevated or depressed at pleasure to suit the ordinary gored skirt, or the popular *panier*. This skirt is exceedingly well made, and of symmetrical shape and graceful size. An idea of the general effect may be gained from the illustration at the head of this page, which represents a *panier* dress worn over a skirt of the kind described.



PANIER DRESS.

GORED dress, with a broad, plaited flounce at the bottom; the flounce is bound and set on with velvet. Overdress, with *panier* and bodice; the apron and bodice are ornamented with points cut out and bound with velvet; the *panier* is finished with a flounce to correspond with the underskirt.



MORNING ROBE.

(Front and back view.)

SCARLET merino, trimmed with quilted white satin set on with a border of satin ribbon, box-plaited; the epaulet is separated from the sleeve, being fastened in the seam; a vandyked collar of quilting turns over the hood, which is ornamented with rich white tassels. The loops and cords closing the front are white, likewise the cord and tassels for the waist.

Another particular feature of this combination is that but one belt is used, which renders it neat and compact, and provides against the chances of the bustle or skirt becoming detached, one from the other, an event likely to happen if separate belts were required. By this means the bustle is always held in its proper place, and the wearer is relieved of all anxiety lest it should get disarranged.

The advertisement of the proprietors will be found elsewhere in this magazine. The skirts are for sale at Mme. Demorest's, 838 Broadway, and all leading retail dry goods houses.

◆

MASQUERADES.

FANCY dress balls and parties are as fashionable as ever, but there is a decided distaste to all the old style of characters—the vivandieres, the Scotch girls, and the like.

Dresses are either very odd or very costly, and the grotesque is preferred to the magnificent. "Undine," the Tyrolean peasant's dress, and the tall cap of the Normandy woman, always excite attention and admiration, wherever they are seen.

A charming dress for "Undine" is composed of three skirts of sea-green tulle, with a tunic of white, frosted tulle forming the upper skirt, and drapery for the bodice. *Rosieres* of white water-lilies and trailing sea-grass, with little silver fish and bits of coral hanging to them, loop up the tunic and ornament the bodice back of the waist and hair. The hair should be golden-waved, and allowed to float loosely upon the shoulders.

◆

A MOST DESIRABLE GARMENT.

THE "Boulevard" skirts, in the new and beautiful winter styles, have obtained pre-eminence over all others for walking, skating and general out-door purposes. They are less heavy than formerly, but nearly as warm, and quite as durable. After a single trial, they are indispensable, from their usefulness, convenience, and beauty.

The application of embroidery patterns to the "Boulevard" as a border, is highly ornamental, and the effect quite in keeping with the character of the skirt; we sincerely recommend it to ladies living in the city or country, particularly the latter, and urge them, by all means, to a trial of its merits.

The only difficulty is, as a lady recently observed, "that there is no wear out to them." She declined purchasing a new one, on the ground that her old one was as good as ever.

NEW PARISIAN COSTUMES.

THE newest Parisian costumes are composed of "shot," or changeable silk velvets, in the most dazzling colors. They are called "humming-bird" velvets, some being exact imitations of the plumage of the humming-bird. There are green velvets shot with violet, blue velvets shot with gold, brown velvets shot with flame-color—in fact, every variety and contrast imaginable. Black velvets shot with colors are also charming; black and emerald green, black and ruby, black and sapphire, black and topaz, are all most effective; jewels thrown upon the soft rich ground could not be more dazzling.

All these velvet costumes are made in the Louis XV. style, or in what is called *au Petit Versailles.* The make called the "Petit Versailles" is a sort of a *casaque*, fitting the figure in front, and loose at the back. It is very like a Watteau, the chief difference being in the plaits; instead of one large flat plait behind, it has two plaits. The upper part of the garment describes a square pelerine, edged with either a satin or *gros grain* ruche. The satin waistband passes under the plait, and is fastened at the side. The satin ornaments used for decorating these costumes are shot, like the velvets.

The most appropriate trimmings for costumes that have been introduced are bands of feathers to match them in color. For black velvet shot with green, a band of peacock's feathers is used; for fawn velvet shot with gold, bands of pheasant's feathers; and with ruby velvet, either the black or dark red feathers of the ibis are called into requisition.

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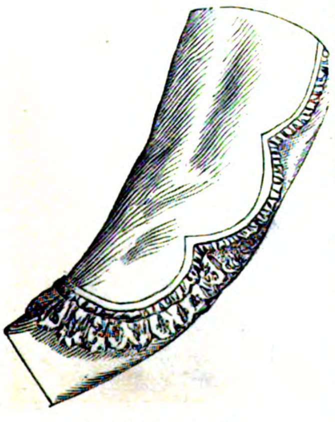
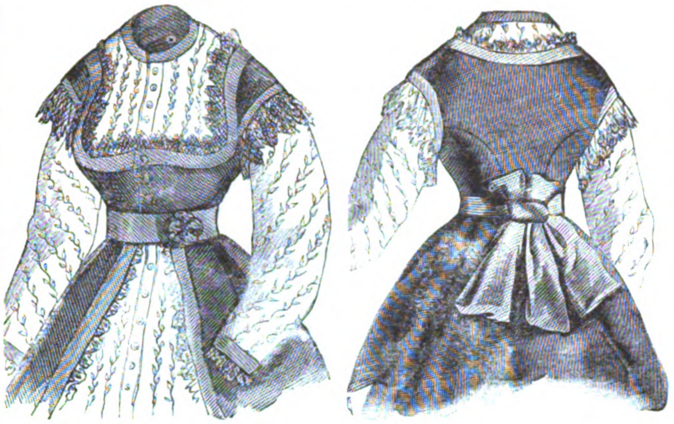


HILDA SLEEVE.

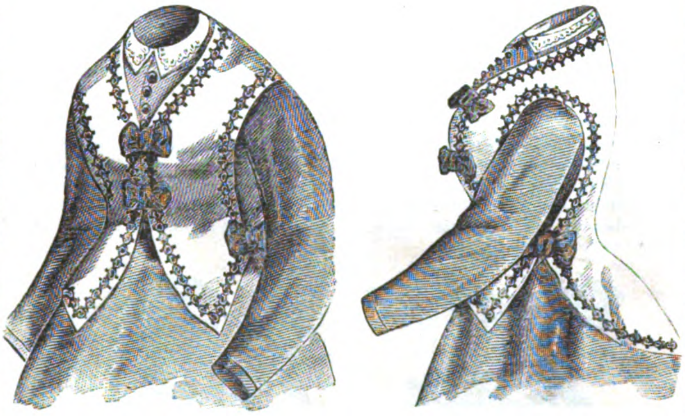
A VERY pretty coat-sleeve for silk and poplin; it is trimmed in curves with narrow gimp, satin quilling, and below the elbow with a fall of thread lace.



LADY'S OVERDRESS.

(Front and back view.)

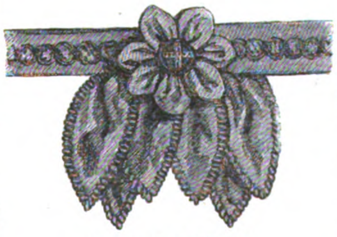
MATERIAL black satin, trimmed with rose-colored velvet and black lace. The skirt divides at the belt like a tunic and descends to a point, the slope being carried up to the first seam, and here occurs a festoon fastened with a rosette; the remainder of the edge forms a deep curve, raised in a festoon in the center; the belt and ornament are made of velvet; the dress over which this is worn is white, figured with *chene* stripes, in which rose-color predominates. A plain white dress or rose-color will answer as well.



SLEEVELESS JACKET.

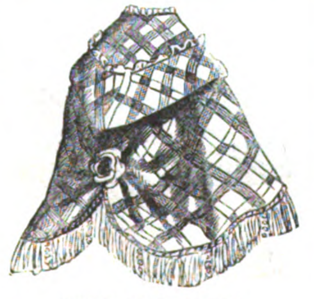
(Front and side view.)

THIS is made of scarlet merino or opera flannel, and trimmed with black gimp and black satin bows; the aperture for the arm is simply caught together at the belt by a bow. It is a very pretty addition to a breakfast or morning toilet, and can be made by any lady, who has a little taste and ingenuity, to be quite stylish and attractive.



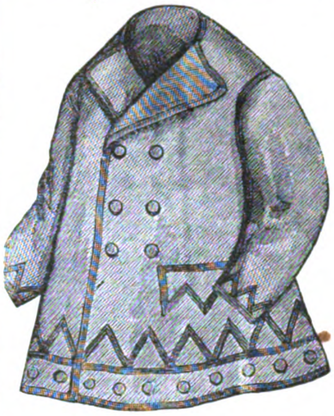
BELT ORNAMENT.

INTENDED for the back; it consists of six leaves cut out of the dress material and finished with a border of gimp; these are attached to the under side of the belt; the center ornament is a large rosette of smaller leaves; the belt itself is composed of the dress fabric, and trimmed with one row of gimp.



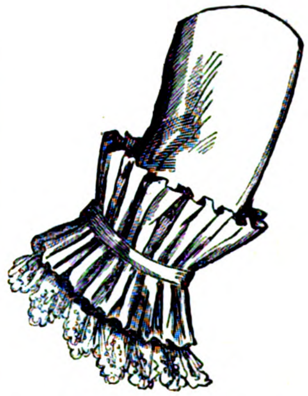
HOOD AND TALMA.

THIS is intended for the shoulders, over a paletot or circular of plaid to match. It requires about 1 ¾ yards of material; the talma is festooned with a plaid rosette, and the hood is very nearly round.



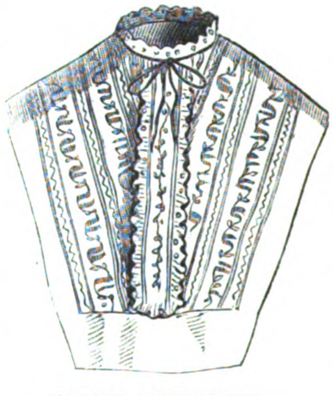
PLUSH CLOAK.

MISS'S out-door cloak of white or light colored plush; the shape is a loose sack, with broad *revers* and side pockets; the trimming is composed of satin folds and satin buttons.



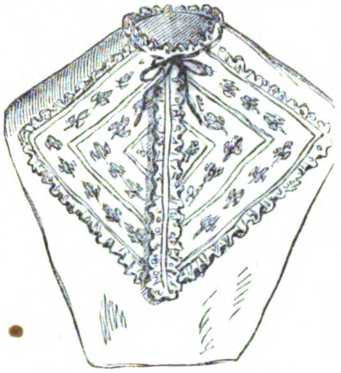
CELESTA SLEEVE.

THE Marie Antoinette shape, finished at the bottom with very broad, fine box plaiting, divided by a satin band; the lower edge has a fall of lace. This is particularly suited to rich silk evening dresses.



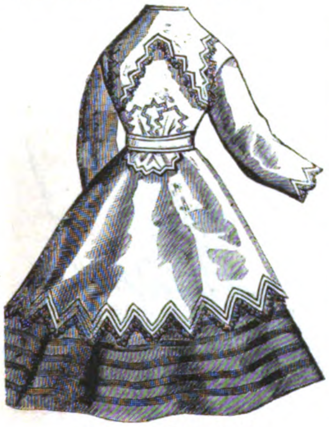
LADY'S CHEMISETTE.

COMPOSED of Valenciennes lace and fine embroidery. The inserting is set in obliquely, a row of lace and one of needlework alternating; this is encircled by a row of embroidery and a frill of lace; a standing frill around the neck, with a velvet running through it; the body is composed of nainsook or mull; it is in vest-shape, without sleeves, simply fitted over the shoulders, and is open, for putting on, in the back.



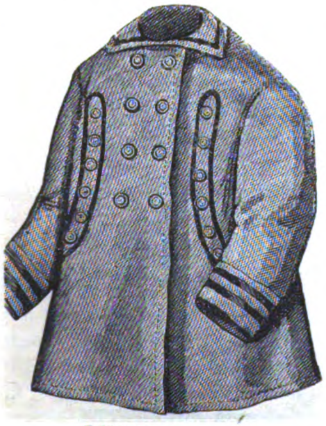
LADY'S CHEMISETTE.

The work is arranged in diamond shape. It is composed of needlework inserting, joined by a very fine heading of lace; a row of the latter extends through a double lace frill in the center.



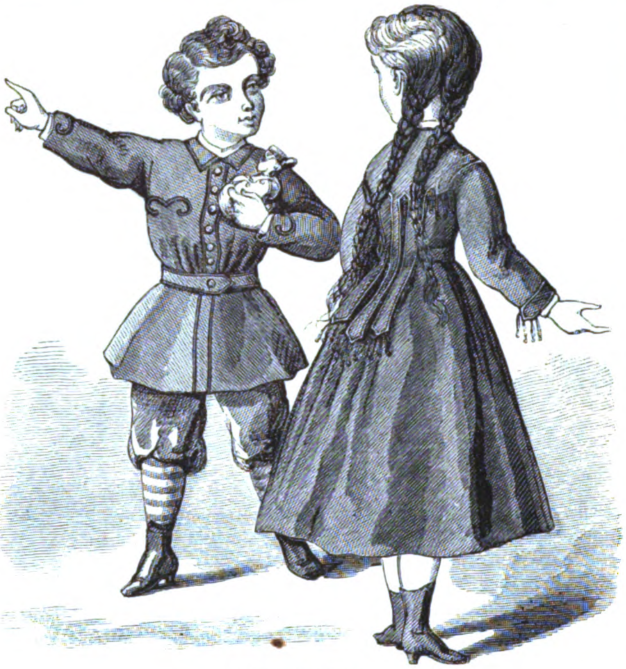
NINA OVERDRESS.

Back view. A Gabrielle of gray silk, trimmed with narrow crimson velvet and black lace; the cape is round like a collar in front, and describes two vandykes in the back; the ornament at the belt is formed of three large leaves, plaited together under the belt; the petticoat is of crimson merino, trimmed with black velvet in straight rows.



BOY'S OVERCOAT.

A style appropriate for a boy of five to eight years. It is made of thick cloth and lined with quilted flannel; the front is double-breasted and ornamented with curved straps of cloth bound with galoon and festooned with buttons. These straps curve across to the side seams and answer for pocket forms. Gray cloth trimmed with black galoon and smoked pearl buttons are a good selection of materials.

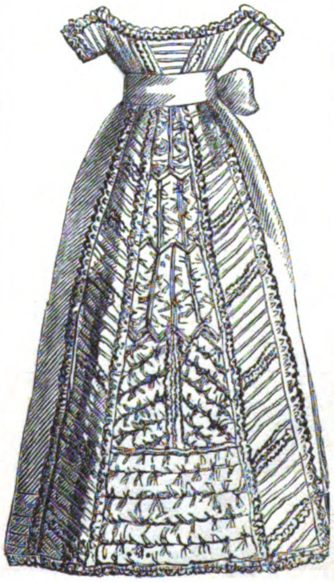


RUPERT SUIT.

Boy's blouse and knee-pants of brown velveteen, bound and trimmed with coat galoon and tortoise-shell buttons; the front of the blouse is divided at the belt, the skirt is left plain and the waist fitted into the seam with three flat plaits, all turned toward the inner edge; the back is full enough to set without drawing in; the belt crosses behind with tabs; a steel or shell buckle fastens it at the crossing. Striped stockings, brown and white.

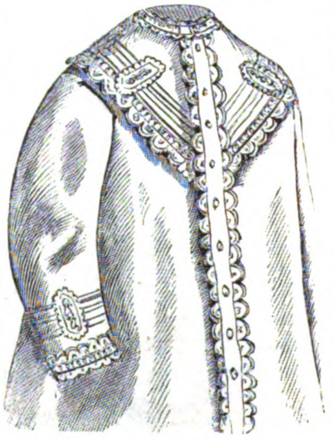
NELLIE DRESS.

Little girl's house dress of French poplin. Skirt gored in front and gathered on in the back; the body fits plain below the yoke, which has three small points across the bust and three sashes behind; the trimming consists of satin binding for the yoke, epaulets and sleeve-pieces, and fancy fringe; the epaulets are cut and finished both ends alike; the sleeve-piece forms a complete band around the cuff, the under side being fastened in the seam.



INFANT'S VISITING-DRESS.

Very fine mull. The body is made with tucking, crosswise, between lace inserting and upright tucks; the skirt begins at the belt with two puffs, then three, then four, spreading out like a fan; this is followed by oblique puffs each side of a bar of lace, and, below, a section of straight puffs. This center is framed with rows of lace and oblique tucks; the lace should be Valenciennes. Fine embroidery will answer instead, if preferred.



LADY'S NIGHTDRESS.

Linen or long-cloth cut in a long, gored sack, closing with a flat band bordered with Valenciennes lace; pointed yoke formed of four rows of tucking, one of embroidered inserting and a lace edge; this is broken, at intervals, with bars of inserting encircled with lace; nine bars are requisite; counting in two for the sleeves, there will be seven in the yoke, one being set in the point behind; the wrists and neck are finished with inserting set between lace frills.

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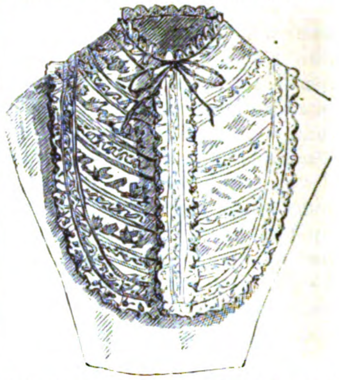
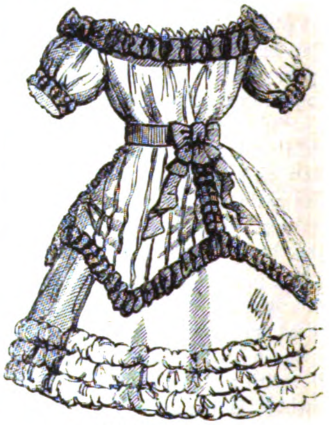
LADY'S CHEMISETTE.

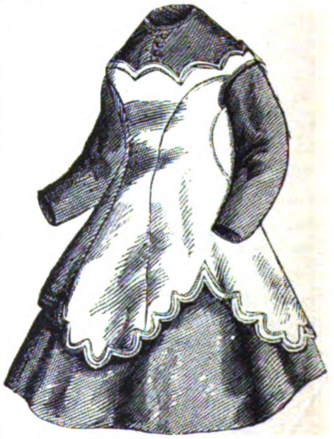
A band of Valenciennes through the center encircled with a lace frill; this is met upon each side by rows of inserting alternately, one of broad lace, and one of narrow embroidery. Ladies can easily make these pretty requisites for low-bodied or square-necked dresses, themselves. The edge of the embroidery requires to be rolled and neatly overhanded to the lace. The best way to acquire the right shape and size is to cut a piece of paper of the desired proportions, and baste the lace and needlework upon its surface, in the shape that may be selected. It is then a simple matter to join the edges. Thread or Cluny lace is used as well as Valenciennes for this purpose.





IDA DRESS.

Back view. A front view of this pretty dress is given elsewhere, in this number, with an accurate description. All the gores of the overskirt (there are four) are puffed, the apron being quite plain. The belt is finished with a rosette and ends.



LITTLE GIRL'S OVERDRESS.

A Gabrielle of colored silk, easily made and very pretty, to be worn with any plain dress. The bottom describes four round points or leaves, with an edge cut out in scollops; the back closes with covered buttons, or it may be caught together with rosettes. Gimp, velvet, or satin piping forms a suitable trimming.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Overdresses *en panier* are now the rage for little girls, who also exhibit the " Grecian bend " to perfection.

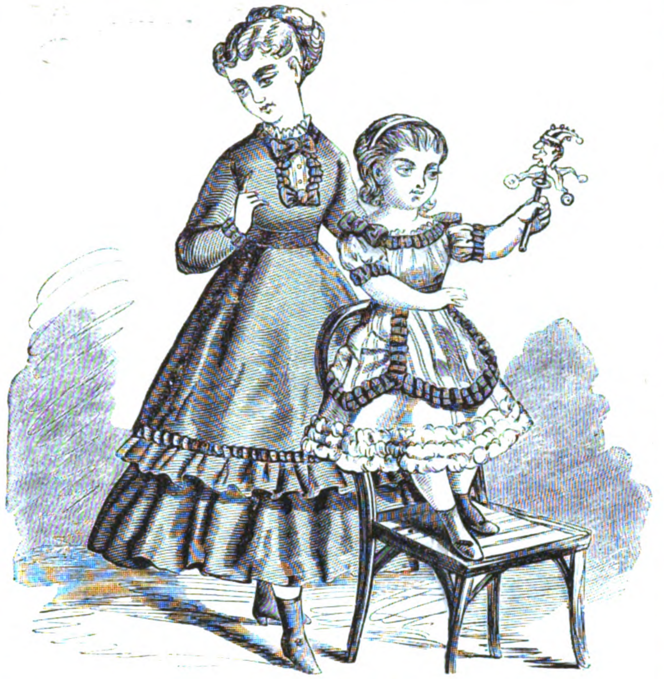
A pretty, and not expensive party dress is made for a little girl, of white organdie, flounced, and worn with a little overdress of scarlet silk. The overdress is looped up *en panier*, and trimmed with rosettes.

Another very effective dress is of scarlet merino, made high, with long puffed sleeves, not very full, but divided by narrow black ribbon velvet. The overdress is of black silk, trimmed with silk ruches and black velvet rosettes. It is cut square and low, so as to form a peasant waist, and edged with a double ruching.

A serviceable boy's dress is a black poplin, made with a broad plait down the front, with large pearl buttons in the center. A rim of wide scarlet velvet is laid round the bottom of the skirt, and a velvet band worn round the waist, with bows and ends at the back. Among the fantastic costumes worn by little girls is a black velvet skirt, with a red upper tunic of serge, trimmed with scarlet-drop fringe, and a jacket of the same.

A little costume, for a maiden of five, was made of blue merino, and round the bottom of the skirt was a plaiting of the same, edged with satin; over this fell a short upper skirt trimmed in the same way, and bunched up on either side with bows, as much *en panier* as possible. With this, a sleeveless jacket was worn, coming down with square ends both back and front, also trimmed all round with the plaiting. Many little dresses are made with square Cardinal capes of the same material as the dress, scarcely falling below the shoulders. A gray serge costume of this kind was trimmed down the front of the body and skirt with a row of black buttons, with two rows of black velvet on either side.

The newest fashion in little dresses, for children about one or two years old, is white serges very much gored, and cut after the fashion of the Princess dresses; the extra fullness round the waist, if there be any, is drawn in with runners. These little dresses are slightly wadded throughout, and trimmed with rows of narrow plush or satin, with a double row of buttons down the front, from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. Capes of the same are worn with these, and just at the back of them a little triangular piece is cut out, which forms a double point, and above this a rosette is placed. Under these, when the weather is cold, white knitted jackets are worn, coming close up to the neck and down to the wrist; these are most useful and serviceable things, and no child's wardrobe is complete without them.

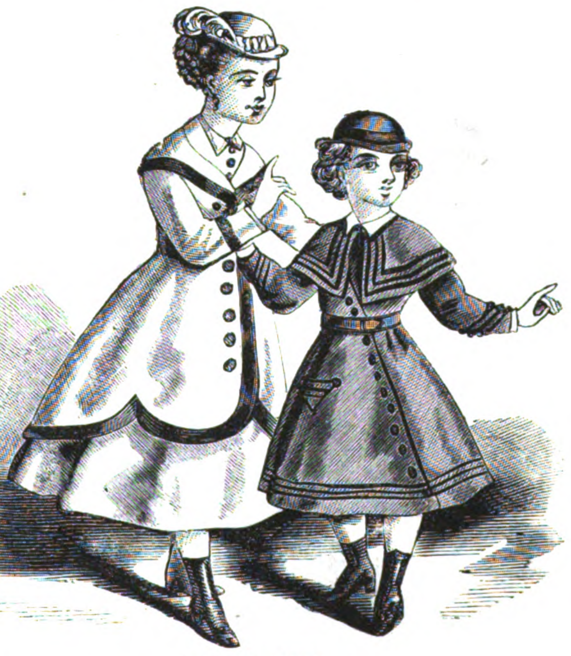


CELESTE DRESS.

Miss's dress of changeable silk; upon the skirt a wide flounce headed by a ruffle and narrow box-plaiting; coat sleeves with box-plaiting at the waist. The body is cut out in oval shape at the top, and finished with bows and plaiting; the latter is made by fastening each plait through the center. The chemisette may be simply tucked linen, or lace and embroidery.

IDA DRESS.

Child's party dress of white nainsook, organdie or mull, very fine; baby waist and skirt, bordered with three puffs; box-plaiting of green satin around the neck, and puffed sleeves; overskirt of narrow striped silk, green and white, with plain apron and puffed gores, each separated and bordered by green satin box-plaiting. A back view of this charming little dress is given in another illustration.



SCHOOL SUITS.

Girl's suit of serge. Plain dress and coat, trimmed with velvet; the coat is warmly lined with flannel; the neck is folded back over the shoulders in a broad collar, and the space filled out with a vest. The collar describes a point in the back. Beaver hat trimmed with loops of velvet, and a short, curling plame.

Boy's suit of poplin. Long blouse of cashmere, closing diagonally in front; a coachman's cape over the shoulders; the trimming may be velvet or mohair braid and black rubber buttons. Felt hat, with a band of galoon tied with a bow, and buckle at the side.

Sealskin jackets and little ermine jackets are now made for children of three and four. Velvet suits trimmed with brebe are common enough, and black velveteen, trimmed with large pearl buttons and black sashes, are much in favor.

For children too old to wear the white silk and satin quilted hoods, white felt hats are the best things that can be procured; for very young children, these are bound with white ribbon, have rosettes back and front, and a couple of ends of ribbon carried across the crown. But they are also very much trimmed with velvet; red and blue are the favorite colors. The rims are covered with velvet, laid on in large plaits, and tufts of feathers are arranged in the front.

Tartan sashes and shoulder-knots for children are more fashionable than any other kind.

A recent novelty is a new kind of infant's pillow, recommended as a convenient and portable couch, on which to carry young children, especially when ill. It protects them from cold, and as they are fastened into it, there is no danger of their rolling off. It is made of figured dimity, and trimmed with nainsook frilling and embroidery, and is more like a long down-stuffed bag than anything else, made a little longer than a baby, the under side extending some quarter of a yard beyond the upper, which can be buttoned down to it on each side. On this largest end, rounded and trimmed, a little cushion is placed for the child's head to rest on. The whole rests quite easily on the nurse's arm, and for delicate children it is very useful.

Children's bibs now-a-days are often attached to belts of the same material, which, when fastened round the waist, keep them admirably in their place, forming almost an extra body—an advantage in cold weather.

* * *

Where the Bible is Prohibited.—Nearly all of Europe is now open to the circulation of the Bible, the only exception being in Papal Rome and in Spain. Even in Austria, where, fifteen years ago, 58,000 copies of the Bible, belonging to the British and Foreign Bible Society, were sent out of the country under a guard of soldiers, there is now no legal restriction to the free circulation of the word of God.

WORK TABLE.

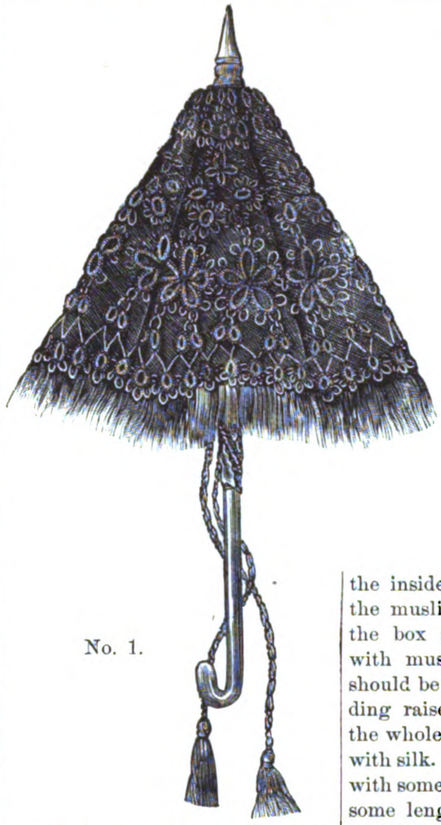
PARASOL NEEDLE-BOOK WITH TATTED COVER.

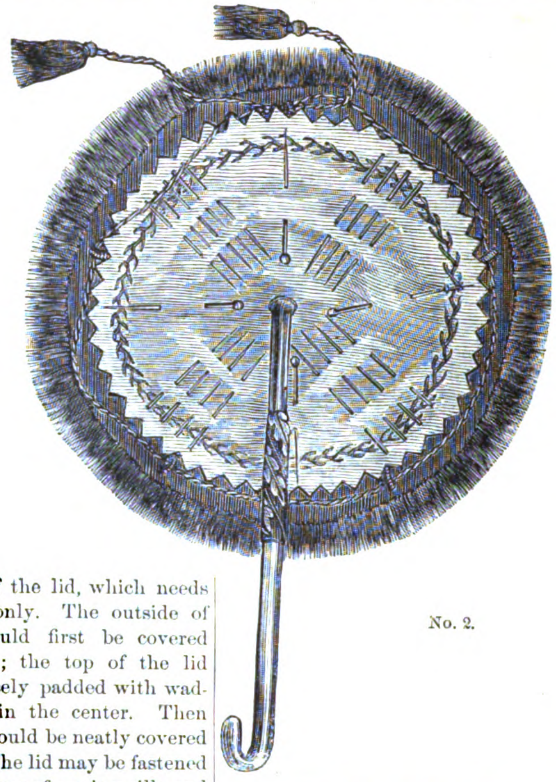
No. 1 represents the parasol closed. The handle may be of wood or bone, and measures six inches in length.

No. 2 represents the inner arrangement in reduced size. The cashmere part measures four inches and a quarter in diameter. The edge is ornamented with lilac silk, herring-bone stitch; a silk foundation of the same color is also required for the tatted cover, and silk ribbon an inch broad, a little fulled, is placed underneath, and the thread drawn out on one side for a fringe half an inch broad. Inside the parasol, where the ribbon is fastened on, are placed five little eyes at equal distances, through which is afterward drawn a silk cord composed of several silk threads, and tied at the ends to form a tassel.

The tatted cover is worked as follows:

Begin from the middle with a ring of sixteen long picots separated by two double knots, then at the end of each picot tat an eye of four double knots, one picot, four double knots; then sixteen eyes of two double knots, seven picots separated by two double knots, and two double knots. The undermost picot of two of these eyes is joined on to one picot of the preceding row. This completes the middle rosette. The following patterns, worked in three parts, can be easily joined to the corresponding picots in the course of the work, or they may be afterward tied on with fine thread. For the eight half rosettes, tat a little eye of five double knots, one long picot, and five double knots; then work two large eyes of two double knots, seven picots separated by two double knots, and two double knots. These must be joined by the lower side picots, according to engraving, and joined also to a picot of the middle rosette; then another little eye of ten double knots, and join them to the picot of the first little eye. Now follow sixteen five-leaved stars joined by their side picots. Each leaf contains six double knots, three picots separated by three double knots, and three double knots. After the last leaf make a button-hole stitch in and between each leaf eye to fasten the inner round. For the outer border work alternately one eye of four double knots, one picot, and four double knots, and a second of two double knots, five picots separated by two double knots, and two double knots, which must be joined to each other and to the stars, according to design. Fasten the tatting with light stitches upon the lilac ribbon. Place the separate parts smoothly upon each other at the middle, and arrange them firmly between the handle and point.


No. 1.


No. 2.

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JEWEL-BOX WITH PIN-CUSHION.

MATERIALS.—A slight wooden or stout pasteboard box; sufficient silk for lining and covering it; satin ribbon one inch wide; crochet cotton No. 30; wadding.

The quantity of material must be purchased in accordance with the size of the box, which should be lined entirely inside with wadding covered with muslin, except the inside of the lid, which needs the muslin only. The outside of the box should first be covered with muslin; the top of the lid should be nicely padded with wadding raised in the center. Then the whole should be neatly covered with silk. The lid may be fastened with some loops of sewing-silk, and some lengths of silk braid or narrow ribbon may be fastened to the inside of the box, and to the edge of the lid, to support it. A flounce of silk, box-plaited on at the top and trimmed with tatted lace, ornaments the flounce. The lid of the box is covered with tatted rosettes joined and edged round with the trefoil circles heading the rosettes; a quilling of satin ribbon finishes the box.

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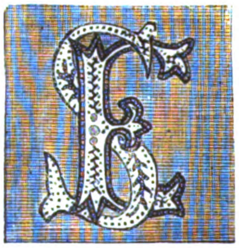
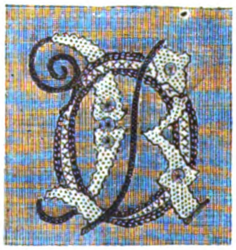
MONOGRAMS.

No. 1 is worked in close button-hole, open button-hole, satin and dot stitch.

No. 2.—The outline of the O is in chain stitch; cross, dot, and satin stitch are also introduced. These letters require silk, cotton or Pyrenees wool of two colors to work them properly.


MONOGRAM—No. 1.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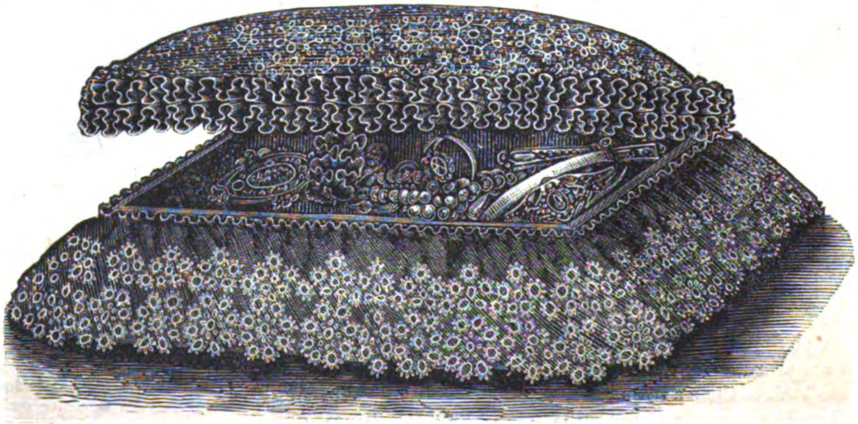
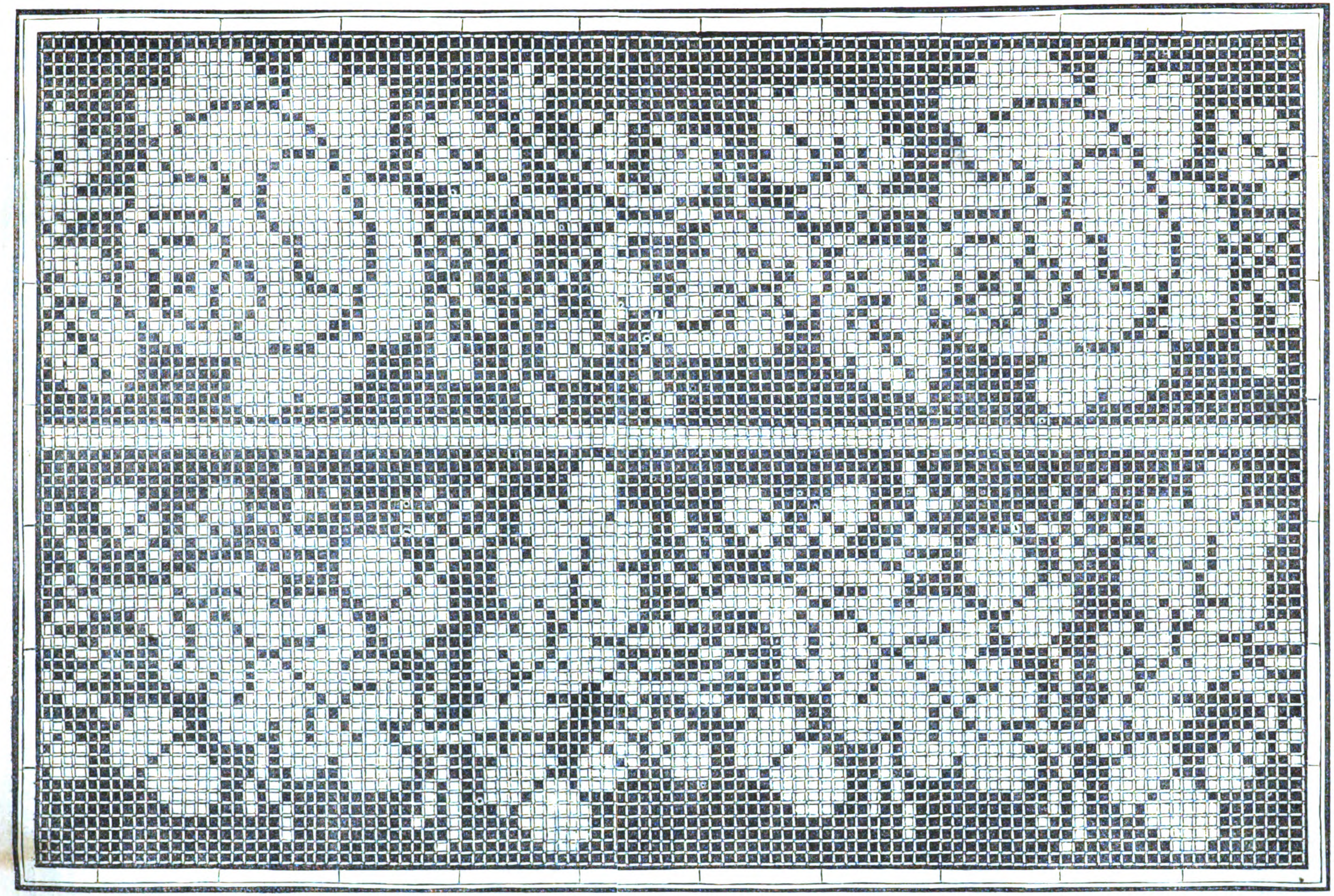

JEWEL-BOX.



Borders in Netting or Embroidery.

The patterns for these borders may be used in a variety of ways, for tidies, for embroidered chairs, or table-covers, for piano-covers, etc. If done upon cloth or canvas, the various shades of green, or wood-color, should be used for the vine, and all the shades of pink, or crimson, changing to orange, for the roses. The small leaves may, also, be introduced in two shades of green, in connection with the wood-color and crimson, with very good effect

THE LADIES' CLUB

THE Ladies' Club idea, which originated with the New York "Sorosis," has been received with such enthusiasm, as to show that it met a real want of the age. There are now Ladies' Clubs (some of them branches of Sorosis), in several of the large cities of the United States, and the programme has recently been issued for one, which has been, or is about being formed in London, England.

We find that our Ladies' Club is likely, also, to be very popular, and, in fact, it already includes so many members, that we can not find room to accommodate them. We give the first place, this month, to the following communication:

"DEAR DEMOREST—I always refer to you for a decision in regard to many matters (exclusive of those which pertain to the toilet), when I can not myself settle the case, and that is, at times, quite frequent. Living, as I do, in a small Western city, I often feel that I am a *rustic*, in spite of my early advantages.

"Our beautiful friend—your excellent Magazine—has become an *institution* in our family. I at first subscribed for it to assist and direct my house seamstress. Having lost her, for this year I did not subscribe for it at the expiration of my subscription; but so desirable has its possession become, that every month finds its warmly-welcomed face on our table. No matter what other mental food is provided, *your* publications can not be dispensed with; indeed, if I were not an invalid and incapable of doing more than *direct* my work, I should, with the aid afforded by your directions, be independent of other assistance.

"Please give me reply to the following questions:

"Is it in good taste for ladies to dress as much for church as when they make ceremonious calls, or hold a reception? I may be at fault, but my taste and inclination suggest a more quiet, less conspicuous style of dress for the house of God, than may be found at dressy and fashionable gatherings at any other place.

"Is it in bad taste for one, who, though not old, has lost the bloom of youth, to wear a *round* hat when shopping, riding, or making unceremonious calls? The great convenience of the round hat, and, really, the positive comfort, addresses itself, methinks, to all classes, if not made objectionable by the freaks of the fickle goddess. If *you* commend the adoption of the round hat, it is very possible that those who now condemn its use for other than young or recently married ladies will realize its prominent advantages. I observed that they were quite generally worn in your great Gotham, last summer, by those who were far beyond the *medium* of life; but, however independent one may feel in doing that which they *know* is not wrong, they do not like to invite attention by anything that renders their dress or manners *conspicuous*; at least, a person of refinement and culture will always endeavor to *dress* and *act* in that manner best calculated to elicit no remarks. If I am able, I will, ere long, give my opinion and experience in regard to *tight lacing*, in reply to a communication in the Telegraph of your December number.

"Always yours, gratefully, H. L."

Ans. Your judgment is correct. Ladies of real taste and refinement dress very plainly for church, generally in black or some neutral material.

2d. A quiet, simple style of round hat may be worn by a lady, no longer young, on such occasions as those mentioned, without violating any rule of propriety. Everything depends on the style of the hat and the taste of the lady.

"E. M.," JANESVILLE, IOWA.—The following is a good receipt for pumpkin pie:

To a quart of stewed and strained pumpkin put three eggs, one quart of rich milk, a coffee-cup of sugar, a tea-spoon of salt, mace or nutmeg, and ginger to taste. Mix well, bake in a steady oven, with an under crust only.

We do not sell our premiums at any price.

BESSIE C. R., KY.—We know of nothing that will make eye-lashes grow. The fact that they are always penciled, when scant or lacking, proves that everything has been tried, and tried in vain.

MISS A. T., Washington, asks the following questions:

"On New Year's day, when a young lady receives calls, should she stay in the parlor all day, or enter it (the parlor) after the callers are announced by the servant?

"Should a young lady go to the front door with a gentleman, after an evening call?

"Is it proper for a lady to ask a gentleman to visit her, when he is met by her at a friend's house? And should a lady thank a gentleman, when he is kind enough to take her to the theater or a walk, etc.; or should she express to him the pleasure enjoyed there?"

Ans. She should remain in the parlor. It being the business of that day to receive calls, she should be there to attend to it.

2d. Depends on the extent of the intimacy, and the construction which the gentleman would be likely to put upon it. Never stand talking with a gentleman at the front door, unless you are engaged to him.

3d. Yes; she may invite him to call at her own home without impropriety; but she should be careful to ask him to join the family-circle, and not appropriate his call wholly to herself, though he may wish her to do so.

4th. Of course. Natural instinct should teach this.

J. S. H. writes:

"The box of patterns and the Magazine came all right, and we are very much pleased with them, but are at a loss how to cut and make the skirts. Will you please tell, in your next Magazine, how skirts are cut: whether they are gored all round or straight in the back; and whether they are plaited or gathered?"

Ans. Skirts are gored plain in front, partially on the sides, and are left full in the back. The back breadths are massed in large gathers; the side breadths are plaited, and the front breadth left plain.

MRS. E. G., CONN.—Dark mink or sable furs are always appropriate in mourning, but the most suitable, in the cheaper varieties, is good gray squirrel. Swan's-down would be entirely inappropriate, and is so quickly soiled and soon worn out as to be fit for nothing but trimming.

"S. W."—"Please tell me at what star braid can be bought in New York, by the dozen or gross, in silk, cotton, or worsted. I am surprised that persons can be so blind to their own interest as not to take your Magazine: I think I have had the worth of my subscription two or three times over in patterns, economical suggestions, etc."

Ans. $3 per dozen for silk; 75 cts. for cotton or worsted.

We do not know what the cost of freight on a set of furniture would be. Very high, certainly; as all freight is exceedingly high.

MRS. S. D. W. closes a long and flattering letter with the following:

"I can not close without saying how much *real pleasure* your familiar talks and kind instructions to your patrons have given me."

SUSAN K.—"Will you please tell me how to make a plain black silk waist, and how and what to trim it with?"

Ans. Make it high, and round at the waist, and trim it low and square, with rich fringe, and a heading of leaves bound with black satin on the shoulder, or ornament it simply with a large double bow, with short, wide ends at the back of the waist, and bows to match on the top of the coat sleeves, all bound with satin. Satin buttons in front, or with fringe; black crochet buttons.

MRS. M. R. M.—We can send you a pattern of any style of cloak you may prefer, if you inclose price and stamp. See printed list for prices.

"MRS. B." asks:

"*First.*—What will remove black spots on the nose and face?

"*Second.*—What will make the hair grow fast?

"*Third.*—When a gentleman calls to see a lady, is it proper for her to go to the parlor or hall-door, when he leaves? and must she ask him to call again?

"*Fourth.*—On what hand, and what finger, must the engagement ring be worn?

"*Fifth.*—What color gloves are most fashionable this winter?

"*Sixth.*—Is it customary now to leave a margin on the paper when writing?

"*Seventh.*—Is the letter Z pronounced zee or zed?

"*Eighth.*—What age do you think children ought to commence wearing corsets at?"

Ans. First.—Try sulphur. Eat no pork, drink no coffee.

Second.—Keep it clean, and use as a wash a solution of camphor and borax, with glycerine.

Third.—To the parlor door she may go with entire propriety. Certainly; only, if he is a married man, request him to bring his wife.

Fourth.—On the third finger of the left hand; after marriage it serves as a guard to the wedding-ring.

Fifth.—High colors, marigold, etc., for walking wear; pale pink and cream-colored tints for evening.

Sixth.—Yes.

Seventh.—"Zee," by all means.

Eighth.—Twenty-one.

E. E. G.—"Can you tell me what will remove hair from low brows of children? Is there any preparation, and where can it be obtained?"

Ans. We know of nothing that will accomplish such a result, beyond regularly brushing the hair off from the forehead.

J. C. M.—"Will you please tell me who are admitted members of the *Sorosis Club*, and also what are the qualifications necessary?"

Ans. Women of brains, thought, intelligence, and activity.

MRS. E. L. R.—"I take the liberty to ask you the best way to make a lady's cloth suit for a little girl of nine years, to be trimmed neatly, but not expensively. Do you think a Gabrielle best, and would it be nice trimmed with the same? Are pelisses, belted-down sacks, etc., made longer than formerly? Are bands worn on the necks of dresses, or is cording used exclusively?"

Ans. A *Gabrielle*, with small pelerine, or two round capes attached, would be pretty and stylish. Narrow bands of fur, or several rows of braid or galoon stitched on, would be a suitable trimming.

Second.—The Hungarian pelisse is cut rather long; close-fitting basques are made very short; sacks are made very short, but are not belted down at all.

Third.—Narrow, scolloped bands are still worn by those who like their dresses high, but the fashion is to cut the dresses round, and considerably lower than formerly in the neck, and edge them with a cord.

J. C. writes:

"I value your Magazine above any other. It gives me more instruction than I can get for twice the amount, in any other way."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.—Round bows, fringed upon the ends, are the most fashionable style of ornaments for the throat. Silk neck-ties, embroidered and fringed upon the ends, and spiral, lace neck-ties for ceremonious occasions, are also worn.

The bonnet should be made with a cap crown; the cloak a rather long sack or pelisse, with cape.

Ruffles, made of poplin or merino, are bound, not hemmed, with the same material.

Bathe head and eyes freely with cold water.

S. B.—"I have three and a-half yards of velvet to make a wrap of—scarcely enough for a cloak—and a cloak is not very becoming to my figure; am very square-shouldered. What way *do you* think would be prettiest to make and trim it?"

Ans. You could make only a short sack, or short, close-fitting basque. The first might be trimmed with lace, as a border; the second, as a border, and also to simulate a pelerine.

"MATTIE B." writes all the way from Mississippi:

"If it were not for your *incomparable* Magazine I should feel as if I was out of the world entirely. My only dependence is your Monthly for forming some idea of the fashionable world. Away down here, *forty* miles from nowhere, with no society, your Magazine is highly appreciated."

We are very glad to know that you like the MONTHLY. We wish, above all things, to make it useful and valuable to the large masses of intelligent American women scattered up and down the highways and byways of this vast country.

We publish the following, as expressing the general satisfaction which attends the transactions of our purchasing bureau:

"The box of goods sent, October 3d, was received last evening. I remit the balance due ($10), with pleasure.

"How shall I thank you for your kindness in attending so *judiciously* to my wants? The name of Madame Demorest has been dear to me ever since the MONTHLY became a *household book*; but, last evening, while looking over the beautiful goods so carefully folded and packed, finding, here and there, unexpected articles—gifts, they seemed to be—why, I just fell to loving you. I did, indeed. I am *more* than satisfied.

"With many earnest, heartfelt wishes for your increased happiness and prosperity, I remain your friend, MARY D."

MRS. R. L. P.—Give your twin babies a little good mutton or chicken broth, almost daily, but entirely free from fat.

A good plain set of onyx jewelry can be got for twenty-five dollars.

The "first premium" means either of the premiums sent to single subscribers.

Dresses for little children are gored plain.

N. Lee, Bermuda.—The postage is so high as to prohibit an agency in Bermuda.

"**Sallie**" wishes to know:

"If a lady should be keeping company with a gentleman, 'when he is about to leave,' would it be polite for her to ask him to come again? Also, what is meant by the Grecian Bend."

1st. Certainly; only be careful not to exhibit too much *empressement*. Men are so very vain.

2d. It is merely a fashionable bend or inclination of the body forward, which has been christened by that name.

"**The Three Maidens.**"—There is not much to be said about them, except that they are at the disposal of the author.

L. F. M.—"I am anxious to purchase silk scraps for a quilt. Will you please to inform me where, and for what price, and in what quantity I can obtain them? Secondly, I will be much obliged for any suggestions as to how a dress like the inclosed sample should be trimmed for a young lady. Lastly, where, and for what price, can I procure a heavy braid of dark brown hair?"

Ans. 1st. The best plan would be to apply to some large wholesale dry-goods house, and try to obtain their samples. We do not know the price likely to be charged.

2d. Trim the dress with folds of the same, and with fringe.

3d. You can procure it at any large hair dealer's for about twenty-five dollars.

Mrs. E. J. H. closes an interesting letter, with the following flattering expression of opinion:

"Allow me to say I have written for a number of books, and read a large number; and yours is, in my opinion, *the best one I ever saw.*"

The Household

Irish Cake.—Take about 2 lbs. flour, warm it in a pan before the fire, stirring it with the hand to lighten it; then add four or six potatoes, boiled previously, and rubbed through a sieve. This done, add a good pinch of salt, not quite ½ ℔ currants, a piece of salt butter about the size of a large walnut, and twice that quantity of lard or pork drippings, a teaspoonful of Borwick's baking-powder, 2 oz. sugar. The whole being well mixed, wet with buttermilk or new milk; roll it into large flat cakes, and place them on a griddle, turning them over when one side is partly done, and then back again to prevent burning; or cut in smaller shapes and bake in tins. They may be eaten at an early tea, and are sometimes slit and buttered hot when brought to table, which is the favorite way of eating them; but if small and cold, they may be eaten at any time, but require quite ¼ ℔ sugar instead of 2 oz.

Lemon Mince Meat.—One large lemon, three large apples, four ounces of beef suet, half pound of currants, four ounces of white sugar, one ounce of candied orange and citron. Chop up the apples and beef suet, mix them with the currants and sugar, then squeeze the juice from a large lemon into a cup. Boil the lemon thus squeezed till tender enough to beat to a mash, add it to the mince meat. Pour over it the juice of the lemon, and add the citron chopped fine.

Spiced Vinegar for Pickles.—For every pint of spiced vinegar it is intended to make, take one ounce of black pepper, half ounce of salt, half ounce of ginger, quarter ounce of allspice, and, if desired to be hot, add also a quarter drachm of cayenne, or a few capsicums. Bruise the whole of these materials, and put them into a jar or wide-mouthed green-glass bottle with the best vinegar, tie over with a bladder, or cork the bottle. Shake the bottle occasionally, and in a week or two the spiced vinegar will be ready for use, either as a relish to cold meat, etc., or for pickling. It should be used hot for walnuts, and cold for cabbage.

To Cook Frosted Potatoes.—Cut them into quarters, dry them well, throw them into thorough boiling fat without salt. When brown and crisp they are done; but unless the fat is quite boiling they will mash. Take them out on to a piece of clean paper to drain for a short time. Serve them quite hot. They will eat as good as unfrosted ones.

Everton Toffee.—Take one pound and a half of brown sugar, three ounces of butter, a tea-cupful and a half of water, and one lemon. Boil the sugar, butter, water, and half the rind of the lemon together, and when sufficiently done—which will be known by dropping into cold water, when it should be crisp—let it stand aside until the boiling has ceased, and then stir in the juice of the lemon. Butter a dish, and pour it in, about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The fire must be quick, and the toffee stirred all the time.

How to Clean Kid Gloves.—To clean kid gloves, have ready a little milk in one saucer, some house soap in another, and a clean towel, folded three or four times. Then take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, using the soap, and rub the glove downwards towards the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow; if colored, dark and soiled. Then dry, and they will become soft and elastic.

To Pickle Walnuts.—The following is an excellent receipt for pickling walnuts: Gather them when dry; take a large needle and perforate them in several places. Strew the bottom of a jar with best powdered ginger, crushed cloves, and salt, then put in some walnuts; then again salt, powdered ginger, crushed cloves, and so on, alternately, till the jar is rather more than three-quarters filled, placing plenty of salt and spices at the top; quite fill the jar with the best vinegar, tie a bladder over it, and put it by till December; then pour the liquor off, and this boiled up with spices, anchovies, shalots, and plenty of bay leaves, adding Cayenne pepper and more salt, will form a most excellent walnut cat-sup for fish or steaks; then put fresh vinegar, spices, and bay leaves to the walnuts, fill the jar, and in a fortnight they will be fit to eat, and are far superior to those that are soaked in salt and water, as they are usually done, besides gaining a most excellent fish sauce from the first vinegar.

To Clean Feathers.—White ostrich feathers can be cleaned in the following manner: Cut 4 oz. of white curd soap into small pieces, and dissolve it in four pints of rather hot water in a large basin; make it into a lather by beating. Immerse the feathers, and draw them through it several times, gently pressing them with the hand, so that the dirt may be squeezed out of them. After this rinse them well in clean water as hot as the hand can bear, in which a *very* little blue has been mixed, to prevent their looking yellow. Shake the principal part of the moisture from them, and finish by waving them backward and forward in the air at a short distance from a fire. If wished curled, this must be done before they are quite dry, with a silver fruit knife or very blunt penknife, two or more fibres being taken together and drawn carefully over the edge of the blade. If it be wished that the feather should be flat, it may be pressed a little in drying after the curl is given.

To Clean Black Kid Boots.—Nothing should be done to kid boots for as long a time as possible after they are new, except to have the mud wiped off without delay with a damp sponge, and the boots rubbed with an old linen cloth or old silk handkerchief. When they become scratched and worn, and this is no longer sufficient, the best method is the following: Having cleaned off the mud with a damp flannel, let them dry, and then rub them well over with a small sponge steeped in ink; allow them again to dry, and with another piece of sponge, rub them over with *salad* oil, which must afterward be well rubbed in with a soft rag or silk handkerchief until the oil is absorbed into the kid. This will give them the appearance of new leather.

Chocolate Moss.—Beat the whites of eggs with powdered sugar, flavored with rose or vanilla, to a stiff foam; make water chocolate very thick, and when cold beat it up with the eggs and sugar. Use one stick of chocolate and the white of an egg to each person. Excellent.

Doughnuts.—One and a half cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one tea-spoonful of soda, two tea-spoonfuls of cream tartar, four eggs, a small piece of butter size of a walnut; mix stiff and let it rise three hours before cooking. Do not add any more flour.

Plain Plum-Pudding. (time, two hours and a half, or three hours.)—Eight ounces of flour, eight ounces of beef suet, half a pound of raisins, half a pint of milk, two eggs. Chop the suet very fine, mix it with the flour, add half a pound of raisins stoned, and mix the whole with half a pint of milk and two well beaten eggs. Tie it up in a floured cloth, or put it into a basin. Plunge it into a saucepan of boiling water, and keep it boiling for two hours and a half or three hours.

A Good Plum-Pudding Without Eggs, (time to boil, four hours).—One pound of raisins, half a pound of suet, one pound of flour, four ounces of bread crumbs, two table-spoonfuls of molasses, one pint of milk, nutmeg, and grated ginger. Chop the suet very fine, and mix it with the flour. Add the bread-crumbs, ginger and nutmeg, and the raisins stoned, and mix it all well together with the milk and molasses. Put it into a basin, or floured cloth, and boil it.

Jerome Pudding.—Beat up eight eggs, mix them with a pint of cream and one pound of flour; beat well together, and put to them one pound of beef suet, finely chopped, one pound of currants, half a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped small, two ounces of candied orange, the same of citron, cut small, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, and a nutmeg grated. Mix all together with half a gill of brandy, put it into a cloth, and boil it four hours. When done, turn it into a dish, and strew over it powdered sugar.

Preserving Eggs.—The most sure method of preserving eggs, the *British Medical Journal* states, is that used on a large scale in Paris. The eggs are plunged, in wire baskets, each holding a dozen, into a caldron of boiling water during about a minute. A thin layer of the egg coagulates on the inner surface of the shell, and prevents the infiltration of air, which is speedily fatal to the freshness of the egg.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of water, one table-spoonful of corn flour, one cup of sugar, one egg, and a piece of butter the size of a small egg. Boil the water, wet the corn flour with a little cold water, and stir it in; when it boils up pour it on the sugar and butter; after it cools add the egg and lemon; bake with under and upper crust.

Excellent Pomade.—3 oz olive oil, ¾ drachm oil of almonds, 2 drachms palm oil, ½ oz white wax, ¼ lb lard, and ¾ drachm essence of bergamot. This pomade is excellent for strengthening the the hair, promoting the growth of whiskers and mustaches, and preventing baldness.

Wash for Sunburn.—Take 2 drachms borax, 1 drachm Roman alum, 1 drachm camphor, ½ oz sugar candy, 1 lb. ox-gall; mix, and stir well for ten minutes or so, and repeat this stirring three or four times a day for a fortnight, till it appears clear and transparent. Strain through blotting-paper, and bottle up for use.

Chocolate.—Take an ounce of chocolate for one person; scrape it, and boil it about five minutes, with about four tablespoonfuls of water. When smooth, add a pint of new milk; let it boil, stirring it well; or mull it with a stick or mill, which, passing through the lid of the pot, may be worked quickly with both hands, so as to give a fine froth to the chocolate.

Spinach.—Pick spinach carefully, wash it in three waters, boil in plenty of water, with a pinch of salt and soda, drain water all off when it is cooked enough, by pressing through a colander. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs. Eat with pepper and vinegar.

Cold in the Head.—Dr. Pollion of France says that cold in the head can be cured by inhaling hartshorn. The inhalation by the nose should be seven or eight times in five minutes.

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The Proportion of the Feet to the Body.— M. Bonomi has been measuring the Venus de Medici. He finds that, allowance being made for her position, her height is about 5ft. 2in. (the actual height of the statue is 4ft. 11in.) while the foot is exactly 9in. long, rather more than 1-7th of the whole height. This does not quite agree with Vitruvius, who gives 1-6th of the height as the proper length of the foot; but it agrees with the measurements of all the best statues. The greatest width of the foot is 3 3-8in.—*i.e.*, 1-18th of the height. Here, then, says Bonomi, we have a rule for shoe-makers and shoe-wearers. Any lady who compresses her foot below these dimensions is not only giving herself pain, but is putting herself "out of proportion."

BRIDAL COSTUMES.

At a recent magnificent wedding, the bride, who was very pretty, wore rich white satin, trimmed at the bottom with a plaited flounce of tulle, with two puffings of the same above it. A magnificent Brussels lace flounce was arranged *en panier*. The body was worn high, with a square open front and long tight sleeves. The headdress consisted of three diamond stars, worn close to forehead, with a bunch of orange blossom above the chignon, and a long trail of the same falling on the dress. The vail was of Brussels lace, worn in the usual way over the face, and falling at the back nearly to the bottom of the long sweeping skirt. A necklace and locket of handsome pearls were worn around the neck.

The bridesmaids were all dressed alike. The skirt of the costume was of white tulle, made with a plaited flounce at the bottom, and a series of puffings above it. Over this were *paniers* of white silk, trimmed round with two frillings of the same, pinked out at each edge. Bows of Scotch plaid ribbon, intermixed with ivy and silver berries, seemed to keep these in their place. The bodices were of white silk, high and square cut, opening in the front, with sleeves coming down to the elbow, and trimmed round, like the *panier*, with a frill of the same, headed with a puffing of silk and net. The wreaths were of ivy and silver berries, and long tulle vails floated at the back. They all wore massive gold lockets in the shape of a heart, with a monogram engraved on them, presented by the bridegroom.

The dresses of the company were very magnificent. Blue was the prevailing color. The trains were longer than ever, and *paniers* almost universal. One of the prettiest of these blue dresses was made with a flounce at the bottom, headed with white satin, the *panier* trimmed with white satin and a long white fringe. The bodices were worn mostly tight-fitting. The bonnets were nearly all of the same shade as the dress; contrasts of any kind are rapidly going out of fashion.

* * *

HURRY!

BY XENA

You distinctly remember that you have heard your mother say, that, as a rule, men hated to be kept waiting. So you hurry. Where are all the pins? You look over the cushion, round the cushion, under the cushion—plenty of needles. Have one? Cast a hopeless look on the floor—sometimes pins have been found there—not one in sight (voice in the distance: Ready?). You wring your hands in helpless despair, to think so much misery could come from such a little cause. "Oh, the pity of it, Iago!"

The carriage is at the door, the horses are so restless, and you have been invited to ride by—you know whom, with ten minutes' notice. Of course you were not dressed for a ride. "Go as you are," said the individual above mentioned. Now, that is not to be thought of for a minute, and you know it. If you have on your blue dress, you are certain you want to wear your gray and you must smooth your hair, and decorate yourself generally with the help of pins, strings and buttons, and all this absorbs time.

"It does take women so long to get ready to go anywhere." Of course it does. If it's winter, we have to be bundled up like mummies, with as many extras as Harry Gill. If it's summer, we must try to look pretty, though we fail in the effort. You don't know anything about the worry we have to go through.

And then you like to see us looking our best, you know you do; it's no use to pretend that you don't take any notice of a woman's dress. I tell you that a pretty dress covers a multitude of defects; we know it. That is the reason we spend so many of the immortal hours of our lives over endless miles of flouncings and tucks, sewing on a frill here and ripping it off there, till our mental faculties become all tangled up in an endless labyrinth of ribbons and laces, and if we give our thoughts to the subject sufficiently in time, we don't know anything else, and our lives gradually glide into the great boundless sea of fashion.

It's all very well to tell us to cultivate our minds. We would if we had time, but business before pleasure, always. "Ready?" Was there ever such an impatient creature as man? Where are my gloves? There, I am all right at last, but this hurry is—terrible

"I have kept you waiting."

"Oh, no."

"Sure?"

"The horses were a little restless, that's all."

"I am so sorry."

"I hope I have not hurried you?"

"Oh, not in the least."

Then we smile pleasantly. We have both told a fib, and we know it.

TIGHT LACING.

The corset question excites a good deal of controversy, if we may judge from the letters we receive. The following will be interesting as expressing the views of a physician, and the opposite opinion of his wife. We give the space to the articles for this once, although, as a general rule, we prefer a briefer expression of opinion.

Tight Lacing With Stays.

BY DAVID RICE, M. D.

Mr. Editor:—I am a physician, a graduate of a regular medical college, and a member of the Mass. Medical Society. I have practiced medicine twenty-five years. The object of this paper is to prove to your lady readers the evil effects of tight lacing. I shall be guided strictly by anatomical and physiological science in what I have to say.

The Cavity of the Chest.—The thorax or cavity of the chest is a reservoir for containing the heart and the lungs. It is formed by the spine posteriorly; by the ribs and intervening intercostal muscles on the sides, and by the sternum or chest-bone in front. It is in form of a cone, the apex above, and the diaphragm at the base, on which the lungs rest. It is lined by a delicate membrane called the pleura, which, also, is reflected over and covers the lungs. It is divided through the center by a partition, called the mediastinum, separating the right and left lobes of the lungs.

The Lungs.—The lungs are a sponge-like substance or body, occupying this cavity, and are divided into five lobes, three on the right side and two on the left. The heart occupies the left side, together with the two left lobes of the lungs. The lungs, when inflated, completely fill the cavity of the chest. They are lined externally with the pleura. The lungs are composed of an infinite multitude of cells, called the air-cells. The bronchial or breathing tubes divide and subdivide like the branches of a tree, until, finally, one little branch reaches every one of the thousands of air-cells. Every time we breathe, all these little cells become filled with air. Respiration is performed by the contraction and expansion of the muscles of the chest, the ribs, and the midriff or diaphragm.

What takes place during respiration? Respiration, or the inhalation and exhalation of air, purifies the venous or black blood, and converts it into arterial blood, or pure blood. All the impure blood is gathered up by the veins and brought back to the heart.

The heart contracts and throws it into the lungs, through the pulmonary artery. From the pulmonary artery it is carried all over the lungs, and brought into contact, or nearly so, with the air in the air-cells—that is, about thirty-six square feet of surface is exposed to the air we inhale, coming almost in contact with the impure venous blood. All the blood thus circulates through the lungs once in about eight minutes. Now what takes place? The oxygen gas of the air unites with the impurities of the blood, the carbon and the effete matter, and, when we expire it, is thrown off into the atmosphere in form of carbonic-acid gas. The blood becomes red and pure again, and is carried back to the heart to circulate again over the system, and to furnish it with its proper aliment and support.

What does tight lacing with stays do? Anything that hinders a full expansion of the chest, or that diminishes its size or capacity, interferes with nature's method of purifying the blood. If the chest is cramped, the air can not come in contact with the blood to purify it, and it is thrown back into the heart only partly clarified. This, in a short time, lays the foundation for many diseases. Wearing stays lessens the size of the chest. It can be reduced nearly one-half in size. The lungs yield to the pressure, and many of the air-cells become permanently closed up. Adhesions are formed between the lungs and the sides. I have opened the chest of tight-lacers and found the lungs completely grown to the sides. This, too, hinders the process of respiration. It is utterly impossible to lessen the size of the chest by any means, and not impair the health.

Diseases produced by tight lacing.—First, I will name pleurisy, or inflammation of the lining membrane of the chest and lungs. The pleura is a very delicate and sensitive membrane. When inflamed, it produces a very severe pain or stitch in the side, and the consequence is an adhesion of the lungs to the side of the chest. I have known dropsy of the chest to follow pleurisy. Consumption is often caused by wearing stays. The lungs being unable to throw off the impurities of the blood, tubercles collect in the air-cells—ulceration follows, and consumption is the result. How can it be otherwise? No method of reasoning can refute physiological facts. They are like problems in mathematics. Disease of the heart is caused by tight lacing. Compression interferes with the free action of the heart. Inflammation and adhesions follow, causing dropsy of the heart, and, sometimes, Angina Pectoris. And now I come to a more delicate part of my task, yet I must meet it with the truths of anatomical science. Pressure upon the female breasts injure those organs, and often utterly unfit them for the offices of maternity. In fact, I have seen cases where they were partially obliterated by a continual use of stays. And pressure, also, often develops cancerous disease of these organs. I shudder when I think what my countrywomen are bringing upon themselves by the use of tight stays. Again, pressure upon the chest forces down the diaphragm, the diaphragm presses upon the bowels, and the bowels force down other viscera of the abdomen, causing a class of diseases to which hundreds of our American women are subject to-day entirely on account of tight lacing. I have written this article to warn my countrywomen against the pernicious habit of wearing tight stays and lacing.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TIGHT LACING.

BY MRS. DAVID RICE, M. D.

MR. EDITOR:—I am the wife of the good doctor, who lifts his voice against the use of corsets. I have read much, and noticed much in life; as what pertains to a full development of a healthy and correct form, and true physical strength. He says, our American ladies are being injured by wearing corsets. I say that they are injuring themselves and their offspring by *not* making a use of them.

First, what are the style of corsets which yourself and many other establishments offer to the public? They are made of such shape as to afford a most ample development of a full bust; and made of a symmetry entirely corresponding with what should be the natural shape of a woman's form. Room is afforded for the hips, and there are no shoulder-straps to compress on the arteries; and, with a common-sense selection of corsets at this day, there is no harm in wearing them. Indeed, I think they are a compress and support which *Nature really needs.*

He has told about the lungs, bronchial tubes, diaphragm, etc. Now, if a lady gets the fine-shaped corsets you keep—and such as every lady obtains, if possible—they do not afford means for compressing these organs so as to produce injury. A compression immediately about the lower part, or base, of the waist, is not harmful—not nearly as much so as is the wearing of the gentlemen's stylish small boots, which often is injurious in causing a numbness of the limbs, or preventing healthy circulation of the blood. Indeed, we believe the proud aristocrat, the business man, so vain of his dainty boots, is a victim to dangerous compression as often as ladies are to tight lacing. We oftener hear of apoplexy and paralysis in men than in women; and who knows but the wearing of their pretty boots, which are so hard to draw on, is the cause why the blood is thrown back with a fearful force to the brain, so that sudden death is so often caused?

We all know how necessary it is to have a full development of the chest to make healthy lungs. But if a child, or a young Miss merging into adult life, who from rapid growth has weak muscles, sits or stands in a stooping posture, will there be no cause to fear from a shutting up of the air-cells, even though corsets are not worn? Will not the pleura, diaphragm, the heart, the liver, etc., become pressed and injured?

He says but little about the spinal-column. It is made up of the bones which are first developed in the human system, and seems to have connection or sympathy with all the other parts of the body. We will not give the crack-jaw terms which physiology applies to this all-important part of the human system; but merely liken it to a trunk of a tree with little notches, where are found the main pulleys, or nerves, which affect the whole machinery of the entire body. It is between these little projections or vertebræ of the main column from whence all the nerves arise—which, if become diseased or mal-formed, will disturb the action of all the organs which the doctor mentions; indeed, they will affect the whole vitality of the system. Now if a slender person is inclined to stoop, the spinal column is often mal-formed, and inflammation affects the vertebræ, and so they swell and press upon the nerves which go to the stomach, heart, etc.; thence arises a disturbance in these organs, and harm comes at once to the individual. If a person with weak muscular development wears a pair of corsets, the sternum is strengthened and the spinal column kept in a healthy, erect position, and they prove a blessing to the wearer. Again, there is not very much danger to be apprehended from tight lacing, when we consider that usually our ladies of the present era are too fond of ease and comfort to smash together their little ribs, and smother their palpitating hearts, and injure their breathing apparatus. Why, an old grandmother, from the best circles of society, says she can remember when the ladies used to put on corsets made entirely of whalebone and buckram, and with compressing straps; lace them up Sunday mornings, and wear them so until their weekly change comes round, and not once loosen the lacings.

In those times were to be seen the gored dresses. The hair was dressed upon the top of the head, and the ladies were straight as an arrow.

Look at the ladies in Queen Elizabeth's time. Think you fair damsels came into her court with ill-shaped waists and a stoop of the shoulders? (I believe no Grecian bends had been introduced then.) Did they not have rosy cheeks, fair complexions, and beautiful development of form? Do you not believe they wore corsets? Then, too, was there not less consumption and less spinal disease than now?

We believe the tidy and trim way of dressing is by far the most healthful, and consider Demorest, who manufactures fine-fitting corsets, and every other one who constructs them, a benefactor to the female sex.

The Indians strap their children to boards, and make the erect position of the Indian maid, and the muscular Indian boy.

The bust is *more* injured without a support than with the support of corsets. Not long since we read in Bonner's *Ledger*—which the ministers so strongly advocate—an account of a lady's life being saved by wearing corsets. She was gored by an infuriated animal, and her busk prevented it from penetrating into the lungs.

Ask a surgeon, in a hospital where spinal complaints receive special attention, what the most frequently produces them. He will tell you a careless method of dressing children—where the straps hang loosely over the shoulders, and a one-sided position—cause them.

If mothers dress their daughters with a suitable compression and prop, they will never find them injured. It is right, and advocated, that we train the form and position of the young tree, and does the human form need less attention?

We do not advocate wasp-waists, neither do we admire flattened chests; but we believe a right use of a good corset will give more roundness of the waist, and will do more for health, than will the non-usage of it, in a lady's dress.

PROFITABLE OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.

THE great need for women is profitable employment—an interest in the business, trade, and commerce now almost entirely monopolized by men, which will give them a profit above and beyond what they can make by the mere labor of their hands.

When women, by the loss of their legal protectors, or any other unforeseen circumstance, are left dependent on their own resources, they are generally compelled, by want of capital, to resort to mere hand-labor for subsistence, and, perhaps, to support children also. Anything that would bring them in an addition to their income, in the shape of clear profit, would be looked upon as a godsend; would save heavy drafts upon time, and add something to the general comfort and resources.

We know of no way in which this can be done to such advantage, and with so small an outlay, as by establishing a "branch" of our great, metropolitan Emporium of Fashions and dressmaking.

To facilitate the undertaking for deserving women, the terms are made exceedingly favorable. Nothing is charged for the use of the name and style of the establishment, and only a moderate sum, upon which a good profit can be made, for the semi-annual or quarterly supply of latest patterns, which, of themselves, constitute material for an elegant dressmaking display.

In addition to this profit, however, the patterns can be, and are duplicated to any extent, in thin, plain paper, the cost of which is merely nominal, and the profit upon which is, therefore, almost clear to those who have no trouble in designing and originating.

Many grateful acknowledgments have we received from widows, and others having helpless dependents upon their labor, for the boon of remunerative and profitable occupation, which the formation of a "branch" has bestowed upon them.

A business of this kind, moreover, opens the way for other things, which may be added from time to time, as a source of profit.

To many of our branches we supply, annually, thousands of dollars' worth of trimmings, notions, and small or large articles in the millinery and fancy goods line. The best taste and judgment, as well as the most conscientious care, are exercised in making these selections, and it is often said, that the results are better than the parties could have achieved by buying for themselves.

We call the attention of women obliged to "do something for themselves," to this mode of increasing their income, confident that, if they act upon its suggestions, they will thank us in the future for calling their attention to the subject.

The pattern business is yet in its infancy, and there is no limit to the demand when the idea is once practically placed before any community.

To dress-makers, the possession alone of a constant supply of new designs is worth more than the cost, not to speak of the profit which may be realized on them.

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PARLOR PLANTS.

AMONG the hundreds of plants which crowd the greenhouse, there are comparatively few which can be grown to advantage in the parlor.

Yet parlor or window gardening is certainly the most popular of horticultural operations, because it is that which is adapted to the capabilities of the many, and not that which can only be indulged in by the few who can command the necessarily larger means which the construction and care of greenhouses require.

A plant which will grow, flourish, and bloom in the window, which will thrive with little care, and repay that care by healthy foliage and cheerful bloom, is of far greater value than one which will only do well under greenhouse treatment.

Such a plant will always be popular. It may, in time, be scorned by florists, because it is old and common; but the very fact of its recommending itself to the masses is that which will insure its continued cultivation long after a large proportion of costly novelties have, in turn, given place to newer discoveries, and been cast aside into not unfrequently well-merited oblivion. Now, in fact, many plants which we seldom see except in greenhouses succeed perfectly in the parlor; and, stranger still, many plants which we commonly see grown in windows never do well under such culture, and utterly refuse to be reconciled to it.

Our purpose in these papers is to describe a few plants, which, with ordinary care, will succeed under window-culture, and to give the proper treatment which each should receive.

The plants suited for this culture are far more numerous than is generally supposed. We can, therefore, only mention comparatively few, and those such as occur most readily to us.

And, first, a few general cultural directions may not be out of place.

Plants in rooms generally suffer from dust, by which the leaves become clogged, and the vital functions of the plant impaired. To remedy this, it is only necessary to sponge or syringe the plant as often at least as once a week. The syringing or showering can easily be done in the kitchen sink, the pot being laid on its side, and *both sides* of the leaves thoroughly wet; a common small water-pot with a fine rose will answer every purpose. Sponging, which is better for plants with hard, glossy foliage, should be done with a soft sponge or a bit of flannel.

In every case where water is applied to a plant, either at roots or branches, it should be of the temperature of the room where the plant grows. Rain-water is preferable to any other; and, where hard water only can be obtained, it should be allowed to stand some hours before being applied to the plants. In sponging, where plants are very dirty, lukewarm water may be used to advantage; but, after the operation, a good showering with colder water should be given. The *soil* used may be much the same for all window-plants, and may be generally described as "good garden-loam;" in this most plants will grow well.

An excellent compost may be made of leaf-mould, well-rotted manure, or old hot-bed and peat,—each one part, with enough sharp sand to keep the soil open.

Drainage is of the first importance; for if the soil becomes wet, sour, and sodden, the plant will not flourish. Broken potsherds are the best materials; though pebbles, charcoal, and many other articles, may be used. As a general rule, every pot should have at least an inch of drainage at the bottom. We make no unguarded statement in saying that very few people know how to *water* plants. The secret is, however, very simple. When you water your plants, do it thoroughly, not administering little driblets by which only the surface is wet, but thoroughly saturate all the earth in the pot. Water thus again when necessary, according to the nature of the plant, and as often as required; but do not allow water to stand in saucers or plates under the pots. Calla-lilies like it; Dutch bulbs will bear it; but to most plants it is a lingering death: therefore allow all water which the earth in pots will not retain to run off. How are we to do this in the parlor? Simply by growing plants in hollow tables lined with zinc, which is the neatest, cleanest and prettiest way of growing parlor-plants.

If we can not do this, empty all water out of the saucers.

Air is of vital importance. Many plants are roasted to death. On every fine day, or whenever air above freezing can be admitted, thoroughly ventilate the room; but be careful no cold draught blows over the plants. Vegetable as well as animal organizations breathe; and the air of many "living rooms" and parlors is rank poison. Plants are delicate, and soon show the effects. On man the poison acts more slowly, but not less surely.

Gas is always injurious to plants, and, from all burners, more or less passes unconsumed into the atmosphere: therefore, if possible, grow your plants in rooms which are not gas-lighted. The plants which are not injured by gas are very few in number.

Furnace-heat is injurious only because it is usually very dry, and almost always impregnated with escaped gases. Evaporate plenty of water, and see that the furnace is tight, and your plants will not suffer.

Plenty of *light* should be given; and plants in windows should be frequently turned, lest they become drawn and one-sided. The morning sun is better than the afternoon; and the more sun, the better.

The surface of the soil in pots should be frequently stirred, as the aëration thus produced contributes to the health of the plant.

Worms should not be allowed in pots. They may be removed by turning the pot upside down, and giving the edge a sharp stroke, when the ball may be removed from the pot, and the worms, which will usually be found on the outside of the ball, may be picked out. Watering with weak lime-water will usually make the worms come to the surface, and is not injurious to the plants.

Insects seldom trouble plants that are washed or syringed once a week. All are easily removed,—the green-fly, or aphis, by smoking with tobacco; mealy-bug, and the various kinds of scale, by washing; and red spider, by syringing.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

A WEDDING IN NORWAY.

ON one occasion we were fortunate enough to witness an old-fashioned wedding or *bryllup*; the word signifies the race for the bride, and alludes to the custom of marriage by capture, which has been shown to have prevailed in ancient times among all the savage nations in the world. We thought that we could trace the influence of the tradition in the wedding which we attended, where the shouts and excited rushings, with the firing of guns and pistols, raised all the din and confusion of a real battle for the bride. The bride's father sat outside the house among the elders of the village with a silver spigot in his hand. Ale was served from the barrel at his side into a massive peg-tankard, inscribed with verses in the Hardanger dialect; and the bride herself, smiling through her tears, handed the stronger drinks in finely-embossed cups to all who wished to drink "Skaal" and long life to her. At last the time came for the service in a church across the water. The bridegroom no longer dangled his bonnet, but helped to push off the boats; the flags waved, the bride was embraced, and, amid a parting salute from all our artillery at once, the wedding *cortége* departed. We had been permitted in the morning, whilst the bride's hair was being plaited in thick coils of a shape fit to receive her crown, to inspect her ornaments, which had been heirlooms in the family for several generations. The most valuable of course was the crown, silver-gilt, and adorned with garnets, which was of a more massive pattern than those which we had seen in the Bergen shops; it differed from them, moreover, in being hung with pendants, beads, and tufts of colored wool. A fine breast-plate, filigree brooches, and a silver marriage-belt, completed the list of her principal adornments.

After the wedding a feast commenced, which lasted for nearly three days, as far as we could judge by the succession of jaded revelers who returned in scattered boat-loads from the bride's new home across the water. The king of the feast was her father, who boasted afterward of the strength of mind and body which had enabled him, like Socrates, to drink down all the boon companions, and return unconquered by the flow of "Port og Punch og Braendeviin." A few nights afterward we joined a revel of a more pleasing kind, the lads and lasses of the village having been invited to a dance in the kitchen of the chief farmhouse. A fiddle and a wooden black-jack of beer completed the simple preparations of the host, and the company were merrily engaged in their favorite Sultan Polka, and the Jenny Lind, which here they call the Hamburg dance. We were much amused at the strangeness of the Halling dance, which was performed with great success by the most agile of the village lads. He marched round the floor with a solemn face to a soft fantastic tune, casting his eyes now and then upon a large nail which had been driven into the center of the low wooden roof. Then, at the right note, as he passed beneath the nail, he turned a sudden somersault, and struck it with his clouted boot, which brought down great applause at each successful repetition of the feat.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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BRAZILIAN DIAMONDS.

The true nature of the diamonds found in the Brazils was long unsuspected, and they were thrown away or used as counters for card-players; but when it got to be known, the Government took forcible possession of the land where they were found, and declared the diamond trade a monopoly and themselves the exclusive proprietors. The yield during the first fifty years was so enormous that it reduced the value of diamonds all over the world by one-half. It was veritable Tom Tiddler's Ground. Mere gold was abandoned to the slaves as unworthy of attention. Children, after the rains, collected the grains of it which lay strewn over their path. The crops of all fowls killed were carefully examined and often found to contain diamonds. (The Goose with the Golden Eggs would have been treated with scorn.) A negro once found a stone of five carats adhering to the roots of a cabbage he had plucked for dinner. Think of looking for a cabbage and finding five carats sticking to it! This excessive harvest of wealth has long ceased. The most productive district at the present time is that of Matto Grosso, in the vicinity of the town Diamantina. When a slave finds a diamond of eighteen carats he receives his freedom, and is led, crowned with flowers, to the proprietor; while for smaller stones proportional rewards are given. Thefts, however, are very common; sometimes the slave, under the very eye of the overseer, conceals a stone in his hair, mouth, or ears—sometimes between his fingers or toes; and they have even been known to throw stones away in the hope of finding them again after nightfall.

FEMALE PROFESSORS.

In 1732 La Dottoressa Laura Bassi graduated at Bologna, and was appointed to the chair of natural philosophy, which she held for six years. She married, and had several children. It is pleasant to find a contemporary speaking of her as exemplary in all relations of family life, and as having "le visage doux, serieux, et modeste." She died in 1778, and was buried with public honors—the doctor's gown and silver laurel being borne before her to the grave. In 1750 Signora Agnesi was appointed assistant professor of mathematics at Bologna. She was connected with the university for twenty years. She translated several treatises on the integral and differential calculus, and published a volume entitled "Analytical Institutions," which was translated by the then Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. Toward the close of her life she retired into a religious house, and died in 1798 at the age of eighty. In 1794 Clotilde Tambroni became Professor of Greek at Bologna. After occupying the chair for four years she was obliged, on political grounds, to resign. The revolutionary wave was then rising, and Tambroni was a conservative and a royalist. She then spent some years studying in Spain. On her return to Italy, Buonaparte, forgiving her politics, made her Professor of Greek at Milan. She held this office for some years, and died in 1817. Madonna Manzolina lectured on anatomy at Bologna about the time that Tambroni was teaching Greek at Milan.

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THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S FETE DAY.

On the morning of the Empress's fête, all the guests, the household, and many of the notabilities of the town, attended mass at the palace. After *déjeuner* the bouquets were presented; the regiment of *carabiniers* offered a splendid bouquet of mixed flowers, so large that two men carried it on a litter; the infantry brought a pyramid of Parma violets, crowned with white camellias; the firemen of the town, two rare bouquets; a deputation of collegians, a beautiful one, in which was hidden a compliment in Latin verse; M. Vandal, director of the post office, had ordered an exquisite one to be sent from the flower-beds of Nice; and, finally, there arrived at the château a deputation of market-women. Their costume was characteristic—a black dress, white apron and kerchief, a broad green ribbon, fringed with silver, around the bodice, and on one shoulder a bright cockade. Their bouquet was entirely of shells, and admirably made. They were cordially received by the Emperor, Empress, and Prince; and, as they retired, one said, "What a woman! She is much more *gentille* than a great many of our haughty *bourgeoises.*" At the Empress's tea, Féval told a most exciting ghost story, and a minister present naively envied his powers of recital. In the evening the château was illuminated, and the park thrown open for all to enter and see the fireworks. The Emperor let off the first rocket, and when the trio of *grands bouquets* had fallen, the dancing began. Waldteufel playing a most entrancing waltz, Gustave Doré leading the dance, waltzers followed him speedily, and the day was saved. The Empress did not dance; but her bright dress, with its pink ripples and diamonds, passed incessantly to and fro; at one moment, the room being warm, she opened some of the windows herself. At half-past eleven, two valets rolled in an immense table, covered with tea and cakes, and the evening drew to a close.

Her Majesty was pleased to accept many beautiful gifts on her *fête* day. Several specimens of needlework were offered by the ladies of the imperial household. The Countess de S. sent a magnificent white satin cushion, so delicately embroidered in gold that it must have taken many months to complete.

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THE CHINESE WOMEN'S TELEGRAPH.

During the recent visit here of the Chinese Ambassadors, one of them stated, in reply to the inquiries of a physician, that it was not customary in China, except among the lower classes of the people, for the doctor to see or touch female patients. In order to ascertain the pulse of the sick woman, a string is tied around her wrist, and extended outside the window to the doctor, who holds the string between thumb and finger, and, by this sort of telegraph, is enabled to count the pulsations. This seems a ludicrous plan, but is far less mischievous than our custom of admitting men doctors to the private apartments of females. The opportunities for the medical education of women in this country are yearly increasing, and we hope the day is not far distant when the ladies will be able to rout the men from the sick-room, and compel them to stand out in the cold under the window-sill. In China only women nurses attend during child-birth.

The New York State Inebriate Asylum, at Binghamton, under the charge of Albert Day, M. D., is very successful in its good work, a large proportion of the unhappy men who seek a refuge there attaining their object—a life of sobriety and usefulness. The public has been grossly misled by statements on the responsibility of a former superintendent, as to the inmates of the Asylum in its first years; it now appearing that in two years and a third it did not receive more than 80 patients in all, of whom only 35 were there at any one time; and that no female has ever been admitted. In the first eight months of Dr. Day's administration, eighty patients had been received, of the average age of thirty-one, nearly half coming from other States than New York. Forty had been discharged, and forty remained. The Asylum then had accommodations for only eighty patients, but can now receive a much larger number. Those who are able pay usually fifteen dollars a week, but ample provision is made for poor patients.

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DINING OUT.

One of the most refreshing of a day's experiences is a good dinner. Unpoetic as mere matter-of-fact eating may be, yet its influence is felt in all the transactions of business or pleasure that make up the hours from morning till night. An unsatisfactory meal will induce *ennui* and the attendant "blues," while the good dinner of delicious viands, suited to the particular taste, well cooked, well seasoned, well served, with the courtesy, care, and attention that renders eating as nearly an indolent luxury as possible, imparts a cheerfulness and satisfaction that fit us to perform our duties with extra zeal. Many persons are averse to taking meals at restaurants, for which feeling they find the ready excuse of eating the proverbial "peck of dirt" too soon, tardiness and inattention of waiters, ill-cooked food, or dishes badly served. A consciousness that these complaints are not merely imaginary grievances, but, generally, disagreeable realities, perplexes a majority, who, from business or other engagements, frequently find it impossible to reach home at the dinner hour, which never fails to come, and often arrives to behold them faint-hearted with hunger. The important question is, then, where to dine. Ladies are among the sufferers. In general, they are the most fastidious respecting this point, and what is to be done when shopping tours are prolonged? Hurry the choice of ribbons and dress goods and furbelows? Never! Spoil a toilet for a dinner? Preposterous! The dinner at home comes to be but a secondary consideration; and yet one is ill-calculated to decide important topics when the inner man or woman is fatigued for want of proper aliment.

Visitors coming to the city upon a day's business find the getting dinner an exceedingly serious subject, if they are given to scruples about dining out. Whither are they to turn? We answer, simply where cleanliness, order and careful management insure perfect satisfaction; this is the basis upon which Messrs. Jones & Co., 432 Broadway, corner of Howard Street, conduct their large and convenient restaurant, which is now a fashionable resort for ladies and families particularly. It has been recently enlarged and fitted up in the most tasteful manner. We speak from personal observation and experience when we say that their extensive culinary department is managed with scrupulous neatness; the dining-rooms, three in number, are elegant, attractive, and well-lighted, and there are plenty of polite, attentive waiters. Last, but not least, by any means, the "bill of fare" comprises every delicacy of the season, prepared by efficient cooks, and each table is courteously and nicely served. With these intimations, may not the dinner question be considered satisfactorily settled? A particular feature of this establishment, quite requisite to mention, is the very convenient ladies' toilet-rooms, situated upon the second floor, where a waiting-maid will always be found in attendance to receive satchels or small packages patrons may desire to leave in charge, checks being given in return, to insure safety until called for by the owners.

◆

A NEW PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

Instead of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machines, we offer this year, as a premium for the same number of subscribers, the **Bartram & Fanton Machine**—a new machine, which includes all the later improvements in sewing-machines, and is altogether one of the best family machines in the market.

In consequence of the Wheeler & Wilson Company withdrawing from their former arrangements with us, and the short notice given us of their intention to do so, we have been placed in a position of considerable difficulty and embarrassment. We are relieved, however, from this dilemma, by the opportunity afforded us by securing the **Bartram & Fanton** machine on precisely the same terms, and feel confident that it will win a still higher place in the opinion of our friends and subscribers.

◆

A NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.

A handsome octavo volume of three hundred pages, containing lists of all the newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Territories, with information concerning size, population, and importance of the towns or cities in which they are published, is about to be issued by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., the publishers and advertising agents, 40 Park Row, New York City. The price of the book will be five dollars, and only a limited number of copies will be issued. As it will be a work of great value to advertisers and business men generally, orders should be sent in early.

◆

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES AS NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS.

We have made arrangements with T. B. **Bynner**, one of the most reliable importers of our city, by which we shall be able to make the following liberal and splendid offers for securing subscribers to our **Monthly**:

For 30 Yearly Subscribers at $3.00 each with the first premium to each subscriber, we will send by mail, post free, to the getter-up of the Club, a Lady's Solid Gold Lever Watch, Hunting-Case, full jeweled, plain or engraved, as may be desired, worth $50.00.

For 40 Subscribers, a Gold Watch as above, worth $65.00.

For 60 Subscribers, a Gold Watch as above, worth $75.00.

For 12 Subscribers at $3.00 each, a Lady's Solid Silver Watch, Hunting-Case, full jeweled, plain or engraved, as may be desired, worth $20.00.

The watches are furnished by an importer, whose guarantee of their quality and full value insures perfect satisfaction in every particular.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS—SELF-EVIDENT FACTS.

The circulation of our Magazine has steadily and rapidly increased, until it can now boast of a much larger circulation than any other magazine of the kind in America; and, besides its large circulation, its character as an advertising medium is such, as to make it more like a Ladies' Directory, or Book of Reference. Each copy will, therefore, find more readers than ten or twenty newspapers, and our whole edition will certainly reach a more extended circulation than can be secured by many times the amount spent in a more general way.

In order to secure an unexceptionable list of advertisements, only such will be admitted as are adapted to a Fashion Magazine, and confined to a limited number, furnishing an extraordinary opportunity and the best possible medium for giving publicity to articles of taste, comfort, luxury, or utility. The price for advertising will be 75 cents per line.

One quarter column.............	$25 00
One half column.....................	50 00
Whole column..............	100 00

All advertisements must be handed in by the 20th, to insure insertion in the second succeeding month.

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers; to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

Advertisers will please understand that the crowded state of our columns renders it necessary that they should send in their advertisements by the twenty-first of the month to secure insertion in the following issue.

Our readers will also confer a favor on us personally if they will, when writing for articles, say they saw them advertised in **Demorest's Monthly**.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Fit to adorn the White House.

Mrs. General Grant's Opinion.

"It affords me great pleasure to bear witness to the excellence of the Grover & Baker Family Sewing Machine. I have had one in my family for some two years, and from what I know of its workings, and from the testimony of many of my friends, who use the same, I can hardly see how anything could be more complete, or give better satisfaction. The machine I have is one of the most elegant I have ever seen."—*Letter from Mrs. General Grant.*

Horace Greeley purposes to write, during the year 1869, an elementary work on Political economy, wherein the policy of Protection to Home Industry will be explained and vindicated. This work will first be given to the public through successive issues of The New York Tribune, and will appear in all its editions—Daily, $10; Semi-Weekly, $4; Weekly, $2 per annum.

NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, — G. P. Rowell & Co., the New York Advertising Agents, are about issuing a complete American Newspaper Directory. It is a compilation much needed, since nothing of the kind having any claims to completeness has ever been published. Messrs. Rowell & Co. have spared no pains or expense to make the forthcoming work complete. We understand the book will be a handsome octavo volume of about 300 pages, bound in dark cloth, and sold for Five Dollars per copy. As the publishers are Advertising Agents, their issuing a work containing so much information, usually jealously guarded by those in that business, shows that they are confident of their ability to be of service to advertisers, or they would not so readily place in their hands the means of enabling every one to communicate direct with publishers if they so desire.

The Great American Tea Co.'s French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee.—Owing to the fine flavor and great strength of this coffee, it requires a less quantity than is generally used of other coffees. Boil over a quick fire not exceeding one minute. It is much improved by breaking an egg into the pot. It will settle perfectly clear in five minutes. Serve with sugar and cream, or scalded milk. For a dinner coffee, serve without cream or milk. Napoleon, in preparing this coffee, never allowed it to be boiled, but filtered it through a percolator. That is the favorite French style of preparing it.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED is a large quarto first-class Monthly, the only magazine devoted specially to Phrenology, Physiognomy, Physiology and Ethnology. Contains portraits, biographies and characters of noted persons, covering every type of character in the world. $3 a year, or 36 cents a number, or the Journal and Demorest's magazine for $5.00. S. R. Wells, Editor and Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Few works better repay perusal in the family than this rich storehouse of instruction and entertainment.—*New York Tribune.* Indispensable to the general reader. Edited with marked ability and beautifully printed.—*Christian Inquirer.* It grows in variety and value.—*New York Evening Post.*

COLGATE & CO.'S
Aromatic
Vegetable Soap
Is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of Ladies and Infants.

Sold by all dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

"Good Books for All."—Works on Health, Short-Hand, Education, Self Culture, Laws of Life, etc. Send stamps for "Illustrated Catalogue." Address, S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S
AMERICAN
NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY,
Containing accurate lists of all the Newspapers and Periodicals published in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, and British Colonies of North America; together with a description of the towns and cities in which they are published. New York, Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Publishers and Newspaper Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, 1869. A handsome octavo volume of 300 pages, bound in cloth. Price Five Dollars. A work of great value to Advertisers, Publishers, and others who desire information in relation to the Newspapers and Periodicals of North America. The edition will be limited, and persons desiring copies will do well to send their orders immediately to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Publishers and Advertising Agents,
40 PARK ROW, New York.

EMPLOYMENT. — WILL IT pay? How much can I make? Take an agency for the Hand-Book, HOW TO WRITE, HOW TO TALK, HOW TO BEHAVE, AND HOW TO DO BUSINESS, $2 25; and NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, 1,000 engravings, $5; ÆSOP'S FABLES, pictorial edition, $1; POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN, illustrated, $1; ORATORY, Sacred and Secular, $1 50. Send for sample copies, and stamps for terms, to S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

All the MAGAZINES at CLUB RATES, with the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1869.

Something to the Point.

A highly polished and desirable companion, arrayed in a new and elegant wrapper, having a beautiful form, brilliant complexion, clear eye, iron constitution, nerves of steel, pliant nature, fine temper, and in every point perfection—a companion seemingly inclined to union, and will stick by you through thick and thin.

MME. DEMOREST'S DIAMOND NEEDLES.

These Needles are made of the best quality of steel, best in form, best points, best eyes, best finish, and best in every particular, including the superior and convenient manner in which they are put up. They are made in Europe, expressly for our trade, and are warranted the best Needles in the world—one of them being worth nearly one dozen of the ordinary kind. Ladies, do not fail to try these exquisitely superior needles.

Price, 15 cents per paper, or in very convenient and ornamental cases, containing fifty assorted sizes, 30 cents each. Mailed free on receipt of price.

No. 838 Broadway, New York.

HERALD OF HEALTH
AND
Journal of Physical Culture.

Words from Over the Water.—"We are glad to welcome, among our budget of monthlies, an American magazine, *The Herald of Health*. Let its own heading express its object: '*The Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture* advocates a Higher Type of Manhood—physically, intellectually, and morally.' It has quite as much claim to the title of a woman's magazine as the 'Victoria Magazine,' and is full of thoughtful, practical papers, pleasantly written—most of them by authors and authoresses of note—among whom we may mention the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Horace Mann. Wives and housekeepers will find some very useful hints in the pages of *The Herald*, and we recommend it as an excellent domestic magazine."—*Cosmopolitan, London.*

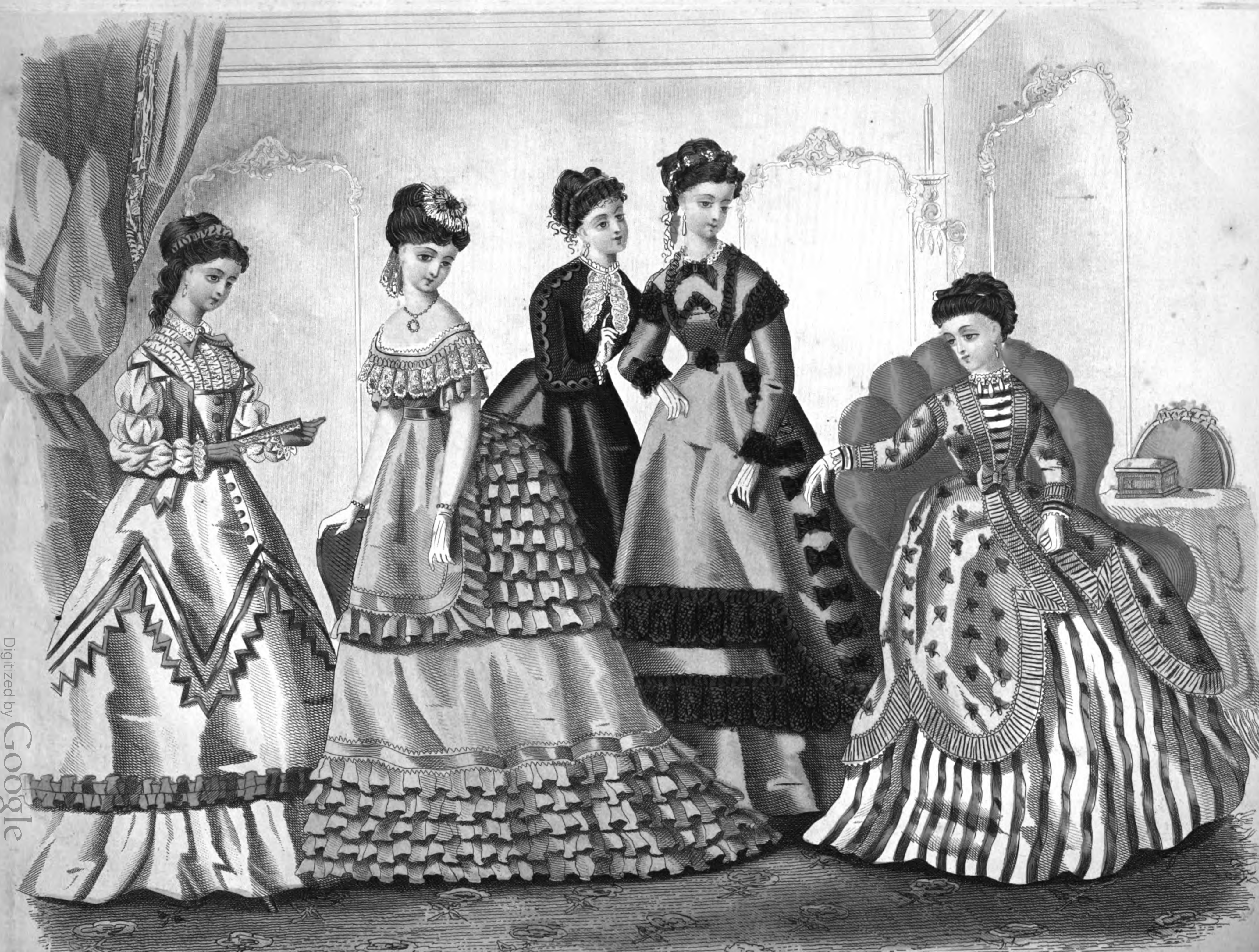
So says one of our London exchanges. $2.00 a year; 20 cents a number. For $3.00 we send it a year with a copy of Physical Perfection—a large, illustrated work of great value, worth $2.00. For $3.35 we send the *Herald* and the New York *Weekly Tribune* one year. For $3.00 we send it and the *American Agriculturist* one year. For 30 subscribers and $60, we give a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth $55. Address MILLER, WOOD & CO., 15 Laight Street, New York.

A PRESENT

FROM A GENTLEMAN to a Lady, or from a Lady to a Gentleman, a Father or a Mother to a Son or Daughter, would now be seasonable. But what shall it be? What is most suitable? What most useful? ANSWER: A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION for THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and LIFE ILLUSTRATED, an instructive, amusing, and very interesting Pictorial Magazine. It is only $3 a year; or the Journal and Demorest's Magazine for $5.00. Sent by post or carrier, to any address, by S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

In sending in the name of a friend, as a subscriber, a lady writes:

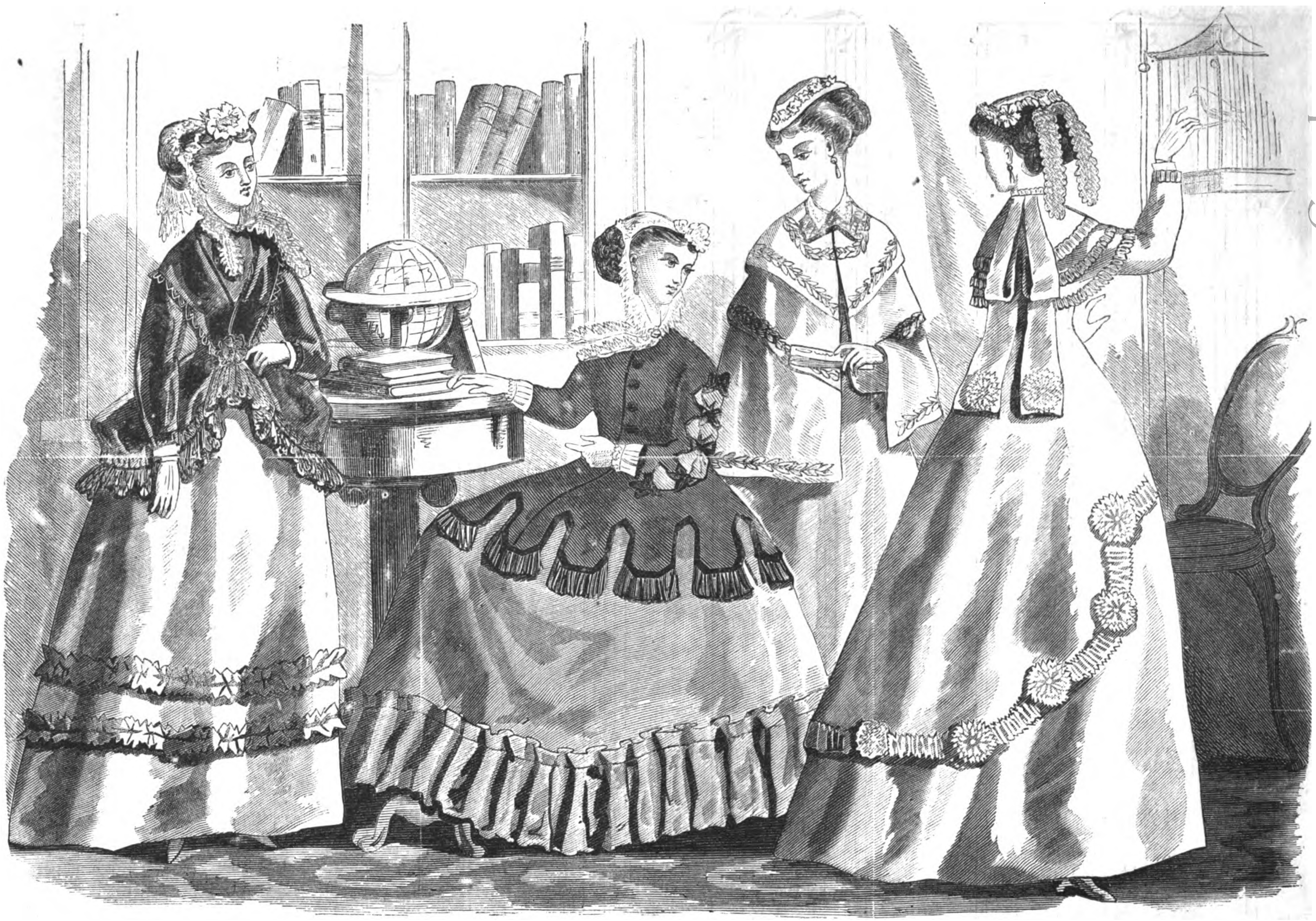
"In looking over the endless variety of things to gladden the heart of a friend on New Year's Day, I can find nothing better, that will renew itself *twelve times* during the coming year, and bring with it a rich intellectual treat at each succeeding visit, than the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL."



Kimmel & Forster Sc

MME DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.

838 BROADWAY N.Y.



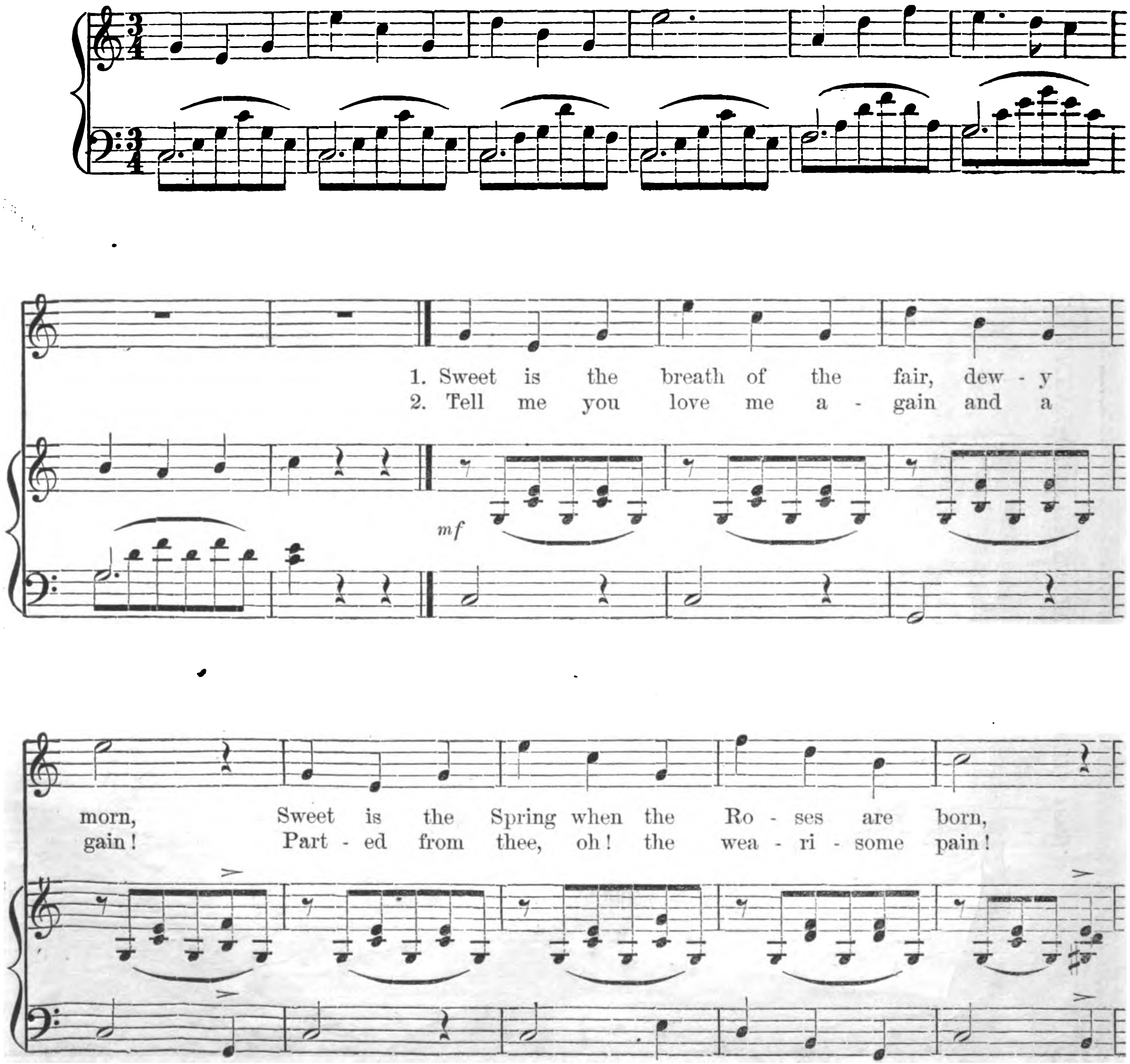
LATEST STYLE OF SPRING WALKING-COSTUMES FOR MARCH, 1869.

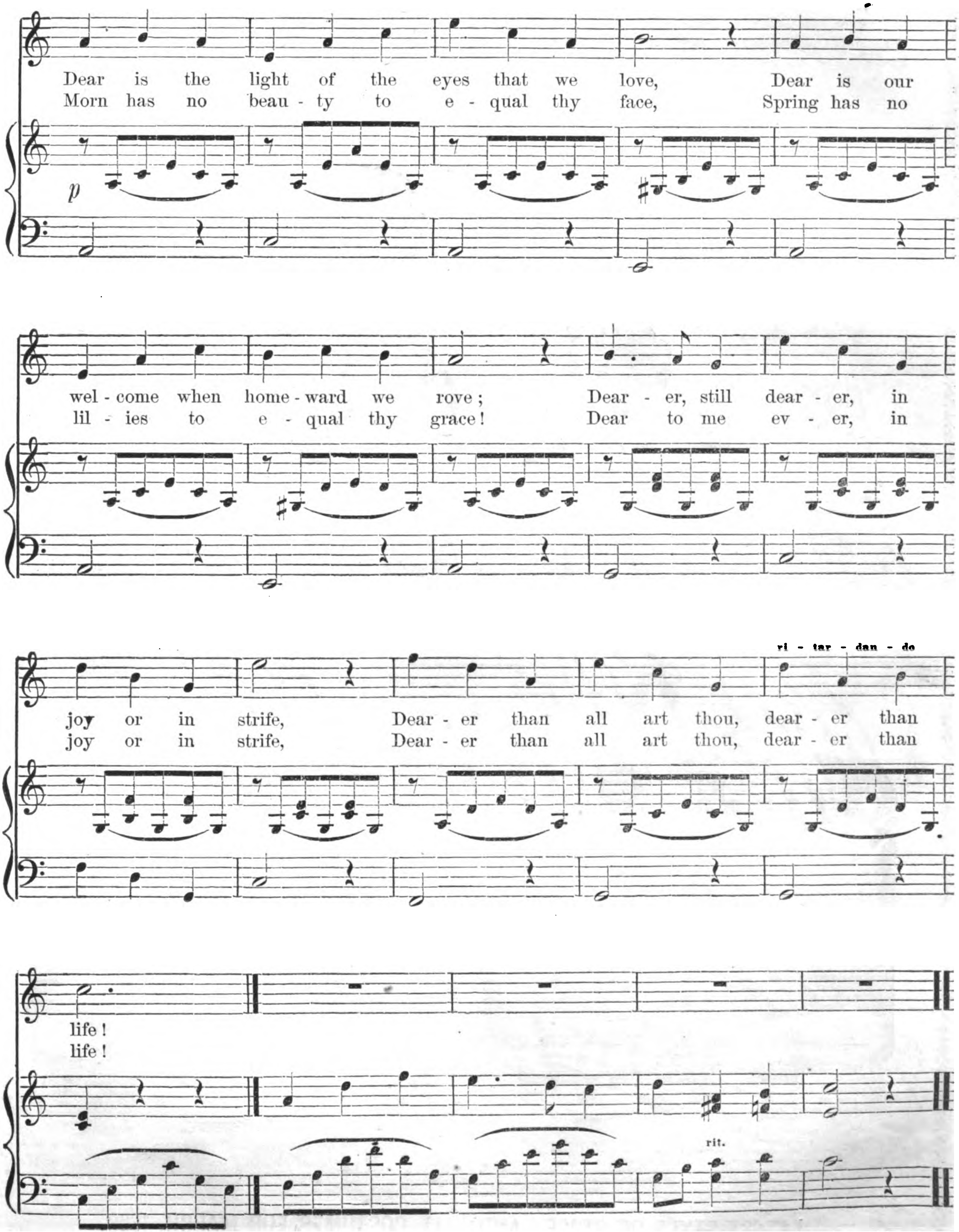
"DEARER THAN LIFE."—As there have been numerous songs published since the death of the lamented Composer, STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER, as posthumous compositions, which were not genuine, but frauds upon a credulous public, I deem it necessary, and desire, to state the manner in which the melody of "Dearer than Life" came into my possession. Some three weeks before his death, Mr. FOSTER called upon me, and, as was usual with him, commenced improvising on the Piano, during a social chat, and, dotting down this melody, presented it to me as a memento of our friendship. I have treasured it as such; but, feeling that the public had a right to *any* composition of their favorite song-writer, I have endeavored to express the sentiment of the melody in the words thereto, and present it to the readers of Demorest's Magazine.

GEO. COOPER

DEARER THAN LIFE!

Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


mf
1. Sweet is the breath of the fair, dew-y morn, Sweet is the Spring when the Ro-ses are born,
2. Tell me you love me a-gain and a-gain! Part-ed from thee, oh! the wea-ri-some pain!


Dear is the light of the eyes that we love, Dear is our welcome when homeward we rove; Dear - er, still dear - er, in joy or in strife, Dear - er than all art thou, dear - er than life!
Morn has no beau - ty to e - qual thy face, Spring has no lil - ies to e - qual thy grace! Dear to me ev - er, in joy or in strife, Dear - er than all art thou, dear - er than life!
p
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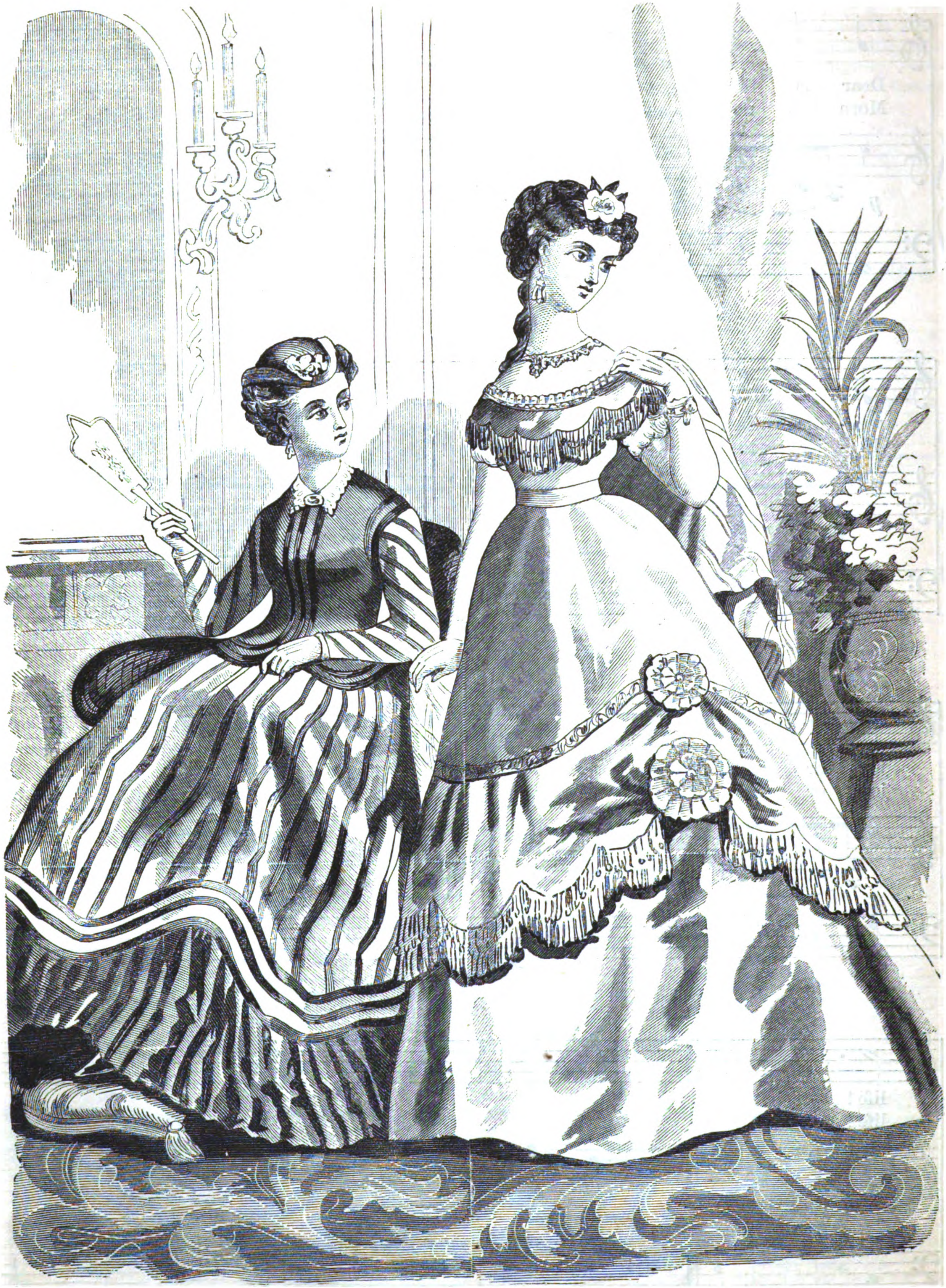


LATEST STYLE OF STREET AND BALL COSTUMES FOR MARCH, 1869.

DEMOREST'S
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

FLORENCE MOWBRAY.

BY LILIAN FITZROY.

WHAT curious, incomprehensible desire could have caused Florence Mowbray to forego the pleasures and gayeties of a summer at Saratoga for the quiet and content of the country, was never made known to her five hundred fashionable friends; but, all wearied as she was with the glitter and heartlessness of three seasons at the sea-side, and three winters in town, this summer visit at "Woodbine Cottage," Mrs. Milburn's country home, seemed in anticipation like perfect rest and happiness, after some long, tired struggle, but just ended. Her aunt and friends tried every inducement to win her consent to accompany them, but all seemed useless. She would not be persuaded, and they could only regret her resolution. Usually compliant and yielding to the wishes of those she loved, in this case she seemed almost obstinate. Her mind was made up to spend the hot, dusty months with her mother's early friend—out where the ferns and daisies grew, where the sweet meadow-breezes came fresh off the country hill-sides, and stole lovingly through its pleasant valleys.

It seemed surely a strange freak; but perhaps Miss Mowbray was satiated with watering-places, and far down in her heart was the longing for something better and purer than her life had hitherto given.

Years ago, she had spent one summer away from city sights and sounds, when she was but eighteen; and the memory of it came to her so strongly, she was tempted to renew the delightfulness, and hear once more the dreamy murmur of the brook as she sat under the great branches that shadowed it, weaving many a happy dream, set to music of the melody of its waters. Nature, in a thousand winning tones, touched the depth and earnestness of this girl's soul, as no one else had power to do. Now she was twenty-five, and quite old enough to feel a thrill of pleasure at experiencing once again a cherished past.

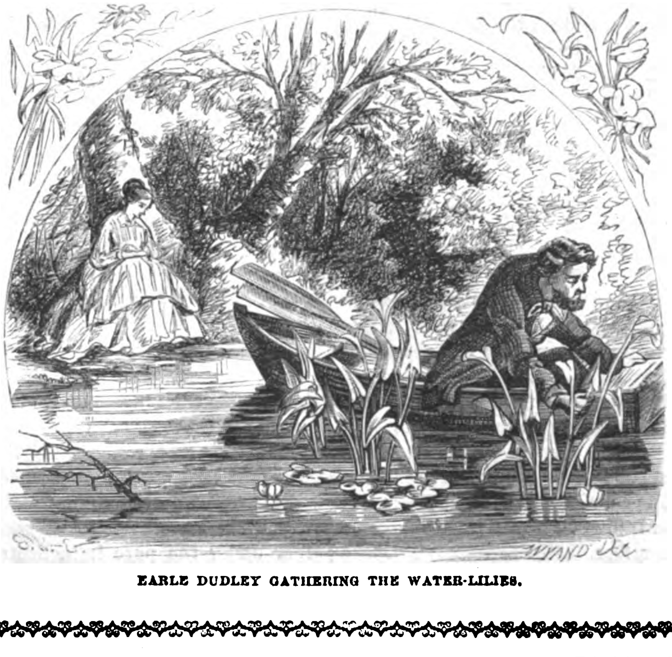
Mrs. Milburn had written a cordial invitation for her young friend to make her a visit, and she alluded so touchingly to the days that proved so pleasant once, wishing a renewal of them, and thinking the sight of Florence Mowbray's face would be such a genuine delight. The letter was answered immediately, accepting the invitation, and her friends started for Saratoga, leaving her behind them with regrets.

The June roses found Miss Mowbray quietly settled in one of the pleasantest of country houses, Woodbine Cottage. How like freedom it seemed to put aside all fashionable restrictions—breathe the fragrance of the sweet air, listen to the music of the birds, and ramble out through the shady paths, into the grand old woods, where all day long the breezes whispered weird poems to each other, or chanted wild symphonies. Pleasanter still, to wander at nightfall down by the river-side, where the willows cast long shadows over its banks, and the lilies leaned caressingly toward the ripples that bore them gently on its bosom.

Florence Mowbray had been through with some love experiences; but all these she could forget. They had only touched the surface. Sometimes the thought would steal over her that she was unlike other women, as so many golden dreams had turned to emptiness, and left no pain behind them.

Four weeks had passed by, bearing the hours pleasantly on their wings. One afternoon, as Florence had been out searching for some mosses, and returned with her hands full of wayside flowers, she found a stranger in the cool sitting-room, chatting familiarly with her hostess.

"Mr. Earle Dudley," so Mrs. Milburn introduced him; tall and fine-looking—the hair and beard dark. His face was expressive of much pride and strength of character, its greatest charm resting in the smile that lit up his features, taking away that look of pride and sternness from the lips.



EARLE DUDLEY GATHERING THE WATER-LILIES.

Miss Mowbray stopped but a moment, and yet long enough to ascertain that he was both handsome and gentlemanly appearing.

He remained but a few moments longer, and, after his departure, Mrs. Milburn came into the room where Florence was arranging her mosses, and commenced chatting about the object of his call. Mrs. Dudley and herself had been old schoolmates together, and the best of friends until after their marriage, when one removed to the city, and their intimacy was necessarily somewhat broken up. Five years after, Mrs. Milburn made her a visit, and, after her return home and the interchange of a few letters, she had heard but little from her, until Earle Dudley called, bringing with him a letter of introduction from his mother, urging her friend, for the sake of old times, to take her son under her guardianship while he remained in D——.

He was studying to become a lawyer. He had been a very close student, but since finishing his studies he had not been feeling quite as strong as she wished, and, through her urgent pleadings, he had gone to the country to rest until the autumn, when he should at once enter upon the duties of his profession.

Mrs. Milburn was willing he should come. There was the old south room he could have, cool and pleasant, with a pretty view from the window of the hills and valleys, and the little village just beyond, half hidden in the trees.

Then, Florence would not be half as lonely with some one to participate in her rural excursions, and so the matter was decided. Earle Dudley received the plan with delight—it was so much more like home than boarding at the hotel; and in a few days more he was domesticated at "Woodbine Cottage," and became quite a pleasant addition to the small family circle. They found him highly cultivated, and exceedingly entertaining. What was to prevent the summer from being a pleasant one? Florence Mowbray asked herself the question, and found no discouraging reply in her own mind. Mrs. Milburn could not resist the building of little air-castles concerning these two, even though she knew they might fall to the ground.

One morning, some two weeks after Earle Dudley's arrival, Florence Mowbray came down to breakfast in the daintiest of white wrappers, with her dark hair shining and wavy, gathered in a large knot at the back of her well-formed head, while a simple bow of crimson ribbon gave a color to the cheek near which it floated. She was certainly fine-looking, and so Earle Dudley thought as he coolly scrutinized her face, while they were discussing the nice drive they had taken the evening before. Presently Mrs. Milburn proposed the gathering of some water-lilies—there were hosts of them only a quarter of a mile distant, in the river.

"I know the walk would give a purer tone to the day's enjoyment," she said; "the country is so pleasant in the morning, and the creamy lilies would be such a reward for your ramble."

Florence Mowbray secretly favored the proposition, although she said nothing.

Earle Dudley answered for them both:

"I should enjoy the excursion very much; the beauty of the day tempts one out of doors, and if Miss Mowbray will join me, and we may be favored with your company, Mrs. Milburn, I am sure we can enjoy the forenoon exceedingly."

"I have so many duties at home needing my attention," she answered; "but Florence, I know, would be happy to accompany you. Go and enjoy yourselves, and don't come home without your hands full of their clustering beauty."

The day was one of perfect loveliness; the clouds broke the blue of heaven, but to relieve and beautify it; the air was full of music, and the fragrance came up sweet and subtile from the golden hearts of the lilies, as they neared the water.

They found a little boat fastened to the shore, and two oars lying on the ground, idly at its side. Earle Dudley could not procure the lilies without rowing out a little way into the water.

Florence would not accompany him, but told him "to go like a true knight, fill his hands full of the coveted prize, and return to her." He started out alone, and she called gayly after him:

"If you leave any, I'll make a second trip with you."

Quickly the little boat sped on its mission. It was but a slight task to pull in the slender stems with their light weight of beauty, and he soon had enough to return richly laden. He drifted slowly toward the shore, the dreamy odor of the blossoms beguiling his senses, and the sight of Florence Mowbray sitting under the shadows, eagerly watching his approach, seemed such a pleasant picture to his mind.

Earle Dudley had found no time to bestow much admiration upon the ladies—his leisure had been too fully occupied with other things. He had been too earnestly engaged in his studies, and had given but little thought to else, aside from his profession.

Miss Mowbray was fair to look upon, and yet he had scarcely given her a separate place in his mind until then. To be sure, he felt it to be pleasant, finding a young and agreeable lady at Mrs. Milburn's; but most of his mornings had been spent in his room, and Florence Mowbray had gone off by herself with her books for company, or in search of wild-flowers in some yet undiscovered nook. So the long afternoons passed away without much seeing of each other, and the acquaintance had not progressed beyond the careless conversation of the hour.

They would be thrown much together, and the summer would prove pleasanter than either had at first anticipated. He surely had not thought of anything but rest, when he decided to give himself a vacation until the autumn, and make the country his place of sojourn.

"Hold yourself in readiness to come aboard," he called out laughingly, as he neared the shore; "I have left a legion of them behind, and you have no excuse for not redeeming your promise. See how beautiful they are," and he threw a handful of them toward her. She caught them in her gipsy hat, and pressed them caressingly to her face.

"Are they not lovely? How sweet their fragrance too! You have such a cluster of them! How shall I thank you?"

"By getting in, and aiding me in bringing another load into harbor."

She laid those already gained upon the edge of the bank, letting their stems fall into the water, and placed herself in the boat.

Earle Dudley was giving himself up to the influence of the hour, and he broke forth into a merry boating song while he glided the boat slowly over the water.

Florence Mowbray could not but enjoy the sail. His voice was full and rich, and, after he had finished, she begged for another, which he gave; then he told her of his boyhood experiences, and that led to talk of his early life. She was becoming more acquainted with him this morning than she had been all the days they had passed together.

They piled the boat full of lilies, repeated bits of poetry, told stories of mermaids who lived under the sea in their fairy caves, dipped their hands in the cool water, and forgot the summer morning was gliding away.

How pleasant it had seemed, and how pleasant the memory of the sail would be for many a day after. Mrs. Milburn greeted them with her resolution not to propose any more such excursions; they were gone so long, she thought they must have fallen overboard.

They smilingly answered her "That nature in its artistic groupings had far more attractions than in-doors, and such rich trophies as they had gathered could not be found every day."

A slender vase of the delicate lilies came in to the dinner-table, as a tangible memory of their morning's ramble.

After that sail, Earle Dudley devoted more of his attention to Florence Mowbray, and she was becoming very much interested in him He forgot, as he listened hour after hour to the most musical of voices, as she glided skillfully from one topic to another, that she might be teaching him to love her, and that the knowledge of such might be dangerously sweet to each of them.

There were many more sails after that afternoon. They rambled out under the avenues of trees, and, seating themselves in some shady place, Earle Dudley would read to her from some favorite poem, or discuss their pet authors, till the brown shadows slanted downward, and the night dews began to fall. They were learning to know each other under the pure influence of nature, as, perhaps, they would never have known each other elsewhere, and, to Florence Mowbray, the days were dangerously fraught with happiness.

She was so happy here that no regrets had stolen into her heart for the sea-side enjoyments she might have missed. She often received letters from her friends, telling her of the gayeties they were having, but she cared not. Her life here seemed rest, freedom, and content. There was nothing to diminish the complete enjoyment of each day as it dawned, deepened, and died away, sweet and fresh at its coming—sweet and pure at its close. 'Twas so delightful to feel herself free from worldliness, and, almost, young again. The summer days grew on apace—there could certainly be no pleasanter place in all the world than Woodbine Cottage; but Florence Mowbray knew that her aunt would soon send for her to return to the city, and she could have no excuse to stay longer. There were hints of some distinguished stranger, rich and exclusive, with whom their party had become acquainted, and he would, probably, return with them. Parties, musicals, and fêtes were to be given in his honor, and "Miss Mowbray" well knew her fashionable aunt's wishes in regard to her future, and hence wrote nothing of the strange guest that had taken possession of her heart.

September would soon be over, and then she would have to return to her city home. Florence was growing strangely silent these last days, and though to Earle Dudley had come the strangely sweet knowledge that he loved her, yet he forbore to speak, because his plans for the future were all unsettled, and he was in no circumstances to offer himself to Florence Mowbray, an heiress in her own right, with plenty of suitors for her hand, far more desirable than himself. They had come in from an evening stroll together, and sadness seemed to have fallen upon both.

They were speaking of her departure, and Earle Dudley was saying:

"This summer will be among the pleasantest of my memories; I shall never forget it."

"And I," returned Miss Mowbray, "shall be happier for all the future for spending this season amid the thousand delights of nature that have spoken to me in the woods, waves, and breezes through the long sunny days."

"And will you have no dearer recollections of the summer—are there no other links that will bind you to a happy past?"

Earle Dudley could not refrain from asking the question, and watch the trembling lips that refused to utter one word that would let him know of the strong love that had crept into her heart for him.

There had been no more said, and the last evening had come they were to spend together. Earle Dudley was to remain a few days longer, and then return to his mother, who was impatiently waiting his coming. Florence Mowbray wondered if he would miss her any after she was gone, and kind Mrs. Milburn regretted their leaving her very much—she would be so lonely after their departure.

The evening grew on apace; great golden stars came out one by one in the blue sky, purple shadows rested on the hills, and a mist from the river lay thick on the valley. They walked down the river path for the last time. They were too sad to be merry. A silence seemed to fall upon them both, fraught with so much of love and pain.

Earle Dudley abruptly spoke: "You return home to-morrow, and I remain one week longer; think how unspeakably lonely it will be, for every path I can tread will but call some association of you and the happy hours we have treaded them together: I shall miss you more than words of mine can tell, but I know not what of good or ill the future may have in store for me, and I can lay no definite plans for myself, yet"—his voice grew tender and loving—"I do know that life seems infinitely dearer to me than it ever did before;" and as he spoke the words, they thrilled her with a deeper joy, even amidst the pain of leaving, for she knew then that he loved her, in his own good time he would come to claim her, and she could wait.

There were no minutes for words in the morning—the hour of good-by came so quickly; Mrs. Milburn was too sorry to have Florence go to be merry, and Earle Dudley, as he held, at parting, her hand within his own, whispered one sentence that lingered long in her memory and echoed sweetly through all coming hours: "Florence, this summer will come again for us both, with a sweeter *repetition; till then, good-by, and God bless you!*"

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Lilies! white, delicate and creamy! Where did they come from? was Florence Mowbray's query, as she found a cluster of them upon her table, with no card or name. Some way she immediately thought of Earle Dudley—they brought back so vividly that summer in the country; those sails upon the river, she could never forget them—and these lilies, with the subtile fragrance in their golden hearts, won her thoughts back to that dream of tenderness again. Some word would surely come from him to-night; only through others had she heard of him for two years.

He was fast winning laurels in his profession, and she often wondered did any memories of that cherished summer trouble or haunt him with their sweet deliciousness? That one parting sentence had kept her from accepting all the offers of wealth that had been laid at her feet. Her fashionable friends were amazed to see her utter indifference to the most desirable parties. Her aunt was disappointed, and no one knew her secret. Florence Mowbray had kept it well.

That night her aunt was to give a party, and she was instructed to look her loveliest, for there were to be several distinguished strangers present, and "Victor Grayson, the reputed millionaire, who had vainly endeavored to win from Miss Mowbray something of kind regards," was sure to monopolize much of her attention, if her aunt could in any way manage it. It was her strongest wish to have him become Florence's lover. Since their return she had made every effort to throw them into each other's society; but sometimes she was almost discouraged, for Florence would say, "It's of no use, aunt Leighton; I shall never marry, so do not grieve over the matter. I have no love for Victor Grayson, and there is no need of trying to reason me into it."

Florence Mowbray was indeed beautiful that evening. Her white silk dress fell about her in folds, heavy and lustrous; the white lace about her neck and arms shimmered like a soft cloud. She wore no ornaments in her hair, only a cluster of white lilies, relieved by their dark green leaves; she was arrayed for his coming, her heart telling her she would see Earle Dudley that night.

"You are radiantly beautiful," said aunt Leighton, in velvet and pearls. "I have no fears of you not being the belle of the evening. Victor Grayson will be more than pleased. Do throw aside your usual reserve, for once, and be gay and brilliant."

An hour later, the salón was filled with beauty, light and merriment.

Through her aunt's skillful diplomacy, Victor Grayson had been her constant attendant so far, and she had but just freed herself from a crowd of admirers, standing in the embrasure of a window, when she heard a familiar voice exclaiming:

"Miss Mowbray! Florence, have you entirely forgotten me?"

She turned with a thrill of joy, and her hands were quickly imprisoned in those of Earle Dudley.

She could not prevent the look of pleasure that came into her eyes, and sent the crimson blushes to her cheeks.

"This is truly a surprise; I was not aware of your presence in the city."

"I only came last night," he answered, "and my friend would insist upon my accompanying him here this eve, though I had promised myself the pleasure of a call on the morrow."

"Have you been introduced to my aunt?"

"Yes, and paid my deepest respects—she is fine-looking."

They were soon renewing, in conversation, that well-remembered long-ago, and when later, tired with the murmur of the crowd, they strolled out in the conservatory, Earle Dudley told her why he had not bound her to any promise, or asked her to become his wife; but now there were no doubts to haunt him—the future looked bright, and he had come to woo Florence Mowbray for his own. Her waiting was at an end, and, as he held her close and kissed her sweet lips, he murmured low and thrillingly, "My darling, we will have a sweeter repetition of that summer two years ago."

Florence felt that a hoarded love of a life-time was uttered in that familiar sentence!

"Kiss me again, *mignone*, my promised wife, that I may realize my great happiness better." She put her lips to his, and in their hearts the old love grew strong again. The present faded from their sight, and they forgot that there had ever been but one delicious summer in their lives—out where the ferns and daisies grew, out where the gathering of the lilies, with their rich freight of beauty, had first tempted Earle Dudley to love Florence Mowbray.

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Purity of Character.—There are in youth a beauty and purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which, when once torn and broken, can never be re-embroidered. He who hath spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears.

THE MARRIAGES OF PARIS.

(Continued.)

The Mother of a Marquise.

MADAME BENOIT was as light as a bird; her feet hardly rested on the ground; her face had grown ten years younger-looking. She sang, she danced, she cried while laughing, she was on the point of stopping and telling everybody of her great happiness; she surprised herself speaking to the ladies that she met riding in carriages, with coats of arms painted on them. She was so kind to the Marquis, and showed him so many little attentions, that Gaston, who, for a long time, had had no one to care for him, became really fond of his future mother-in-law. He rarely left her; went everywhere with her, and did not grow weary of her, although she still avoided all conversation on the subject of the Iron-Works. The day before her departure, Madame Benoit seized on him for the whole day. She took him first to Tahon's, where she selected, before him, a large box lined with pink and divided inside into several divisions of different sizes.

"What is that queer-looking box for?" said Gaston, as they came out.

"That? why, it is one of my daughter's wedding-presents."

"But, Madame," said the Marquis, with great pride, "it seems to me that I—"

"It seems altogether wrong, then, my dear Marquis. When you are married to Lucille, you can give her as many presents as you wish; from the day of the ceremony you shall have *carte blanche;* but, until then, I must give her everything. I do not approve of the custom which allows a lover to give a young girl fifty thousand francs' worth of clothes and jewelry before marriage, when he is not related to her. Say, if you choose, that I have ridiculous prejudices; but I am too old now to get rid of them. We will go, to-day, to select *my* wedding-presents; in a month hence, I will come to assist you in choosing yours—that is, if you wish it."

It would have been easy enough to dispute such reasoning; but it was given in such a caressing tone, and in such a motherly voice, that Gaston had no answer to make. For three days he was carried about, buying silks, shawls, lace, and jewels, but not diamonds—Madame was to divide hers with her daughter.

The mother-in-law took leave of her future son-in-law on the 5th of May, and told him to meet her again on the 12th. She charged him to order the first publication at the church and before the mayor, and urged Gaston to hurry his tailor as much as lay in his power. In the confusion that always attends a departure, she carried off, by mistake, all the family papers of the house of Outreville.

Lucille's first thought, on seeing Madame Benoit, was that, by some means, her mother had been changed into another person while in Paris. The pretty widow had never been so kind and indulgent. Everything that Lucille did was right; everything she said was well spoken; she behaved like an angel and spoke golden words. The tender mother could never separate herself from so accomplished a daughter; she would follow her everywhere; she would not leave her until death. She said to her, as in the history of Ruth, "Thy country shall be my country." Lucille opened her heart to this new mother, and learned, with great satisfaction, that there were a great many *young* marquises, well-dressed, and who did not wear knee-breeches and short coats.

The day after Madame Benoit reached home, her friend, Madame Molier, came to announce her daughter Celine's marriage with M. Jordy, a sugar merchant, of Paris. M. Jordy was a wealthy young man, and Madame could not conceal her happiness at the prospect of such a good match for her daughter. Madame Benoit quickly replied by announcing Lucille's approaching marriage with the Marquis d'Outreville. They congratulated each other accordingly. When Madame Molier had left, Lucille, who, from a child, had been intimate with the future Madame Jordy, said, "How delightful! If I go to Paris, I shall still be near Celine. She will come to see me; I will go to see her; we will see each other every day."

"Yes, my child," said Madame Benoit, "you will go to see her in a very fine carriage, with footmen in livery; but, as to your receiving her at your house, that is another thing. One always owes something to the world, and one must always be somewhat of a slave to the society he lives in. When a duchess might be visiting you, it would not do for her to meet in your parlor the wife of a man who refines and sells sugar. It is wrong of you to make such a face. Let us see. You shall see Celine in the morning, always, before twelve o'clock."

"Goodness! what a horrid place Paris must be. I would a great deal rather stay in poor Arlange, where one can see one's friends at any hour of the day."

Madame Benoit replied, sententiously, "A wife must always follow her husband."

The great event, which was to take place at Arlange, soon became known everywhere. Madame Molier was making a tour of visits, and, as she had *one* marriage to announce, it was no more trouble to announce two. In every house that she stopped she repeated the same sentence, which she had composed on leaving Madame Benoit's—"Madame, I know how interested you are in my family, and that you will be glad to hear of my dear Celine's marriage. She is to marry, not a marquis, as Miss Lucille Benoit will do, but a good and well-known manufacturer, M. Jordy, who, at thirty years of age, is one of the richest refiners of Paris."

Madame Molier had good horses; her carriage and the news it took, before twelve o'clock that night, had traveled twelve miles.

The faubourg St. Germain commenced by pitying Lucille and blaming Madame Benoit, who had, as they thought, found another Marquis de Kepry for her daughter. Madame learned, without caring, all they were saying about her. She took the family papers of the house of Outreville to an old baroness—a great slanderer and a very influential person.

"Madame Sommerfogel," said she, in the most respectful tone, "although I have only had the honor of meeting you once or twice, I have still seen enough to convince me of the infallibility of your judgment, your thorough acquaintance with things of the fashionable world, and all those peculiar powers of observation and experience that you possess. You know how I had the misfortune to be deceived by a scamp, who had the impudence to steal from the nobility an honored name. To-day, I have, apparently, an excellent offer for my daughter—the Marquis of Outreville. I have with me his genealogical tree, and all the papers and parchments of his family, to the most distant period. But I am only a plain woman, with no powers of discernment. I have been cruelly deceived once, and I dare no longer rely upon my own judgment. Will you allow me, Madame, to submit these papers to you for your inspection, and as a last resource?"

This little speech was not without its effect; it flattered the baroness's vanity and piqued her curiosity. She received, with apparent satisfaction, the important task which had been confided to her, that same day sent for all the nobility of the neighborhood, and Gaston's papers passed under the eyes of twenty or thirty of the gentlemen of the country. This was what Madame Benoit hoped for. This venerable portfolio, from which exhaled the unmistakable odor of nobility, made a profound impression on all the country people that saw it. The most hostile to the mistress of the Iron-Works returned quickly to her side. It was a concert of praises, where Madame Sommerfogel fulfilled the functions of chief of the orchestra.

"Poor Madame Benoit! she ought to have something to console herself with; she is a very meritorious woman."

"That Benoit, who deceived her, was a rascal. If we had known her then, we would have put her on her guard."

"After all, what can we reproach her with? With a wish to enter into the nobility. That proves that, to the enlightened eyes of the lower classes, the nobility *is still* something."

"Madame Benoit was no fool, nor ugly either. I do not know what secret she has for still looking so young."

"As to her daughter, she is a little darling."

"It is a long time since I saw her; it was in 1836. She promised, then, to be very pretty. Now we will see her often."

"Her mother will become one of us. A daughter should go nowhere without her mother."

The Marquis was spoken of incessantly. One said he was fabulously rich. "They will build a fine house." "They will give balls." "We will be at the wedding."

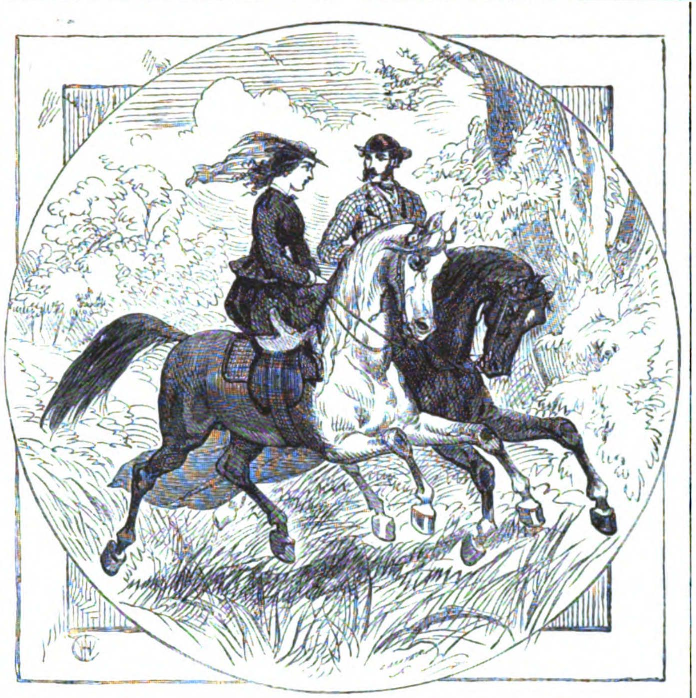
The next day, Madame Benoit's drawing-room was filled by a crowd of would-be *intimate friends*, whom she had not seen for twelve years. The Marquis arrived the 12th of May, at dinner-time. After having borrowed a thousand francs, he locked his trunks, said adieu to the Baron, and modestly took the stage to Nancy. At Nancy he took the diligence for Duize. At Duize he hired a carriage and horses, which took him to Arlange. It is only an hour's ride, when the roads are good. On approaching the village he felt, in his left side, something approaching to a palpitation. I should say, to the *shame* of a student and the *honor* of a man, that he thought nothing about the forge, but *all* of Lucille. An illustrious English lady, Madam Montague, was surprised that the Apollo Belvidere, and I do not know what antique Venus, could stay in the museum, without rushing into each other's arms. This little proceeding came very near being performed the first time Gaston and Lucille met. These young creatures, who had never seen each other before, felt at once they were born for each other. From the first look, they were lovers; from the first word, they were friends. Youth attracts youth, and beauty, beauty. There was no embarrassment between them. Gaston's heart was as fresh as Lucille's. Their passion was born without mystery, as the sun rises so beautifully in summer in a cloudless sky. I do not deny the intoxication of guilty passion, which remorse seasons and peril ennobles; but the most beautiful thing in the world is an innocent love, which advances peacefully along a flowery path, with honor on its right hand and security on its left.

Madame Benoit was too happy and too sensible to interrupt the progress of a passion which would be of so much use to her. She left the two lovers to the sweet liberty the country allows. Their first days were one unbroken *tête-à-tête*. Lucille did the honors of the house, the garden, and the forest, to Gaston; they would mount on horseback at twelve o'clock, and return like children who have been truants from school, long after the dinner-bell had rung. Then the forest and the Iron-Works had their share of attention. Gaston had had the self-denial not to put his foot there without Lucille; but, when he saw that she did not despise labor, that she knew the workmen by their names, and that she was not afraid of soiling her dresses there, his joy knew no bounds. He gave himself up, without restraint, to the passion of his youth. He examined the works, questioned the foreman, advised the head of the manufactory, and enchanted Lucille, who wondered at seeing him so intelligent and so capable.

Madame Benoit, seeing them come in powdered all over, and sometimes even blackened by the smoke, would say to herself, "How happy these children are; *everything* amuses them." To rest from their fatigue they would go to the bottom of the garden, under an arbor of climbing roses, and there talk of their plans—plans of happiness and employment, love and quiet. They promised to pass their lives in the midst of the forest of Arlange, as the birds conceal their nests in the thickest branches of the trees. Not a word about Paris; not a word about the faubourg, and the vanities of the world. Lucille was ignorant that there *were* other pleasures in the world; Gaston had forgotten them.

One morning Madame told them a piece of news—it was the day the marriage-contract was to be signed. The marriage was fixed for the 1st of June. They would be married the previous day before the mayoralty. As there is no pleasure without pain, the signing of the contract was preceded by an interminable dinner, to which all the principal people of the neighborhood had been invited. While awaiting the arrival of the guests, Gaston and Lucille walked in the garden, with straw hats on, one dressed in white *centil*, the other in pink barège. In passing by the gate of the manufactory, Gaston was accosted by the manager, who thought highly of him, and who willingly asked his advice. They all three entered one of the workshops, and a very interesting experiment was commenced before them. When four o'clock sounded from the time-piece of the manufactory, Lucille went to dress, saying to Gaston, "You will have time to see it all; I wish I could." He remained, and was so interested in the experiment that he took part in the work, and blackened his hands dreadfully. At five o'clock he left, his sleeves rolled up and his hands all dirty, and was met by a number of the invited guests. Some one recognized him, and called him by name. It was the engineer of the salt-mines of Duize,—one of his school friends. (The polytechnic school is like the aristocracy of the faubourg—a little free-masonry—you find some of them everywhere.) Gaston, delighted to see his friend, threw himself on him and kissed him on the cheek, holding his hands high in the air for fear of touching him. There were present three or four noble ladies, who were astonished not a little at seeing a *marquis* look like a chimney-sweeper, and kissing, on each cheek, an employé of a salt-mine; but they were satisfied with him when he reappeared in a new coat, made after the last fashion in the tailor's Journal.

He was to have sat at dinner between Madame Benoit and the Baroness de Sommerfogel, but, at the moment of setting out, the old lady had been seized with a violent headache. Her excuses arrived during the soup. They took away her plate, and Gaston found himself next to his friend, the engineer. He was the center of observation.



GASTON AND LUCILLE ON HORSEBACK.

Each of the guests, and, above all, the deputies of the nobility, expected from him a kindly look or a gracious word, as, in going to court, one always hopes for a little attention from the king. But his two passions absorbed him so entirely, that he did not dream of paying any attention to the mixed assemblage around him. His looks were only for Lucille, his ears for his neighbor. The country people thought of attracting his attention by a demi-political conversation, in which ridicule of ancient opinions was plainly shown; remarks were also made, complaining against that which was now in existence, full of regrets for the past. This conversation, the absurdity of which, at an other time, would fully have aroused the Marquis, just reached his ears, but not his brain. In an interval of silence he was heard to say to his friend, the engineer, "You have a railroad in these salt-mines; how much do you pay for the rails?"

"In France, three hundred and sixty francs for every thousand pounds. The English tno, which has fifteen pounds more, is worth from eleven pounds ten shillings to twelve pounds five shillings."

"I believe, by using certain economical furnaces, of which I will show you the plan, you could be furnished with an excellent article much below the market price, perhaps two hundred francs a ton less."

"I see you are just as you used to be."

"No; worse. Do your cables break sometimes?"

"Only too often. We have lost four men the past month."

"I will show you a remedy to prevent such accidents."

"Have you discovered a means of preventing the rope from breaking?"

"No, but of keeping suspended on the shaft the weight that otherwise would fall. I have used this remedy for three years in a coal mine, of which I was manager, at St. Etienne; and we had not one accident to deplore."

All the nobility of the county believed with open ears, and Madame Benoit was crazy to press her son-in-law on the foot—as a sign to hush. The Viscount de Bourgaltroop introduced himself timidly into the conversation.

"Does the Marquis possess coal-mines in the department of the Loire?"

"No, sir," replied Gaston. "The mine which I explored belonged to an old ribbon manufacturer, named Cloque Groste. I was only the manager of the works."

To put an end to it all, Madame Benoit thought they had eaten dessert enough—and she rose from the table. On going to the drawing-room the gentlemen whispered to each other about the Marquis—"Strange sprig of nobility—who will blacken his hands in a forge, embrace a workman, invent machines to make cheap rails, and who has worked as a common laborer, in a coal mine at St. Etienne!"

The most charitable, who were not in the majority, tried to defend him.

"After all," said one of them, "Louis XVI. made locks."

"Louis XVIII. wrote Latin verses."

"Henry III. shaved his courtiers."

"But," replied a critic, "*what* is there amusing in the bottom of a coal-mine at St. Etienne?"

"Ah!" said an indulgent gentleman, "my father made lamp-lighters at Berlin, when he was exiled."

Madame Benoit guessed they were discussing Gaston—but she cared no longer.

"Talk! my good friends," said she, between her teeth. "I have forced you to recognize my son-in-law as a real marquis; you have come here to humiliate yourselves before me. Benoit is forgotten—I am revenged. I leave in a week for Paris, and when I return to Arlange, the youngest of you here will be gray. As to Gaston, who is so singular, a sojourn at his hotel, in the society of his equals, will soon banish all his peculiar notions."

Before they signed the contract, the wedding presents were brought in, which soon brought the ladies over to Gaston's side. The poor young man was overwhelmed with compliments on his taste, which he dared not deny, but promised to himself, the next day, to tell Lucille, that she must not thank him, but her mother.

When the lawyer opened his portfolio, they all crowded around him—not to hear the amount of Lucille's fortune, which was known well enough, but to listen to the enumeration of the lands and castles of the marquis. The public curiosity was not satisfied. M. d'Outreville married with "all his rights."

The day after the fête, Lucille and Gaston resumed their pleasures; the last days of the month pressed like so many hours. The 31st May, the two lovers were to be married before the mayor, and neither of them trembled when they said yes. When the mayor, with the law or code in his hand, repeated for the hundredth time in his life, that the "wife must follow her husband," Madame Benoit made a very expressive sign to Lucille. On entering the house, the triumphant mother-in-law said to the Marquis, in Lucille's presence, "My son (for you are my son by law, now), I will give you to-morrow the first half year's rent."

"Have a little patience, my dear mother," said Gaston; "what would I do with such a sum? Money," said he," looking at Lucille, "will be for a long time the last of my cares."

"Do not disdain this poor money—it will be, in a few days, very useful to you at Paris."

"Paris! what am I going to do at Paris?"

"Busy yourself in looking up your friends and relations, and preparing a set of acquaintances for the winter, and for all your life."

"But, Madame, I am decided *not to live* at Paris. It is an unhealthy place, where the women are always sick, and where families die out for want of children. Do you know that, in a hundred years, Paris would become a desert if the provinces did not help to re-people her?"

"To keep it from becoming a desert, my daughter and myself wish to go there in a few days."

"You did not tell *me* so, Lucille."

Lucille cast down her eyes, without answering. Her mother's presence weighed upon her. Madame Benoit resumed quickly:

"Such a thing might be inferred without being spoken of. My daughter is Marquise of Outreville, her place is in the faubourg St. Germain. Is that not so, Lucille?"

She answered very faintly—"Yes, mamma," but this was not the way she had said yes to her husband.

"In the faubourg!" said Gaston, "in the faubourg! You are curious, then, to penetrate into the faubourg."

On account of some misunderstanding of which no one knew the cause, Gaston had conceived a violent hatred against the faubourg.

"Do you know, Lucille, what you will see in the faubourg? Young ladies as insipid as fruits raised under a glass, young women absorbed in dress and vanity, old women with none of the imposing stateliness of our forefathers, old men given up to whist, young men whose conversation consists of discussions on favorite race-horses; such is the faubourg, Lucille—you know now as well as if you had lived there all your life. What! you, who have lived in the midst of this magnificent forest, surrounded by those who love you, to say nothing of me, myself—who adore you; you, who have money which will allow every pleasure; health, without which everything is useless; family joys, the amusements of summer, the more quiet happiness of winter; the present brightened by love—the future peopled, possibly, with dear little ones; and you would give up all this for a handful of foolish compliments, and a hundred absurd bows. I will have no part in any such sad change—and if you go to the faubourg, Lucille, I will not take you there."

While listening to this speech, Madame Benoit looked as a child might do, who has seen her tower of blocks tumble down she has tried so hard to build. She could hardly find voice to say to Lucille, "*Answer* him."

Lucille gave Gaston her hand, and said, looking at her mother:

"A *wife* must *follow* her *husband*." On this occasion, the Marquis was less reserved than the Apollo Belvidere, for he took Lucille in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

Madame Benoit employed the rest of the day in forming plans, in giving orders, and combining means to make her son-in-law go to Paris.

The next day, after the mass of matrimony, she took him aside, and said: "Is it your *final decision?* You do *not* wish to introduce us to the faubourg?"

"But, Madame, did you not see with what a good grace Lucille resigned it?"

"But suppose *I* do not renounce it, and tell you that for thirty years (I am now forty-two), I have burned with impatience to enter there. If I confess that from the desire to hear myself announced there, I was led to marry a mock, make-believe Marquis, who struck me once. If I add, that I selected you, not for your face or your talents, but for your name, which is a key that will open all the doors to me; and lastly, do you believe, my dear Marquis, that I would give you a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year, for you to waste your time in working?"

"Pardon me, Madame," said the Marquis. "First—rare as names are without a blemish, I have the vanity to think mine could not be dear at two million francs. But such is not the case, as *you* have given me nothing. The Iron-Works and the forest are Lucille's inheritance; the rent, which we share with you, represents the interest of all the sums you have invested therein, and the 100,000 francs which your hotel has cost you. Thus, I own what is Lucille's—and, with her, I am in no hurry to leave here!"

"But you got Lucille from me, you got Lucille *from me!*" cried the poor woman, "and you will be very ungrateful if you refuse me the wish of my life."

"You are right, Madame; ask anything of me—anything but one, and I will refuse you nothing. But I have sworn never to put my foot in the faubourg again."

"In the name of Heaven, why did you not tell me so?"

"Because, Madame, you never asked me."

On leaving Gaston, Madame Benoit said three words to her maid, and four to her driver. She said no more to the Marquis about his first quarter's rent.

That evening, at the ball, Lucille was a picture of beauty and happiness. None of the ladies present ever remembered seeing a newly-made wife so openly happy. All the young men envied Gaston's fate—according to custom; I must not even *insinuate* that any one envied Lucille. At two o'clock in the morning, they began to leave, the young couple still remaining, Madame Benoit having decided that, as they had opened the ball, they should stay until it was over. This wise mamma, whose brow seemed overcast by a slight cloud, asked permission to speak with her daughter for fifteen minutes, and led her to the bridal chamber on the first floor; whilst Gaston, who wished to shake the dust of the ball-room from his clothes, returned for the last time to his little room on the second story. On coming down-stairs, he was surprised to hear the sound of a carriage driving rapidly away. He entered the bride's room—it was empty. He passed by Madame Benoit's—all the doors were open, and the rooms deserted. White satin shoes, ball-dresses, and a disordered lot of clothes were strewed over the carpet. He rang the bell, no one came. He went into the hall, and met the rustic face of the little stable-boy, Jacquot. He seized him by the coat, and said:

"Did I not hear a carriage just driving off?"

"Yes, sir; one must be very deaf not to have heard it."

"Who is it that has left so late—after every one else has gone?"

"Why, sir, Madame and Miss Lucille in the large coach, with fat Peter and Julie the maid."

"Well! did they say nothing to any one? Have they left nothing for me?"

"Pardon me, sir; Madame left a letter."

"Where is it?"

"Here it is, sir, in my coat-pocket."

"Give it to me, then."

"I put it at the bottom, for fear of losing it—oh! here it is."

Gaston went to the lamp in the hall, and read the following note:

"MY DEAR MARQUIS—In the hope that love and interest together will tear you from your beloved Arlange, I take to Paris both your wife and your money; come and get them."

END OF BOOK SECOND.

BOOK III.

Gaston crushed Madame Benoit's note, and thrust it in his pocket. Then he turned toward Jack, who looked at him slily, while rubbing his hat with his hands, and said, "Did the Marquise say nothing to you?"

"Miss Lucille? No, sir; she only looked at me."

"Is there a cross-road from here to Duize?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does it shorten the distance?"

"By a quarter of an hour."

"Saddle me, then, Forward and Indiana. Listen! one louis for you, if we arrive there before the carriage."

Half an hour afterward, Jack, in his coat, and the Marquis, in his wedding-clothes, stopped before the station-house at Duize. Jack aroused the stable-boy, and asked him if any one had got horses there during the night. The answer was favorable; no one had been there since the day before.

"Take this," said the Marquis to Jack; "here are the twenty francs I promised you."

"Sir," timidly said the little stable-boy, "is not a louis more than twenty francs?"

"No, simpleton."

"My grandfather told me they were. In his time, two louis and forty sous made fifty pounds."

Gaston did not answer. *His* ears were turned toward Arlange. Jack went on talking to himself.

"How happens it, I wonder, that these pretty gold pieces should have fallen so in value?"

"Listen!" said the Marquis; "did you not hear a carriage?"

"No, sir. Oh! me, what a pity it is!"

"What?"

"Why, that the louis-d'or should have fallen to twenty francs."

"Here, you beast, take this, and hold your tongue."

Jack submissively hushed, and contented himself with counting on his fingers.

"It is right," said he to himself; "if louis were still worth eighty francs, these two louis, and forty sous which Madame gave me, would just make fifty pounds. But times are hard, as my grandfather used to say."

Gaston waited for one long hour before he got off his horse. At last he began to fear some accident might have happened to the carriage. Jack reassured him.

"Sir," said he, "it is possible these ladies may have gone on the high road, without passing by Duize."

"Let us go after them," said the Marquis.

"It is not worth while, sir; they have had two hours' start."

"Very well, show me the way back to that house on the road."

The coach was not in the yard, and there were only two horses in the stable; everything was just as they had left it. They heard, at a distance, the noise of shrill violins and discordant songs; it was the laborers and peasants dancing in the open air. Gaston thought of a means of securing Jack's silence on the subject of the nocturnal pursuit. The best way, he thought, would be to send him to Paris.

"Go and take the diligence to Nancy," said he; "at Nancy, take the stage for Paris. Have them drive you to the Hotel d'Outreville, Rue St. Dominique, No. 57, and tell Madame Benoit I shall be there in less than two days. Here is the money for your journey."

"Sir," said Jack, in an insinuating tone, "if I go all the way on foot, can I not have the money for myself?"

He received, by way of reply, a peremptory kick, which removed him from Arlange, and made him hasten to Paris.

Gaston, overcome with fatigue, went up to the second story and threw himself on the bed, not to sleep, but to think seriously over this strange adventure. Lucille's flight, at a moment when he thought himself certain of being loved, seemed inexplicable to him. Evidently this departure had been premeditated; it would have been impossible to get ready for it in fifteen minutes. But then, all the young girl's behavior had been a deceit; the happiness which shone in her eyes, the gentle pressure of her hand, while she was waltzing, the delicious words she had whispered, only an hour before, in her husband's ear—all must have been deceit, fraud, and a bait to catch him. But, if she *did* not love him, why had she married him? It would have been as easy to have said *no* as *yes*; her mother would not have influenced her, as she evidently encouraged her flight. Gaston then recalled the animated discussion he, that morning, had held with Madame Benoit; he then easily recalled the widow's spite and vengeance. But how had this ambitious mother been able, in one day, to turn her daughter's heart? Why had not Lucille written one word of explanation to her husband? This idea naturally brought him to look in his pocket for Madame Benoit's note. He perceived in it a word, which had escaped him at the first reading—"Your wife and your money." Truly money had little to do with his present trouble—as if money was the only thing in the world, in which to place one's happiness. Of what account is a miserable sum of money to one who has lost what can not be purchased? "Your wife and your money!" It was like a gloomy pleasantry of the court of assizes, which condemned a man to death and made him pay the expenses of the trial. Gaston imagined, wrongfully, that his mother-in-law had only written this word to recall him to the modest position from which she had drawn him, and his great pride revolted at it. After re-reading this unfortunate note, he thought it would be shameful to leave for Paris without their knowing *which* he came for, his wife *or* his money, so he decided to stay at Arlange, as Lucille had not written to him.

This decision brought him to a calmer state of mind than he had imagined possible. The news of the Marquise's departure had spread like lightning, and, as such a termination to a wedding-party had never been heard of before, every one who had dined, or even danced at the Iron-Works, hastened there as soon as possible, under the pretext of a "visite de digestion." The Marquis placed himself at the head of this array of curious, inquiring persons, and proved to the most malicious of them how easy it was for him to be a man of the world, when he chose. For a week the drawing-room was never empty, and he did *not* become weary of passing nearly all the day there. This little crowd, drawn there by scandal, were astonished by his easy manner, his natural voice, his happy, smiling countenance. He told those, who asked anything about it, that Madame Benoit had business at Paris, which claimed hers and her daughter's presence; that, like a good mother, she did not like, on that account, to postpone Lucille's marriage; that, like a wise and sagacious woman, she had left some one behind to superintend the Works; and that, like a gracious hostess, she had not informed her guests of her approaching departure. If any one looked compassionate and wished to condole with the victim of such an unseasonable separation, Gaston hastened to reassure them that, in a few days, the husband and wife and mother-in-law would certainly be reunited. Not satisfied with deceiving the curious and the malevolent, he took the trouble of *charming* them. He displayed for them his natural and acquired graces; he made them give in to all his prejudices; he talked so eloquently to his hearers, that he made friends with the whole neighborhood. The first result of this comedy was to give him fifty intimate friends; the second was his persuading everyone that his account of Madame Benoit's departure was the true one.

This is the true account of it, however: After the ball, Lucille, her heart filled with a restless joy, followed her mother to her room. She had hardly entered the room, when Madame Benoit tore off her wedding-dress, wrapped her in a thick wrapper or dressing-gown, threw a shawl across her shoulders, while Julie, the maid, replaced her satin shoes with a pair of boots. Without giving her time to be astonished at this rapid toilet, her mother said to her quickly, while changing her dress, "My darling, Gaston has agreed to our wishes; we leave directly for Paris."

"What! now? He said nothing about it to me."

"Oh! he wanted to surprise you; for, *really*, did you not wish to see delightful Paris?"

"No, mamma."

"You will know better, soon, my child."

Some one knocked gently at the door. Madame Benoit trembled.

"Who is it?" said she.

"Madame," said Peter, "the carriage is ready."

The widow led her child to the carriage.

"Quick, quick!" said she, "the guests are still dancing; if they knew we were going away, they would all come out to say good-by."

"But I would *like* to have told them good-by," murmured Lucille.

Her mother seated her in the back seat of the carriage and jumped in after her.

"And where is Gaston?" said the newly-made wife, completely astonished by the hasty movements.

"Come, my dear. Peter, where is the Marquis?"

Peter knew his lesson very well. He replied, without any embarrassment, "Madame, the Marquis is seeing to the baggage. He hopes you will wait for a few minutes."

Lucille, moved by an inspiration, tried to open the door. The right door, whether by chance or *intention*, could not be opened; to reach the other she would have had to pass over her mother, and her courage was not equal to that.

"Julie," said she, "go and see where the Marquis is."

Julie, who had been with Madame Benoit for fifteen years, left, soon returned, and said, "Madame, the Marquis begs you ladies will *not* wait for him. One of the traces is broken; they have to mend it; and the Marquis will meet you at the relay."

At the same moment Peter approached the left door of the carriage, and Madame Benoit whispered to him, "Take the cross-road; avoid Duize; go straight on to Moyenvie."

The carriage set off in full trot. It was, in truth, a remarkable wedding-night. Madame Benoit was rejoicing at leaving Arlange, and rolling toward Paris in company with a Marquise. She complained of fatigue, of headache, of sleepiness, and closed her eyes and drew herself up in a corner of the coach, for fear that her daughter's remarks might disturb the joy of her heart. The poor little wife, without caring for the dampness of the night, stretched her head out of the window, listening to the sound of the wind blowing, and looking, with her tearful eyes, in the darkness. At the relay of Moyenvie Madame Benoit threw down the mask, and said to her daughter, "Don't open your eyes so wide, in looking for your husband; you will not see him until he comes to the faubourg St. Germain."

Lucille had suspected treachery, but she was too much afraid of her mother to make any other reply than tears.

"Your husband," continued the widow, "is an obstinate man, who refuses to introduce you into the world. It is for your interest that I have brought you away from him. He will rejoin you in twenty-four hours, if he really loves you. There is no reason why you should be weeping like Hagar in the desert. I am your mother; I know what is best for you. I am taking you to Paris; I would save you from Arlange."

"Oh! my poor happiness!" cried the child, wringing her hands.

"What are you complaining about? You love him; you have married him. You are married. What more do you want?"

"This, then," said Lucille, "is marriage. Ah, me! I was much happier, when I was a young girl; I *saw* my husband then."

From Arlange to Paris she did not cease looking out of the window. It seemed impossible that Gaston should not follow her. In every carriage that raised the dust in the road, on all the horses that she heard galloping behind hers, she thought she recognized her husband. This journey, which filled her triumphant mother with so much happiness, was, for her, a series of interminable hopes and disappointments. Paris, without Gaston, would be an immense solitude; and the faubourg St. Germain, abandoned by the least important of its residents, was to her a desert in a desert.

The day after her arrival, the first object she perceived, on opening her window, was Jack. She went down in less than a second. Gaston *must* be at Paris. She learned that he was not there, but would soon arrive; and I leave you to imagine how she received the bearer of such good tidings. Whilst Madame Benoit still slept the sleep of the happy, Jack related the minutest details of the midnight excursion to Duize.

"*How* he loves me," thought Lucille—I believe she almost thought aloud.

"To finish the story properly," continued Jack, "I should say that the Marquis still owes me eight francs."

"Here are twenty, my good Jack."

"Thank you, very much, Miss," said Jack. "I am not *positively* sure that it *is* so, but it *seems* to me he owes me that sum. I thought he ought to have given me twenty-four francs, and he only gave me twenty; that is four francs less. Then he gave me twenty, again—it is still four francs; and as four and four make eight, now I see I was mistaken, and if you want me to give you back— "

"No—keep it Jack, and go and rest after your journey."

She ran to the garden, and gathered flowers as if it was a feast-day, so her room might look pretty when Gaston arrived. Jack looked at her and said to himself, "Sixty-two francs is not a nice sum, as my grandfather would say." He then counted on his fingers how much more he would want of louis d'or and 40 sous pieces to make one hundred francs.

The day passed and the next, and a whole week, without news of the Marquis. Madame Benoit concealed her mortification; Lucille dared not grieve before her mother, but they indemnified themselves during the night—one in weeping bitterly, the other going into a violent passion. From morning until night, the mother took her daughter out driving in a blazoned carriage, but without the powdered footmen, for the celebrated carriage was still at the workshop. She took her to the Champs Elysées, to the Bois, and everywhere the fashionable world goes, to give her a taste for these vain pleasures, in which Paris abounds. In the absence of the Italians, she had to endure stupid evenings at the French Theater and the Opera. But Lucille took no pleasure either in seeing or being seen. Wherever her mother took her, her only desire was to get back home as soon as possible—hoping she might find Gaston there.

Madame Benoit guessed before her daughter that the Marquis was seriously offended. As she did not want in decision, she soon decided what she would do. "Ah!" said she to herself, "my son-in-law lets us alone, does he? Well, we will try and take no notice of him. What was it I needed before—that prevented me from mingling in the society of the faubourg? A coat of arms and a name! I had everything else. Now I want nothing; we have a fine shield on our carriages, we are the Marquise of Outreville, and can go everywhere. But how to begin? That is the question. Lucille can not go from one end of the faubourg to the other, and say to people she does not know—'Open your doors to me, I am the Marquise d'Outreville.' But I have it now. I will go to see my debtors; they will receive me on a different footing than the last time; they might treat a shopkeeper's daughter cavalierly; but they will have some respect for the mother of a marquise."

Her first visit was to the Baron du Subressac. She did not take Lucille with her to his house, or to her other debtors. Why *make* this child learn how hard it was to open a door?

"Ah! dear Baron," said she, going in. "What crazy fool have you given my daughter?"

The Baron was unprepared for such a speech. "Madame," said he quickly—too quickly perhaps, "the crazy fool who has done you the honor of becoming your son-in-law is the noblest young man I have ever known."

"Alas! but wait until you hear what he has done. Married but a week, he has already abandoned his wife." She then, without keeping back anything, told the Baron all that had happened. While she spoke, the Baron began to smile. When she had finished, he took her by the hands and said gayly:

"You are right, my charming one—the Marquis is a great culprit. He has abandoned his wife, as Meneläus did his."

"But, my dear Baron, Meneläus ran after Helen, and I maintain that a husband who allows his wife to leave, without going after her, virtually abandons her."

"Fortunately, the case is less grave, for I do not see Paris in the horizon. You take your daughter back to her husband—it is your duty; for we must not separate those God has joined together. These children adore each other; their happiness will be even greater from having been delayed. You will add to their joy, you will be charmed with seeing their love for each other, and before ten months you will write and tell me some news."

The pretty widow extended her hand, and made a little gesture which meant to say "never."

"Well, then," replied the Baron, "what do you expect to do?"

"Can I depend on your friendship, Baron?"

"Have I not already shown that you could?"

"I will always remember it; and if your kindness will not fail me, I want to give up M. d'Outreville altogether."

"Do you think the young Marquise would say as much?"

"I should not consider her at all. Parents have the right to pass before their children. What is it I ask of God and man? The *entrée* to the faubourg! What is necessary to get me there? Lucille's being admitted there. She has every right, and only one thing is wanting for her to go everywhere: that is some one to introduce her. Do you refuse to present her there?"

"Absolutely! First, because this honor belongs less to a baron than to a baroness; secondly, because I do not wish to contribute toward retarding Gaston's happiness. Lastly, because all my good wishes would be worth nothing. Your daughter has, incontestably, the right to go everywhere—but why? Because she is Gaston's wife. As Gaston's wife, she will find the door open of all those who know her husband—that is to say, the whole faubourg. But how do you think it would sound, if I were to introduce her, and say: 'Ladies and gentlemen, you all love and esteem the Marquis of Outreville; you are his relations and his friends—allow me to introduce his wife to you, who, however, has not wished to live with him.' Believe me, my charmer, it is the experience of seventy-five years which is speaking to you now. A young wife never appears well without her husband, and a mother who takes her about here, alone, away from her home, does not act a part that is applauded by the world. If you still wish to become acquainted with duchesses, try by fair means to induce your son-in-law to come to Paris. Your departure has wounded him; this is the reason he has not joined you. If you stay here, I know him well enough to say, you will have to wait a long time. Return to Arlange. Do not be more proud than Mahomet was. The mountain did not come to him, and he modestly went to the mountain."

It was very good advice; but Madame Benoit did not avail herself of it. She presented herself to five or six of her debtors. No one was ignorant of her daughter's marriage—but no one seemed desirous of becoming acquainted with her. They spoke freely of the Marquis, described him as a courteous gentleman, praised his intelligence, and regretted his peculiarities and misanthropy. The widow tried in vain to renew the petition she had addressed to M. Subressac. She could find no opening. She did not lose all hope, however, and determined to renew the attempt another time. Besides, there was another resource left—an anchor of salvation—which she had reserved as a last extremity: the Countess of Malessy. The Countess was the one who owed her the most, and, consequently, she expected more from her than any one else. She was a pretty old lady—sixty years of age—who could be blamed for nothing but coquetry, gluttony, and immoderate love for cards, and wasting her money. Madame Benoit said, truly, that any one who had so many defects would not be invulnerable, and that by one way or the other she might gain her wish. She enjoyed in anticipation the Baron's surprise when he would meet her in the fashionable world, with Lucille and Madame Malessy.

While she was making so many useless visits, the pretty Marquise of Outreville shut herself up in her room, and, without asking any one's advice, wrote the following letter to her husband:

"What are you doing, Gaston—when *will* you come? You promised to rejoin us. How could you stay away ten days without seeing me? When we were together in our dear Arlange, you know you never left me for an hour. How *long* the hours are at Paris. Mamma is always talking against you to me, but at the mention of your name, my heart beats so I can hardly hear. She says you have abandoned me. You may imagine I do not believe it. For really I am not any uglier than I was when you knelt before me—and if I am older, it is very little. All is not over between us. The last word is not spoken, and I feel I still have happiness to give you. You are not the man to close such a good book at the first page. As for me, since I can see you no more, I am weary and anxious all the time. Sometimes I imagine that I am *not* your wife, and that all that ceremony at the church, and the ball, when we were so happy, is only a dream, ended only too soon. But it was *not* a dream, neither was that kiss that you gave me. I have had many kisses since I was born, but none entered into my *heart* like *that* one. Doubtless it is because you gave it to me. Everything that belongs to you has something peculiar about it which I can not define—for example, your voice is more penetrating than any one else's; no one has ever said *Lucille* like you. Why *are* you not here, my dear Gaston? The kiss you gave me I would be so glad to return. It would not be wrong—would it?—for you are my husband. You do not know now much I miss you. When I go out with mamma, I look in every street; all I have seen in Paris is that *you* are not here. At night I pray for you regularly—in the morning when I awake—to see if you have not come. Can it be possible that I think so much of you, and you have forgotten me? Perhaps you are angry because I left so abruptly without saying good-by. If you only knew *how* it was. Mamma *carried* me off! I believed you would follow after seeing to the baggage—mamma assured me you would—Peter and Julie also. I wept bitterly when I found what a wicked lie they had told me. From that time I cried all day—I could not help it—but at last I was obliged to conceal my tears for fear of being scolded, and I was also afraid that you *might* come and find me with my eyes all red. You must not be angry because I have not written to you before—I hoped you would come, and thought it not worth while to write. Now I *must* write if I *never* see you again—though I do not think much of my writing, for I write like a little cat, and do not know how to separate my sentences. The reason why is, I have never written to any one before—having no uncles or aunts or boarding-school friends. I hope you will not amuse yourself at my expense, and that you leave—at the first demand I have ever made of you—leave the Iron-Works and business affairs—there ought to be no business affairs in the world when we are separated. I will reconcile you with mamma—on the condition that she will do all you wish, and that you will ask nothing unreasonable. If your sojourn at Paris pleases you as little as it does me, take my word for it, we will not remain long here. But if you do not come—what am I to think of it? What am I to do? It would be easy enough to leave this house—some day when mamma goes out without me—but then I could not travel along the roads by myself. But if you wish it, I will leave—under Jack's protection. But something tells me you will not allow yourself to be persuaded, and I must not expect you. But think of the two little hands which are waiting to welcome you!"

Madame Benoit returned while Jack was posting this letter.

"You are tired of being alone, my dear?" said Madame Benoit to her daughter.

"Oh, no, mamma."

(*To be continued.*)

* * *

The goodness of God providentially keeps his children, for the most part, poor in this world, that they might live in fuller trust and dependence upon himself.—*Serle.*

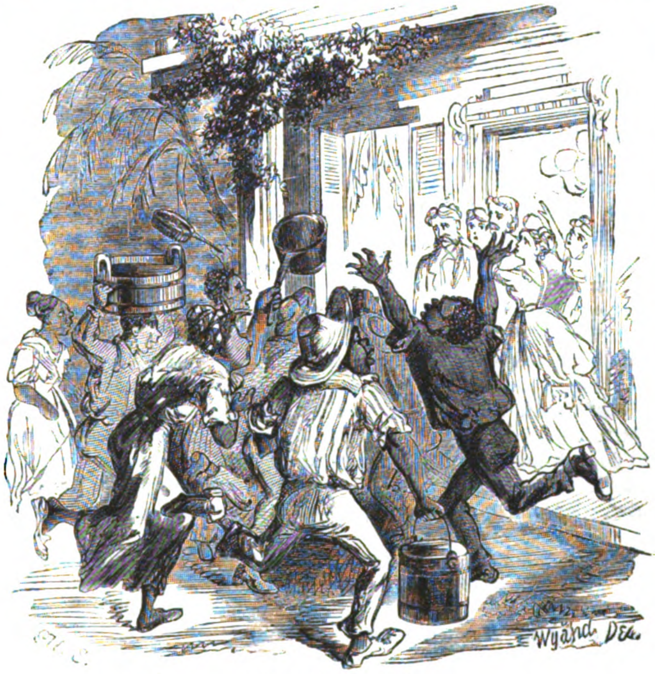
Selfish.—There are some men so exquisitely selfish, that they go through life, not only without ever being loved, but without even wishing to be.

A Surprise Party Surprised.

BY HARROLD.

NEAR the town of —— in one of the Southern States, lived a bachelor; not old, crusty, or penurious, but safely beyond the period of life when a fine mustache is an unmistakable joy, "when my tailor and shoemaker" are oracles, fast horses and reckless expenditure considered necessary to a man's respectability, and a breach of etiquette more to be dreaded than death.

Our bachelor friend, Mr. Raymond, was tall, finely formed, with frank, manly countenance and engaging manners, though somewhat blunt in address. He owned the handsomest residence, the largest plantation, and was the most deservedly popular man in the country.



"FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!"

But friend Raymond had one fault; he was decidely indifferent to ladies. He did not positively avoid them; that would have slightly mitigated his error, and seemed something like a compliment, a tacit acknowledgment of its power by appearing afraid to submit himself to female influence.

Thus ladies would have reasoned, but Mr. Raymond did not allow them even that solace. Whenever it suited his pleasure, he mingled with the fair sex; but scrupulously avoided giving any one cause to think he derived any satisfaction from it, and ever performed even the slightest act of courtesy to them in an automatical manner.

In vain had neighboring planters, with marriageable daughters, insinuated that his fine residence should have a mistress; in vain had maneuvering mammas and officious friends invited him to every description of parties for the express purpose of providing him with a wife; in vain had he been importuned to act in capacity of groomsman with a young sister or bosom friend of the bride, a situation so suggestive of another wedding. Mr. Raymond remained unmoved by woman's charms and woman's stratagems.

Of course rumor and gossip were much agitated respecting Mr. Raymond's indifference, and accounted for it in various ways; an unfortunate attachment in his youth, a broken engagement, a grave that held one fairer than the lilies that had for many years bloomed and withered upon it, and who had gone to her rest with Edward Raymond's betrothal ring upon her hand. All this may have been true; but, certainly, no one had ever seen any such record, nor did Mr. Raymond, in the least, look as if he had a poetical remembrance; and to hear his merry ringing laugh was to put to flight the thought that a shadow of regret had ever darkened his life.

One lady in particular, a Mrs. Gordon, had endeavored to patronize the hero of our sketch, and to number him among her followers. She was a wealthy, dashing young woman, devoted to society, and particularly addicted to matchmaking. Her attempts to subjugate Mr. Raymond had been so daring, his resistance so decided and successful, that a complete understanding of each other's intentions existed between them, which also confirmed in Mr. Raymond a decided antipathy to the lady, and a resolution to baffle her in every possible way.

At an evening party where Mrs. Gordon was chaperoning two young ladies from the city, one a belle, and both beauties, she encountered Mr. Raymond, and, before he was aware of her intentions, had introduced him to her friends—saying, "Mr. Raymond, you have a splendid opportunity to display your hospitality, which gentlemen have enjoyed, but which has never been extended to ladies. I have lured Miss Gray and Miss Walton from their city homes by promise of a series of country entertainments. This has met with the decided approval of our party-going friends; the time and place for every entertainment is already arranged; the first is to be at my residence, the last at yours. Of course we expect it shall be the most brilliant party of the season—something perfectly unique!"

"Admirable!" exclaimed an elderly gentleman standing near. "Insist upon it, ladies!"

"There is no necessity to insist," responded Mrs. Gordon; "Mr. Raymond can not disappoint so many ladies."

"Of course not! of course not!" cried several voices, as quite a number of persons gathered around the group.

Here was a dilemma of which Mr. Raymond had never dreamed. In the midst of an elegant assembly, the attention of the whole company directed to him, called upon to assist in entertaining two beautiful girls, strangers, with undoubted claims to such consideration, and both standing before him. Was ever a bachelor in a more trying position? For a moment Mr. Raymond was utterly confounded, and a surrender to Mrs. Gordon seemed inevitable; but, catching a gleam of triumph in that lady's countenance, the beset man instantly rallied from his confusion, and exclaimed theatrically:

"Impossible, Madam! impossible! How could a country bachelor attempt such a thing? Like their master, my whole household are superannuated, and for years have lived such a humdrum existence, I would not dare to have the responsibility of introducing a change in the even tenor of their lives."

"We will assume the responsibility!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "Command my services, and I will speedily remove all difficulties you may apprehend."

"Impossible, Madam!" again ejaculated Mr. Raymond, feeling almost overcome, but still determined on resistance. "You speak thus in kindness, but also in ignorance, and it would be taking an ungenerous advantage to accept your offer."

"I insist upon giving you such evidences of my friendship," persisted Mrs. Gordon.

"Madam, it is my high appreciation of your disinterested friendship that prompts me to decline such evidences," replied Mr. Raymond blandly, and bestowing a meaning glance on Mrs. Gordon.

"There is no use in declining our kindness," continued the lady. "My friends, the last party of the season will be at Willow Bend, Mr Raymond's residence."

A call for a waltz dispersed the group around Mr Raymond, and he soon retired from the ball-room fully resolved the present party should be his last for the season, and wondering how Mrs. Gordon would fulfill her promise to entertain her friends at his house without his concurrence.

II.

At the close of a bright, cool day in February, Mr. Raymond, in his elegantly appointed library, lounged in a deep, soft, yielding chair, fully enjoying a bright fire and the profound quiet of his home, when a servant entered, saying:

"Master, here is one of Mr. Davy's boys wants to see you."

"Well, boy, what do you want?" asked Mr. Raymond, without moving his position.

"Master is mighty sick, and has sent for you to come dar quick."

"How long has he been sick?" inquired Mr. Raymond, springing from his chair.

"I doesn't know, sir; I'se one of de field hands, and knewed nothin' about it till Mass' Ned sent to de overseer to send some one for you, and to tell you be sure and come by de new road, dat Massa Reese had run his fence and a ditch across de old one."

"That is bad. Can I get through with my buggy?"

"Yes, sir, if you drive slow; de road am mighty full of brush and stumps."

Mr. Davy was a particular friend and a cousin of Mr. Raymond's; a very familiar intercourse existed between them, and Mrs. Davy was the only lady of his acquaintance on whom the bachelor ever bestowed a voluntary act of courtesy; consequently, when summoned to visit his sick friend, Mr. Raymond complied without hesitation.

His buggy was soon at the door, Mr. Raymond entered it, drew his shawl closely around him, and resigned the reins to his servant, told the boy to drive through the quarters, as he wished to give some directions to the foreman.

The distance between Willow Bend and Mr. Davy's plantation was only five miles, but, owing to the condition of the road, it was after eight o'clock when Mr. Raymond reached his destination. He found Mrs. Davy quietly sewing before a blazing fire.

"Mr. Raymond," she exclaimed, "to what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for this visit?"

"Ned sent for me, Madam."

"How thoughtful in Ned. I suppose he disliked to leave me alone."

"Ned gone! Why did he leave?" inquired Mr. Raymond.

"I can not tell. He said important business compelled his absence."

"How is Mr. Davy now, Madam?"

"Better, I hope," replied the lady.

"I am glad to hear of his improvement. What physician is attending him?"

"He always consults Dr. Arnold."

"I suppose he requires some one to watch with him during the night?"

"I do not understand you," replied Mrs. Davy, bestowing an inquiring glance upon her interrogator.

"Is he not sufficiently ill to require the constant attendance of a nurse?"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Davy calmly.

"He is sleeping, now, I suppose" inquired Mr. Raymond, beginning to be extremely puzzled by Mrs. Davy's calmness and replies.

"I really can not tell," returned Mrs. Davy, regarding Mr. Raymond attentively.

"If not objectionable to you, Madam, I would like to see Mr Davy, as he sent for me to come immediately to him. Will you let him know that I have arrived?"

"You astonish me, Mr. Raymond. Mr. Davy left home this morning, and will not return for several days."

"Madam, you astonish me! I received a message from Ned stating his uncle was very ill, and required my presence here without delay."

"Strange, very strange," repeated the lady. "I feel very anxious indeed; Mr. Davy was not well when he left home. Could he have been taken ill somewhere on the road? I now understand Ned's absence. He has gone to his uncle. Who delivered the message to you, Mr. Raymond?"

"One of Mr. Davy's boys was sent for me by Mr. Davy's overseer."

"Kate," said Mrs. Davy, opening the door of an adjoining room, "go and ask the overseer if any servant has been sent this evening for Mr. Raymond."

Kate soon returned with the information that no one had been sent off the plantation.

"Extraordinary! What can it mean?" ejaculated Mrs. Davy.

"Extraordinary indeed!" re-echoed Mr. Raymond. "So remarkable, Madam, I fancy it will be prudent for me to return home; some mischief may be plotting there, for the completion of which my absence was necessary."

"And you do not think that Mr. Davy may be ill, and you may have misunderstood the messenger as to where he was?" inquired Mrs. Davy anxiously.

"No, Madam, the boy so definitely stated I was to come here, by the new road, as Mr. Reese had run a fence and cut a ditch across the old road."

"That is false," exclaimed the lady; "I returned home from a visit by that road late this evening. I am sorry to have you leave; but I think your presence may be desirable at Willow Bend. Kate, tell Robert to bring around Mr. Raymond's buggy."

The buggy was again ready. Mr Raymond sprang into it, saying:

"To the old road, Robert, and drive rapidly."

Robert complied with his master's orders. Coming in view of Willow Bend, across an open field, though more than a mile distant by the road, and an unfordable creek between, the servant exclaimed:

"Master, I believe the house is on fire!"

"Why?" demanded Mr. Raymond, starting from a reverie by no means pleasant, and, looking in the direction of his home, beheld light streaming from every window. Extraordinary! What does it mean? I wonder if they have observed the light at the quarters. Drive that way, so that we may arouse the negroes if the place is on fire."

Before Mr. Raymond reached the negro quarters, a young negro, returning from an errand, observing the unusual light in the house, and knowing his master was absent, hurried home and gave the alarm of fire.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" rang through the quarters, and soon the whole place was in a fearful commotion. Pots, kettles, saucepans, and even tin cups were seized, with very little reference to use, and men, women and children rushed wildly to extinguish the fire, at every step crying, in full chorus, "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

III.

Half an hour after Mr. Raymond had left his home to visit Mrs. Davy, several persons cautiously approached his house. One said in an undertone, "Are you certain we can get in without being seen?"

"Oh, yes," was the response; "at this house, excepting Robert and the housekeeper, all the house servants are at the quarters. Robert is with Raymond, and nothing but Gabriel's trumpet will arouse the housekeeper after seven o'clock in the evening. We must only be cautious that no light is seen till Raymond arrives at uncle's; it will take him two hours to get there, but much less time to return."

The party entered the house, stripped the covers from the rich furniture, built large fires in the capacious chimneys, and soon the parlors were ready for the reception of company; and before Mr. Raymond had left Mr. Davy's plantation, his home was filled with a merry crowd; his large mirrors, that had never, since his majority, reflected any but masculine faces, now multiplied beautiful female forms, floating drapery and flower-wreathed heads; his handsome chandeliers, that had never been uncovered for years, only to be dusted, literally blazed with light; his elegant sleeping apartments, strewed with every variety of wrappings, heavy shawls, velvet mantillas, opera cloaks, vails, nubias, hoods and over-shoes, looked more like a wholesale clothier's establishment than a room in a private residence; and in his library, in his own chair, which no one was ever invited to occupy, Ned Davy had established a fair damsel, who had complained of being cold, and with whom Ned particularly desired to be alone; and Mrs. Gordon, in gorgeous array, was playing hostess. The company were enjoying themselves very much; some were dancing, others promenading, all were jesting and speculating about Mr. Raymond's astonishment on his arrival home, none doubting he would return; when, in a pause of the music and dancing, the appalling cry of "Fire!" was heard.

Nearer and nearer came the sound; the ladies grew pale, and some of the gentlemen went to the gallery, exclaiming, "Can Raymond's gin-house be on fire?" No light was anywhere to be seen, only a crowd of excited negroes, rushing wildly around the house, crying "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

"Where is the fire?" shouted a gentleman.

"In thar," responded a negro, in his excitement, and not observing the number of gentlemen.

"In master's libry," vociferated another, darting into the house. "Up-stairs," screamed another, swiftly following.

Then ensued a scene of indescribable confusion. Shrieks of Fire! Fire! screams of ladies, piercing cries for husband, father, sister, brother, rang through the house, and as the wild negroes rushed into the building, they came in fearful collision with the company trying to get out of it. The unexpected spectacle of such a strange assembly, when they did not expect to see any one, was overwhelming to the negroes; some became motionless with astonishment, others would have retreated; but the crowd behind urged them forward.

"It's the devil's own work!" ejaculated an old negro minister, who came in sudden contact with a musician grasping a violin. The negro attempted to retreat, but one stronger than he precipitated his ebony reverence, skillet in hand, into the bosom of the musician.

"Get behind me, Satan!" roared the affrighted negro. "I am a sarvant ob de Lord!"

"It is de day of judgment!" shrieked the old housekeeper, whom the horrible din had roused from her slumbers. She had hobbled up from the basement to the back entrance of the hall, and stood transfixed with horror, as the struggling crowd of ladies in gay ball-dresses, gentlemen and negroes met her view. The former she undoubtedly took for angels, and, as a fair, fragile girl, in fleecy white robes and flower-wreathed brow, rushed by her, the old negress extended her arms, exclaiming:

"Don't pass me, honey. Praise de Lord I'se 'pared for dis day ob wrath!"

Ned Davy was sitting in the library with Mary Rivers. Never had Mary looked more lovely, as she reclined in Mr. Raymond's great velvet chair, a gossamer robe floating around her over the rich carpet, a wreath of snow-drops mingled with her chestnut curls, and her fair, jeweled arms lying in beautiful relief against the glowing velvet.

Ned gazed and gazed upon the beautiful young face; and, as he gazed, his resolve to win the charming girl became stronger and stronger, until his feelings could not be controlled, and the long-contemplated declaration of love burst from his lips.

Mary remained silent, but her face flushed to the deepest crimson; her eyes drooped until Ned could not see into them, and her rapidly-beating heart was perceptible by the quivering of the bouquet fastened in her bosom.

"Speak, Mary," urged Ned, bending over the girl, and grasping her delicate hand. The hand was not withdrawn. Mary lifted her eyes for a moment, dropped them again, made an effort to speak, and remained silent.

"Speak, speak!" implored Ned, "say that you will be mine."

"Fire! Fire!" bawled a hoarse voice in the entrance of the room, and a brawny negro sprang into the doorway, stumbled against some obstacle, staggered, tried to regain his footing, fell with extended arms, struck Ned between the shoulders, and both rolled together at Mary's feet.

"Idiot!" shouted Ned, struggling to arise. "Where do you see any fire?"

"Ain't it in here?" asked the negro, looking extremely bewildered, and, in his confusion, totally unconscious of whom he was addressing.

"No, you simpleton!" angrily cried Ned. "The only fire here is in the fire-place."

"Den it's up-stairs," said the negro.

"Why do you think so?" demanded Ned.

"We seed it, seed it all de way from de quarters. Spec de roof will fall in directly."

"Stay here, Mary," exclaimed Ned, who had now become conscious of the confusion in the house. "I will go and see what all this commotion is about. If the house is really on fire, we can easily escape through a window."

Mary did not reply; her face was buried in her hands, and she shook convulsively, whether from fear or merriment Ned could not tell, but a sense of extreme annoyance at his late disaster engaged his mind more than thoughts of the burning house, as he hurried to the hall and forced his way to the upper story, followed by other gentlemen.

Room after room was entered; some of the gentlemen ascended to the attic; no fire was found; only the lamps and the huge fires blazing on the hearths in the dressing-rooms.

"It is a false alarm!" shouted Ned.

"A false alarm!" cried another.

"A false alarm!" cried some one on the staircase, and was re-echoed from another and another until the soothing intelligence was received throughout the house.

In the meanwhile Mr. Raymond had driven rapidly to his home, every moment expecting to see jets of flame bursting from the windows and the roof. Reaching the front entrance, he beheld a line of carriages.

"What does this mean?" demanded the astonished owner of Willow Bend, from a driver standing in front of a pair of excited horses.

"I doesn't know, sir; I'se been trying to find out, but darsent leave my horses. Mass Ned Davy's ponies just broke loose and went taring up de road wid his bran new buggy, widout de driver. De folks in de house is a hollerin fire, but I ain't seen no smoke yit."

"Why are these carriages here?" inquired Mr. Raymond.

"Dey brought de company to de party, sir. Said dey was gwine to s'prise Mr. Raymond."

In an instant the truth flashed upon Mr. Raymond's mind. Feeling deeply relieved, he proceeded to the house, and reached it just as the company were beginning to be calmed by the intelligence that the alarm of fire was false.

Mirth-provoking was the scene that met Mr. Raymond's view; groups of ladies, in thin ball-dresses, were shivering beneath the trees; the negroes were slowly retreating with their impromptu fire-buckets, the company shrinking from contact with the sooty things, though many bore marks of having been in close contact with them; pallid ladies with disordered hair, and disarranged dresses; gentlemen with crushed collars and tangled locks; all seeming spell-bound, and as if waiting for some other accident to determine what should be their next move. An irresistible smile, and somewhat wicked satisfaction, beamed on Mr. Raymond's face as he passed into the house, speaking courteously to all, bidding them welcome, hoping they were enjoying themselves, and expostulating with the ladies for exposing themselves in their summer fabrics to the chilling winds of a winter night.

Entering the parlor, the first object that Mr. Raymond beheld was Mrs. Gordon just recovering from a swoon; her elegant dress was not what it had been, and she wore a wreath of roses round her neck.

"What is the matter?" she faintly articulated.

"Only a surprise party surprised," replied Mr. Raymond, bursting into one of his ringing peals of laughter.

The laughter was re-echoed on all sides and acted like magic upon the company; they began to rally from their apathy and to realize where they were, and what they had been doing, and, from the appearance of others, to form some idea of their own condition.

The ladies gradually disappeared from the room; the gentlemen found relief in their absence, and devoted the time to adjusting their apparel, and when the party again assembled, a decided improvement had been wrought in the appearance of every one—though some of the ladies wore mantillas, and others refused to dance any more during the evening — the cause for such eccentricities being damaged bodices and lost shoes.

Mrs. Gordon's wreath was restored to her brow; a handsome shawl, looped artistically on the shoulder, and gathered around her in graceful folds, concealed the damages her dress had sustained.

Mr. Raymond complimented her upon her improved appearance, and insisted that she should resume her duties as hostess.

"You odious creature!" she exclaimed, "I believe you instigated the alarm of fire."

"You astonish me, Madam! I thought it was a part of the evening's entertainment, and regret I did not sooner arrive, so as to have enjoyed the excitement from its beginning. You certainly have kept your promise, to make this party the most unique of the season. But where is your able ally, Ned Davy?"

"Here! here!" exclaimed Ned, entering the room, with Mary Rivers on his arm, not a snow-drop missing from her wreath, not a curl displaced, not a fold of her dress disarranged.

"How did you like the new road, Raymond?" inquired Ned.

"The arrival home was more agreeable. When you need your buggy and ponies you will find them scattered along the road between your uncle's plantation and Willow Bend."

"It matters not," replied Ned. "By the way, in what state of health did you leave uncle?"

"Mary! Mary! How did you preserve your dress unimpaired in the midst of that fearful confusion?" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon.

"Mr. Davy kindly secured for me a place of safety where I was only a witness of a part of the amusing occurrences of the evening," replied Mary, mischievously glancing at Ned.

Ned winced under the glance, but he looked so proud, and was so happy the remainder of the evening, we must conclude he had satisfactorily finished the interview with Mary, that had been so unceremoniously interrupted.

Notwithstanding the episode of the evening, the surprise party proved to be very pleasant, and Mr. Raymond, as a host, won golden opinions from the guests—but it was the first and last party at Willow Bend.

◆

BETRAYED.

BY NELLIE E. RAYMOND.

TO and fro, to and fro,
I, a weary wanderer, go.
When I sleep, I dreaming sigh,
When I wake, I weeping lie.
No one loves me—no one loves me—
Why?

YOUNG in years, and yet so old
Since I left the dear home-fold;
Gone my beauty, gone my yo
Gone my innocence and truth.
This my fault—I loved too well;
This my fate—I trusted, fell!
Such is woman's dower born,
Man's to woo, and win, and s
Cast the broken flower by,
Do not lift it—let it lie;
None to heed it—none to spare it—
Why?

ONCE *he* loved me, and he sware
By my sunny waves of hair,
By the lustre of my eyes—
Could I know his vows were lies?
By my cheek, which stole its blush
From the sunset's waning flush;
By my shapely hand, he said,
But for love's caresses made;
Sighing, pressed his lips to mine,
Murmuring, "Ever, ever thine!"
Kiss, and whispered vow, and sigh
All alike were false, and I
Am left aweary, sad and dreary.
Why?

BABE, thy father's glance I see
When thine eyes look up at me,
And the shadow of his smile
Lingers round thy lip the while.
Smile, my sweet; thy mother's breast
Gives thee shelter, food and rest.
Innocent, thou canst not know
All its weary weight of woe.
Scorned, despised, and cast away,
E'en the right denied to pray;
None to heed me when I cry,
None to pity when I sigh,
Homeless, friendless, babe and I,
Nought is left us but to—die!

◆

JOY.—It is folly to call the joys of childhood the greatest. They are like the earliest flower of spring, the crocus, lovely and richly tinted, but small and scentless. It is summer that brings forth flowers of matured splendor and fragrance.

THE TEARS OF A CHILD.

From the French of Edward Lemoine.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

AT a brilliant assembly of Parisian authors and artists, music, literature, and art in general, having been duly discussed, conversation took a higher range, and dwelt upon mental and moral idiosyncrasies. This theme had been suggested by the recent lamentable failure of a young lady of great musical ability, at her *débût.* As the poor girl had walked out before the foot-lights, and faced for the first time that formidable monster, the public, her voice had become choked with emotion. Wordless, toneless, almost lifeless, she stood there, gazing with dilated eyes upon that hundred-headed hydra, in whose power her whole future lay.

Of this future they spoke.

"There is no hope for her," said one; "fear is incurable. Nature forms us timid or confident; we can not make ourselves other than we are. This one is cold, that hot-blooded; one has a propensity for drink, another for gluttony. This man is virtuous, that man vicious by nature; all is the work of the blood, of the temperament, the nerves. Many a man dies upon the scaffold, who might have died peacefully in his bed surrounded by his family, had nature only given him somewhat finer blood. It is a common saying, that education makes the man. Nonsense! man remains his whole life long as he was born. So much the better for those to whom nature has granted a happy organization; but woe to all others."

"I must protest," returned a third speaker, "against so sad and hopeless a view of human nature. Rather than create man such a creature of fate, it would have been better to hang a stone around his neck, to bind him hand and foot, and throw him into the depths of the sea. Do you really believe that a man can never free himself from his eccentricities, his passions, and his vices?"

"From his eccentricities—certainly. From his imbued passions and vices,—never! Show me, if you can, an egotist, a confirmed drunkard, a miser, who ever changed."

"A converted miser! there is one among us. It is I, myself."

All glanced astonished at the speaker. He was one of our first dramatic authors, a man whose kindness of heart, and almost prodigal generosity, had passed into a proverb.

"You miserly—*you?*" echoed several incredulous voices.

"As Harpagon," the dramatist answered calmly and decidedly. "Not only miserly, but obstinate, eccentric, narrow-minded as a man could be."

"And who—what has wrought this wonderful change in you?"

"The tears of a child," he answered smiling, and yet serious.

All listened attentively, awaiting his explanation, and he continued:

"It was in the year 1854. They had just brought out, at the Porte St. Martin, that one of all my plays from which I have received the most fame and money. Soon after, two letters from Marseilles came to me upon the same day. In one, the director of the leading theater of that city requested me to come immediately, to assist in removing some scenic difficulties, which prevented the representation of my new drama. For this service he promised that any sum I might demand should be cheerfully paid. The other letter was as follows:

"'DEAR SIR—The wife and daughter of your deceased brother are dying of want. A few hundred francs would save their lives; your presence might restore them to health and happiness.

'DR. LAMBERT.'

"I will not deny that this letter vexed and angered me. I crumpled it in my hands, and threw it scornfully from me.

"But I started immediately for Marseilles, to fulfill the wishes of the theatrical director, and, on the way, thought of nothing but the money I should receive from him. I did not allow myself to think of my sister-in-law, or of Dr. Lambert's letter. My brother's wife and I had never been friends, but the fault was my own. Some years before, my brother, a brave sailor, and as noble a fellow as ever lived, had written to me that he was about to marry a young girl of Brittany, whose only fortune was a good heart and beautiful eyes. Instead of congratulating him, I answered:

"'You are, it seems, about to marry a wife, who has even less money than yourself. Be happy if you can, but don't count upon any pecuniary assistance from me. To speak plainly, you are making a fool of yourself. If not married already, take my advice, and don't marry this Brittany girl.'

"What this letter lacked in wit, it made up in coarseness.

"Now, my sister-in-law was a true Brittany woman, proud, high-spirited, and obstinate. She never forgot this letter, and hated me with reason. After her husband was lost at sea, and she found herself left almost destitute, she resolved to die, rather than come to me for the slightest favor. And she would, like a true daughter of Brittany, but little like a Christian, have starved to death, and never forgiven me, had there not been another, a child, who hungered and froze and sickened with her, and bore all with the patience of an angel. The proud *Brittanienne* was obstinate, but she loved her child better than her obstinacy. To save the child's life, she must overcome her aversion to me. And so she had permitted the doctor to write to me.

"The first man I met upon my arrival at Marseilles was Doctor Lambert. Judging from his own kind heart, he had concluded that I would come by the next train, and he was awaiting me at the station.

"'You have lost no time; you knew that delay on your part would be death for your brother's widow. God will reward you for your goodness.'

"With these words he greeted me; they sounded to me like bitter irony, but I would not undeceive him, and, making a virtue of necessity, I took in silence the praise I had not earned. My first visit was to the director of the theater, then I accompanied the doctor to the dwelling of my sister-in-law. I found her in a miserable old house, into which no sunbeam ever strayed. Near by her sick-bed was a little girl, with great black eyes and fair spiritual brow, framed in luxuriant ringlets of wonderful golden blonde hair. The expression of the child's face was unusually fine, and there was upon her features a quiet seriousness, which betrayed an early acquaintance with sorrow. How beautiful she was, and how her white, sad face spoke to my heart!

"Silently I gazed upon her, and began to feel that in childhood lies a strange spell, a wonderful power to unlock the closed and selfish heart. I would have embraced this lovely, gentle child, but my accursed avarice whispered: 'The moment you give way to such emotion, you are lost!' And then, as I thought of taking upon myself the support of this woman and child, I shrank back as from an abyss.

"The good doctor little realized what was going on in my arid, selfish heart. He took my consternation for sympathy—for the speechless emotion of a noble soul. With a mournful smile, he stepped to my side and said:

"'The sight of this great misery unmans you; but you must rejoice to know that it is in your power to relieve it—that you are the best physician for this poor woman. Come!'

"He led me to the bed-side of my sister-in-law. Cold sweat stood upon my forehead; a struggle between avarice and pity was going on in my soul.

"As my sister-in law saw me approaching, by a powerful effort she raised herself, and sat upright in the bed. Her manner was mournful, but proud still. She would have told me what she wished, but she could not. I saw how much effort it cost her to ask a favor of one in whom she placed no confidence. She would not, even now, descend to ask it. She pointed with her thin, trembling finger, to her little daughter, and said in a hopeless, heart-rending tone:

"'See, there is a poor angel of the good God! She will soon have no mother.'

"But these pathetic words had little effect upon me; not trusting myself to look at the child, I answered as coldly as possible:

"'Why do you cherish such fears? You are young, you have a good physician; all will yet be well.' Any other man would have said: 'Here is your brother who has come to remove every trace of this misery. Confide in him; he will be a father to your child.'

"But I said no such words. I had only one thought—flight!

"While I stood there irresolute, considering how I might get away, the child had gazed upon me more surprised than frightened. Now she came to me, took my hand out of the doctor's, and said with gentle voice, as she drew me to the foot of her mother's bed:

"'Sit down there; you are too tall. I can give you no kiss if you do not take me upon your knee.'

"I sat down, and the child climbed upon my knee. The *Brittanienne* raised her glance as she saw this; she appeared to pray. As for myself, I felt that the decisive moment had come, and I armed my breast with three-fold avarice; I said to myself that I was under no obligation to this woman and child, that I had slowly and laboriously earned my little fortune, that I must provide for an uncertain future, and that it would be unwise and imprudent to sacrifice my savings. In a second, I found a hundred grounds for my selfishness, and my glance turned, stern and lowering, upon the child. Her beautiful eyes rested with a mournful, inquiring expression upon my face, as if they sought somewhere an opening in the rocky wall which inclosed my heart. At last she twined her little arms around my neck, and said in a silvery voice:

"'Will you not be my papa? I will love you right well; you look just like papa, when he made a cross face, just as you do now; I was not afraid of him, for he was very good. Are you good too?'

"I did not yield, though there was something indescribably fascinating in the manner of the child. I summoned my whole strength—hardness, I should say; I loosed the hands of the child almost roughly from my neck, and seated her quickly upon the floor. At this moment, I saw upon the face of the little maiden an expression of the deepest pain and disappointment, and some tears, which slowly coursed over her white, transparent cheeks, fell burning into my hand. At that moment my stony heart became flesh; it was as if my whole nature changed. My avarice, my cruelty, appeared before me in all their naked deformity. I blushed for myself, and, without seeking to repress this feeling of human sympathy which had so long slumbered in my heart, without stopping to inquire whence came this sentiment so new, so sweet, I laid my hand upon the child's head, and said solemnly:

"'I swear before God and your mother who hears me, that I will be your father always, and never shall a child be better loved than I will love you.'

"Oh, could you have seen the Brittany woman as I spoke these words! Her dark eyes lighted up, her pale face glowed, her breast heaved, her lips opened as if they fain would speak. The doctor and I feared lest she might die of joy; but the joy killed not. Soon she breathed more freely and could weep.

"'Brother,' she said, 'I have wrongly judged you.'

"She would have said more, but I would not suffer it; I could not bear her praise, until I had begged her pardon for my neglect and brutality.

"I begged her to be quiet, and the doctor joined his entreaties to mine. Having prescribed for his patient, he was about to depart, but I took him aside, and, placing my purse in his hands, said:

"'Take this, and dispose of its contents as you think best. My sister-in-law—*my sister*, must remove from this wretched house; but I know no soul here. Will you find us a dwelling where we can see the sunlight, and breathe the free air?'

"'I will most willingly,' he replied, 'but the poor woman will not long enjoy its benefits.'

"'And if it were only one day,' I cried, 'inestimable is even one day of happiness in a life full of misery and tears.'

"The very next day, we were dwelling in a cheerful little house upon the sea-shore, surrounded by sky, water, air, and verdure. Three months passed; I hoped that my sister might recover her former health, and everything in her outside appearance strengthened this hope. How tranquil she was! Around her lips sweet smiles often played, as she saw how I forgot my forty years, and again became a child, to play with this child, whose father I had sworn to be. But my hope was not to be realized. Too long had been her struggle with want and sorrow; the fountains of life were dried up; skill and care could not avail. My sister knew better than we all that the final moment drew near, but she was not afraid; if she seldom spoke of it, it was because she would not see her daughter weep.

"Upon a magnificent summer evening, such as is known only in Provence, we sat in our little garden, over whose high trees the full moon had already climbed, the *Brittanienne*, sitting between her daughter and me, seemed to drink in with delight the cool night air that floated around us. Suddenly I felt her hand seize mine convulsively. A fever cold and fever heat ran through my frame as I turned to gaze at her—but her countenance beamed with heavenly serenity.

"'Brother,' she said, 'through your goodness, I know what it is to be happy; may God bless and reward you for your kindness to me and mine. I depart in peace. You will love and care for my daughter—farewell!'

"There was for me nothing terrible in a death like this; in the last words of my dying sister, in her tranquil smile, in the beam of hope which lighted up her face, lay a rapture unspeakable, a sublime repose. It was not the night of nights; it was the dawn of a beautiful day, which should be eternal.

"From that time my brother's daughter became my own child; for her I live. Her friends are my friends, her joys and sorrows mine. She is the pride and delight of my existence. Those tears, those precious tears of hers, were to my closed and selfish heart, what the dew-drops are to the yet unopened flower."

UP THE RIVER.

BY F. A. D.

'TWAS twilight, and swiftly our boat glided o'er
The mirror-like waves, that reflected each tree,
And the dark, wavy lines of the moss-covered shore,
While the feathery foam floated past silently.

AND the bright seraphs looked from their home in the skies,
And smiled as the clear waters gazed back again,
Reflecting the light of their pure, loving eyes
In the mystical depths of its bosom serene.

AND our boat glided on past the willows that wave
Their long, drooping tresses above the fair stream;
Past the sunlight that crept through the high-arching nave
Of the forest; then floated away like a dream.

AS the magical waters reflected each star,
So my soul mirrored forth the dear light of thine eyes,
And I dreamed not that fate would thus lead thee afar
From the home of thy love beneath alien skies.

BUT not like that water whose mood changes fast
As the storm-cloud obscures the sweet stars from its sight,
Is my soul, that shall cherish the love of the past,
And reflect its rays brightly when deepest the night.

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TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

WHERE ARE THE HOUSEKEEPERS?

THERE have been recent disclosures through the press, concerning short weights and adulterations in the articles sold and used for food, which have attracted very general attention throughout the country, and ought to awaken the interest of every woman in the land, and set her to inquiring seriously how far she, herself, may be considered responsible for this lax and dangerous condition of things pertaining directly to the family welfare.

It is true that it is men, mainly, who act as manufacturers and retailers, and are, therefore, chiefly instrumental in introducing poisons into our food, and robbing us, by false weight and measure, of what is rightfully our own. But have women performed their whole duty? Have they guarded the interests of their households as they might, as they ought to have done?

Putting the larger field—the fresh occupations claimed for women—out of the question, it is still true that three-fourths of them are wives, mothers, practical heads of families, and bound by every tie of affection and duty to see that no evil enters their domain that can be warded off, no agency admitted detrimental to the general interests and welfare.

It is not my purpose to insist that all women should be housekeepers; but all women who marry ought to be capable of being so, and prepared to act in that capacity to the extent required by family circumstances and resources.

Have they done this? Are they doing it? Do they even comprehend the duties involved in their position? And do they accept the marriage vow as in any sense binding them to their fulfillment?

To all these questions one is compelled to answer, *No!* We have neither housekeepers nor any systematic method of house keeping. We have not even the beginning of a school of instruction in the most important business of a woman's life; whatever is done is done at hap-hazard, and without any realization of the social and domestic interests involved, and the influences exerted through household channels upon the health and happiness of the race.

The march of civilization has divided women, mainly, into two classes: dolls and drudges. The latter are nearly as unfortunate, in the relation they bear to the true honor and usefulness of women, as the former. They are servants—or they do the work of servants—simply from habit, from necessity, without intelligence, and without pleasure. They observe the routine, and inherit the prejudices of their mothers before them, and inquire no farther into the causes of what takes place around them. Their mental activity is checked by over-work and physical exhaustion, and their lives become a mere struggle to carry the burden of care and labor from one day to another.

Women of society, on the contrary, ignore every consideration, except those connected with what they consider to be the necessities of their social position. They live wholly for the world outside of their homes, and use these only for their convenience and pleasure. Of the details of their own household, of what transpires in kitchen or nursery, they are as absolutely ignorant as if they had no interest in them; and of what comes in or goes out, they know no more than the stranger that passes their doors. If they are naturally intelligent, active, and humanely disposed, their time is absorbed by societies, by calls, by meetings in behalf of some pet object or project, which claims the sympathy of the moment; but, if otherwise, if they are satisfied with the dreariness of fashionable society routine, they are most profoundly to be pitied, for the hours, weeks, months, years, given for the accomplishment of good work, are occupied by a ceaseless round of senseless social exactions, ceremonies, and observances, which might be all stricken from the social calendar, and no one be the worse for it.

Neither of these states, therefore, combine or include the essential duties which belong to the American woman as housewife and care-taker, and no position absolves the married woman, the wife, and the mother of children from the responsibilities involved in these relations.

The chivalrous character of American men, the willingness to save women from every sort of work and drudgery, has made them in many instances the purveyors as well as the providers for the wants of the family, and when this is not the case, the selecting and buying in the market and provision stores are left to the combined honesty and discretion of the dealer and an ignorant servant girl, who not unfrequently form a league offensive and defensive against the mistress.

Women never think of committing the purchase of their dry-goods, dresses, cloaks, bonnets, or even the material for children's clothes, to Bridget; they would not even trust the judgment of the merchant; they insist upon seeing colors, selecting patterns, and judging of texture, for themselves. Why are they not equally interested in the proper selection and purchase of food?

Clothing is, to be sure, displayed upon the body, but food enters directly into its composition; and that the kind and quality exercise an almost incalculable influence upon its formation, and also upon the mind and character, a very little reflection will suffice to show. A temperate, healthy, well digested diet promotes beauty; it produces clearness of complexion, regulates organic action, and preserves freshness, vigor, and elasticity, till late in life.

A greasy, fried meat, salt pork, and heavy pastry diet, on the contrary, especially if unrelieved to any great extent by fruit and succulent vegetables, creates dyspepsia, bilious disorders, a thick and unclean appearance of the skin, and irritability of temper. A single meal, even, of improper, undigested food, produces the most unpleasant consequences. What must be the case, then, when this abuse of the forces of the stomach is repeated, and continued for months and years?

Indolent women may argue that food is already prepared for sale in forms that render it of very little importance who does the mere purchasing; but, while this is true, to a certain extent, it is not true of all articles of food, and the general inattention and indifference of housekeepers offer a premium to the rascality which, it has been shown, is so abundantly practiced.

Moreover, housekeepers can do much to check fraud, and stimulate a good and honorable ambition in the persons with whom they deal, by personal inspection, care, and supervision. Where a lady is in the habit of buying herself, for her family, she is much better treated than if her purchases were made through the intervention of others. Butchers, grocers, and fruit-dealers show her only the best; they put inferior qualities aside, with the remark, that that will not suit Mrs. so-and-so; and if they know, too, that she possesses standard scales, that articles brought into her house are weighed and measured with accuracy, they will not risk, with short weight, incurring the weight of her displeasure.

But suppose, in addition to this, that dealers should know her capable of analyzing and testing the qualities of compounds, and know, also, that it is done in all cases of suspicious articles—would it not deter them from grinding up dried horse-liver into coffee, putting Prussian blue and hemlock into tea, and concocting "pure" cream of tartar out of plaster of Paris and tartaric acid?

The remedy for this wholesale system of cheating and poisoning lies altogether in the hands of women. Let their education be such as to fit them for the performance of housewifely duty, and their home-training of a kind that will make the neglect of such duty seem criminal. Let them cease to pervert the term "lady," by applying it to any block upon which to hang millinery, and restore it to its original meaning, "loaf-giver," and add to that, loaf-maker.

What does Ruskin say that cookery, and especially housewifery, means?

"It means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all fruits, and herbs, and balms, and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meats. It means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance. It means the economy of your great-grandmothers, united to the science of modern chemists. It means much tasting, but no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality."

Is not perfection in this art a noble ambition for women? Would it not transform the dullness, the vacuity of modern fine-lady existence into usefulness and beauty? Would it not give to wretched, frivolous lives a purpose and an object? Would it not, in fine, reconstruct modern society, rid it of the mass of fooleries invented to kill time, and unite, in a happy and perfect union, old fashioned care and thrift with modern refinement and luxury?

What can be said that will induce women to act in this matter? Health, happiness, the general welfare, are all involved in it; and, on the other hand, habit, and the etiquette imposed by Mrs. Grundy, offer a formidable opposition. One thing, however, may, and we hope will, be done. If women fail to see their own responsibility in the matter, if they neglect to come to the rescue of their outraged household gods, refuse to give up their ease and pleasure at the demand of what has become a stern necessity, the press of the country should set itself to the work of creating a public opinion that will not tolerate such shameful ignorance, negligence, and stupidity.

This is a great and busy world. There is something here for us all to do; and one half can not neglect or set aside its obligations, without the burdens and consequences falling upon the shoulders of the rest. The greatest opportunities exist for women, yet frightfully have they neglected their plainest duties.

What is it but adulterations, miserable cooking, and ignorant living, that set up drug-stores at the corner of every street, and thus increase and perpetuate the very evils they profess to remedy? What is it but the want of fresh air, daily exercise, and regular, active employment, that depresses and debilitates American women, renders them nervous, irritable, dependent, the slaves of their whims and fancies, instead of noble, helpful, courageous and enduring, as they were intended to be?

Women, sisters! come out of the state of inanition, of unnatural indifference to your own best interests and those of your families. Be the guardians of your own households. If you have large means, you are responsible for their proper use and distribution. Thousands die, daily, for lack of that which finds its way to your slop-pail and garbage-barrel.

Learn to be as discriminating in the choice of beef and mutton, in the selection of tea, sugar, and coffee, in the preference given to certain brands of flour—in short, in the judgment exhibited in supplying the material wants of the family, as your taste is undeniable in the selection of silks and ribbons, feathers and flowers.

Be queen in your own realm, take possession of your rightful domain, be mistress in your own house, free yourself from the tyranny of your imperious servants, who, because of your ignorance and helplessness, erect their insolent daring into a grievous despotism, and lord it as thoroughly over their trembling mistresses as though their positions were reversed.

Poor owner, or occupant of a big brown-stone mansion, I pity you from the bottom of my heart. You hardly dare go down into your own kitchen; you are unacquainted with the admirable modern topography of your own closets; you know nothing of the genuine housewifely pleasure of mixing, making and baking in the midst of the clever and ingenious appliances with which modern genius, skill and science have supplied us.

Your carriage is at the door to take you the daily, purposeless drive. Send it away. Astonish your terrible cook by visiting the kitchen and finding out for yourself how much butter, how much sugar, how many eggs, and what amount of other things are daily consumed in the production of the dinner for the three or four persons that compose your family. Astonish your husband by informing him that hereafter you intend to take charge of the family affairs and do the marketing yourself. Astonish your butcher and your grocer, by not only giving your own orders, but stopping to see them fulfilled, and inspecting the articles before purchasing.

Women have a right to choose between being house-keepers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, artists, or mechanics; but, if they have chosen. if they have accepted the matrimonial position, then it is cowardly to shirk its cares or its penalties, and disgraceful to accept the livelihood it offers, without making compensation in the execution of wifely and womanly duty.

LETTER FROM SPAIN.

BY A LADY.

VALENCIA, beautiful Valencia! whether we speak of the province or its capital, both bearing the same name, what can equal the delights of a residence in this favored land? The province being encircled with mountains, the cold blasts from the north and east do not visit it; snow and frost, fogs and vapors, are alike unknown. Valencia has derived great part of her beauty and fertility from the abundant supply of water. Rice crops thrive here to perfection. Oranges, citrons, lemons, grapes, the very finest figs, almonds, dates, and other semi-tropical fruits, such as carob-tree, with its locust-beans, grow in profusion.

The Valencians pleased me more than any of the Spanish people, as far as their outward attributes were concerned; they are gay, good looking, amusing, and picturesque in their dress and appearance. But the picture has its dark side; they are very revengeful—nay, even treacherous, not unlike in some things what the French call "une caractère tigre singe." I only saw the bright side. The high-born Valencians, to many of whom we had introductions, were as polished, intellectual, and agreeable as any foreigners I ever associated with. There is much of Orientalism in the manner of life, in the dress, and even in the appearance of the Valencians. The peasant costume, especially that of the men, is most picturesque: they wear sandals, and their legs are generally bare, or sometimes they have what is called a Valencian stocking, viz., stockings without feet; full loose white linen drawers, a velvet jacket, a brilliant colored silken sash wound round their waist, and in some instances, what they call a manta, which may be described as something like a shepherd's plaid; on their heads, instead of a cap of any kind, they wear a silk handkerchief, put on in the form of a close-fitting turban. They are very dark-complexioned, almost African in hue; but not so the women, who are only richly bronzed; their hair is beautiful, and they wear it entirely uncovered, rolled round in massy coils low down on their graceful heads, with only a long silver or gold pin run through it; nothing can be more classical than this head-dress.

We arrived at Valencia on the 2d May, and intended remaining there three weeks. It may be too warm and sultry in the height of summer, but, at the season I am speaking of, the mode of living in the courts covered with awnings in the interior of the houses protects one from the heat of the sun; and these courts, with sparkling fountains, and all adorned with flowers, form the most delightful sitting-rooms imaginable. The mornings and evenings are cool, from the prevalence of the sea-breezes, and the nights are delicious. The houses are decidedly Eastern in appearance; the basement is generally three or four feet lower than the street. The balconies, that adorn nearly every edifice, are shaded from the sun by strips of gay matting, which is made in Spain with great taste and of different designs; the most beautiful convolvuluses twine all round the pillars and balustrades. The public walks are unrivaled, and no wonder, as Spaniards spend all their evenings, and often many of the night hours on these alamedas.

Mulberry and orange groves seem to encircle the town with their luxuriant foliage. The former are a great source of profit to the Valencian farmer. The manufacture of silk is largely carried on here, and nothing can be more picturesque than the sight of the peasants seated under their vines and fig-trees, and winding out the soft golden tissue from the cocoons. To do this requires practice and a very light finger, to prevent the delicate thread from breaking. The black silk used for the mantillas is said to be superior in Valencia to any other made in Spain. We could make no comparisons, but we saw that it was very beautiful, soft, lustrous, and rich.

The greatest trial to all the party was the impossibility of getting any food at all unflavored with garlic; meat, fish, and fowl—nay, vegetables, were all strongly impregnated with the powerful taste. So we did the best we could, and lived principally upon eggs, bread, chocolate, and fruit. Spanish confectionary is generally very good. The love of sweetmeats is so universal amongst the Spanish women, that they are sure to be excellent everywhere. The pastry is most admirably made; perhaps the extreme beauty and purity of the flour may help to cause the excellence of everything that is made of it.

HOW TO SWEEP THE FLOOR.

IN the days of our Puritan grandmothers, no girl was considered fit to receive proposals of marriage until she could make a good hemlock broom; but, in these later times, many a young lady not only offers herself in the matrimonial market, but absolutely gets married, and undertakes to manage her house, without knowing how to use a broom that some one else has made. We have seen a broom used so unskillfully, that one would think the person engaged in using it was endeavoring to transfer the dust from the floor to the furniture. It requires some science, or at least skill, to use a broom well. To do this skillfully, the handle should incline forward, and not backward. If the top of the broom inclines forward beyond the part next the floor, it will prevent much of the dust from rising into the air, and will carry it along, by a gently sliding motion, toward the place where it is to be disposed of. If, on the other hand, the handle of the broom inclines backward, the dust is sent into the air, by a kind of jerk, to the detriment of everything in the apartment. More than this, it wears off the threads of the carpet quicker, injures the paint more, if the room is uncarpeted, and destroys the broom sooner, than if the sweeping is done in a rational way. A brush of bristles is always better to sweep a carpet, as it is less liable to "kick up a dust," or to injure the texture of the carpet. Moistened tea-leaves, thrown over a carpet before sweeping, will help to prevent the dust from rising, and, on account of the peculiar property of the tea infusion, will not injure the color. Carpets may be cleaned of dust, by sprinkling a little hard snow on them, when the room is cold, and quickly sweeping it off.

A LARGE ACCESSION OF "PERSONS" TO THE REGISTER OF VOTERS.—The members of the Scottish branch of the Woman's Rights Association are bound in honor to vote a piece of plate, or something still more complimentary, to the assessor for the burgh of Aberbeen. That official has included in his list of voters all females holding property in the burgh. The result is that 1088 female voters have been added to the male register of 8288, making the total constituency 9376.

Diamonds of Thought.

Life is Short.—Such is the complaint of almost all men who consider existence in reference to the use they do make of it, and not to that which they ought to make. It is, indeed, short, if it be only computed by its agreeable moments. If all the hours passed in pleasure were collected together, a life of a great number of years would scarcely furnish one a few weeks. The reason why life is short, is, that we either employ it in doing nothing, or in doing what we ought not to do. On this head there is an admirable maxim—"Would you live long, live well."

Failure.—The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, is seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fail now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man; and the most successful men often have the most failures.

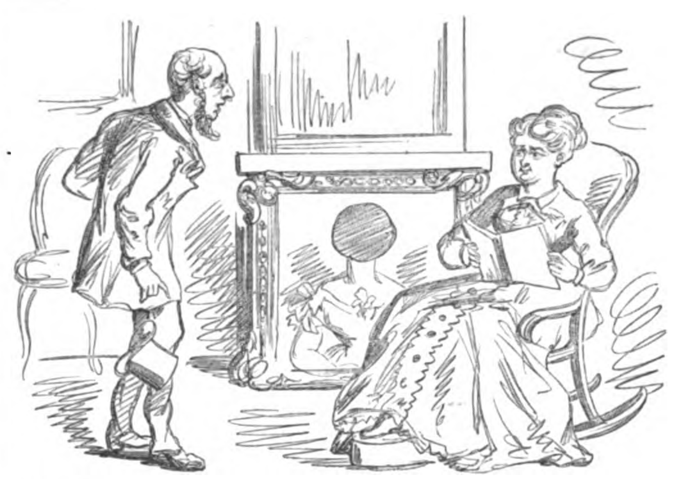
Pleasures of Benevolence.—There is more pleasure in seeing others happy than in seeking to be happy ourselves. There is more pleasure in acquiring knowledge to be useful, than in merely seeking knowledge for our own happiness. If young and old persons would spend half the money in making others happy which they spend in dress and useless luxury, how much more real pleasure it would give them.

Literary and Art Gossip.

"Woman, Love, and Marriage."—This is the title of a new book, by the author of "Salad for the Solitary," which has recently been issued from the press of G. W. Carleton & Co. It is, in reality, a *pot pourri* of illustrations, anecdotes and articles which have appeared in newspapers and magazines, upon the Woman and Marriage questions, within the past several years: of course there are some good things in it, but there is nothing new and original, and the author falls into the usual platitudes the moment he begins to define woman's sphere, which is, as ever, social and domestic. Mr. Saunders has added another book to the many already in existence, but we fail to see the use of compiling it.

A New Enterprise.—A new illustrated weekly paper, devoted to the interests of science, and having for its object the popularization of science and art, is about to be issued by the Appletons, whose facilities and experience in publishing works on scientific subjects eminently calculate them for such a work. Professor Youmans is to be the editor, and the demand for light reading, in the form of a brilliant novel, will be well catered to, by a translation from an original serial story, from the pen of Victor Hugo.

Change of Firms.—The decease of the greatly respected and lamented Mr. Jeremiah Carhart, of the firm of Carhart & Needham, of parlor organ and melodeon fame, has caused a change in the style of this well-known firm, which those of our readers, who are getting up melodeon clubs for the Magazine, will be interested to know. The surviving partner, Mr. Needham, continues the business as before, in connection with his son, under the name and title of **E. P. Needham & Son.**



Husband—Is it *possible*, my love, that you have taken my poor first wife's portrait for a fire-board, and cut a hole in it too?

Wife—Yes, why not, my pet? It seemed a pity to keep it up in the attic; and then it fitted *so* nicely!

Mr. Needham's connection with the manufacture of Reed Musical Instruments is even older than that of the late firm—itself the pioneer Company in the United States. He was the original projector of the business over which he now assumes undivided control; and, during the twenty-two years of its existence, has given it close and unremitting attention, many of the late improvements being the result of his own study; and he stands second to none in experimental and practical acquaintance with the subject.

The new firm intends, by adding still further to its manufacturing facilities, and introducing new and important improvements, to be enabled to offer still greater inducements to dealers and purchasers, and make their instrument, beyond question, the most profitable one in which they can invest, while it shall still hold its unique superiority, as regards quality and style.

Terms to our subscribers remain the same as before, so that it is still in every lady's power to obtain one of these celebrated instruments for her parlor, without money or price, by sending on the requisite number of subscribers to Demorest's Monthly, the most popular ladies' magazine in America.

"Dearer than Life."—We call the attention of our musical subscribers to the treat, which we offer them in this number, in one of the last, probably the very last musical composition of the lamented Stephen C. Foster, furnished us by our valued contributor, Geo. C. Cooper, who has written to the melody most touching words. Our lady readers will, we are sure, consider "Dearer than Life" a musical gem worth preserving.

"Oscar Bertrand."—This is a highly sensational novel, said to be by Miss M. E. Braddon, and published by Robert M. De Witt, Frankfort street, New York City. If Miss Braddon wrote it, it must have been when she contributed annonymously for the London penny papers, and piled on the agony to suit her class of readers. It is, certainly, not a book that will add anything to her reputation now.

"Sorosis."—The New York Woman's Club has become a chartered institution, and can, hereafter, protect itself against all trespassers upon its name and claims.

Our Spice Box.

Modern Bonnet.—Shakespeare must have had a vision of the modern bonnet when, in "Taming of the Shrew," he wrote the following:—

Petruchio:

"Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish—fie, fie!
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick; a baby's cap;
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Katharina:

"I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen do wear such caps as these."

A Description of China.—A country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar.

Dressing the Baby.—That was not a bad matrimonial custom of the Nestorian Christians. As soon as a marriage had been celebrated, the bride was taken to the home of the bridegroom's parents, where a baby and three suits of clothes were placed before her. She was then required to dress and undress the baby three times, and if she did not do it to the satisfaction of the jury of matrons there assembled, she was sent home again to acquire proficiency in her duties.

"By Hook or by Crook."—The explanation of the origin of this phrase is, that in the old time, persons entitled to get firewood in the king's forests, were limited to such dead branches as they could tear down with "a hook or a crook, without hurt to his majesty's trees."

Begged to be Excused.—A new song, entitled "Kiss Me," was lately published. A sweet and blushing maid having heard of it, proceeded to a music-shop, and said to a modest shopman, "I want 'Rock me to Sleep.'" The piece of music was laid before her. "Now," said she, "I want the 'Wandering Refugee,'" and it was produced; "and," she continued, "now, 'Kiss Me.'" The young man blushed, stammered, and begged to be excused. [This last we doubt.]

A Newsboy's Revenge.—A cowardly fellow kicked a newsboy the other day for pestering him to buy an evening paper. The lad's revenge was ingenious and complete. He waited till another boy accosted "the gent," and then shouted in the hearing of all bystanders, "It's no use to try him, Jim, he can't read."

A Doubtful Eulogium.—An old Aberdeen laird's wife, when other ladies were enriching the tea-table with broad descriptions of the vices of their several spouses, said her own "was just a guid, weel-tempered, couthy, quiet, innocent, dadlin', drunken body, wi' nae ill practices about him ava!"

Where is the Widower?—"So you are going to keep a school?" said one young lady to another. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children."—"I should prefer that myself, was the reply; "but where is the widower?"

Matrimonial Advertisements are not popular in Saxony. Recently a young man in Leipsic requested, through the newspapers, young ladies who wished to marry to correspond with him, and he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

A Hint.—A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was nearly worn out, and asked what reward she would receive for her industry. He made answer the next day by sending her a new one, with the following lines:—

"I send a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long, if it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it."

A lady said to her husband in Jerrold's presence:—"My dear, you certainly want some new trousers."—"No, I think not," replied the husband. "Well," said Jerrold, "I think the lady, who always wears them, ought to know."

Not so Bad.—A country newspaper stated that a young lady, at an amateur concert, had won a well-deserved encore by the exquisite taste with which she sang the well-worn old song, "An Angel's *Whisker*."

It is said of a popular lecturer, that on announcing to his wife that he was going to lecture at New Haven, the lady replied, "At New Haven! I'm so glad; I always hated those New Haven people."

The editor of a French paper, in speaking of a cemetery near Lyons, says that "M. Gascoigne had the pleasure of being the first individual who was buried in this delightful retreat."

Dyspepsia.—The Marquis de Cussy, a French writer on gastronomical subjects—a rival of the Baron de Brisse—has defined indigestion to be "the ingratitude of the stomach."

A boy having been told that a reptile is "an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied, "A baby!"

Why is a carpenter always uglier than other men? Because he is a deal plainer.

MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE PARISIAN BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE IN STYLE FURNISHING

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

OUTWARDLY there is very little difference between fashions in March and fashions in February. Spring, as yet, has only made its appearance in the almanac, and warm clothing is as necessary as during the fiercest snows of January.

March, however, boisterous as it is, seldom passes without a promise of fairer days to come, and, believeing in that promise, we prepare with the confidence of entire faith for sunshine, while encountering storm, and devise garments in which we shall greet the up-springing grass and flowers, while our eyes see nothing but the chill dreariness of barren winter desolation.

Suits, with the addition of shawl or cloak for occasions of extreme severity, already fully described in successive numbers of this Magazine, have held their place for winter walking wear during the entire season, and will, we sincerely hope, for many seasons to come.

This simple, yet stylish and appropriate out-door description of costume, has re-organized dress for women, and made it so much more free, independent and economical, as to deserve long continuance, if not perpetuity.

Formerly three or four street dresses of different styles and kinds were needed in a season; now one suit is sufficient, with the aid of a secondary one, or a long waterproof cloak to protect it in case of rain.

Then the useful length and restricted style of the suit prevent it from wearing out fast, or becoming shabby, and, if it is originally of good material, will preserve it almost as fresh for the second season as the first.

So really well adapted are these suits to their purpose, that they look better than mixed dresses of a much more costly kind, and have quite driven them out of the field. Velvet cloaks and fur capes, those admired goals of so many women's ambition, are nowhere worn over colored dresses; they suffer by comparison with even a very plain suit which is neat and uniform in style, and leave only a general impression of being old and out of date.

The coming spring suits will, we think, be greatly admired; they will be marked by an elegant simplicity, which will render them universally acceptable and becoming. Paniers will be superseded altogether by a graceful style of loops at the sides. Upper dresses will be worn with two or three capes, with talmas open upon the back, or with pelerine capes, with square cut tabs back and front.

Ruffles of the same material, or of a different material and the same color, will be as fashionable, even more fashionable than ever. Spring poplins and all-wool delaines are extremely pretty trimmed with plain silk ruffles of the same color, plainly bound, or with ruffles of the same, bound with silk of a self color. Long dresses will be reserved entirely for home wear and ceremonious occasions.

A new style of cape is partly cut up and rounded out upon the back, to afford space for the display of an immense round bow surmounting the short, broad ends of the sash. These elaborate bows are in high vogue, and will continue, for the present certainly, to form a prominent feature of the dress.

Boots for the street are more and more an object of the first attention and consideration. They are not now trimmed to any extent, (always bad taste,) but the material, the fit, the cut, the finish, are of the greatest importance. Fourteen dollars per pair is the price demanded for new styles of ladies' walking-boots.

Spring water-proof cloths are in better qualities and much finer variety of colors than formerly; they are usefully made, not only into cloaks, but into loose suits, which can be worn over others in case of storm, or for protection in traveling. A water-proof cloak or suit is indispensable.

Very beautiful shot or changeable silks for spring wear are making their appearance, and compose charming dinner dresses, or rather suits; we have not much fancy for silks of this style as a general rule, but these are certainly very attractive.

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TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

NEW SHORT WALKING-DRESS of taffetas delaine, the skirt bordered with a flounce, bound on either edge with silk of the color, changeable green and black, and box-plaited, leaving a heading. Upper skirt open on the back, forming two points, and trimmed with alternate folds of silk and the material. Tight-fitting *casaque*, the skirt forming a postillion basque at the back; the body finished with a pelerine cape, which is open upon the back, and describes two points, matching in effect the upper skirt. Instead of sash ends, three wide loops are suspended from the belt, composed of alternate folds of silk and taffetas delaine.

DINNER DRESS of green velvet, trimmed with folds of green satin, and rich fringe. The long trained skirt is not made *en panier*, but full at the back, and an immense satin bow with fringed ends forms the sash. The body is cut out square, and filled in with rich lace, and a fall of the same lace is thrown back from the wrists of the coat sleeve.

DINNER DRESS, No. 2, of heavy black silk. This is very simple, but distinguished. It is trimmed with flounces of the silk, bound with the same round the bottom of the skirt, and also to simulate a tunic pointed on the sides, and divided at the back. There is a small basque at the back of the waist, and the ruffles arranged to form *bretelles* are continued round it. There is a wide bow of silk, with ruffled ends. Sleeves finished with a Marie Antoinette ruffle, and worn with gold bracelets, and long white kid gloves

HOUSE DRESS of green cashmere; skirt moderately trained, and trimmed with a narrow border of black velvet. The body is open partially in front, and turned back with black velvet *revers*. Two leaves of black velvet form a cap on the top of the plain coat sleeves. Chemisette of tucked linen, with a round, rather broad collar. Black velvet necktie.

WALKING-DRESS of dark blue English water-proof, composed of skirt and pelisse, with three capes. The pelisse is drawn up at the sides with bands of wide black-ribbed braid, two rows of which, in a somewhat narrower width, constitute the trimming. The capes are each of them finished with a row of braid. This is a very useful, inexpensive suit, and can be worn till late in the spring.

SHORT VISITING-DRESS of brilliant changeable silk, shaded in black, plum-color, and gold, and trimmed with folds of dark plum-colored satin. The bodice opens in front over a white silk waistcoat fastened with diamond studs, and a wide satin bow is fringed upon the ends at the back. A little black velvet mantle, and a black lace bonnet, ornamented with a cluster of plum-colored velvet leaves, in the center of which is a golden butterfly, are worn with this costume.

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SPRING CLOAKS AND SHAWLS.

CORRESPONDENTS write, asking us what is to be worn in spring cloaks and shawls. If we tell the truth, we should say neither would be worn, according to the popular understanding of the term—that is to say, neither would be fashionable.

There always have been, and always will be, people who will stick to one idea, who will wear their traditions, until fashion becomes tradition. These still wear the antiquated dress neither long nor short, a cloth sack of a different color, or the striped or bordered shawl of a few years ago.

It is of no use to tell them that this style of costume is no longer fashionable; they do not realize it until the servant-girl turns up her nose at it, and then they begin to think that perhaps a change of some kind has taken place.

Shawls that are fashionably worn are of a costly kind, and invariably accompany long trained dresses. Shawls do not look well with short dresses, and therefore the common kinds, those formerly worn upon the street, have been almost universally discarded.

So of the cloth sacks; there is no longer any use for them. The suits are so economical, and so much more lady-like, as to have won almost universal suffrage, and they are so exceedingly well adapted to the use of ladies living in the country that we are surprised there are still persons who do not know them by experience.

The suits for spring wear are nearly all made with an upper dress, looped up at the sides *à Camargo*, and completed by a round cape, which is fastened up on the shoulders with bows or rosettes to match the trimmings on the sides.

Single, double, and treble capes are all fashionable, but those composed of a series are usually allowed to fall plain, while the single capes are now more stylishly looped up at the shoulder than at the back.

Among the prettiest materials we have seen for these suits for early spring wear, are extremely fine changeable winseys and mohairs, composed of color—green, violet, blue, brown, olive, or cigar-color with black. The trimming consists of narrow corded fringe, or ruchings of silk, in the contrasting color. When ruchings are used, rosettes of the silk always accompany them.

The *Watteau* mantle is so pretty in thin materials, that it will probably be revived as summer approaches. At present we would not advise it in any of the ordinary thick materials—though it may be used in silk.

Water-proof suits and cloaks are in great demand, and one or other is rightly deemed indispensable to an outfit. The fine English water-proof in two shades, blue and black, dark green and black, and the like, makes very handsome and very useful suits; but the American cloth is generally used for round cloaks. Water-proof suits are made with a six-inch flounce, box-plaited, and put on with plain intervals upon the lowest skirt. Upper dress looped up at the sides, and trimmed with one or more rows of black "Hercules" braid, round cape, fastened up on the shoulders, and trimmed to match.

These suits are not expensive, and are very durable. We beg to remind our readers, however, of the folly of making suits of flimsy mixed fabrics that will stand neither wind nor rain. A really good material is worth much more than the difference in money, and, in addition, always looks lady-like.

Instead of water-proof cloaks for traveling, a long paletot has been introduced, which reaches to the bottom of a short dress, and buttons all the way down the front—so that it can be worn over an ordinary with the greatest ease. It has sleeves shaped to the arm, but loose, and a rather large, round cape.

The same style could be admirably made up in linen, for summer wear.

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BONNETS FOR MARCH.

At this season there is always uncertainty on the subject of bonnets. Of course winter styles prevail until warmer weather admits of change without doing violence to one's instincts. At present, however, the proprieties of the weather have little to do with the composition of bonnets. A strip of velvet or a strip of lace makes very little difference so long as it is only a strip. All the warmth, all the protection that we have, is derived from the hair.

There is not the smallest indication that any increase in the size of our head-gear will at present take place. There is no diminution in the quantity of hair worn; on the contrary, it seems to be increasing. The chignons are enlarged by adding curls to puffs, and braid to curls; and the hair, with these additions, is brought so far forward upon the head as scarcely to leave room for the admitted strip of silk, lace, ribbon, or velvet.

So entirely have bonnets lost their identity, that there is scarcely any line drawn between hats and bonnets; if anything, the former have the advantage in size and the amount of protection they afford.

The *diademe* straw bonnets are the first novelties of the spring, and are pretty and becoming to some faces. They are not new, of course, the French styles having made their appearance last season, but they are new in popular American manufacture, and, as French styles generally last two seasons, will be likely to be as fashionable during the coming season as they were the last.

The little French *poufs* of velvet have also been reproduced in silk, with very good effect. They have partly the appearance of a bonnet, and partly that of a round hat. Some are made with a standing, and others with a narrow falling brim. On the top of the crown, or *pouf*, there is a round bow or rosette of lace, with barbe ends, which either fall over the chignon or are carried round to the front, where they are fastened under the chin with a second bow or rosette of lace.

The silk should correspond in color with the suit or dress worn with it. Green silk and black lace are pretty, or lavender and black.

Only a very little trimming is possible, and this is usually placed at the side, or directly in front. Strings are not used to tie, but are more fashionably made of strips of silk or satin, cut square on the ends, piped, and edged with lace or Spanish blonde. A flat bow unites them under the chin, and is more becoming as well as more protective than the loose "necklace" of last year.

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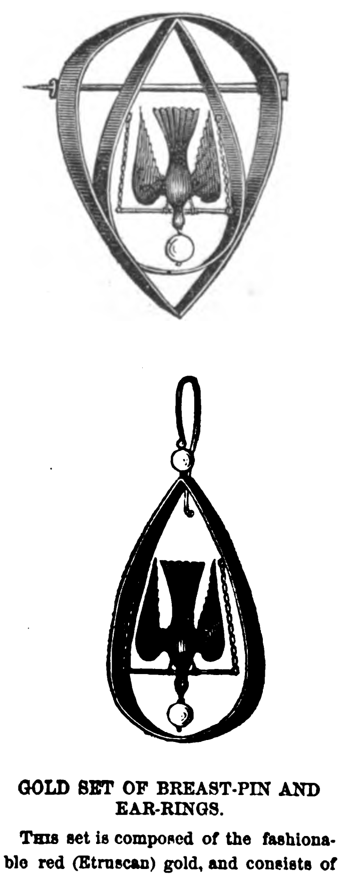
JEWELRY.



GOLD SET OF BREAST-PIN AND EAR-RINGS.

This set is composed of the fashionable red (Etruscan) gold, and consists of heart-shaped rings, barred across by a gold bar, from which is suspended a dove grained in gold, and holding a pearl in its mouth. The design is very pretty and original, the cost only $48. From the Establishment of Ball, Black & Co.

MORNING DRESSES.

In silk or merino, they are frequently made with a yoke, the fullness at the back laid in a large plait, *à la Watteau*, and tied in from the sides with cord and tassels. Others are gored in front, the fullness being thrown to the back, and a small pointed pelerine cape or large collar added to the neck.

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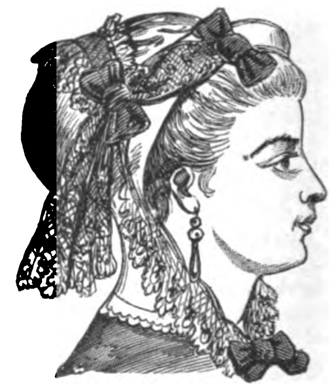
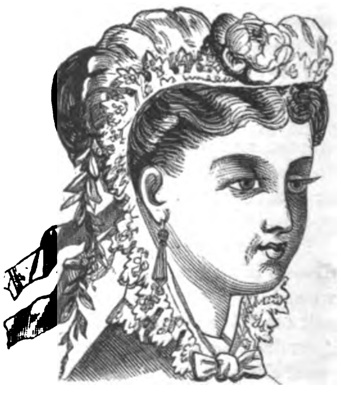
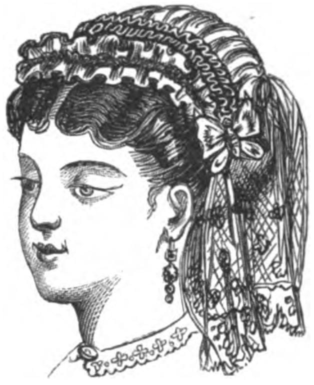
BONNETS.



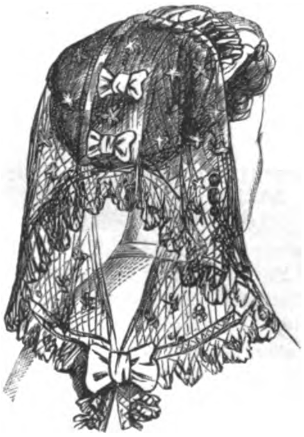
No. 1.—Light green royal velvet; plain coronet front, and a loose puff over the top, gathered under the black lace fall at the back in small flat plaits; the beginning of the puff at the front is plaited in the opposite direction; the face trimming is made with a satin bow, a little darker than the velvet, and a black lace scarf which is caught back above the ear with a second bow; lace scarfs falling under the chin; the scarf upon the opposite side is fastened with a jet ornament.



No. 2.—Puffed bonnet of blue crape; the puff is depressed in the center, and the space filled with a white rose having crystallized leaves; white blonde across the front descending into scarfs; a delicate vine of green gauze leaves and white rosebuds is caught down under the lace, and falls gracefully at the side.



No. 3.—Bonnet of amethyst silk, made in one loose puff gathered on the frame; two rows of satin box-plaiting or quilling, in the same color, rise in front of the puff; the bandeau is made of amethyst tulle, plaited through the center and fastened over the plaiting with a narrow satin ruching; a beautiful pearl butterfly is set above the ear; a vail of rich black Spanish lace is thrown back over the *chignon*.



No. 4.—Back view of No. 3. By this, it will be observed that the vail divides through the center and is caught together with satin bows; after sweeping down at the sides, the vail is again caught together on the shoulders with a bow; the ends descend to a point.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING WALKING-COSTUMES.

(*See full page engraving*).

Fig. 1.—Skirt of changeable Irish poplin, in violet and green, trimmed with violet silk ruching. Overdress of black velvet, with body and skirt cut together like a Gabrielle. The skirt has *paniers* at the side, and the back is festooned, about half the length from the waist, with a satin rosette or large upright bow; the trimming consists of a border of small satin loops, heading black lace; the lace forms a box-plait in front, springing from a satin rosette; the body is cut out to a point, and filled in with a vest of the skirt material. Violet satin bonnet, ornamented with a rosette of black lace inclosing a large pansy—this is placed at the parting of the hair; black lace ties and a scarf, hanging over the *chignon*, ornamented with satin bows. Violet kid gloves.

Fig. 2.—Skirt of "Eugenia" blue silk—a shade much like the once popular "Maria Louisa" blue; a wide, box-plaited flounce at the bottom; a paletot, somewhat closer than the half-fitting shape, yet not so stiff as a tight basque. Tyrolean sleeves, made as follows: a coat shape, cut out in sections and shorter than usual; the edges are bound with black satin, and the openings filled in with silk like the skirt; at the hand a puff is added to finish out the length; a satin bow is set between each puff; the lower edge of the garment is cut out in large tabs, bound with satin and finished with black silk fringe; a narrow frill of lace at the neck and wrists. Bonnet of blue royal velvet, trimmed with pink hyacinths and white blonde. Blue kid gloves.

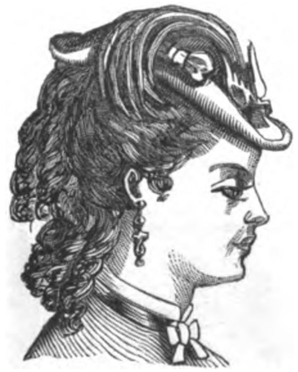
Fig. 3.—Walking-dress of gray empress cloth; a flounce on the bottom, headed with a chain of golden-brown silk leaves. Triple cape, the largest describing the depth of a talma; the two smaller in size descend to a point on both sides, and the uppermost of all is not only trimmed upon the edge, but in Pompadour shape on the shoulders; the ornamentation consists of leaves like those upon the skirt. Round hat of pearl-gray felt, trimmed with a wreath of tinted leaves.

Fig. 4.—Plain skirt of Spring poplin. Overdress of the same, cut in Gabrielle style, with the skirt dividing in front like a tunic; the edge is bordered with silk ruching, box-plaited, and large, thick rosettes; the front of this garment closes with buttons to the belt; the skirt curves from this point to the side, and, with a second curve, descends in the back. The shoulders are covered with a triple cape, bordered with ruching; four large loops descend from the neck, the longest having rosettes upon the extremities. Bonnet of corded silk, ornamented with lace tabs and crocuses.

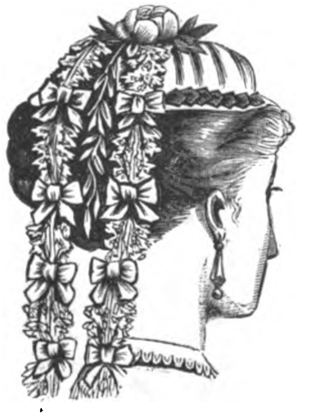
TRAINED SKIRTS.

Trains are more moderate and graceful than the extreme styles worn of late. With the exception of the *panier* puff—which is going out—the general effect of the skirt is similar to those of last season, though made with fewer gores. To particularize, a trained skirt should measure from five yards to five and a half in width. It should be flatly gored in front and at the sides, but very full and *bouffaut* behind. The front width is gored closely. Stout figures require two good gored side widths, slender persons only one. New skirts are not made with three side gores unless the material is so narrow as to compel it. A word of advice here. Never piece gored breadths at the bottom. Design the shape and number of gores with reference to the width of the material. Two full widths are placed behind, and some French dresses have three full back widths. The front and the first gored widths are sewed to the belt without fullness. The back widths are gathered or arranged in small plaits all turned one way. A thick silk cord is used around the skirt instead of binding braid, or a binding of silk, satin, or velvet.

ROUND HATS.



No 1.—Pearl-gray felt, with brim rolling up at one side, and fastened with a satin bow in pearl-gray; a very narrow binding; a blue bird, with spread wings and skeleton plumes, is perched upon the tip.



No. 2.—A puff of dove-colored royal velvet, with the least perceptible brim appearing from under a wreath of brown straw leaves; a pink rose, with gray and brown foliage, is placed at the top; a vine of gray leaves trails from this; also lace streamers, ornamented with gray ribbon-bows. The ribbon should match the velvet in color.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Evening dress of very fine white mull; the skirt is gored, and trains slightly; at the bottom a wide flounce is gathered on with a cord; the heading is a row of blue satin ribbon, box-plaited through the center; the body is shirred in fine puffs; long sleeve, with fine puffs corded with satin piping, and a ruffle of Valenciennes at the hand. White silk overdress, cut in Gabrielle style; the bottom is vandyked with an edge cut out in small points, bound with blue satin, and above this a double row of piping; the front is closed with satin buttons; shoulder-pieces, pointed along one edge and terminating in long tabs or sashes, which pass under the belt; a row of piping rises from the belt upon the front of the body in the form of a brace; the upper end is concealed by the shoulder-piece; a wreath of fine blue flowers around the *chignon;* Valenciennes collar and blue gloves; the belt of the dress is composed of folds of blue satin; it closes in the back with a rosette and three large loops spreading like a fan.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of straw-colored *crêpe*; underskirt ruffled and finished with a band of satin bordered with narrow white blonde; the overdress is ruffled from the waist to the edge in the back, and the front describes an apron, rounded slightly at the corners, and bordered to correspond with the lower skirt. Low, round body, with short, ruffled sleeves, and a deep *berthe* of white blonde, set on under a chain of satin loops. In the hair, scarlet and straw-colored flowers, with a *coiffure* of white blonde. The ruffles of this dress are box-plaited. Tarlatan has a very pretty effect, made up in this style, and is much less expensive than *crêpe*. The belt finishes with a bow behind.

Fig. 3.—Dress of black *faille;* the skirt is cut off to the depth of a Spanish flounce, and the edge scolloped and bound with black satin; in each curve is set a small satin button; below this falls the balance required to finish out the skirt into a train, and the effect is that of the upper part buttoning upon the lower; the shoulder and sleeve are finished so as to have a similar appearance; a rich butterfly-bow of white lace finishes the front of the dress with good taste.

Fig. 4.—Dinner-dress of amethyst Irish poplin, trimmed with black thread-lace flounces; the upper fall, upon the skirt, descends at the sides in a broad curve to the

depth of the lower, which is thus divided into two sections; these are run across on a straight line; the body is trimmed square, with a point rising in the center, by a ruching of satin; a similar ruching is used to head the flounces, and black satin bows descend at the sides through the curve of the upper flounce.

Fig. 5.—Underskirt of white silk, striped with rose-colored satin; overdress of gray silk, figured with rose-colored *chene* sprays; the skirt described curves around the back similar to those at the sides; the trimming is composed of satin plaiting sewn through each edge; the body is cut out in front, and the space filled with a striped vest; the sleeves are also shortened, so as to admit of a striped cuff appearing beyond the plaiting; in making the latter the plaits are all turned in one direction.

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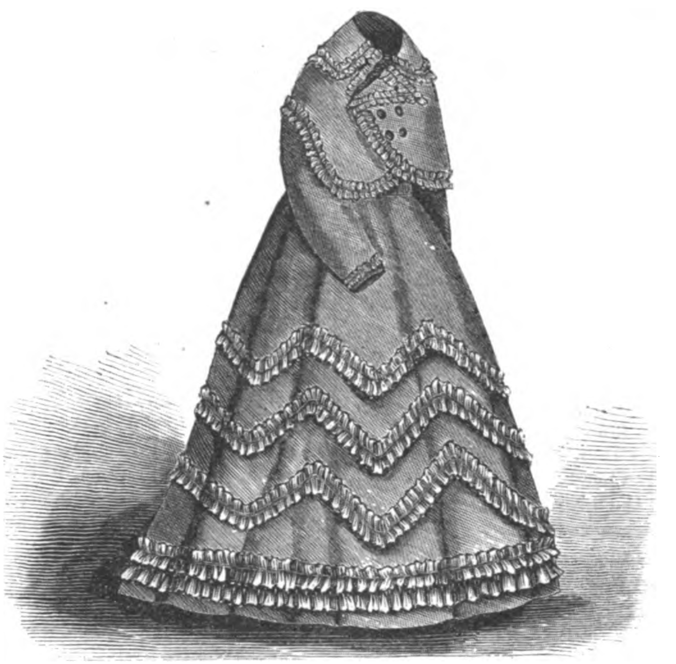
BALL TOILETS.

The toilets for balls are, as usual, composed of tulle, tarlatan, and grenadine; but these are plain or figured, according to taste. White tarlatans are varied by having bouquets of flowers or gold and silver designs stamped upon them. Some of them are colored, and have self-colored flowers or leaves upon them, ornamented with imitations of precious stones and metals. Tulle is extremely elegant when embroidered with bouquets of flowers, wheat-ears, wild poppy, corn flowers, or other designs, and forms one of the most charming fabrics for evening wear.

Thin materials of the *changeant* or "cameleon" description are very much adopted; blue and pink, silver-gray and pink, but most particularly orange and black, are the most approved combinations. They are trimmed with ruches, volants, placed on straight or scolloped, and fringes, and varied by bows of ribbons fancifully arranged. The short ball dress is struggling for ascendancy over the train skirt.

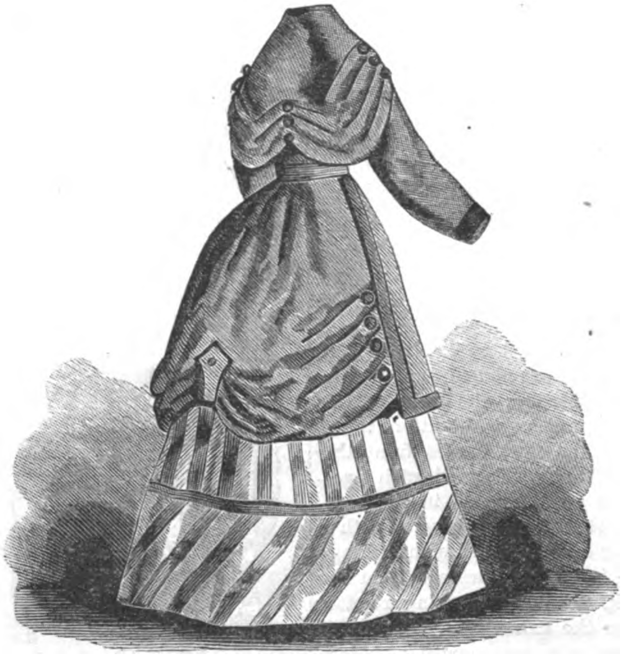
The *chaussure* is of the same color as the dress, ornamented with rosettes, buckles, or according to the garniture of the dress. The very high heel is covered with the material of which the dress is composed, or silvered, or gilt, if the elegance of the dress will permit of it. The stockings, of elaborate design, to be in keeping with the rest of the toilet, must have embroidered clocks—also according to the principal color—after the modes of our grandmothers.

For ladies past the age of dansing, silks and satins are most usually adopted. The front breadth is still trimmed *en tablier*, with a garniture of lace or silk, and so arranged that it eventually diverges toward the back breadth. Gimps, fringes, feather-trimmings, and buttons of the same color are much used; lace, as always, forms one of the most elegant, and at the same time most costly ornaments.



WALKING-SUIT.

Gray empress cloth, trimmed with golden-brown *taffetas* silk, pinked out; a row of ruching, set above a narrow ruffle, extends in a direct line around the skirt; the stiff outline above this is broken up by three rows of ruching describing Vandykes; fitted waist, coat sleeve and cape, trimmed with ruching; a berthe, with two points in front and one in the back, ornaments the body. The cape is double-breasted, and, after rising over the shoulder, forms a large curve behind; wide collar and lappels; four buttons upon the front, the foremost two being passed through buttonholes from the under side.



ISABELLE SUIT.

Underskirt of mohair or poplin in wide stripes of green and white; this has a wide bias flounce, slightly gathered on under a fold made of the green stripe. Overdress and cape of dove-colored mohair; the skirt has a square apron, outlined with a wide band of green velvet two or three shades darker than the stripe in the lower skirt; the back of the skirt is made with full widths sufficiently long to admit of being taken up at the side to the apron in flat plaits, and gathered up in the back with a tab, which turns up from the under side; the tab is bound with velvet and fastened with a button; the upper edge will require to be neatly tacked down to keep it in place; the cape is round and full across the back, and gathered up in folds to correspond with the side of the skirt; the front of the cape is plain and finished with broad mantilla or scarf ends held in at the waist by the belt; these are trimmed with wide velvet like the apron, and closed with buttons to the belt; the buttons are of velvet the color of the trimming.

The sleeve plays a considerable *rôle* in the fashions of this season. In transparent materials the "Gabrielle" is much worn, also the Pompadour, reaching to the elbow, and fully trimmed. The puffs and volants give width to the shoulders, if the figure happens to be deficient in this particular.

Head-dresses are composed of single flowers, with long trails of grass and buds; the leaves acquire a particularly beautiful effect by being sown, as it were, with pearls. Very small pearls are disposed over the leaves by means of very thin gum, so that the original color traverses the pearls, and the effect is as of freshly-fallen dew.

Gloves are chosen according to the color of the dress, with from four to eight buttons.

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DESCRIPTION OF YOUNG LADIES' LATEST STYLE OF STREET AND BALL COSTUME.

(*See full page Engraving.*)

Fig. 1.—Out-door costume. Dress of striped satin, blue and black, the blue being the Mexican or azureline shade; the skirt is cut off straight around, about ten inches in depth, and finished out with a flounce set on in small flat plaits all turned in one direction; the flounce is headed with three rows of large black satin piping. Short sleeveless sack curving at the bottom over the hip, and descending again into a scollop across the back; this is also trimmed with satin piping, and bows down the back; the sack is made of silk to correspond with the flounce. This jaunty suit may be composed also of a striped silk or plain silk dress, and a satin jacket and flounce in some good contrasting color. Round hat of white felt ornamented with pink roses and blue velvet. Blue kid gloves.

Fig. 2.—Ball dress of *rose de chene pou-de-soie*; train skirt, ornamented with a wide flounce cut out in curves, and bordered with heavy wide white tasseled fringe; the flounce describes two curves in the setting on; the latter is finished with fine Maltese lace inserting, put on like a flat band; the sides are looped with very large silk rosettes. Plain low *corsage* and *berthe* corresponding

with the flounce; an underbody of tulle plaited and drawn in to fit the shoulders, with a narrow velvet run through each fold, appears above the low body, forming a finish about an inch in width. Sleeves short, and composed of a thick tulle puff; a white camellia in hair. Ornaments of pearls and Etruscan gold. The opera cloak is made of velvet cloth, striped with gold thread in parallel lines, and bordered with white fringe.

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A GOOD FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE.

We are frequently asked, by letter, if we can *really* recommend the Bartram & Fanton sewing-machine; if what we say about it in the Magazine is a genuine opinion, and we most unqualifiedly answer Yes. We desire to say distinctly, once for all, that we would not recommend the Bartram & Fanton sewing-machine, if we did not believe and know it to be a good one.

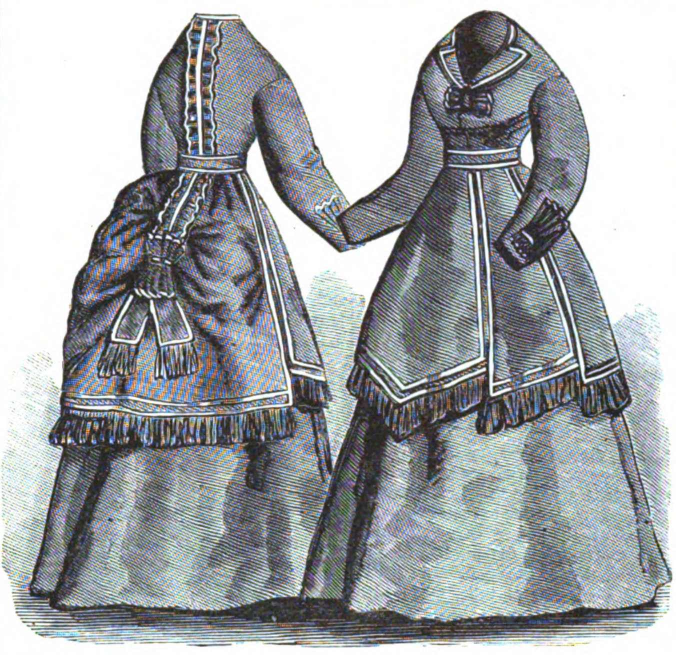
Everybody has their own pet prejudices for or against particular machines, and it is almost useless to try to combat them. We confess to some prejudices of our own; but they are based less upon personal habit in the use of some one particular machine than experience in having all kinds of work done on all sorts of machines, and in the conclusions arrived at upon broad and general principles.

Another very desirable feature, against which has existed an absurd prejudice, is that of taking out the seam by unfastening the thread at one end. For our part, we can not see how mothers, who have to make and alter over children's clothes, let down tucks, take out hems, and the like, can manage with a machine, which makes only a seam that may crack, but can never be taken out.

The beauty of the Bartram & Fanton machine is, that its simplicity makes it as easy as hand-sewing, while it possesses the best qualities of the best single-thread machines, and many exclusive improvements of its own.

It is, most emphatically, a comfortable and convenient family machine; the wheel is out of the way of the dress, the feet rest on easy supporters, the castors move it about readily from one room or one part of a room to another. It braids, and trims, and cords, and hems, and tucks, and ruffles, and embroiders, and makes button-holes, all with beauty and exactness. In the short time in which it has been before the public it has already acquired a high reputation, and, with greatly enlarged facilities, can not begin to fulfill the orders.

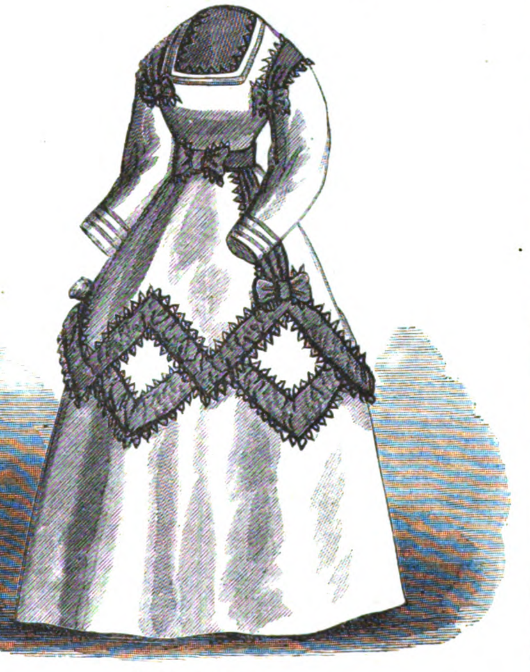
We certainly do not think that those of our readers, who choose a Bartram & Fanton sewing-machine in preference to others, will ever repent it.



VERONIE SUIT.

(*Front and back view.*)

Walking-costume of black silk, trimmed with bright green satin and black fringe; plain gored underskirt; the body fits closely; has *revers* in front, and a broad box-plaiting running down the center of the back. The apron of the overskirt forms a front; after this follow two sashes upon each side; these are gored and seamed together and to the apron in proper place; the lower edges of the sashes slant toward the apron; the back of the overskirt requires two full breadths of medium wide silk, making a seam through the center. It is seamed to the sashes plain, just over the hip, and then gathered in about the same length of space; below this, plain again. The center seam is drawn up to form a *panier* and then trimmed with box-plaiting and a double fan with sash ends; the sleeve has a fan at the wrist, and the body a fan at the meeting of the *revers*. The edges of the fans and box-plaiting require a binding of the satin. The remainder of the trimming is made into piping.



RENEE DRESS.

House costume of gray spring silk; double skirt, the under gored and quite plain; the upper is cut out in Vandyked gores, with a slight indication of a point between to supply a foundation for the second row of trimming; the latter is made of a rich shade of green silk and narrow black lace; the border is a puff of silk set between lace; this is met by wide bands, bordered with lace, gathered in to the belt, and finished with a bow at the junction with the border; one of these bands covers each seam. The shoulders are trimmed to correspond; a band passes across the back, defining a square yoke; the sleeves and square neck are finished with narrow green folds.

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THE ROBE "CAMARGO."

Overdresses are now looped up at the sides almost universally, *à Camargo*, and our readers may wish to know how the name and style originated. This fashion, now so generally adopted, was worn for the first time by Madamoiselle Camargo, a celebrated danseuse of the grand opera of Paris in the reign of Louis XV., and owed its origin to the following circumstance. One evening, when the popular favorite was preparing to make her appearance with brilliant *éclat* in a new ballet, the milliner, who had been very late in completing her dress, brought it to the theater almost at the very last moment. On trying on the robe, what was Madamoiselle Camargo's dismay to find it so exceedingly long as to preclude the possibility of dancing in it. Fortunately, the ready-witted *modiste,* aided by an expert *femme de chambre,* speedily thought of a plan for rectifying the fault. The long robe was gathered up at each side, and the gatherings fixed by beautiful bouquets of flowers; and when the Camargo bounded on the stage and danced the *pas d' Hebé*, in which she was inimitable, she was never greeted with more rapturous applause. Her costume, which elicited general admiration, speedily became the prevailing mode of the day, and received the name of the celebrated danseuse who had been the first to wear it. For a long time the Camargo was the rage with the belles of Paris.

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PATTERN FOR GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN.

Our lady readers will find in the present number a most useful and excellent pattern of a gentleman's dressing-gown. Its size, and the number of pieces of which it is composed, compel us, contrary to our usual custom, to overlap, and cross the lines; but this is not done to such an extent but that it can be readily taken off, and the value of the pattern makes it worth the trouble.

The pattern consists of nine pieces, and can be cut and put together with the greatest ease from the diagram, by the merest tyro in cutting and fitting garments. It may be made in striped cashmere, or in plain ladies' cloth, lined with bright-colored flannel.

FASHIONABLE COMBS.

THE tortoise-shell comb has become the sole and *distingué* ornament of a lady's coiffure. Fancy had run wild with combs as with everything else, and ladies wore guitars, boats, helmets, suns, crescents, and all the stars of the heavens in their hair last winter. Now all such *bagatelles* are considered very bad taste.

The Empire tortoise-comb is of various models. Some have a simple heading composed of a twist or plait; others form a ducal crown or baron's coronet; others, again, are engraved with a Grecian pattern. In general the top of the comb is very long, and curved so as to form a sort of coronet above the chignon, and this is particularly pretty with a coiffure of flowing curls.

The only exception admitted this winter by the *élite* to the tortoise-shell comb is the comb enriched with real jewels and precious stones for ball coiffures. The high Josephine comb, sparkling with rubies, pearls, and emeralds, is quite the *fureur* this season for full-dress toilets.

For brooches and bracelets the most fashionable style is gold of different tints—dull and burnished, bright yellow, and greenish or orange—without any stones.

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DRESSING THE HAIR FOR EVENING TOILETS.

THE hair for evening toilets is now arranged either in large *bandeaux* combed off the forehead, and called *bandeaux à sabots*, or, when they are waved, *bandeaux à l'ange*. Sometimes a wide plait and some light curls are placed in the center of the *bandeaux*, and sometimes some loops, which are carried to the very top of the head. Occasionally curls only are worn, and some of the ringlets fall to the waist; nobody now thinks of asking whether these are of natural growth, and nobody consequently would get the credit if they were. Small sprays of delicate flowers are interwoven with the ringlets; there is no formality in the arrangement.

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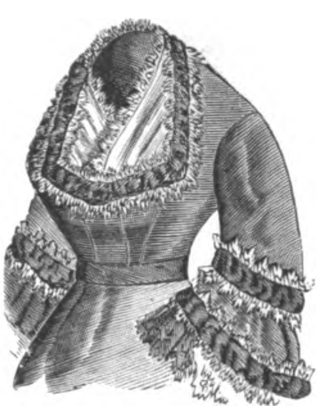
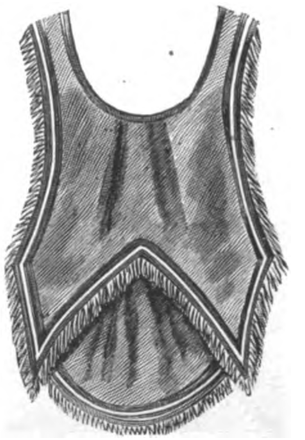
EVERYDAY EXAGGERATIONS.

"I AM tired to death!" So you have said often, and are alive still, and in good health, too.—"I had not a wink of sleep last night!" And yet the man in the next room heard you snore several times.—"I would not do it for the world!" And yet you have done many things equally bad for a penny.—"We were up to our knees in mud!" You know very well that the dirt was not over your shoes.



EMPRESS CORSAGE.

A VERY dressy waist for evening and dinner dresses. The square cut out over the bust is larger than that for the ordinary Pompadour. By this a greater spring is obtained at the lower corners, which causes the opening to appear wider at the bottom than at the neck. The underbody is a surplice of tulle, made with folds, the edge of one overlapping the next, etc. The inner edge has a finish of lace, or blonde; the edge of the dress-body is trimmed with reverse puffing, set between Valenciennes lace; or, if the silk is black, with black thread-lace. Marie Antoinette sleeves. These are made plain upon the upper part, and finished out with a wide ruffle, bordered with a frill of deep lace and reverse puffing between narrow lace. The ruffle is headed with a puff. The entire sleeve extends a little farther down than half the length of the lower arm.



RACHELLE HOOD.

THIS is, in shape, like the one represented upon the "Miss's Walking-Suit," illustrated in this number, but differently trimmed. The hood appears here the full size around the neck, as it looks when the pattern is spread out for cutting the material; the upper section has two deep points, and is cut entire, without a seam; the space between the points is then filled in with a curved fall, plaited in across the top; the trimming is composed of satin piping or *passementerie* and fringe.

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SHOES FOR FULL DRESS.

IN full evening dress, the robe must not be so long in front as to cover the instep; at all events, the shoe must be seen, and it should be of silk or satin, either black or of the color of the dress. But whatever the color of the shoe, the high heels are almost invariably red; and the *bouffette* or bow is sufficiently large to cover one-half of the foot. The stockings may be of the same color as the robe, or white and ornamented with open-work. The so-called Soullier Louis XIV. is ornamented with a large *bouffette* of satin or lace, in the center of which there is a buckle. Boots for walking-dress are of black kid or glazed leather, and they are frequently fastened with jet buttons.

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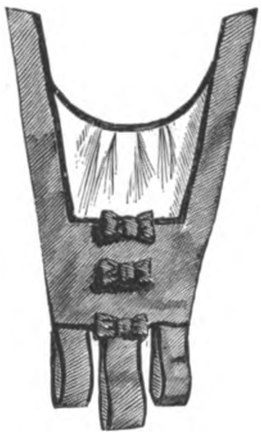
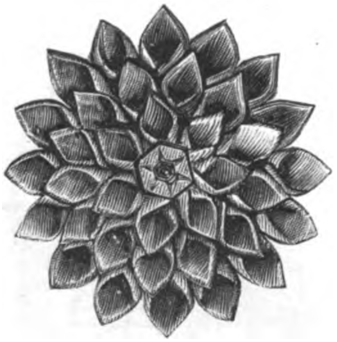


VANIE HOOD.

THIS illustration represents the entire pattern as it is laid out upon the fabric for cutting the latter; the upper ends turn around to the front of the neck like a collar; the opening is cut square across the bottom over a silk lining gathered into the neck-binding, with small plaits upon each side of a box-plait; the binding should be of silk or satin; three loops are hung across the bottom, and small bows set through the center.



DAHLIA ROSETTE.

ROSETTES are now so popular for the ornamentation of dresses, suits, and cloaks, that we represent two of the most admired ways of making them in this number. The Dahlia rosette is very beautiful, composed either of satin or silk; it is formed by a series of leaves. Each leaf is made as follows: "Take a half square of the material, the size you desire, and fold in the sides to a point; neatly seam or tack the edges together upon the under side; when this is done, turn in the corners at the base to make a hollow petal; one corner should overlap the other. The center is finished with a jet or covered button.

TARTAN SHAWL ARRANGED AS A SCOTCH PLAID.

EVERY variety of tartan is very fashionable in Paris at the present season. It is adapted to costumes, to Macfarlane cloaks, and to waterproof suits, and now a fourth style has come into vogue. This latest mode will be recognized by many as somewhat approaching the style that a Scotchman wears his plaid. A long scarf shawl is required, this is folded lengthwise in eight, taking care that the fringe falls on the outside. To drape it over the figure it is first placed across the left shoulder, letting one of the ends fall at the back like a sash upon the skirt. Then it crosses the chest, passes under the right arm, encircles the waist at the back in the form of a band, re-crosses the front, and is lastly thrown over the right shoulder; to conclude, the end of the shawl is slipped through the part that forms the waistband at the back, and the two ends, which should be of the same length, fall on the skirt behind.

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A STOCKING QUILT.

WINTER evenings seem long in the country, and I have always found that I could listen with more pleasure to conversation or reading if my fingers were busy; and as a great many kinds of fancy work are too expensive for common people, I have got into the way of using whatever kind of material comes to hand. As an example of this, I would give the following patchwork quilt. I found I had a great number of white cotton stockings, with the feet too much worn for further mending, but the upper part sound and of a good color; so I got a diamond-shaped piece of wood, and cut out pieces of paper of exactly the same size. I then cut the stocking open at the seam, and tacked as many paper diamonds on to it as I could, taking care to put them all the same way of the cotton. (The size I used was a diamond of about five inches long and four broad.) I then cut them out and piped them round with cord, covered with either white or colored cotton cloth, (red looks very well,) and then stitched them together as you would the seams of a dress. You can arrange the pieces in two ways, either by making a star for the middle of the quilt by placing the points of five diamonds, and then filling in the spaces, or by making the diamonds go all one way. When you have stitched all the diamonds together, remove the paper, and line the quilt.

WOMAN'S WORK.

A GOOD many women will indorse the following from the pen of Thomas K. Beecher:

"I declare that the woman who is able to systemize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family, illustrates higher sagacity than is called for by seven-eighths of the tasks done by men. Men take one trade, and work at it; a mother's and housekeeper's work requires a touch from all trades. A man has his work-hours, and his definite tasks; a woman has work at all hours, and incessant confusion of tasks. Let any man do a woman's work for a single day—wash and dress the children, having provided their clothes the night before; see that breakfast is under way to suit a fault-finding husband; the wash-boiler on with water for the wash, and the clothes assorted ready for the washing; the dish-water heating, and the luncheon thought out for the school-goers; a nice dinner in the good man's dinner-pail; the beds made after proper airing; the father's convenience exactly hit for family prayers; the systematic sweeping of the house at least once a week, and of living-rooms once to three times a day, according to the number of men to bring in the mud; the actual washing, and out-hanging of clothes; the drying, sprinkling, and folding, and to-morrow the ironing of the same; the sorting and mending of them, and provision for new ere the old give out; the making of bread three times a week, with cake and pies intercalated judiciously; pickles, preserves, and cellar-stores to be laid in, and not forgotten in their season; children's manners to be attended to; company to be entertained; her own person to be tidied up to please *his* eye; the tired *him* to be welcomed, and waited on by the no less tired *her*, and the home made cheerful; his trowsers to be patched after he goes to bed, 'so he can put them on in the morning;' the children to be helped about their lessons, and reminded not to forget their Sunday-school lesson; the shopping and marketing to be done for the household; house repairs to be attended to, and matters in general kept straight about home. Meanwhile, 'papa must not be hindered about his work,' because his work brings in the money. Yes, man's work brings the money; but man's work does not so tax the head and heart and hand as woman's work does."

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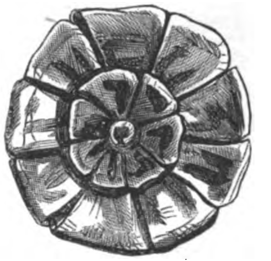
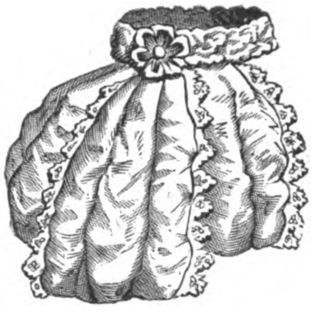
WHY are good women like ivy? Because the greater the ruin the closer they cling.



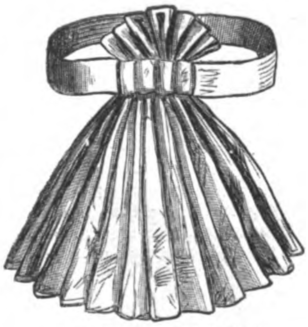
ROSETTE FOR DRESS TRIMMING.

THIS is made of satin or silk, in very large loops set upon a stiff foundation in small box-plaits; there are two rows of loops around a large covered button. If used for festooning the overskirt, the rosettes should be very large, especially if there be only one upon each side, in which case the diameter should be from four to five inches. For waist trimming the rosettes should be proportionately smaller.



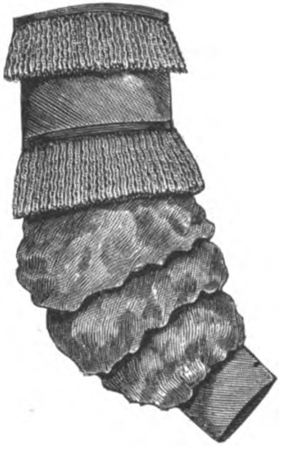
TULLE SASH.

WHITE tulle, or illusion, puffed upon a silk foundation, which may be of any color to suit the taste of the wearer. The belt requires fine puffs, two or three being sufficient. These should be drawn down to avoid giving too bulky an appearance to the waist. The sash is formed by three large loops, spreading out like a *panier;* the side loops are covered each with two puffs of tulle, and the center loop, which is longer and wider than the others, has three puffs; the side edges are finished with a border of white lace or blonde, slightly fulled on; the center loop overlaps part of the others. The rosette should be made of silk.



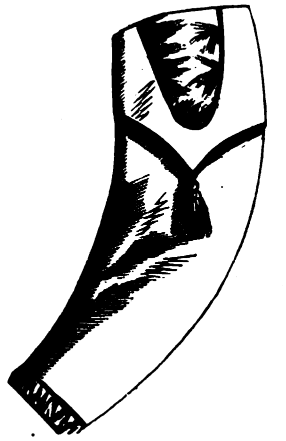
ORNAMENTED BELT.

THIS is to be made of the dress material, for silk or a light quality of poplin; the belt is plain; the ornament is placed in the back; it is simply a large fan, made by taking a large straight piece of goods, beginning with a small box-plait in the center, and gathering up the remainder of the width in small flat plaits upon each side, at the point where the fan is joined to the belt; loops are thrown across the plaits and drawn in between the folds, so that the loops round out and hide the sewing; the fan requires a lining of foundation muslin.



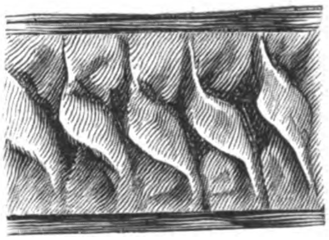
ARINDA SLEEVE.

THIS style is appropriate for silk or poplin, being too dressy for plainer materials. It is a coat shape with three puffs set above a plain cuff, and across the upper half are two rows of fringe with a gimp heading; or, if the top of the fringe is sufficiently good, no heading need be added.



SARA SLEEVE.

MOHAIR or wool delaine; coat shape, pointed cap hollowed out through the center and the space filled in with a puff; a narrow puff at the hand; the trimming is narrow velvet or gimp, and a bullion or silk tassel.



REVERSE PLAITING.

WE here present a section of a style of trimming now very fashionable for suits and dresses, to give an idea of the way in which it is made. It will be seen that the plaits along the upper edge are all turned in one direction; those along the lower edge are laid in the opposite direction; the plaits meet without overlapping; the center rounds up like a puff; a narrow row of trimming, or a fold of the same material, is set over each edge to conceal the sewing. Reverse plaiting is appropriately made in satin, silk, poplin, mohair, and other self-colored materials.

METHOD OF PRESERVING FURS.

LADIES living in cities usually consign their valuable furs to a reliable furrier, during the summer months. For the benefit of those who take care of their own furs, we give some advice gathered from the highest authorities. Do not wear your furs late in the spring. On the first advent of warm weather beat each piece separately, whipping it with small rods in order to cleanse thoroughly; then wrap with paper, and place in a paper box, made as air-tight as possible, and kept in a dry closet. During the whole summer this process should be repeated once in three or four weeks, according to the heat of the season, in order to keep the hair smooth and straight, and to prevent the accumulation of animalculæ. This is the only positive preventive. Camphor and cedar trunks are excellent for preserving furs, but even these are only partial mediums, requiring that the furs be aired during the season.

◆

INCONGRUITY IN DRESS.

NOTHING is more to be avoided than incongruity in dress; one part handsome, another part shabby; an expensive dress trimmed with imitation lace; a skirt with half a yard of embroidery surmounting a doubtful pair of boots; a richly-fringed mantle or costly shawl and an old pair of gloves. Some persons place their confidence in bonnets. Given an unexceptionable bonnet, all else, they believe, will pass unnoticed. Delusion of delusions! the perfection of one part only serves to render the shortcomings of another more apparent.

◆

SPRING BULLETIN OF FASHIONS.

THE Semi-annual Bulletin of Fashions, comprising a magnificent plate for a show-window, containing upward of seventy figures, complete descriptions, much useful information to mothers and dressmakers, and a full list of Spring patterns, cut in paper, will be ready for delivery by the 15th of March.

This Bulletin, in design, accuracy of detail, and perfection of finish, will be superior to any we have yet issued, and will be found invaluable by dressmakers and mothers of families. It will be sent for $2.50, complete, to any address.

The styles include an immense variety of short walking-dresses, carriage-dresses, visiting and evening toilets, besides many of a simpler character for house and home wear.

There are also a great variety of designs for children.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

VERY pretty garments for children, for early spring wear, consist of round, double capes, in check or plaid; the upper one looped in the back with a rosette of silk, and both trimmed with ruchings of silk upon the edge. The lower one is considerably larger than the upper, and forms a round camail, or small circular cloak.

When the dress accompanies the cloak, it forms a complete suit, and should be trimmed to match. It is good for the street, for traveling, for school—or, in fact, for any purpose for which a suit can be worn.

School-dresses for children, even when made of print, are now universally made high in the neck, with long sleeves, and, when gored, have a sash and rosette with ends, to finish them. The latter style, however, is better adapted to materials that do not require constant washing, and, with a little sack, forms a very pretty school suit.

We have many inquiries about the little overdress worn by girls, and the exact style of making. There is nothing costly, nothing extravagant or elaborate about them; but they are extremely pretty, and well repay the little extra trouble by the finish they give to a simple dress.

Over a plain, high, gored dress of gay plaid, or blue or scarlet merino, the little overdress of black silk is cut low and square in the neck, and prettily looped up at the sides with a rosette. The edge may be finished with a ruching of ribbon, or with silk fringe, and the same trimming is placed round the arm-holes instead of sleeves.

Puffed sleeves are very becoming to most girls, with these overdresses, especially when the material is self-colored merino, the puffs being divided by narrow bands of black velvet. In plaid we should advise that the sleeves be made plain, or trimmed like the skirt, with a double row of black velvet.

Lighter materials, as the spring advances, will be trimmed with silk fringes and ruchings mainly, the latter being pretty and becoming, and easily made by pinking out on the edge, or folded double.

Thin white dresses are flounced now instead of tucked, for little girls, and little paniered overdresses, of blue or scarlet silk, worn with them. These latter require very little material, as they are short, and have only a pointed belt attached, with a rosette or wide bow, and ends for ornament. Of course the bodies of these dresses are made low.

White high-necked aprons are gored, or else made full and set in a French yoke. The yokes are stitched in fine tucks. With high-necked dresses, larger girls wear bib aprons, gored at the side, full in front. They are best made of linen for school wear.

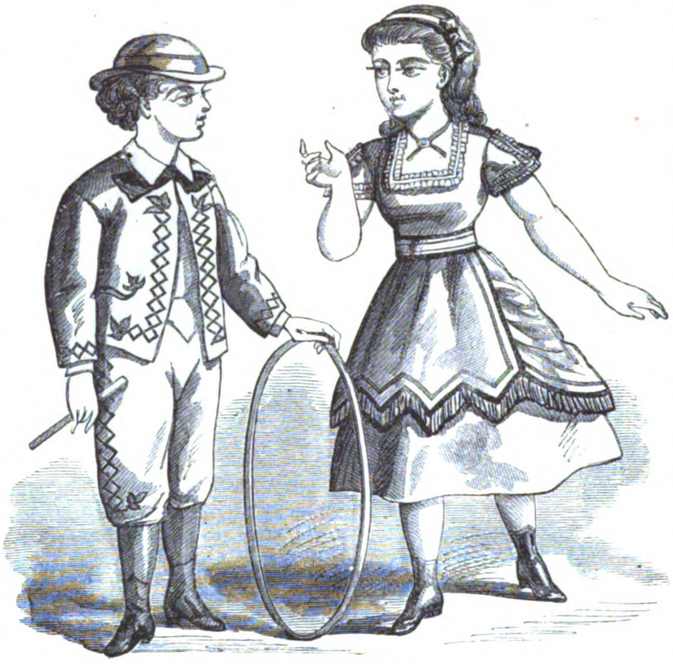
Boots are still high, stockings very long, and drawers short, the ruffling reaching only below the knee. The Stocking Suspender, for which we received so many high encomiums, is an admirable fastening for the long stockings.

There is no change to note in boys' clothes.

The first dresses for infants are now nearly always made high in the neck, and long sleeves.

A fancy-dress party is on the *tapis* for children, at which they will represent the favorites of the nursery, "Goody Two Shoes," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Old Mother Hubbard," etc. It ought to be a very pleasant and original affair.

Fancy-dress parties are quite the rage for children.



ROSEMAY DRESS.

CHILD'S dress of mohair, plain gored underskirt and overdress of the same material and color; the front width of the overskirt forms an apron, cut out at the bottom in points; the remaining gores are puffed. The trimming consists of narrow velvet and bullion fringe; the inner row of velvet should be the color of the dress, and the other black; the fringe also requires to correspond with the dress; the neck is cut square, and the sleeves are double, as follows: a puffed sleeve, and over this a straight shape, divided in the center and resembling wings; the trimming on the body is a box-plaiting of mohair, with narrow velvet, in the light shade, through the middle. This dress is pretty, made in very light brown or "ashes of rose," trimmed as above described.

CHAUNCEY SUIT.

BOY'S costume of stone-colored Melton cloth, trimmed with narrow black silk galoon and black velvet cut out in clusters of three leaves, which are set on with a finish of galoon. The jacket springs open over a white underwaist; the belt of the pants describes a point in front only; the farther end of the pocket terminates with an ornament of velvet, turned down in a contrary direction to the inner corner; the back of the jacket is quite plain. Gray felt hat; dark blue tie. The shape of the jacket is loose and round, and the pants buckle in at the knee.

APRONS.

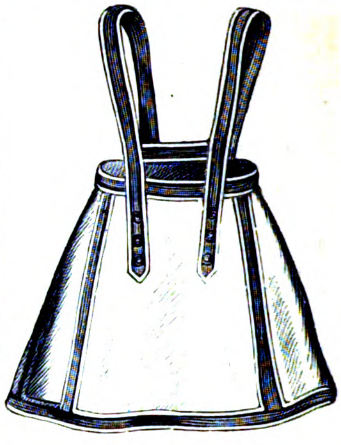
APRONS are becoming quite fashionable again, and the prettiest form a sort of upper dress—the ruffles which trim the rounded front-breadth extending into *bretelles* over the shoulder, and fastening behind in a wide bow and end. The style is pretty for young ladies and children, and is specially adapted for black silk, over morning dresses of bright-colored delaine or cashmere.

OUR PREMIUM SEWING-MACHINES.

WE advise our lady-friends, who are getting up clubs, that it would be unfair to judge of the merits of our premium sewing-machines by the number of subscribers required for each one, or to suppose that those offered at lower figures were cheaper made machines. There is no better two-thread machine than the GROVER & BAKER; and the number of subscribers for which it is offered is in consequence of an existing contract with the Company, which makes it possible for us to offer their machine for a less number than some others.

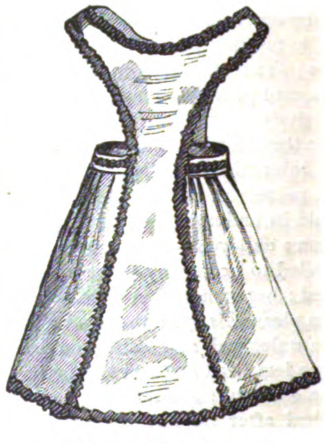
FIRST PREMIUMS.

IN answer to several inquirers we would state, that subscribers, whose names are sent in clubs, at reduced rates, must not expect the first Premiums. By referring to our list it will be seen that only those who send in names at $3.00 each are entitled to such premiums.



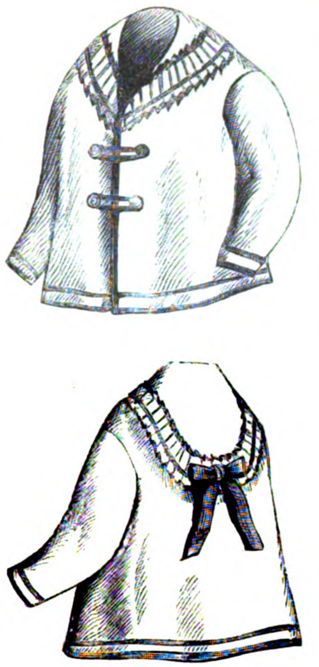
ANNA APRON.

CHILD'S apron composed of fine gores, as follows: — Front gore 18 inches in width at the bottom, and 10 at the top; two gores upon each side, respectively 7½ inches wide at the bottom, and 2½ inches at the top; this is suitable for silk, mohair, or material that requires washing, such as plaid, nainsook, or white linen. Folds of silk trim mohair very nicely, and velvet is appropriate for silk. Bands of cambric are used for washable fabrics; this is represented by the cut. Each seam is covered by a band an inch wide, the belt and lower edge are ornamented to correspond, likewise the shoulder braces, which are in front, extended and fastened upon the skirt with pearl buttons, jet or covered buttons, whichever may be most suitable; there is one strap across the waist; the braces finish at the belt in the back.



MISS'S SCHOOL APRON.

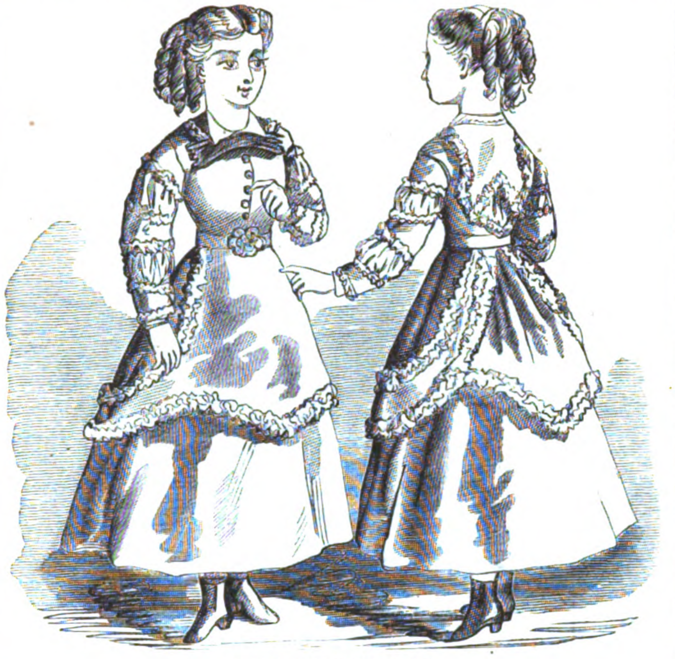
THIS is composed of six pieces, viz.:— The front gore, two side widths, two back gores, and the belt; the waist and skirt are cut in one piece, with a joining seam upon the shoulders; the back, in two parts, corresponds in shape with the front; but it requires to be cut in two gores, so that an additional width may be allowed for the hem through the center intended for buttons and button-holes; the side widths are gathered into the belt, which may be divided, and only left sufficiently long for the space over the hips, or continued under the gores as a stay for the waist. This apron may be made of mohair and trimmed with silk ruching; gimp is also a pretty trimming, or worsted braid; the shape is likewise appropriate for summer aprons of nainsook, linen, or *brilliante*, with trimming of colored cambric or narrow Marseilles braid.



"LA PETITE" SACK.

(Front and back view.)

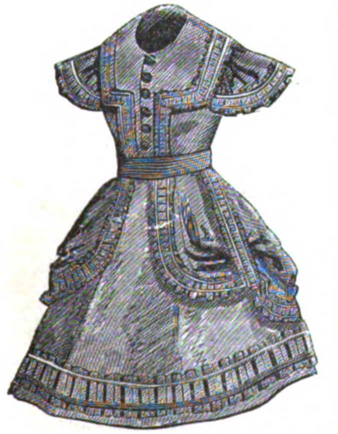
A JAUNTY street garment for little girls from three to five years of age. Make it *en suite* with the dress, or of opera flannel, and trim it with velvet or gimp. A flat collar or hood is fitted plain around the neck; the border of this is made of a bias stripe of the material, bound with velvet, or trimmed with gimp, as the case may be, on each edge; this strip is then fitted in flat plaits around the hood and confined with a row of trimming around the lower part; the upper edge is neatly tacked down. Buttons and straps in front, and a pretty bow in the back. The shape of this sack is good for cloth or plush; and, if desired, a little vest may be fitted in the front for extra warmth.



MISS'S WALKING SUIT.

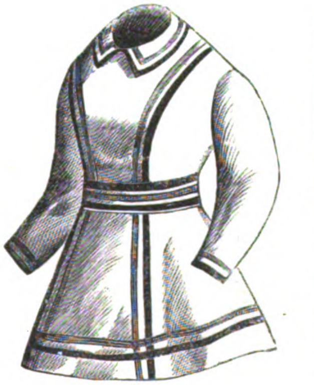
(Front and back view.)

A HOUSE-DRESS converted to a street costume by the addition of a hood and overskirt; the dress has a gored skirt gathered into the belt across the back, the remaining distance is without fullness; the body is close fitting, and fastens with silk buttons; the sleeve has two puffs set between flat bands; the upper edge of the band describes a slight point, which is set upon the outside of the arm; the seams are covered with ruching; the hood is in the shape of a deep collar, with two points across the back; the hollow between the points is filled in with a section of the material, curved across the lower edge, and plaited to the main cape or hood in fine folds. The overskirt describes an apron connected at the bottom to the back of the belt by curved scarfs; a short skirt descends in small plaits across the back only; an opening occurs over the hips between the apron and the inner edge of each scarf. The material for this suit may be mohair, poplin, all-wool, or other spring goods, in plain colors.



ABBIE DRESS.

SPRING poplin, ornamented with box-plaiting of the same, set on with silk piping or narrow gimp. Striped silk, cut on the bias, makes very novel and pretty piping. The body is trimmed square in the back; in front each row turns down to meet the overskirt; the waist closes with buttons in front, and this, with the style of setting on the plaiting, gives the effect of a vest and overdress. The overskirt describes a tunic, festooned at each side with a row of plaiting; the back falls in a curve just above the trimming of the lower skirt; the belt is fastened behind with a rosette. This dress will look quite dressy made of quite inexpensive materials, such as thin poplin, all-wool, plain delaine or mohair. If preferred, the box-plaiting may be made of self-colored silk, set on with narrow velvet, or in plaid, finished with gimp. The sleeve is simply a full, round cap, gathered in.

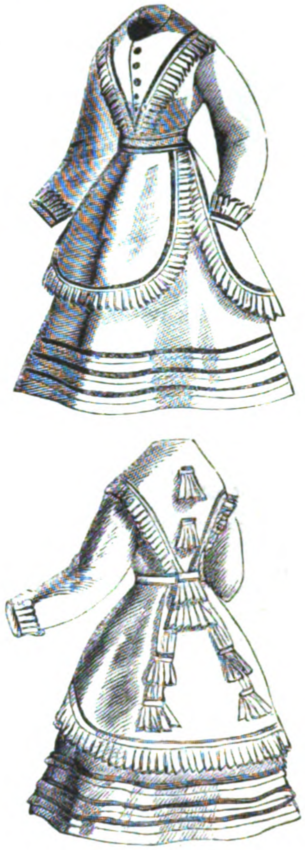


EDDIE DRESS.

A GABRIELLE for a boy from two to three years old. Make it in all-wool, or plaid, and trim it with a double row of velvet, one colored and the other black; the back closes with velvet buttons, and the collar divides in the center the same as in front. Both sides are trimmed alike.

SAVE THE CHILDREN'S LOCKS.

Do not deprive the little ones of so great an ornament as the curls which it is so little trouble to form in childhood. Let them have at least these to distinguish them from the men and women to whose estate they will arrive all too soon. There is a common but a false notion that frequent cutting of the hair is favorable to its health and growth. Mothers thus often despoil their infants of their first silken locks, with the idea that the second hair will be more rich and abundant. This is an error. "The most beautiful and abounding heads of hair I ever saw," says a distinguished physician, "were those which the scissors had never touched." Mothers, not satisfied with trimming the hair of their children, often have it shaved or cut close to the scalp, when they find it losing some of its brilliancy, or falling off. Except in rare cases of disease, the total sacrifice of the hair is unnecessary, and the second growth is never equal to the first. Getting the hair trimmed from time to time may be allowed, but it does not produce the benefit generally attributed to it.



OLIE SUIT.

(Front and back view.)

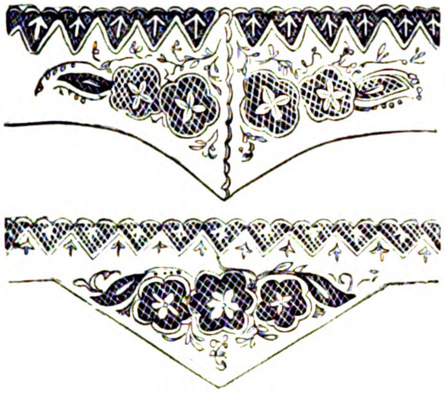
STREET-DRESS for a little girl from eight to ten years of age. It is made of salmon-colored mohair, and trimmed with the same material and light blue velvet. The underskirt is gored, and trimmed with narrow folds of mohair, headed by velvet not quite half an inch wide. The overskirt is in form a round apron and tunic; it is bordered with a plaited ruffle about two inches wide; all the plaits are turned in one direction; the ruffle is headed by a narrow fold of mohair, and above this a row of velvet. There are two plaited sashes in the back, held down upon the skirt by fans of the dress material, plaited and set on in the same way as the ruffle. The belt is ornamented with a double fan; the body is trimmed in the form of *bretelles* with a ruffle; a fold and velvet, and a cuff, is described upon the sleeve; two fans upon the back of the waist. This dress is suitable for house wear also. It is very dressy, made up in white mohair.

THE BOULEVARD SKIRT.

DURING no part of the year do American ladies need good, useful colored skirts more than in the spring. The unfinished roads in the country, the ill-kept crossings in the cities, render locomotion during the variable spring weather almost impossible, unless the out-door dress is made suitable to the purpose.

The "Boulevard Skirt" is exactly adapted to our spring climate and temperature. It is not heavy, but it is impervious to moisture; soft, handsome, lady-like, pleasant to wear, durable, and brushes off like a felt hat. The later styles are beautifully ornamented in a braiding pattern, at no increase in cost, and furnish the most popular skirt in the market, at a very moderate cost.

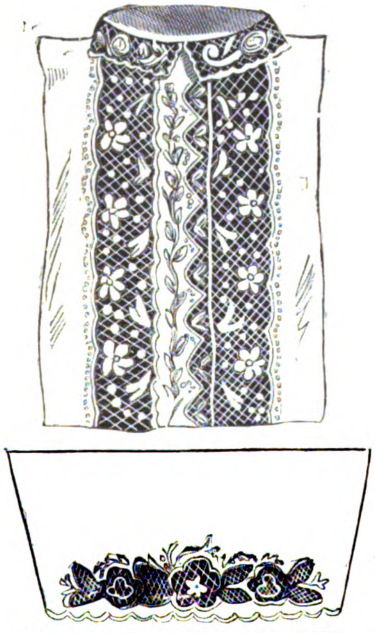
Work Table.



CHEMISE SET.

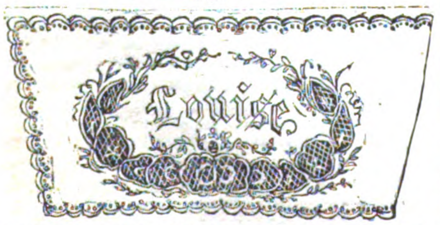
Front of yoke and sleeve of a set, in a new and exceedingly rich style of French embroidery. The edge, descending in points in the material, is wrought of lace, worked over each filament with very fine linen floss; sprays and scollops are then thrown up in raised work; below this are veins with foliage, in delicate satin stitch, surrounding roses designed like the border, with lace and raised work. This kind of needlework may be highly recommended for beauty and durability, the strengthening of the lace threads rendering it very firm. It is known as Cerise Embroidery.

The price of a set, including pantalettes, ranges from $7.00 to $11.00, according to the amount of work.



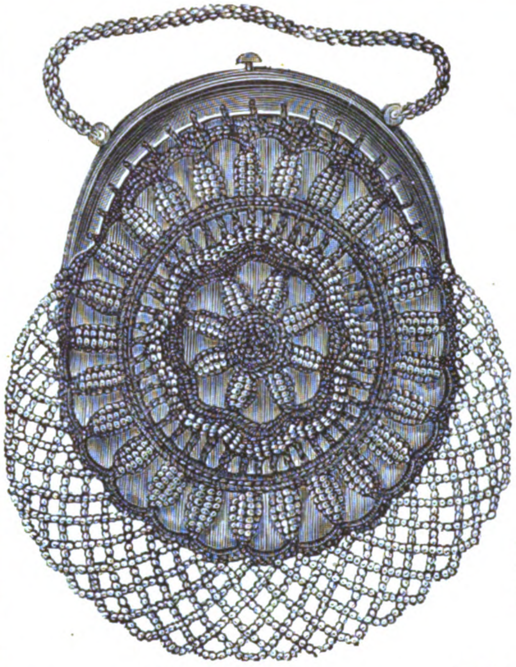
COLLAR, CHEMISETTE, AND CUFF.

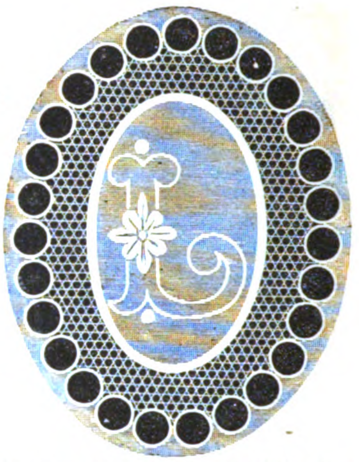
These are done in the same style as the chemise set already described; the dark portion represents lace, and the white surface the linen body, worked with satin stitch. Chemisettes range in price from $4.00 to $7.00. Collar and cuffs from $3.00 to $4.00.



MONOGRAM SET IN "CERISE" EMBROIDERY.

Our illustration represents one cuff of a set in fine white linen; the edge is finished with small scollops and snowdrops; the center design is a wreath of lace flowers around a monogram, worked in satin stitch. This is very pretty with a collar and bosom or chemisette for a night-dress.





MONOGRAM FOR THE CORNER OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

A medallion of fine maline, embroidered in the cambric, with a row of eyelets; the center is a cambric medallion with an initial thrown up in raised work. The cambric is cut out from under the maline.

CROCHET PURSE.

Materials.—Two skeins of blue silk cordon, two bunches of steel beads, and a semi-circular snap.

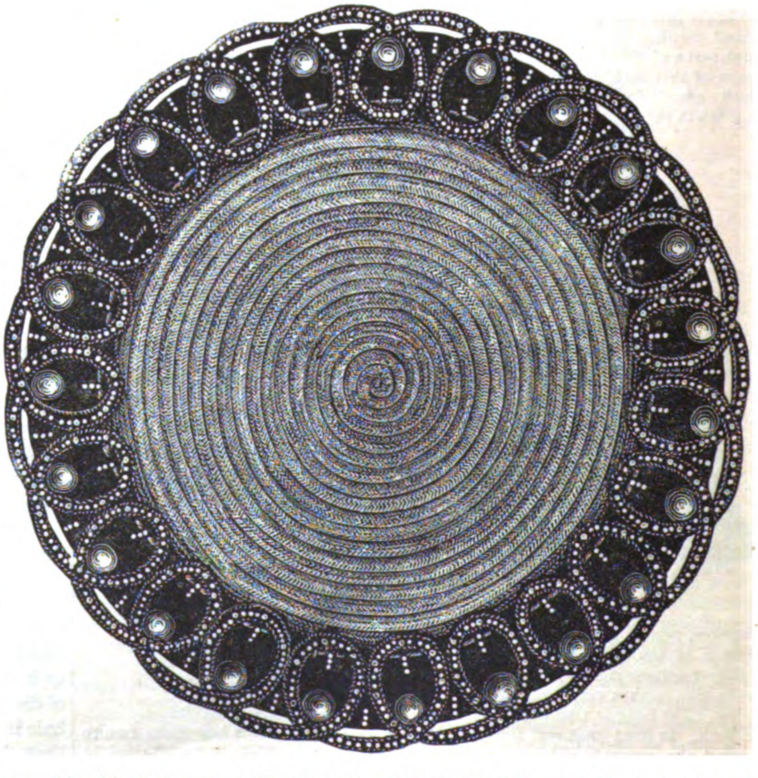
Thread one bunch of the beads on a skein of silk cordon; make a chain of seven stitches, and work in these three rows of double, making sufficient increase for the third row to contain twenty-one double.

4th row: Join twelve steel beads in a loop by one chain stitch, and join the latter with one double to the next stitch of the third row. Repeat twenty-one times. With three chains—for passing over to the next row—inclose three loops together in the middle with one single, then work nine chain. Repeat seven times.

Now work a row of double with the requisite increase in the middle of each of the seven chain scollops, upon which, in the next row, join four steel beads by one chain. The next doubles of the preceding row are always joined on.

8th row: Join the trebles separated by two chain between the loops of the preceding row. Upon a row of double, with the proper increase, follows one like the fourth, in which twelve steel beads are drawn together in one loop; and the next row three similar loops are joined together by one double, as in the fifth row. The scollops between the bead loops contain seven chain.

The so far finished part is joined by one row of double, and a few loose stitches in white silk are placed to mark the pattern. Fasten a snap on to the open part of the purse with a little chain stitch. Ornament the lower part with a fringe of steel beads.



LAMP MAT.

Materials.—Pasteboard, black velvet one inch broad, scarlet cord or braid, pearl beads, chalk white beads, steel beads, and sewing-silk.

The illustration is considerably reduced in size; it represents a mat ten inches in diameter. Cut a thin pasteboard the required size. It must not be too stiff for a needle to pass through. Fasten round the outer edge a black velvet ribbon about an inch broad, and turn it over upon the inside in little folds, as flat as possible, as represented in the design. The foundation consists of thick cord wound round and round, commencing at the middle and fastened together on the wrong side with stitches of red silk. When about half the foundation is finished, place it upon the covered pasteboard, putting the middle to the middle as smoothly and evenly as possible, joining it underneath and to the pasteboard with almost invisible stitches as far as the velvet edge. When all the cord is wound round, place a looping of cord, as shown in the design, and fasten it at the places where the cord crosses, and at the upper middle. Ornament it with a trimming of beads, according to design.

WINDOW GARDENING FOR MARCH.

> "There's not a flower
> But shows some touch of freckle, streak, or stain
> Of *His* unrivalled pencil. *He* inspires
> Their balmy odors and imparts their hues,
> And fills their cups with nectar."

We greet the harbinger of spring with unalloyed delight; to be sure, March is not the most charming of months, and *ankle-deep* covers street and lane, and fierce, rude winds assail the passer-by with boisterous touches; but yet "stern winter's" reign is past; the sun has mounted higher in the sky, and daily invigorates with his genial rays our *window pets*, which we have cherished with such tender care during the dark, dreary days that are passed. Lovingly the sunshine nestles on each bud and leaf and spray. The ivies count their daily growth by inches; their fresh, bright draperies hang over pictures and casement, or twine their pretty greeneries round vases and mirrors. Tom Thumb Tropœolums send out their brilliant blossoms, mingled with their dark, glossy foliage; they are bright as the Baltimore Oriole; but, alas! their brilliancy of hue is their only charm. They possess no fragrance, and are like the good intentions of some men—who do not accomplish the good works they have foreshadowed. Yet we glory in their brightness. The Tradescantia covers our hanging basket with its richly veined foliage and its tiny bright flowers, and entwines lovingly with the perfect green of the Moneywort and its canary-colored flowers. When the last days of March come, we can open our windows and let its soft winds blow over them, and if a warm shower comes we can invigorate our darlings by allowing them to partake of its soft drops. Sprinkling window-plants with a small hand broom, dipped in a bowl of luke-warm water, is the best substitute for a spring shower. Plants kept in rooms become clogged with dust, and, as a plant breathes through its leaves, it naturally becomes sickly and delicate if the pores of its lungs are closed. Hence, the reason that plants flourish better in greenhouses, where they can receive a daily sprinkling. A soft sponge drawn over each leaf cleanses them effectually—but it is some work to do it; yet many a lady will spend a longer time in washing her pet poodle. In this month we can force our flowers as much as possible. The following liquid has been used, to great advantage, for this purpose:—Four ounces sulphate or nitrate of ammonia, two ounces nitrate of potash, one ounce of white sugar, one pint of hot water; dissolve, and keep it in a well-corked bottle. For clustering plants put one tablespoonful of this liquid to a gallon of warm water—rain water being preferable—and water with it once a week. This preparation acts very quickly upon the growth of the plant, stimulates the flower-buds, and makes the leaves of a most vivid green. Care must be taken not to put more than one table-spoon to a gallon of water. This mixture is invaluable for hastening the blooming of bulbous-rooted plants. Five or six drops can be added to each hyacinth glass.

Camellias are not entirely passed their beauty. To no other flower is the florist more indebted; it adorns the bride's fair tresses, and graces the festive board, and is equally in request for the decoration of the funeral casket, and reposes on the stilled breast of those "who are not lost, but gone before." Everywhere its fair, waxen petals are seen. Yet few of us know to whom we are indebted for its introduction into this country. Father Kamel, a Jesuit missionary, first saw these exquisite flowers in Japan, and sent them to Europe. But it was not till many years afterward that Camellias became generally known, and the first that were brought to England, in 1789, died from being treated as stove plants; but the idea of them was given, and it only needed time and perseverance to make them what they now are—the ornament of every greenhouse in all lands. Our Southern brethren can grow them in perfection, out of doors, in their sunny land; but we must protect them carefully here, yet not stifle them with heat, so that the buds drop. It was not till 1792 that the Camellia was generally cultivated, and then only the single red variety was known, and in 1818 the single white was first introduced; the double white and the variegated red were all known before that time, and were followed by the Waratah, or Anemone flowered, and the fringed white, the pale blush, and the striped. Mr. Fortune has imported many kinds—among them, one of a deep, golden yellow in the center, and the outer petals of a paler yellow. The varieties of Camellias now are "legion." They are of easy culture, requiring a light, peaty soil, and an abundance of water, also as much air as can be conveniently given, and not too much sun. We are all anxious that our Calla Lilies should blossom before Easter, for we desire their pure, white flowers to adorn our churches. This plant often refuses to flower, from the young tubers, which grow like potatoes, filling up the pot. If these are carefully removed, taking great care not to injure the long fibrous roots of the main plant, and the pot is filled up with good potting soil, and freely watered, keeping a saucerful of water under it all the time, and applying once a week a watering with the liquid the preparing of which we have given above—the plant will grow rapidly, and before Easter the pure, white-sheathed bud will appear. In fact, this handsome plant is no more difficult to grow and flower than a potato. If our Southern readers have a pond of water which they desire to ornament with lilies, no other bulb can give such satisfaction as the Calla Lily. In water that never freezes it will thrive and flower luxuriantly. Oleanders should be coming into bloom, and their lovely rose-colored and white flowers, with their deliciously spiced fragrance, are the greatest addition to our *jardinières*. It is, indeed, a gem amongst plants. It is a native of the East, and the banks of the Jordan are clothed with this beautiful flower; it blossoms at the "rising" of that river. From the end of September until March it should receive no more water than will prevent the soil from being crumbly, but during the rest of the year it should be kept as wet as the Calla Lily, a saucer filled with water being kept under the pot all the time. Cuttings of Oleanders are most easily struck by immersing the ends in small bottles of rain-water, and keeping them in the window of a warm room. In a short time tiny white rootlets will show themselves, and when these are half an inch long, remove the cutting to a small pot filled with a light sandy soil. Keep moist and in the shade for a few days. Many plants can be rooted in water, but it can not sustain their growth; so, in all cases, the plants should be removed to soil when the rootlets are from half to a whole inch in length. Our Cacti must now be brought forward to the light and thoroughly watered, but give sparingly at first through the saucers. Natives of tropical climates, and barren rocks and sand, their pores are open and shut as nature requires them; remaining constantly open during the rainy season, and closely shut during the dry season, they are of a succulent habit, and a store of nourishment is laid up in the plant. Now we see why these plants require little or no water during the winter months. With good care, the bare, snake-like looking stems will be studded with buds, and in May will delight the eye with their gorgeous coloring. No window gardener should be without Cacti. Some of the species that are of a pendant habit, such as Cereus Flagelliformis and Cereus Mallisoni, may be suspended from the top of the window by a wire or cord, and they will present a charming appearance. Others of the smaller growing kinds, as Mamillarie, Stellata, Echino-cactus, Stapelia Bufonis, may be placed on a shelf, fitted across the middle of the window; thus a small collection of this interesting tribe will not take up one inch of the space generally dedicated to other plants. The Begonias are lovely flowers for window gardening, and continue in blossom for a great while. Indeed, space would fail us to enumerate all the species of plants which will thrive and bloom under the amateur florist's care, if a little attention is given to them. Gray, the poet, has well observed that the enjoyment of life depends on our "*having always something going forward.*" It is, indeed, this very feeling which constitutes the chief part of the delight of the amateur gardener, the beauty and scent of the flower produced forming the crowning gratification. There is a pride in sending to a sick friend a bouquet of one's own raising; of depositing in the hands of childhood, youth, or age, as they lie robed for the everlasting rest, the cherished flowers we have so loved; or, of adorning a bride's coiffure with the orange blossoms one's own hands have nourished.

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TO PURIFY A ROOM.

SET a pitcher of water in a room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the perspired gases in the room, the air of which will have become pure, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is, the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature, a pail of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence water kept in the room awhile is always unfit for use. For the same reason, the water from a pipe should always be pumped out in the morning before any is used. Impure water is more injurious than impure air.

American and Paris Fashions.

It has always been our pride and boast, that this journal should present no mere re-hash of stale German or French fashions. While expending largely in obtaining the freshest information, the latest styles from the principal capitols abroad—ignoring nothing that American taste would be likely to admire, and American judgment approve, we have still endeavored to combine the originality and fertility of design, which, as a people, we are conceded to possess, with the artistic culture which crowns French skill and experience.

Our fashions and fashion plates, are, therefore, unlike, and confessedly superior, to any of our contemporaries; they are the work of the brain as well as the hand; they are arranged and adapted to suit American needs, and render a mere style subordinate to beauty, health, comfort, and conscience.

As a journal of fashion, however, it is necessary that we should keep our readers *au courant* of the extravagancies and luxuries of the toilet, as well as of its regard for real use and beauty. But it is not requisite that all our readers should follow such dictates. With these we give abundant suggestions for neat, sensible, and economical styles in dress.

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IN AND OUT OF FASHION.

Paradoxical as it may seem, a woman, to be the perfection of fashion, must be a little out of it. To be dressed in every minute particular according to the prevailing mode, only places her on a level with other fashionably-dressed women; but let her use her own judgment, let her make some slight innovation, adopt some original idea that marvelously becomes her, but which is not to be found in any number of *La Follet*, and she becomes a fashion herself; her idea is copied, not always with success, for imitations are seldom successful.

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WOMEN AND POLITICS.

The Empress of the French is impressing her stamp not only on the fashions, but upon the politics of France. She assists, so says *The Glowworm*, apparently the best-informed newspaper here upon French topics, at every Council of Ministers, and her advice, even in opposition to the Emperor's, is frequently acted upon. For American women, however, it is a curious reflection that while they are denied the suffrage here, one of the sex is paramount at the Tuileries.

LIFE.

The following remarkable compilation is a contribution to the San Francisco *Times* from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the leading poets of the past and present time.

Why all this toil for triumphs
of an hour? *Young.*
Life's a short summer, man
a flower. *Dr. Johnson.*
By turns we catch the vital
breath and die— *Pope.*
The cradle and the tomb,
alas, so nigh! *Prior.*
To be, is better far than not
to be, *Sewel.*
Though all man's life may
seem a tragedy; *Spenser.*
But light cares speak when
mighty griefs are dumb, *Daniell.*
The bottom is but shallow
whence they come. *Raleigh.*
Your fate is but the common
fate of all; *Longfellow.*
Unmingled joys here to no
man befall. *Southwell.*
Nature to each allots his
proper sphere; *Congreve.*
Fortune makes folly her peculiar
care; *Churchill.*
Custom does often reason
overrule, *Rochester.*
And throw a cruel sunshine
on a fool. *Armstrong.*
Live well; how long or short,
permit to heaven; *Milton.*
They who forgive most shall
be most forgiven. *Bailey.*
Sin may be clasped so close,
we can not see its face, *Trench.*
Vile intercourse where virtue
has no place. *Somerville.*
Then keep each passion
down, however dear; *Thompson.*
Thou pendulum betwixt a
smile and tear. *Byron.*
Her sensual snares let faithless
Pleasure lay, *Smollet.*
With craft and skill, to ruin
and betray; *Crabbe.*
Soar not too high to fall, but
stoop to rise. *Massinger.*
We masters grow of all that
we despise. *Cowley.*
Then, I renounce that impious
self-esteem; *Beattie.*
Riches have wings, and
grandeur is a dream. *Cowper.*
Think not ambition wise
because 'tis brave, *Davenant.*
The paths of glory lead but
to the grave. *Gray.*
What is ambition?—'tis a
glorious cheat!— *Willis.*
Only destructive to the brave
and great. *Addison.*
What's all the gaudy glitter
of a crown? *Dryden.*
The way to bliss lies not on
beds of down. *Quarles.*
How long we live, not years,
but actions tell; *Watkins.*
That man lives twice who
lives the first life well. *Herrick.*
Make then, while yet we may,
your God your friend, *Mason*
Whom Christians worship,
yet not comprehend. *Hill.*
The trust that's given guard,
and to yourself be just; *Dana.*
For, live we how we can,
yet die we must. *Shakspeare.*

The Household

One of the highest and most important duties of the housekeeper is to preserve the health of her household, and to do this she must carefully study the methods by which food can be made palatable, without being too rich for the stomach.

In the first place, use as little salted meat as possible. Avoid frying; broil your steaks and chops invariably.

Cook vegetables so that they will retain their natural flavor; do not drown them in melted butter, which is the most indigestible and unhealthy of all ingredients.

Avoid the common error of using so many eggs as to make pastry, puddings, etc., tough instead of light. When you see six, eight, or ten eggs put down in a receipt for an ordinary sized pudding or cake, (unless it is a rich plum cake or pudding,) make up your mind the receipt is a bad one, and should not be followed.

Lemon Cream Pie.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of white sugar, the yolks of two eggs, three table-spoonfuls of sifted flour, milk to fill the plate. This makes a large pie, and should be made with an under crust, but not any top crust. Bake until nearly done, then take from the oven, and pour over it a frosting made of the beaten whites of the two eggs, and two table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, then set back in the oven and brown slightly. One of the best pies ever eaten.

English Puffs.—Roll out puff paste in about half an inch thick, and cut it in square pieces, according to the size you intend your puffs to be; roll it out rather thin, put some raspberry jam in the center; fold up the sides so as to form a three-cornered puff; turn it over, notch the edges with a knife, and ice them by, first washing them over with the white of an egg that has been whisked to a froth; then dust them well with finely-powdered loaf-sugar, and with a brush sprinkle them with clean water, just sufficient to moisten the sugar. If you sprinkle them too much, they will appear as if they were not iced at all, as it washes the sugar off again.

Apple Mince Meat.—One pound of currants, one pound of peeled and chopped apples, one pound of suet chopped fine, one pound of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of raisins stoned and cut in two, the juice of four oranges and two lemons, with the chopped peel of one; add of ground mace and allspice each a spoonful, and a cup of maple or "golden" syrup, poured over boiling hot. Cover close, and keep in a cool place.

To Wash Hair-Brushes.—Fill a pan with hot water, with a piece of soda dissolved in it—say a quarter of an ounce to half a gallon of water. Comb the loose hair out of the brushes; take one brush at a time by the handle, and dip it in the water without wetting the back of the brush. It must be dipped in several times. Then rinse in cold water, and put near the fire or in the open air till dry.

Carrot Pudding.—To one pound of grated carrots add a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of suet, and two ounces of currants; mix and boil like plum pudding. With a little sauce, this makes a cheap and palatable pudding.

To Clean White Kid Shoes and Gloves.—Dip a piece of flannel into cold milk. Squeeze it a little. Then rub it on some yellow soap, and rub the kid quickly with the flannel, and the dirt will be removed very readily. Squeeze the flannel again in the milk without any soap, and rub the kid again. Wipe dry with a clean linen cloth. The things will be ready to wear in an hour.

Barley Cream.—Boil 2 lb. lean veal, and ¼ lb. pearl barley in a quart of water very slowly, until it becomes the consistency of cream. Pass it through a fine sieve, and salt it to taste. Flavor it with celery seed, if the taste be liked, or use fresh celery, if in season. A very small quantity of the seed would suffice. It should simmer very slowly, as otherwise the barley does not properly amalgamate with the soup. This is very nourishing for invalids.

Oat-Meal Porridge.—The most approved method of making porridge is to strew oat-meal with one hand into a vessel of boiling water (to which salt has been previously added), so gradually that it does not become lumpy, stirring the mixture at the same time with the other hand. After the requisite quantity has been stirred in—namely, about two large handfuls of coarse oatmeal to a quart of boiling water, the whole should be allowed to stand by the side of the fire, so as simmer gently for twenty or thirty minutes. During this time it thickens considerably. As thus prepared, it is usually eaten with the addition of milk. It is an excellent article of diet, and especially adapted for children, being nutritious, wholesome, palatable, and very economical. Oatmeal should only be purchased at places where there is a quick sale for it, as, being kiln-dried, it rapidly absorbs moisture from the air, and soon becomes bitter and unpalatable.

Jenny Lind's Soup.—This is really the soup which was constantly prepared for Jenny Lind by her own cook. It is not an expensive article, being composed of sago, eggs, and cream, upon a basis of veal or beef stock. We give the receipt in full: Wash a quarter of a pound of the best pearl sago until the water poured from it is clear; then stew it quite tender in water or thick broth (it will require nearly or quite a quart of liquid, which should be poured on it cold, and heated very slowly); then mix gradually with it a pint of good boiling cream, and the yolks of four fresh eggs, and mingle the whole carefully with two quarts of strong veal or beef stock, which should always be kept ready boiling. Mlle. Lind was in the habit of taking this soup before she sang, as she found the sago and eggs soothing to the chest, and beneficial to the voice.

Muffins.—Three pints of flour to one of milk; one pint of water, and one yeast cake. Bake in rings.

Excellent Cocoanut Cake.—One pound of white sugar, half a pound of butter, three-fourths of a pound of flour, six eggs, a grated cocoanut with the milk, and one grated nutmeg.

To Bake Hams.—The usual mode of preparing hams for the table is by boiling; they are far richer if baked as follows:

Soak the ham in clean water for an hour, then wipe it dry, and spread it all over with thin batter, lay it in a deep dish, with sticks under it to keep it from the grease. When fully done, remove the skin and the batter which has crusted on the flesh side, and set it away to cool in the open air.

To Take out Tea Stains.—A cup of tea upset over a dress would completely spoil it, if allowed to dry on. When an accident happens, immediately get some clean towels, and rub the dress till perfectly dry, and in most cases there will be no stain left. If the tea is very strong, sponge with a little cold water first.

Washing Calico.—To wash calico without fading, infuse three gills salt in water—4 quarts. Put the calico in while hot, and leave till cold, and in this way the colors are rendered permanent and will not fade by subsequent washing.

Sweet Pickled Pears.—One pint of best wine vinegar, one pound of white sugar, one nutmeg grated; one tablespoonful of cinnamon; heat together slowly, and boil a few minutes. Take three pounds of ripe sound pears with smooth skins. Cook them in water till you can put a fork through them easily; then take them out on a skimmer, so that all the water shall drip from them; put them in a wide-mouthed jar, having first stuck half-a-dozen cloves in each pear. Pour the hot vinegar over them; when cold, cover and let them stand two or three days; then pour off the liquid carefully; heat it to boiling, and again pour over the pears; other fruit may be done in the same manner; soft fruit will not need to be boiled in water.

Preserving Pineapples.—Select apples that are ripe, but not mellow. Pare them, and with a pen-knife cut out all the little black points which paring does not remove, except by wasting the fruit; grate the apples on a coarse grater, add a pound of white sugar to each pound of the grated fruit. Put it in an earthen dish, and let it stand over night; by morning the juice of the pineapples will have dissolved the sugar, then put it in a preserving kettle, let it heat slowly, stirring often, till it boils. Cook twenty minutes. Put in jars, and seal as usual. Pineapples preserved in this manner retain their flavor perfectly, and I have kept them three years as nice as possible.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Cut slices of bread across the loaf, very thin; spread them thick with butter; cut the slices in two or four parts; butter a dish and lay them in, with a spoonful of dried currants between each slice. Lay them so that the top will be even, and not quite as high as the dish. Pour over them a quart of custard, made with boiled milk and four eggs, and flavored with peach and nutmeg. It will bake in less than an hour if the milk is boiled, and is best not baked very long; or, the custard may be made with the yolks of the eggs, and the whites beat up with white sugar to a froth; spread over the top, and lightly brown.

A Roast Pig.—About three or four weeks is the right age to roast whole; cut off the toes, leaving the skin long to rap around the ends of the legs, and put in cold water. Make a stuffing, with about six powdered crackers, one table-spoonful of sage, two of summer savory, one chopped onion, half a pint of cream, two eggs, with pepper and salt. Mix these together, and stew about fifteen minutes. Take the pig from the water, fill it with the stuffing, and sew it up. Boil the liver and heart with five pepper-corns, chop fine for the gravy. Put the pig to roast with a pint of water, and a table-spoonful of salt. When it begins to roast, flour it well, and baste with the drippings. Bake three hours.

Best Pork and Beans.—Pick over a quart of small white beans, put them to soak over night. Set them to boil next morning, throwing off the water, just before they reach boiling point. Cover with cold water again, put in a square pound of nice sweet salt pork, and let them both boil together till the beans are tender. When the beans are done, the water should have all become absorbed; they are then put in one pan to brown, and the pork in another, scoring the latter first, through the skin. Before serving, set the pork in the center of the beans. Serve with pickles and horse-radish.

THE LADIES' CLUB

The subject of tight lacing excites a good deal of interest in our Club. Here is what a correspondent has to say upon it:

"Editor Demorest—I notice in your monthly 'Telegraph' a letter from 'An advocate of tight lacing.'

"Will the writer enlighten me by stating which of the ancient races admired tight lacing, small waists, the use of corsets, etc.? If the Bible is authentic on the subject, antiquarians used the skins of animals, bark of trees, etc., for clothing. Please state 'modus operandi' of compressing the system so as to develop that which rendered the female form so lovely with said costume.

"As Britain is data for all that we know of tight lacing, etc., will you give me, for information, a few of the changes or fashions that prevailed from the post-diluvian world, to the invasion of Britain, by Julius Cæsar?

"England, enlightened *now*, was barbarous England *then*. Does not Adam's costume reappear in Deucalion? If so, please state the innovation, by whom and at what time it was made.

"If tight lacing was necessary to develop beauty of form, or impart health and strength to the system, it must have been connected with the dress or toilet of Mother 'Eve,' made by the great Creator. If this be correct, be so kind as to give the date of the article (corset) mentioned.

"Two very important principles are involved in the subject under consideration, viz.: Virtue and vice. The former has always been a mantle of beauty; the latter a mere corset, or covering of deformity.

"Respectfully,

"Inquirer."

The following letter upon the same subject is from the pastor of a church in a town in New York State:

"Editor Demorest—In glancing over the pages of your attractive and widely known magazine (Dec. number) my eye rested upon an article in behalf of tight lacing. It affected me, I must confess, as it would to have seen one in favor of stealing, profanity or intemperance. But you assure us that the writer is sincere, and I am informed there is now a school to secure slim and tapering waists. It is a good sign, I have noticed, to have an evil squarely advocated. It shows that right is taking effect, and the wrong grows desperate.

"You allow discussions, and promise to print communications on this subject, if they are 'brief, and to the point.' It is my duty to conform to those conditions.

"At this time I will make but one main issue. It is this: The natural waist is alone beautiful. Such only are represented by sculptors and painters when embodying the beautiful. Such only we see in all ornaments, like the figures upon the outside of your magazine, and in all ideals of angels and goddesses.

"I venture to say, the best cultivated men and women do *not* admire, as to looks, a constricted waist. What admiration it does have will be pointed out at another time.

"All analogy condemns tight lacing as something necessarily against beauty of form. All that art can do is to adorn the natural. True art is *reverent*. True art does *nothing violent*.

"Did not our God know how to fashion the female figure, and give the waist its true size? Has not the body certain proportions in women with beauty? To change it at all, to alter it with painful pressure must be *barbarism*, not art; *savagery*, not cultivation.

"True cultivation is also reverent. It avoids the violent, the outrageous. By hygiene, right food, rest, exercise, etc., the natural figure may be *developed*, and so its beauty increased; not otherwise.

"Would a straining corset improve a *man's* shape? Have jockeys ever tried a 'twist' upon the body of a horse to make it more saleable? What menagery has lions with unnatural waists, or conservatory has corded plants?

"Some may have waists larger than a classic mould would require, and some *smaller*. So of feet or shoulders. The skillful, the truly faithful mantua-maker, will do what she can to remedy defects *without immolating the physical, or corrupting the moral nature*. Any *other* course is really *treachery to the beautiful*.

"In subsequent articles I will discuss other points suggested by the 'advocate's' article.

"An Opposer of Tight Lacing."

TIGHT LACING.

BY MRS. E. P. MILLER, M. D.

Editor Demorest—I can not longer remain silent, knowing that such an article on "tight lacing," as appeared in your December number, has gone forth to your thousands of readers.

I respect the out-spoken frankness of your "Advocate for tight-lacing," but it is a respect mingled with horror, similar to that felt for the mother who, in perfect faith, throws her babe into the Ganges. To my mind, a similar blindness to truth, a similar want of enlightenment lies at the base of the two operations, tight lacing and babe-destroying. Ah! the combination of these latter clauses is more forcible, has a deeper significance than I meant when I penned them, as I shall attempt farther on to show:

The lady stands most strongly for tight-lacing in an æsthetic point of view, and brings forward the antiquity of "admiration" for small waists; let us meet her on her own ground. God is the impersonation of love, of holiness, of virtue, of truth, of *beauty*—of every attribute, in short, that tends to goodness, to greatness, and to attractiveness. Can we doubt that he knows better than we do what is beautiful? Can we suppose that his taste would be at fault in the creations of his hand and especially in the human race? his highest work, fashioned in his own image? and yet our mother Eve, his crowning effort, displayed no tapering waist.

God's taste in the formation of fruits and flowers, of birds and beasts, is never questioned; but when it comes to woman, "his last best gift to man," she must needs be reformed, or deformed rather, to suit a taste that surely can not boast the "ancient" date at which the female form, as God made it, was stamped most beautiful. Had true taste demanded a slender waist, sure I am that our good Father would have bestowed it upon us at the creation, thus obviating the necessity of tight lacing.

We read of the exceeding beauty of Sarai, of Rebekah, and of Rachel, and are we to suppose that they were encased in corsets, or fashioned with a pinched waist? No, their forms were full and free and natural, and this was one secret of their beauty, aye, and of their fame; for, had they been otherwise, they would never have been deemed worthy by the Lord to be mothers of "the promised seed of Israel."

The Madonna, too, can we conceive of her as bearing a form cast in the present fashion's mould? And again, our highest types of female beauty, as portrayed in statues of the Greek slave and the Venus de Medici, are never presented with slender waists. Why, a wasp-waisted woman in statuary would be simply ridiculous! But why should taste and design in marble be kept purer than in flesh and blood? Why should the cold and silent stone be made after God's pattern, and the warm and breathing temple of the immortal soul be denied its birthright of beauty and of strength? The notion that anything natural in the human form is beautiful, lessens the power of mind as well as body, and lowers woman in the scale of moral as well as physical beauty. This idea that a "fine figure" must be small-waisted is thoroughly artificial—the taste that requires it thoroughly false; it ranks in the same category with that which induces the Chinese to compress the feet, and certain tribes of Indians to flatten their heads.

I, too, am a lover of beauty both in "Nature and Art," but I have yet to learn that deforming nature enhances her beauty; and to my eyes, a slender waist is a deformity far more to be deprecated than a protruding spine or a club-foot, inasmuch as these latter would reflect neither folly nor guilt upon the deformed.

Those "many ladies who are beautiful in face and form except the waist," owe their beauty to the very fact that their waists are, in fashion's eye, not beautiful, for they have a chance for higher health than fashion admits of, and health is the secret of all true beauty.

"Advocate" asks for "experiences," as to whether a small waist "was obtained with ease or not." The testimony upon this point, of those who are thus deformed, is, in most cases, good for nothing—for the operation commenced so early, by means of the very swaddling-clothes, in fact, that they have no data from which to reckon. They can not be expected to recall the many struggles made by the poor little stomach for room to do its work properly; nor the many colic pains, endured with screams, and quieted by paregoric and soothing syrup, while the process of beautifying the figure was in its first stages. They do not remember those little first teeth, so black and decayed from imperfect digestion, and the medicines administered to counteract its results; nor the peevish, fretful days, and months, and years, during which the little body was being brought into subjection to fashion's chains. By the time they were old enough to remember, tight clothes had become so much a part of themselves that to draw the lacings a little tighter produced, doubtless, little, if any, inconvenience. Many ladies honestly believe that they were born with small waists! This is false; children are always born with the lower ribs bulging out rather than compressed. And has this practice "affected the health?"

The law requires no one to criminate himself, and though tight lacers may be ailing at every point and pore, they are so perverted mentally, as well as physically, that they are "quite sure that tight lacing has nothing whatever to do with it." If you would arrive at truth, take the testimony of common-sense—take the testimony as we see it daily in the sterner sex! What would they be, what could they accomplish, with pinched, unnatural waists? Imagine Beecher in corsets, laced down to the feminine modicum! rest assured his brain would soon fall to the same level; or, fancy Grant with a slender tapering waist! His power would be at an end. "Oh, ladies do not desire to be Beechers or Grants." Well, it is their bounden duty to desire to be worthy sisters, daughters, wives and mothers of Beechers and of Grants, and this they can never be so long as they cling to their corsets, and throw the lie in their Maker's face.

In this age of scientific investigation, when light is being thrown on so much that has been hidden, when so many truths, hitherto ignored, are literally thrust upon our notice; in this era, too, which is so essentially woman's, I had thought that no woman could remain ignorant of the scientific fact, that tight lacing is cursed of God, not only to her who practices it, but to all with whom she is connected. Upon this point I can not do better than quote from my Letter to Young Girls, in the October *Herald of Health*:

"This compression about the lower ribs does you untold harm; it impedes the circulation of blood through the entire body; it bends the ribs to a very unnatural shape; it presses them in upon the liver, causing it to become inactive; upon the stomach, producing dyspepsia, and its long train of nervous derangements; it pushes these organs out of their natural place, and causes them to interfere with the action of the lungs and heart, which, you know, are vital organs; it prevents the action of the diaphragm, which is the chief muscle of respiration; it induces consumption, heart-disease, liver-complaint, etc.; it prevents the bowels from keeping their proper place, making them weak and inactive, and presses them down upon the organs which lie below, causing all sorts of difficulties from which women are liable to suffer."

This habit, combined with others, so enfeebles the system that it cries out against child-bearing, and all sorts of crimes are resorted to in consequence. My profession and practice give me sure proof of this, so I am not theorizing, but speaking of what I know.

In corroboration I quote from the London *Lancet* of August, 1868:

After somewhat of a lengthy dissertation it says: "Tight lacing almost annihilates the respiratory movements of the diaphragm; for the pinch comes just on that portion of the ribs to which this great muscle of inspiration is attached, and squeezes them together so as to throw it almost or altogether out of work. This hindrance of breathing with the diaphragm causes imperfect aëration of the blood, and general languor and debility result. 2. The constant pressure of the corset on the muscles, which should support the spine, gradually impair their nutrition, so they are no longer able to do their work, and the victim of tight lacing feels wretched the moment her supports are removed. 3. The abdominal viscera, especially the stomach and liver, are violently squeezed and driven from their natural position; the never-failing result of this is impairment of digestion and assimilation. This dyspepsia may or may not be attended with pain and other obvious symptoms; their absence does not imply absence of mischief. 5. The pressure on the bust is productive of great injury, and many mothers either can not nurse at all, or suffer from inflammation and abscesses from this cause alone." * * * * *

"Altogether, a more totally indefensible sin against the laws of health than tight lacing could not be found. If there be a spark of right and honest feeling left among our women, now is the time for them to show it, by refusing to listen to the impudent sophistries like those to which we have referred."

Several other medical journals lie before me, stating the same or similar facts. Not a true medical man of any note exists, whose testimony is not all in the same direction. Proofs of the evils of tight lacing, strong as truths of Holy Writ, are scattered everywhere! What more can the lady ask? What more does she want? I have a hope that she is one of those powerful women who can argue both sides of the question, and that she only set the ball in motion toward this vortex of destruction that she might arouse sensible women from their apathy to rush to the rescue, and thus, perhaps, save some from the evil way in which they are walking. If this be so, she does not need the benefit of what I write; but, if it be otherwise—if her words express her sentiments—I have small hope that anything less than an angel from heaven can convince her of the error of her ways, and much I fear that it must be the DEATH ANGEL even then.

A "SCHOOL GIRL."—This correspondent writes:

"DEAR DEMOREST—I think your magazine is perfectly delightful. I am specially pleased with your answers to correspondents. I have been benefited by many hints from them. I always read every line. Will you be so kind as to answer the following questions?

"1st. Is it necessary to wear anything around the wrists of kid gloves (white) when worn with coat-sleeves and lace under-sleeves to a party? If so, what would be pretty?

"2d. When is the proper time to wear gold bracelets—for calling, afternoon visits, church, etc.? And when one *has but one, which arm is it worn upon?*

"3d. What does '*Etruscan*' gold mean?

"4th. When a gentleman is presented at a party, should the lady rise and stand to converse?

"5th. Should guests or the host or hostess propose retiring at night?

"6th. When one's attendant omits any attentions that are customary, should one let it pass unnoticed or require it of him?

'7th. In conversation, if anything is dropped rather uncomplimentary to one, accidentally I mean, not ill-naturedly, is it best to notice or let it pass?

"8th. When a lady is invited by the head of a family to join them in an excursion, should she offer to bear her expenses?

"9th. Does courtesy require the acknowledgment of the receipt of a letter with thanks, which contains information that you have requested?"

Ans. 1st. Trimming is not necessary.

2d. Gold bracelets may be worn for afternoon calling or visiting purposes; anytime, indeed, except with morning dress. Left.

3d. "Etruscan" means gold with a peculiar yellow tinge; it is obtained by using copper as an alloy. At present it is much more fashionable than gold alloyed with silver.

4th. No. The gentleman may stand, or the lady invite him to a seat beside her; but the lady should not rise unless she is young, and the gentleman a very old man.

5th. The hostess; for the guests to do so would imply weariness of their society. Nevertheless, guests may properly plead fatigue, and beg to be excused, if they wish to retire.

6th. If it is something essential, require it of him; if not, let it pass at the time, but take an opportunity to give him a little hint upon the subject.

7th. Let it pass.

8th. She may offer to do so, but must use judgment, so as not to make it offensive. If it is declined, there are many ways in which a lady can repay an obligation.

9th. It may not be necessary; but, if you feel that courtesy requires it, it should be done. One can never err in acknowledging an act of kindness.

"ALICE G.," a young lady about to become a bride, writes:

"DEAR DEMOREST—I have been a constant reader of your Monthly Magazine for three years, and would not know what to do without it; think it is the best ladies' book published. I expect to take it as long as I can raise the money. Please answer a few questions.

"What is the very best hair-dye to restore brown hair? What will remove grease from silk and merino? What will cure tetter on the fingers? I want a walking-suit; what would be the prettiest style? and what kind of material? I am of medium height, dark hair, black eyes and very fair; what kind of jewelry would be most becoming? I want to get two handsome silks and one merino; what colors would be the prettiest? and what kind of hat and bonnet for a bride?"

Ans. 1st. We do not know of *any* good hair-dye. Wash your hair with a solution of borax and camphor—½oz. of camphor to 1 oz. of borax, in a quart of water.

2d. Benzine.

3d. Try sulphur internally and externally.

4th. Upper skirt looped up at the sides; round cape, looped up on the back, or a double cape.

5th. Brown or blue cashmere or poplin, with a silk underskirt; or a complete suit of blue, with a Marie Antoinette flounce round the underskirt.

6th. The new Byzantine, or gold, with green enamel or green bugs; or gold, with blue enamel and fringe pendants.

7th. One silk should be black; the other blue, lavender, or pearl-color, for evening wear. The merino, green or garnet.

8th. Hat of brown or black straw, suitable for traveling, or one to match the dress. White bonnet.

CAROLINE C.: "Please inform me what would be most suitable for a bride just putting on mourning? would white Swiss do, or what? What goods for a traveling-suit and a jockey hat? (means quite limited). Does the bridesmaid congratulate next to the minister, or the parents?"

Ans. 1st. Plain white organdie.

2d. Gray, trimmed with black, and gray hat, with black feather.

3d. The parents next to the minister; then the bridesmaid

"S. G. R." says:

"I have just received my first number of your excellent Magazine, and am very much pleased with it indeed; just what I have been wanting for a long time.

"Please answer the following questions."

"1st. Would a black silk be a suitable dress for a dinner-party for a bride? How should it be trimmed, in the cheapest, but genteel style?

"2d. Are traveling-dresses always made short, and trimmed around the skirt? When arrived at your destination, would it be a suitable dress for receiving visitors, returning calls, or for church? or does it become useless?

"Are materials, such as silk, cashmere, and delaine, ever made full paroda waist, when the plain tight waist does not suit the form?

"What material, can you tell me, will make a pretty spring dress for April and the first part of May, in a cold climate?

"How should I trim a blue cashmere or merino?

"Will you be so obliging as to give me some ideas about arranging my hair? It is thin, and, at present, I wear a roll of black velvet and puff the front of my hair over it on each side, wearing a small chignon in the back. Would this appear odd and out of style in the fashionable world? I scarcely know how to arrange it in any other way, as it is so thin, and would be glad of some suggestions from you.

"What kind of shawl would be wanted for spring?"

Ans. 1st. Black silk is suitable at any time. Trim it with ruffles of the silk, bound with the same.

2d. They are always made short, and generally trimmed round the bottom of the skirt. A neat short suit is adapted to making calls, church-going, and walking purposes generally. They are now so fashionable, as to be worn upon almost every occasion; and so useful as to have become indispensable.

3d. No; not often. If the shoulders are narrow, trim a plain waist square, or puff the sleeves.

4th. Cashmere, mohair, poplin, or corded poplin.

5th. With satin folds, or pipings and fringe to match; with alternate folds of satin and the material, or with leaves of the material, bound with satin.

6th. *Frise* your hair in front and wear a large *chignon*. Leave out the puffs and rolls.

7th. Suits are worn, now, in place of shawls. Shawls are only worn with trained dresses, and then a white Paisley is found permanently handsome, useful, and lady-like.

"MARIETTA" asks some questions, which will strike fashionable city subscribers as odd. She says:

"DEAR DEMOREST—Your Monthly I 'hail, as a treasure.' I am one of the oldest subscribers to your most excellent Magazine—first to the Quarterly, then to the Monthly. I can not do without it. It is one of the *necessaries* of the family.

"The 'Ladies' Club' I deem an important feature. Allow me to ask a few questions, to be answered in your next, for the benefit of many friends.

"Suppose a young gentleman, clerk, should leave his own city and an old firm, in whose employ he had been a number of years, and go to another city to do business, after a while marry and take his young bride thence, and they two should meet at the opera a wife of one of the old firm, whose place is it to seek an introduction—the lady or the young bride; or, to be perhaps better understood, if the parties occupy boxes some distance off, whose place is it to go to receive the introduction?

"Also, if young gentlemen return home, and, finally, to former employer, is it the young gentleman's place to ask or solicit *calls* upon his bride from his employers, or is it their place to call without invitation?

"At a *family* dinner-party, should any member commence eating till *all* are helped?

"If oysters are served, and any of the company do not eat them, how should they employ the time till other dishes are served?"

Ans. 1st. The wife of the employer, being the one who occupies the superior social position, should make the advances, and also the first call on the bride.

2d. The ceremony of waiting till all are served is not at all necessary at a mere family dinner-party.

3d. The time is very short, and readily occupied in trifling with the bread which is placed by your napkin; or in eating a sprig of celery and talking to your next neighbor.

From California, Mrs. R. A. H. writes:

"Dear Demorest—I must inform you that my premium—the Lady's Companion and Dressing-Case combined—has arrived safe and sound. It is a very handsome and useful article indeed; the more I use it the more I like it. I have a nephew that is doing all he can for you. He has already sent you sixty-four names—you know that is a pretty large club—and he is going to do still more. We all think there never was, nor ever will be, such another magazine as yours. We could not do without it."

Many thanks for your kind efforts, and those of your nepnew—he must be one worth having.

Constant Reader: "How is one to let their friends know they are *not* keeping an 'open house' on New Year's day? Would it be proper, on such an occasion, to hang a small basket on the door-knob for gentlemen to deposit their cards in, or would it be better to send a servant to the door to say 'the ladies were not receiving calls to-day?'

"Would closing the shutters, alone, be an indication that you were not keeping 'open house?'

"How is *bison*, which is used in Longfellow's poem, Hiawatha, pronounced?"

Ans. 1st. A little basket hung upon the door-knob would be an indication; but the better way is to have a servant answer the door and say the ladies are "not at home," or are not receiving to-day.

2d. No. Because some affect the singularity of receiving by gas-light.

3d. As spelt.

"Minnie Lee."—The poem arrived too late for the February number. This correspondent asks for a remedy for weak eyes, and requests any of the readers of the Monthly, who have been afflicted in this way, and obtained relief, to send the receipt for publication.

Bathing with cold water, exercise, and abstaining from using them by gas or an imperfect light, will often cure weak eyes. —Ed.

From Illinois, a lady writes:

"Dear Demorest—Yesterday I received my dictionary by express from Springfield. I am very much pleased with it, and although I worked hard to get up my club, I feel that I am well paid.—Please accept my thanks."

"Flo. B." writes: "I am a young lady just eighteen, extremely nervous, and can not bear the feeling of a tight fitting dress. Can you think of any way to make a dinner-dress that would be loose and comfortable, and yet look stylish; and what would be the prettiest material?"

Ans. A long dress of blue or scarlet cashmere, or all wool delaine, and an overdress, looped up at the sides with black silk, trimmed with ruffles of the same. The high body may be quite loose, and finished with *bretelles* made of ruffles of black silk, instead of the former square-cut bodice.

"Economy" writes from New Hampshire: "I am a young married lady, only twenty-three, have two children, a boy two years and a half, and a girl one year old this month. Now I would like you to give me a little advice about managing my household? I have one servant, and I want some hints on economy. I like to dress nice, and see my children look well, and my husband is kind, but he thinks I spend a great deal of money; and I have to, in order to look as well as the ladies among whom I go.

"I have a green empress cloth dress, not gored, and very long; how would it be best to make that over? Would it look well to have an over-skirt of black cloth of some kind? How much would it take?

"My hair is short, or rather has been short, but is long enough to tie up now. I have the hair that was cut off. How can I fix it so it will look well and stylish?

"One more question, and I am done. What pattern of attire would be pretty for my little girl, and what kind of cloth would it be best to make them of?"

Ans. It is rather difficult to give advice without knowing more of the direction in which it is required. One good rule in the management of a household is, to set aside a certain sum for housekeeping expenses, a certain other sum for dress expenses, and by no means overstep the limit you have laid down. One bad feature of American domestic life and especially American country life, is the fact that the wife is debarred from exercising any judgment or will of her own, even in household matters. It is the husband who keeps the purse, the husband who does the buying, and his supervision not unfrequently extends to his wife's dresses. We have known the wives of comparatively wealthy men, who never had a cent, to use a common expression, to bless themselves with. This is all wrong. Women are better natural managers of the household, at least, than men, and, if entrusted with the disbursement of the household funds, would apply them to better purposes than men possibly could.

Avoid waste, turn everything to account, but remember that in so doing you are earning your own living, and are entitled to your share of the family income.

Gore your empress cloth dress, and make an overdress out of an old black silk one if you have it; if not, get five yards of black all wool delaine, and ruffle it with the same, binding the ruffles with black silk.

Have a puffed *chignon* made of your hair; it will be ready then for all occasions. Tie your own, put the *chignon* high at the back, divide your hair, and twist it round. Crimp the front.

White, high-necked aprons, gored, or made with a French yoke, are prettiest for a little girl that age. Bird's-eye diaper linen, or striped dimity are good materials.

From Iowa, a lady writes: "I received the sewing-machine on the 23d inst. I am very much pleased with it; came all right; works so nicely; my husband thinks it a very *cheap* machine. I am amply repaid for my trouble in raising the club.

"Please accept our thanks for your promptness in forwarding the machine and Magazines, which all came safe. I like the Magazine better every year.

"J. R. A."

Mrs. M. A. P. C., Massachusetts, adds to this testimony: "I was made glad by the reception of the Monthly yesterday afternoon. I had an intellectual treat last evening reading its contents. I feel that I can never do without it; it is full of instruction to us; it is a central star that all other magazines revolve around, but can not approach very near in style, worth, or ability. I hope never to be without it—it would be like losing a dear and valued friend."

"S. G. M.," Chicago, says: "I should like to ask your opinion as to what class of faces ear-rings are most becoming to, long, thin faces, or round, full faces? Do they suit either style, or one better than the other?"

We think they suit short, full faces best decidedly, though they can be made becoming to almost any by selecting the right kind of ear-rings. Large hoops, for instance, are becoming to long, thin faces, and ear-rings with drops, or pendants, to round faces. Taste and adaptation are in no part of the dress displayed to better advantage than in the selection of jewelry.

Adelia M.: "Will you be kind enough to inform me through the columns of your valuable Magazine (of which I am a constant reader) in what style I shall have my garnet empress dress cut, and how trimmed?"

Ans. Gore the front and sides of the skirt, and make the back full and long. Attach an immense bow, with short, wide ends, to the back of the belt; bind the edges with garnet satin; puff the top of the sleeves in one high puff, and trim the waist with narrow folds, or puffings of garnet satin, to simulate a Spanish collar, or small pointed pelerine cape.

"A New Subscriber."—Gore your garnet dress, leaving *two* full breadths at the back. Trim with cross-cut flounce, bound with black silk. Do not make it short, unless you have enough for a suit.

T. A. S.—We do not know of any book of patterns of children's dresses. Children's fashions change with those of grown people—what is fashionable to-day is unfashionable to-morrow; and patterns, therefore, are not permanent enough to put in book form.

From Maine, a lady writes: "I have been accustomed to your Magazine so long it would come hard to do without it. I want to get a club if I can. A fashion book that has so much common-sense in it ought to have a large circulation. The last numbers have been splendid in every respect. I wonder what the Magazine will be in two years if it goes on improving as it has done. Yours, E. C."

"A Subscriber."—The "Bartram & Fanton" machine makes a chain stitch on the under side.

Three quarters of a yard is sufficiently long for a train. Make two standing bows to set up from the belt, and three below, with short, wide ends.

A handsome black Astrachan set could be got for about sixty dollars.

"R. J. V."—You were undoubtedly quite justified in making the second engagement, and need not be sorry to lose such an acquaintance.

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FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

In matters of dress we have progressed to that happy state where everybody is at liberty to display, in one point or another, her particular predilection, and now it is no longer imperative that a fashionable house shall be the counterpart of each in the row where it may be located. There is large latitude given in the choice of furnishing and decorating.' No less than three distinct styles of furniture, all equally elegant and fashionable, are in market. First, the Elizabethan, which is straight and severe in mode, with rich, elaborate garniture and an approach to Gothic arches. Second, the Egyptian, with quaint columns, miniature obelisks, pyramidal and angular effects, ornamented with lotus-leaves, engraving in Florentine gilt, mosaics and Egyptian heads. Third, the Turkish—all grace, invitation, and indolent case.

It is no longer popular to make up a house in a series of rooms, each differing in character. A dwelling is now fitted up *en suite* as regards style, although the various apartments may be distinguished by so many different colors. The color of a room has most to do with its effect, and variety in this matter affords all the change and relief necessary in one abode. The Turkish style requires warm, rich fints to be in keeping with its Oriental shape, in which, if the wood-work is at all visible, it is shown as a narrow base, lending but the idea of support to the massive upholstery. An appropriate selection would be as follows:—Parlors in crimson satin brocade, and the withdrawing-room in orange-color; graceful divans and ottomans should occupy corners and bay windows; library in green reps, dining-room in golden brown, sitting-room in violet, with orange stripes, and chambers in light blue, fawn-color, or maroon. The ornamented tables should be of rose or tulip wood marquetry, and the pedestals surmounted by fine marbles; the flower-stands require basins of porcelain, upheld by slender columns, draped with golden chains.

Vases of Parian alabaster and Bohemian ware are exquisite for mantel decorations. Dark blue, which is both rich and chaste, seems to belong by right of these distinctions to the Elizabethan mode, wherein the wood-work is a specialty, and generally preferred to be of oiled walnut with French polished panels. If plain blue is too monotonous for the parlors, it will be found remarkably elegant in reps striped with white, figured with gay bouquets; the chairs have each one stripe running through the center, and the sofas three. With this choice, the withdrawing-room may be in cream-color; the library, gray reps; dining-room, plain green; sitting-room, green striped with Grecian border; and the chambers, garnet, violet and pale buff. The ornamented tables in this instance may be of marquetry wood, mounted with slabs of warm, bright-colored marble. Vases of decorated porcelain and bronzes form suitable ornaments. In the Egyptian style, the wood-work is of rosewood, inlaid with tulip, and figured with gold engraving. Moquet is the richest material for parlor covering; it has a plush surface, like velvet, and is most admired in white strewn with bright garlands. Fawn-colored satin is next in elegance and is in good taste for the withdrawing-room, if preferred. The above descriptions are suggested by Messrs. Degraaf & Taylor's latest modes of furnishing dwellings, where expense is only a secondary consideration. A rich suit in moquet costs from $500 upward; satin brocade, $400 upward; reps, $100 upward. Messrs. Degraaf & Taylor manufacture cabinet-ware for all classes of trade at the most popular prices. Ordinary furniture is made from the best patterns, and in the most substanial manner; upholstery and mattresses have very superior fillings. Their extensive ware-rooms, Nos. 87 & 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 & 132 Hester, (connected under one roof,) are always stocked with goods calculated to suit the wants and taste of the general public.

OUR PURCHASING BUREAU.

We receive many letters of inquiry concerning this department of our business, which we beg leave to answer for the benefit of our readers in general.

Most of our purchases are made for dealers in dry goods, fancy goods, milliners, and dressmakers in towns and villages, who do not find it convenient to visit the metropolis every time they wish to replenish their stock, or some portion of it. For this class of persons we frequently buy from five hundred to five thousand dollars' worth of goods at a time, of the most varied and multifarious character. In justice to ourselves we must say, we generally succeed not only in pleasing them, but in obtaining expressions of high satisfaction and approval. Very often they write: "Your selections are better than I could have made for myself;" and after a few trials, they generally prefer to leave some things to our judgment and discretion, and thus obtain newer and more desirable articles in trimmings and other goods than they are acquainted with.

Many ladies send to us also for articles of dress, for special costumes, and for entire outfits, adapted for bridal and other purposes. Our great success in filling such orders is mainly due to the fact, that we conscientiously try to buy for them as we would buy for ourselves, or have others buy for us.

It is necessary in all cases to accompany the order with at least ten per cent. of the money required, the remainder to be paid on delivery of goods by express—a very safe, speedy, and reliable method of transit, which renders it almost as easy for persons living remote from the metropolis to purchase desirable articles there, as if they were on the spot.

Our arrangements with the large millinery and dry goods importing houses give us unrivaled facilities for obtaining the best and latest styles and qualities at the most moderate prices; and it is our habit and intention to give our patrons the full benefit of our experience and resources. Persons may confidently rely on getting dry goods, bonnets, millinery goods of any description, jewelry, fancy wares, notions, trimmings, hosiery, laces, and the like, as cheaply, and in better assortment than if selected by themselves.

Outfits are supplied, in different grades, at low range of prices.

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POST OFFICE ORDERS.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a* REGISTERED *letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

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BACK NUMBERS.

We are now fully supplied with all the back numbers of the Magazine, so that subscribers, who have a copy lost or defaced, can at once have it replaced by remitting to us 25 cents. A little care will keep all your numbers together, and then do not fail to have them bound. A year's numbers of the Magazine form a handsome and interesting volume for the center-table, at a very small cost; or, if preferred, we have elegant and durable cloth cases, stamped in gold and ready for the binder, which we will send, post free, on receipt of seventy-five cents.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.

We do not send specimen numbers gratis, but send back numbers as specimens, with a number of prospectuses, on receipt of 15 cents.

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PRESS OF BUSINESS.

The New Year broke upon us this season with an avalanche of business, that set all calculation at defiance. Notwithstanding we had three times our usual force employed sixteen hours per day, it was found impossible to meet the demands of a mail which not unfrequently brought us five hundred letters per day, all of which requested immediate attention.

We regret exceedingly that this pressure has occasioned delay in the execution of orders, and in the sending of Magazines and premiums; but it has been quite unavoidable. Very many subscribers sent so that their letters reached us only a day or two before Christmas and New Year's, requesting that books and premiums should be sent in time for the holidays. This was an impossibility, and therefore not our fault.

Taking time by the forelock, when sending Christmas and New Year orders, would save an infinitude of disappointment. It is a physical and material impossibility to satisfy the wants and demands of tens of thousands, within the working hours of a few days.

We beg from our subscribers a little forbearance.

◆

We have arranged with a number of publishers, by which we are enabled to offer the following extraordinary inducements for Clubbing their Magazines with Demorest's Monthly; and either of the following, with Demorest's Monthly, will be sent for one year on receipt of the amount:

AGRICULTURIST,	$3 50
CHILDREN'S HOUR,	3 50
WORKING FARMER,	3 50
HERALD OF HEALTH,	4 50
ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE,	4 00
YOUNG FOLKS,	4 00
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE,	4 00
DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA,	3 50
RIVERSIDE,	4 00
LADIES' FRIEND,	$4 00
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,	4 50
GODEY'S LADIES' BOOK,	5 00
ATLANTIC MONTHLY,	5 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	6 00
" WEEKLY,	6 00
" BAZAR,	6 00
JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE,	3 00

We give no Premiums with the above arrangements of Clubbing.

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IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS—SELF-EVIDENT FACTS.

The issue of our Magazine has steadily and rapidly increased, until it can now boast of a much larger circulation than any other magazine of the kind in America; and, besides, each copy will find more readers than ten or twenty newspapers, our whole edition certainly reaching a more extended circulation than can be secured by many times the amount spent in a more general way.

In order to secure an unexceptionable list of advertisements, only such will be admitted as are adapted to a Ladies' Magazine, and confined to a limited number, furnishing an extraordinary opportunity and the best possible medium for giving publicity to articles of taste, comfort, luxury, or utility. The price for advertising will be 75 cents per line.

One quarter column	$25 00
One half column	50 00
Whole column	100 00

All advertisements must be handed in by the 20th, to insure insertion in the second succeeding month.

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers; to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

Advertisers will please understand that the crowded state of our columns renders it necessary that they should send in their advertisements by the twenty-first of the month to secure insertion in the following issue.

Our readers will also confer a favor on us personally if they will, when writing for articles, say they saw them advertised in Demorest's Monthly.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The Tribune Almanac.—This veteran in the field of almanacs is out as usual, though rather later, and comprises the fullest and most reliable information concerning the late political campaign and its results. It contains, also, an exhibit of the public debt, and a clear statement of the present condition of the national finances. The *Tribune Almanac* is compiled by Mr. F. J. Ottarson, one of the oldest New York journalists, and is the result of much patient, conscientious labor. It should be in every household.

Mme. Demorest's Combination Suspender and Shoulder Brace. Every lady should wear them, and no child should be without them. Ladies', $1; children's, 75 cents. Sent by mail, post free, on receipt of price. Emporium of Fashions, 838 Broadway.

The Great American Tea Co.'s French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee.—Owing to the fine flavor and great strength of this coffee, it requires a less quantity than is generally used of other coffees. Boil over a quick fire not exceeding one minute. It is much improved by breaking an egg into the pot. It will settle perfectly clear in five minutes. Serve with sugar and cream, or scalded milk. For a dinner coffee, serve without cream or milk. Napoleon, in preparing this coffee, never allowed it to be boiled, but filtered it through a percolator. That is the favorite French style of preparing it.

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

Messrs. Grover & Baker:

Gentlemen—I have had the pleasure to use for several months one of your largest sized Family Sewing-Machines. It has rendered in every respect the most perfect satisfaction, and I consider it one of the most valuable improvements of the times. It combines so many advantages with beauty of execution and economy in price, that it is a necessity in every household. Mrs. J. W. GEARY,

Executive Mansion, Harrisburg.

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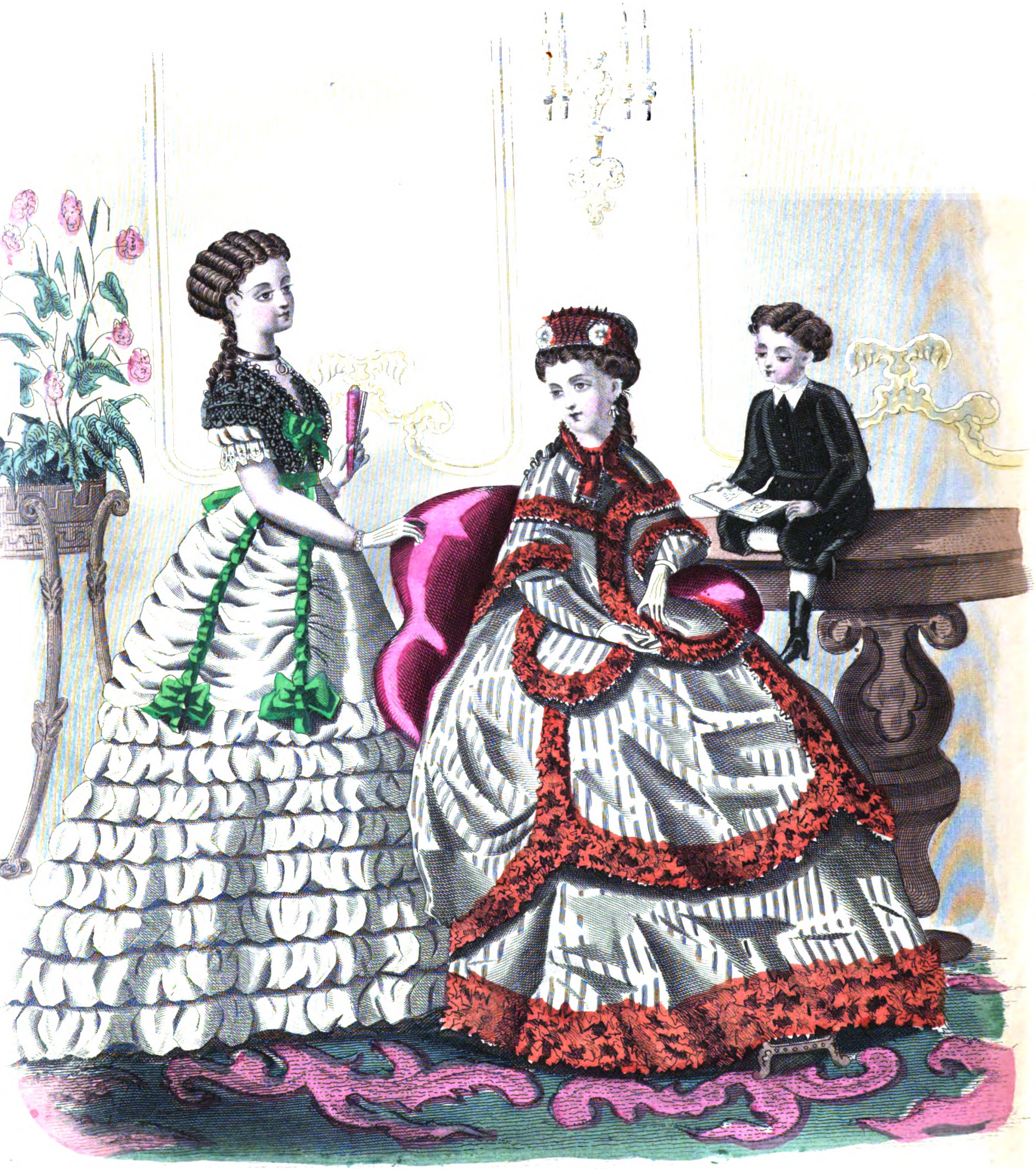

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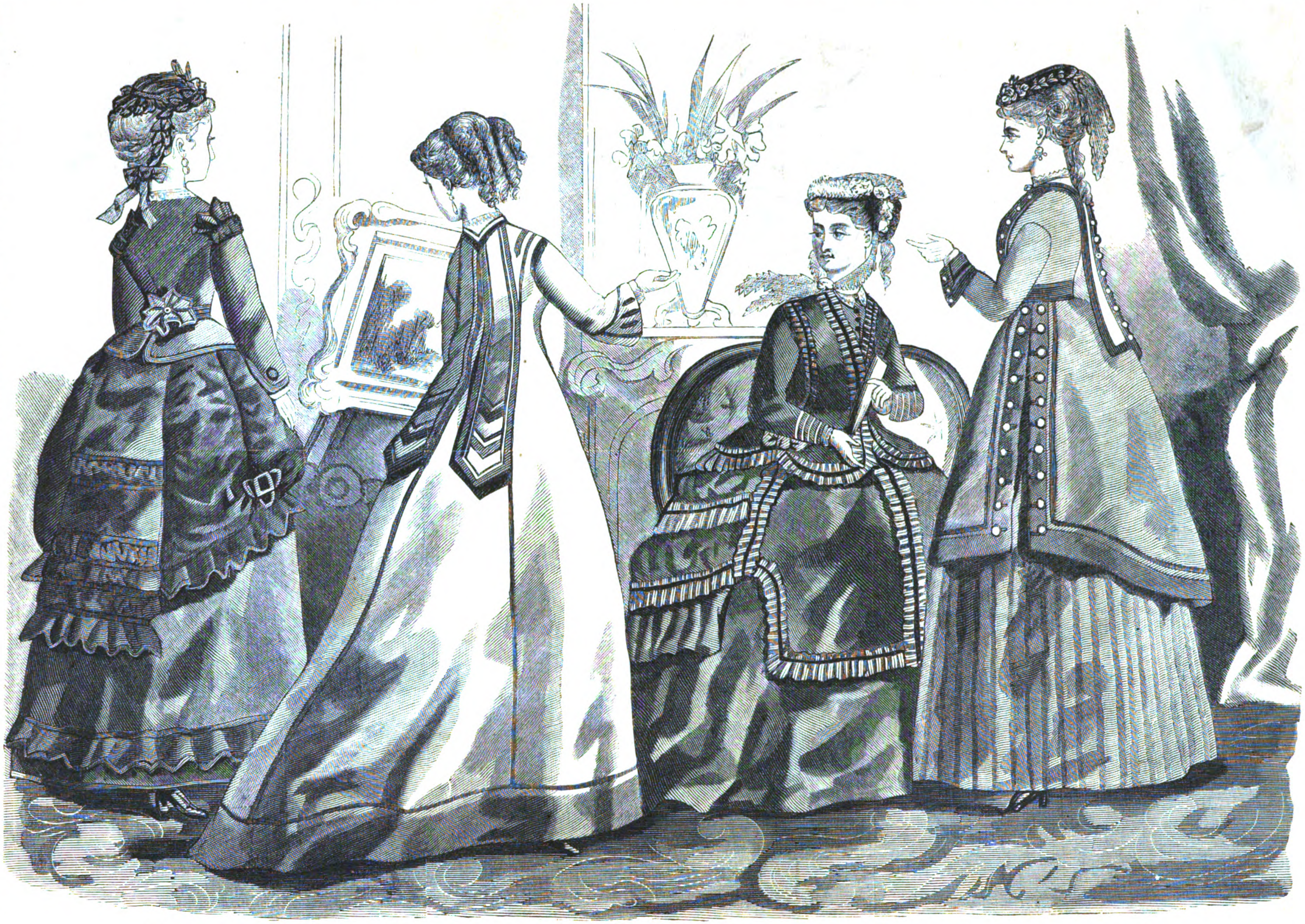
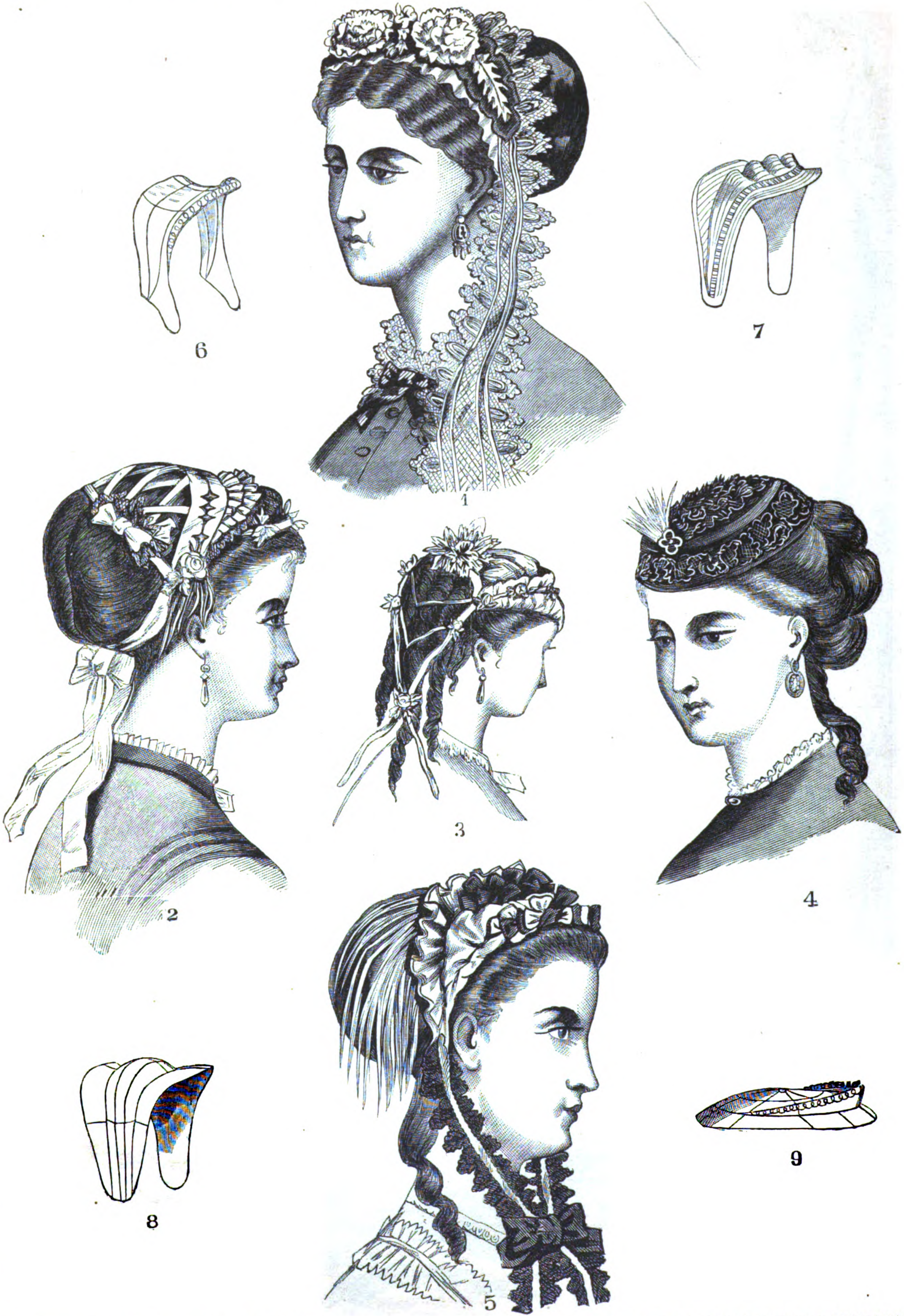
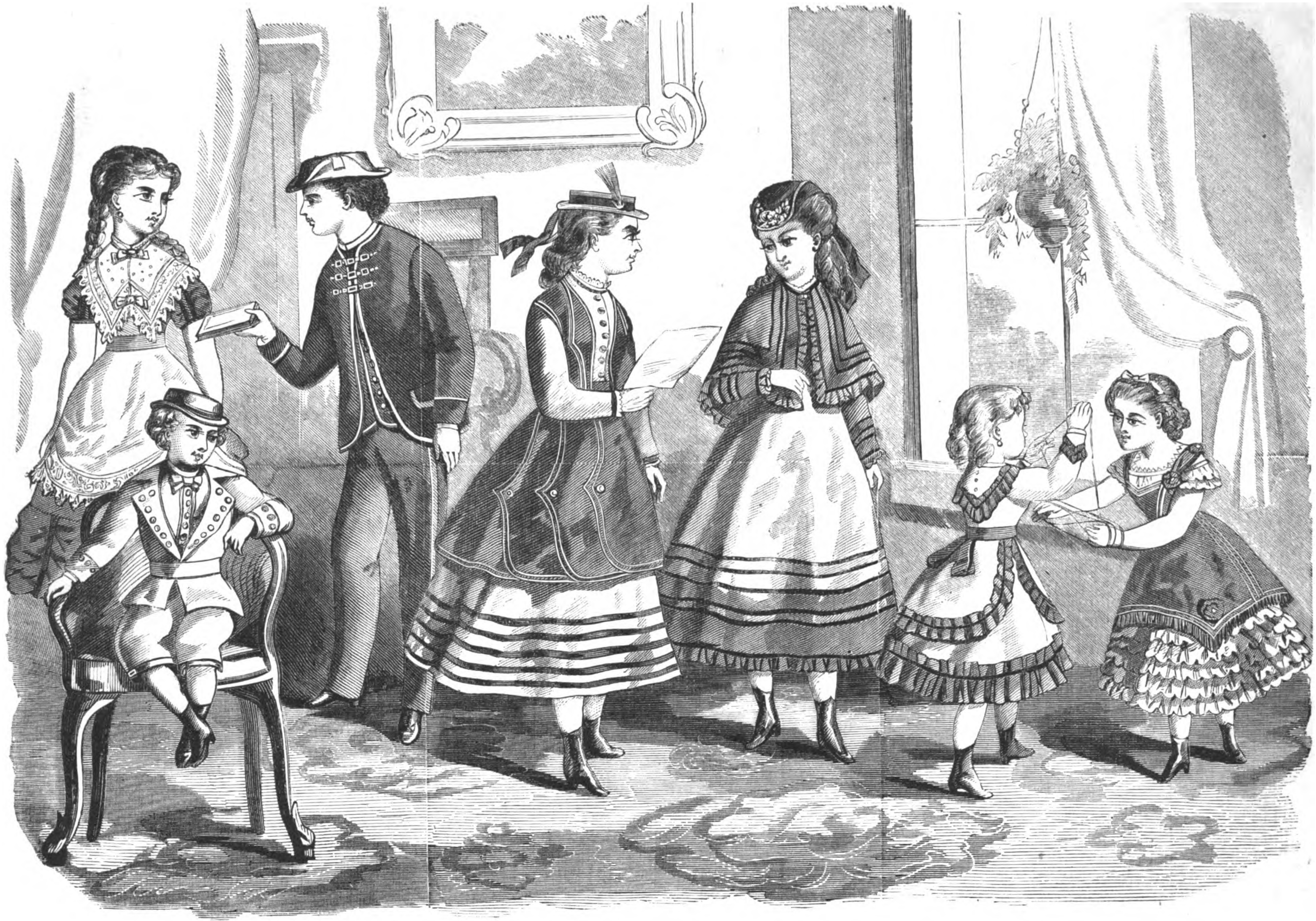
APRIL 1869



LATEST STYLES OF STREET COSTUMES AND MORNING ROBE FOR APRIL, 1869.



LATEST STYLES OF SPRING BONNETS AND ROUND HATS.

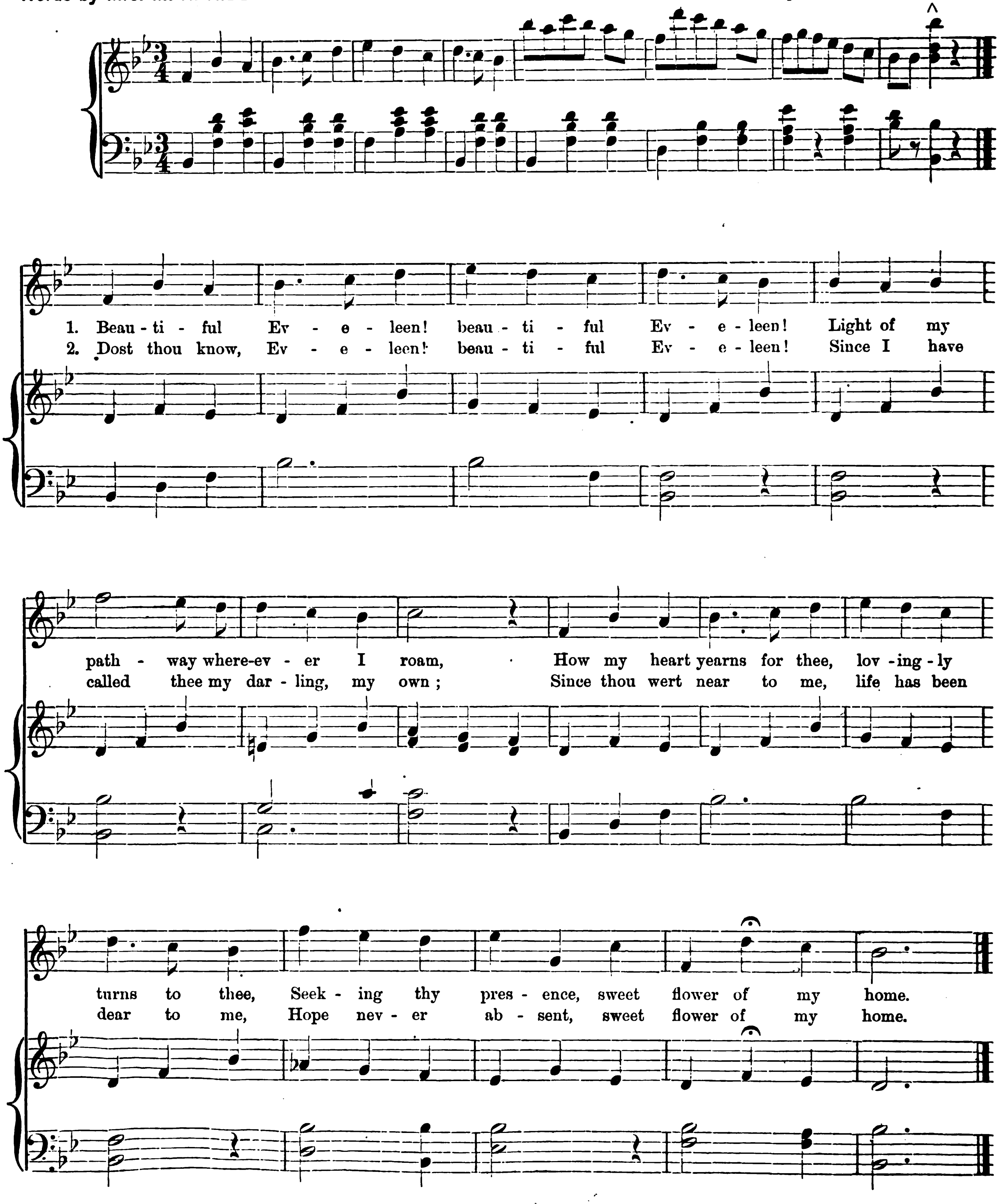


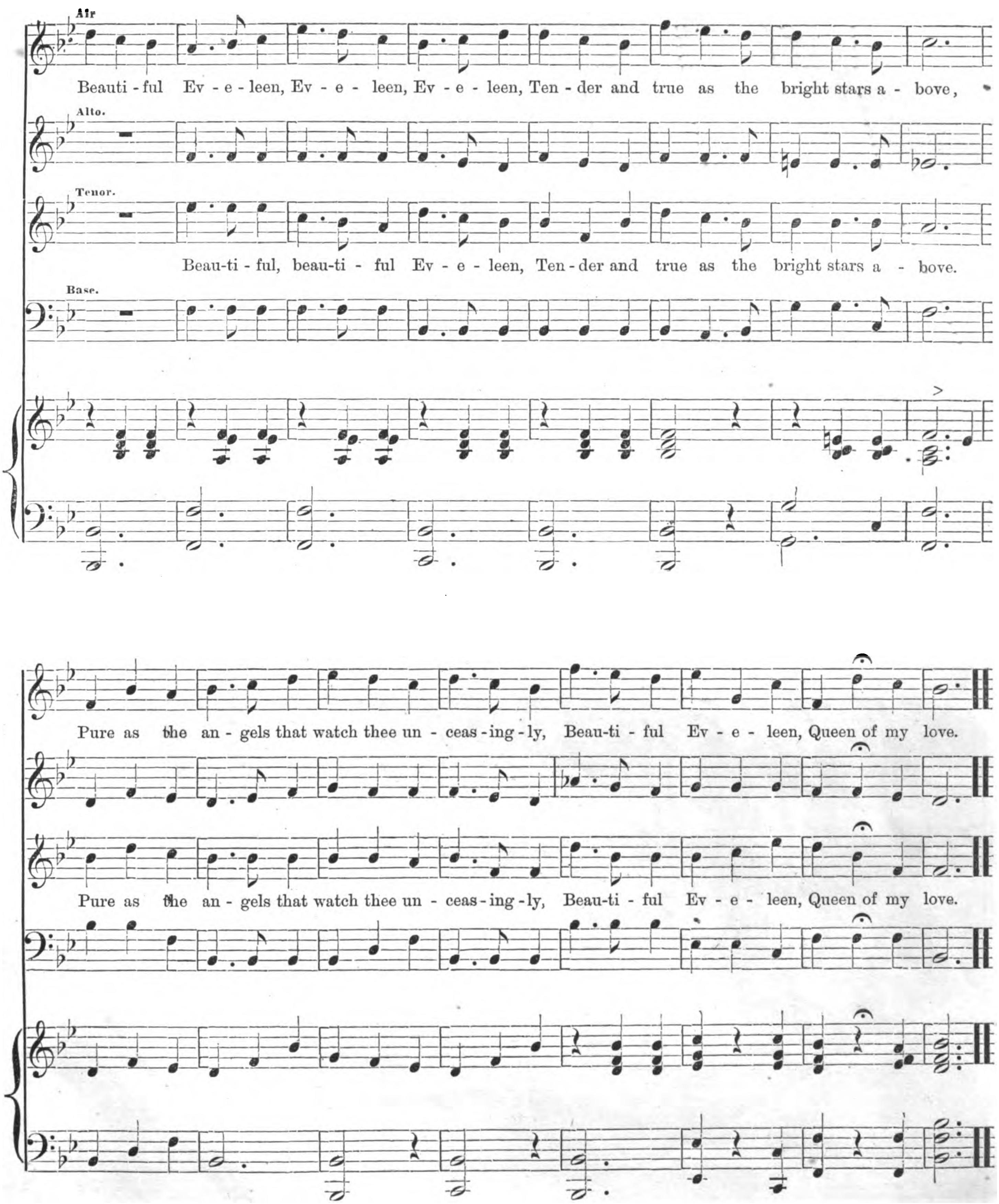
LATEST STYLES OF MISSES', MASTERS' AND CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR APRIL, 1869.

"Beautiful Eveleen."

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

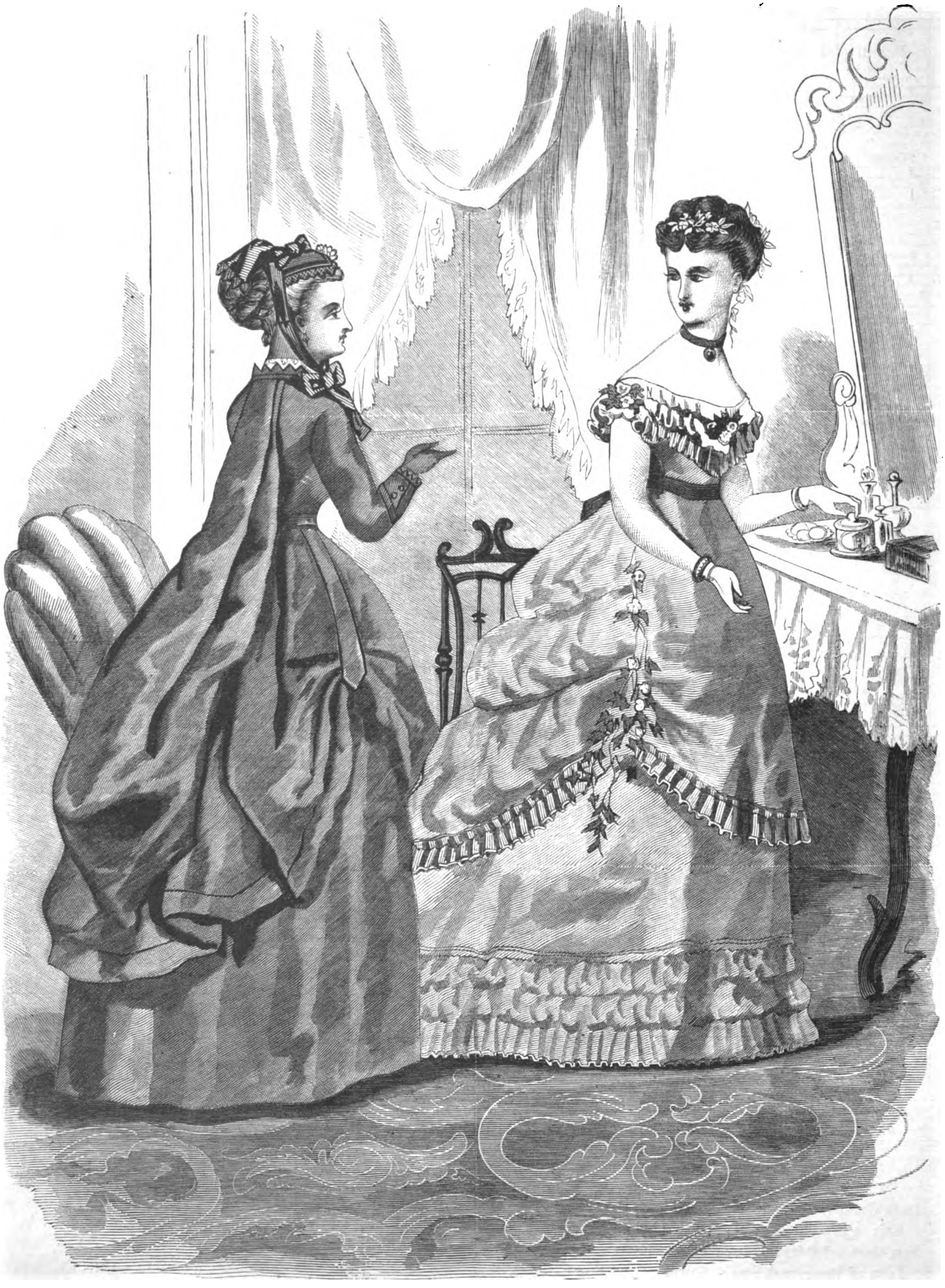
Music by HENRY TUCKER.


1. Beau - ti - ful Ev - e - leen! beau - ti - ful Ev - e - leen! Light of my
2. Dost thou know, Ev - e - leen! beau - ti - ful Ev - e - leen! Since I have
path - way where-ev - er I roam, How my heart yearns for thee, lov - ing - ly
called thee my dar - ling, my own; Since thou wert near to me, life has been
turns to thee, Seek - ing thy pres - ence, sweet flower of my home.
dear to me, Hope nev - er ab - sent, sweet flower of my home.


Air
Beauti - ful Ev - e - leen, Ev - e - leen, Ev - e - leen, Ten - der and true as the bright stars a - bove,
Alto.
Tenor.
Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Ev - e - leen, Ten - der and true as the bright stars a - bove.
Base.
Pure as the an - gels that watch thee un - ceas - ing - ly, Beau-ti - ful Ev - e - leen, Queen of my love.
Pure as the an - gels that watch thee un - ceas - ing - ly, Beau-ti - ful Ev - e - leen, Queen of my love.

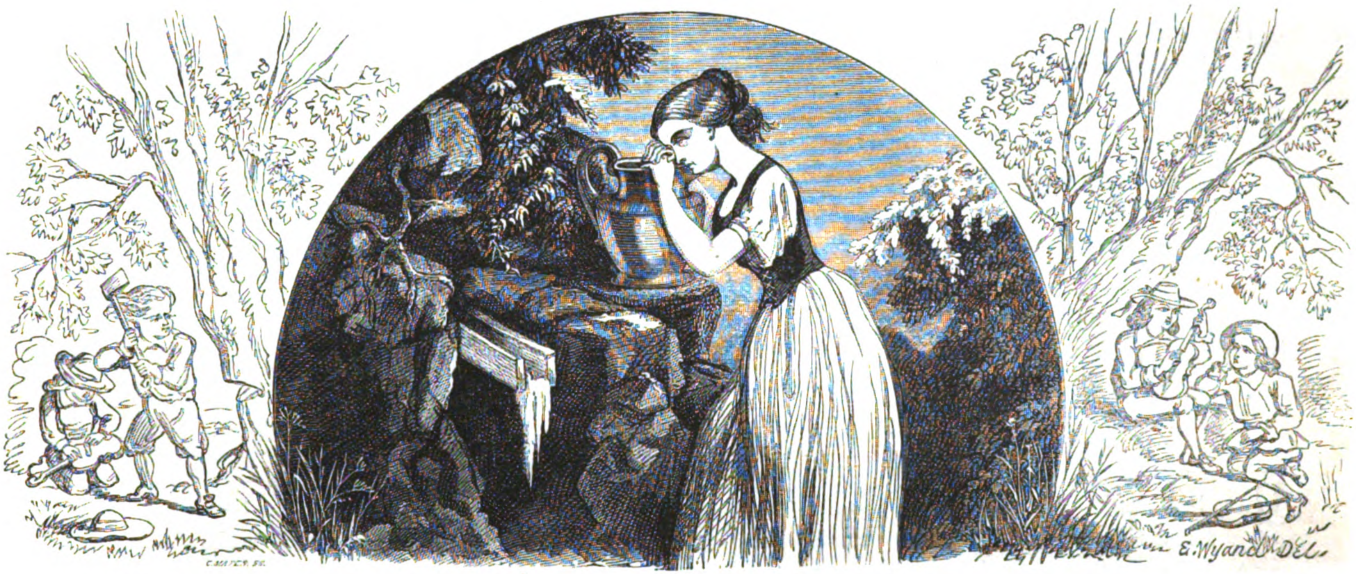
3 Dear dark-eyed Eveleen, beautiful Eveleen,
Fair is thy cheek as the ocean's bright foam ;
Yes, thou art fair, my love, cheek, brow and hair my love,
Lips of the ripest, sweet flower of my home.—Cho.

4 Smile on, dear Eveleen, beautiful Eveleen,
Charming my heart wherever I roam,
See how it turns to thee, lovingly yearns for thee,
Radiant Eveleen, flower of my home.—Cho.



LATEST STYLES OF WATTEAU COSTUME AND EVENING DRESS.

DEMOREST'S
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE



BALLAD.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE SCLAVIC.

BY ALICE CARY.

ALL in the early morning,
The Sclavic maid so fair
Arose at her mother's calling,
And combed her yellow hair;

And laced with silken ribbons
Her bodice of leaf-green,
And tript adown the mountain path
The frosty reeds between.

And while the rough winds kissed her,
She knelt at the fountain's brink,
But the ice was frozen all across,
And her pitcher would not sink.

AH! then she fell a-weeping,
And her red mouth trembled white,
For she feared her mother's cruel eyes,
As well indeed she might.

"Come, Sun!" she cried through her sobbing,
"Come out of the clouds so brown,
And lick the ice with your golden tongue,
And let my pitcher down!

"O eagle, strong-winged eagle,
Come out of the skies so blue,
And split the ice with your horny beak,
And let my pitcher through!"

But the sun, for all her sobbing,
Came not through the clouds so brown,
To lick the ice with his golden tongue,
And let her pitcher down.

And the eagle, proudly soaring,
Came not from his home so blue,
To make a wedge of his horny beak,
And split the ice in two.

Ah! then in the early morning
A piteous sight was seen—
Her tears all frozen into pearls,
Along her bodice green.

For, lo! betwixt the stiff black reeds,
Adown the mountain path,
She heard her mother calling
In her foolish woman's wrath:

"Oh, willful, stubborn daughter,
Since thou idlest all the day,
I would the winds might beat thee,
And take thy breath away!

"Yea, beat and break and crush thee,
Since thou art so high and proud,
And I would the needles of the frost
Might sew thee in a shroud!"

Alas! for the wicked woman,
Little dreamed she in that hour
That a word may be, for good or ill,
Omnipotent in power.

And alas! for the Sclavic maiden,
She turned her east and south,
And her heart it fluttered into her throat,
And fluttered out of her mouth.

The winds they fell to beating her,
And she knew not where to flee,
And, to 'scape from her mother's cruel eyes,
She hid in a maple-tree.

And all in its time of blooming,
That tree grew strangely fair—
Its leaves, like the maiden's bodice green,
And its blossoms like her hair.

But still, as the sunshine gilded
Its head, so brave and high,
There shivered through its branches old
A dull and dolorous cry.

One day, as it chanced, there rested
Two lads in its pleasant shade,
And they were the minstrel brothers
Of the little Sclavic maid.

And, lo! as they played a merry tune
They each grew heavy at heart,
And the wood of their viols all at once
It brake and snapt apart.

Then cried they both: "This maple
Is the best that e'er we saw.
Oh, wouldn't it make us fiddle-sticks
Right silver sweet to draw!"

And straight they fetched an ax and set
Its sharp edge in the wood,
And all in a spout the sap came out,
And ran as red as blood;

While all the body of the tree
It trembled low and high,
And all the tender branches made
A dull and dolorous cry.

And when it fell beneath their strokes,
And lay along the land,
The touch of every leaf was like
Some gentle little hand.

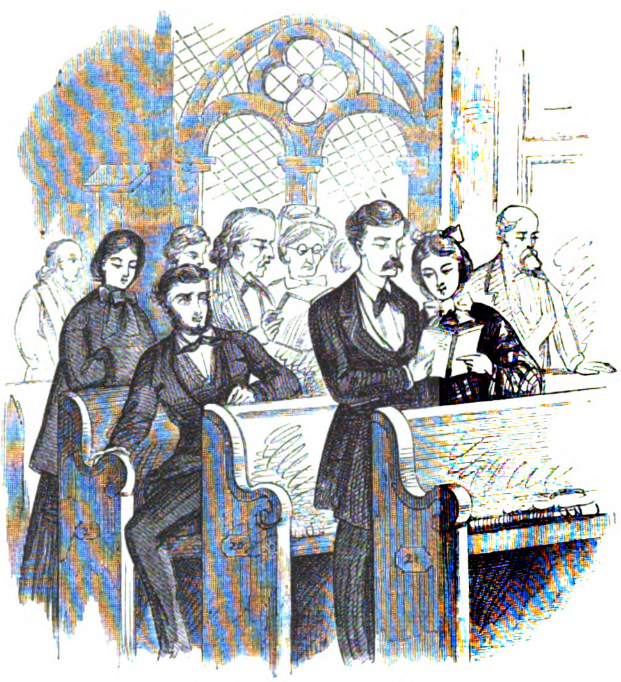
But, ah! the saddest part of all
My tale is yet to tell;
For, when from out the viol strings
At last the music fell,

The mother's cold and cruel heart
Grew wild with pain and fear—
She knew it was her daughter's voice
That sounded in her ear.

And, as the maple-tree had done,
She fell to rise no more,
But prostrate lay, and so became
The door-stone of her door.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS.



ROSLYN HOLDING THE BOOK.

I KNEW what was coming then. My beautiful mother, sitting by the west window, looking out at the sunset on the hills, her dark eyes sad and tearful, her sweet, tender voice singing softly that old hymn I knew so well. Quiveringly it sounded:

"When through the deep waters
I call thee to go,"

—and then there was a bit of a sob, and the strain was unfinished.

You would never have known how prophetic this scene was to me; but I was the eldest daughter of a troublesome brood of brothers and sisters, ranging from May at five to myself at sixteen. And so I saw in mother's face a dim and sorrowful dread, a look of infinite compassion for the children, and a patient trust for help to pass through a coming shadow. I had seen it before.

I knew that there would be a ride through the wood to an old brown cottage, under the hill; that I should be bidden to walk in the garden with May, while there was a solemn confab inside between mother and old aunt Hetty, who had sojourned at our house as many times as there were curly heads added to our numbers. I knew that from a trunk fragrant with lavender there would be brought forth tiny garments to be bleached and ironed and crimped, and laid away in snowy rows of frills and tucks, flanked by fairy-knitted shoes and fleecy cloaks. I knew there would be a great plum-cake baked by-and-by, "not to be cut until"—and there mother always forgot to finish her sentence, and began to have a look of the "firm foundation" again.

If she had only remembered that I was a child no longer, that I yearned to be her counselor in the little household arrangements necessary to be made, if she had only let me help her as I might have done, the summer, perchance, would not have gone so wearily, and the autumn—ah! . . .

And yet I had not whispered to her my secret, that Roslyn Ames had told me how he loved me—told me as we came home from the church lecture; told me while the locust-blossoms filled the moonlit air with sweetness, and the dew glittered in the grass along the path. How noble he looked, with his flashing eyes and erect figure! And how good of him to come to church for my sake! In my little chamber at night I had prayed earnestly for strength to turn away from his love while he seemed a scoffer at holy things. The words, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," stood out for me in lines of fire, so clear, so circumspect, that I could not choose but to obey them. And He had helped me to turn resolutely away from those beseeching eyes and reproachful words, until some good angel bid him walk with the Lord's people, and he came regularly and behaved as decorously at church as any deacon of them all.

Yes, he was even more attentive than Dr. Blyde, who taught the Bible class on Sunday afternoons and prayed so fervently in the weekly meetings; for he forgot to sing the hymn until we were almost through, and then I saw his blue eyes fixed sadly enough upon us as Roslyn held my book on the other side. When I spoke to him after the meeting was out, his hand was hot and tremulous, and he looked sad and worried.

Why should Dr. Blyde have worn a shadowed face? The school-girls called him an old bachelor, though he was really no more than twenty-five years old. He was rich, respected, and commanded the love of all who knew him. Not ill-looking either; not handsome like Roslyn, oh no! His square shoulders lacked the lithe grace of the collegian, his blue eyes flashed but rarely, and his pleasant smile was unfrequent; but it was a nice face. I used to wonder why some of the old maids did not succeed in capturing him, as I had heard him pronounced an eligible party by more than one.

But this is digressing widely. I listened awhile to mother's pitiful broken notes, so full of earnest faith, and yet so full of human trouble—listened until something sympathetic choked in my throat, and I walked out in the clear twilight to smell the hawthorn sweetening under the dew-fall, and to watch the evening star move from one tree-top to another as I sauntered down the little avenue. There was a figure by the gate. I don't know how long it had been there. It startled me at first, but as I drew half fearfully away a pleasant voice said softly, "Miss Ruth," and I saw Dr. Blyde lift his hat from his head, baring the short brown locks as though I had been a divinity.

I did not see his offered hand until he spoke: "You won't shake hands with me, Miss Ruth? Have I offended you?"

I broke off a hawthorn bough and pulled the blossoms off nervously one by one, (for I feared that Roslyn might come and find me *tête-a-tête*, and he was so horribly jealous that every moment of Dr. Blyde's delay was torture to me,) and answered quickly—

"No! oh no! no!" In reaching out my hand over the gate I thrust one of the thorns deep in my finger, and I could not but choose to give a little cry of pain.

"I seem destined to give you only pain, Miss Ruth. Let me see your hand. An ugly scratch indeed. Let me put a bit of plaster on for you?"

It took a good while. He was very slow, or very stupid, I am sure. Meantime I heard Roslyn's light, quick footfall, and no doubt Dr. Blyde felt the leap in my pulse, as he still held the wounded hand, wrapping it about with his handkerchief.

He looked up quickly, and with a strange glance, which was visible in the waning light, said simply: "Take care, Miss Ruth."

Did he mean to speak of the scratch only? I could not tell, for Roslyn came up, and Dr. Blyde said something about a sick child at the Forge whom he was to visit, and hurried away, leaving Roslyn jealous, as I knew he would be. He hardly touched my hand, and looked hot and angry. I felt half afraid of his fierce eyes, they had such a cruel look in them. I was too proud to apologize while he was in such a mood. Then I remembered all my little routine of evening cares—Jamie and May to undress and put to bed, Tom's exercises for school next day to look over and correct, and the flower-pots to move from the chilly northern piazza to the sheltered nook within. And so I asked him coldly if he would not come in, and, at his muttered denial, turned to go in, when he caught me by the hand and held me with an oath that cut me like a knife.

An oath from the man I had vowed to love forever! An oath among the pure spring flowers, and under the solemn sky! Then his mood changed and he begged forgiveness, pleading his love in excuse, and urging finally that our marriage should take place very soon. I remembered the prophetic vision conjured up by a familiar hymn. I remembered how mother would look to daughter to take her place at the table, to be mother to the children, and mistress in the kitchen. And I told Roslyn I could not be his wife until January at least.

How cruelly he taunted me with lack of love for him, and went away at last petulant and unjust. He said good-night sharply and coldly, and walked off at a swinging pace. I cried a little—I could not help it. The world all seemed so dark to me, and the thorns were above the flowers. I wiped my eyes on the doctor's handkerchief, still bound about my hand. In the midst of my pain my keen sense caught the faint, sweet smell of orris-root, so like the odor of the English violet. Though that was long ago, there is an association of peace, and rest, and help, with its subtle breath even now, such as came in the cool linen of a friend's 'kerchief that April night.

CHAPTER II.

AND so the summer passed—beautiful rainbow summer, whose arch dipped in the gold of spring dandelions at one end, and in the flashing forest glory at the other. There were many happy hours, and Roslyn was devoted and tender once more. He did not come to church very regularly, though it grieved me, and I almost felt afraid that he cared nothing after all for the solemn things that were so dear to me. And if he did not—if what I heard was true, that at college he had been the first in every frolic, fearless of God or man—

I would not listen to these suggestions. By-and-by, when we were married, I could keep him nearer to the narrow path. Dr. Blyde had gone to Europe for a year, so one disturbing element was out of the way. I missed his kind, grave face, and looked with a strange sense of pleasure toward his promised return—because, you see, I had such perfect trust in him. He had said to me before he sailed: "If I can ever be of any service to you, Miss Ruth, will you let me help you?" and, scarce realizing what the compact might bring, I answered earnestly, "I will."

And so he went his way and I went mine. Roslyn joined a party of gentlemen who spent the autumn on the Western prairies, and wrote long, long letters of the hunting parties and the fresh delights of pioneer life, whilst I, the lonely, was content. My father seemed quite satisfied with my future husband in spite of the rumors in regard to Roslyn's dissipation. "Only a little wild oats," he said; and then he would pinch my cheek and laugh at the hot blush that always surged up to my face.

Father was somewhat of a *bon vivant*, I fear, and so looked with more toleration on such faults. He was handsome, brilliant, a popular speaker, and a political idol.

But mother's sweet face wore a little look of pain when we spoke of Roslyn, until at last it came to be a tacit agreement between us that we spoke but seldom of my marriage. Sensitive as a flower, she feared that I would misinterpret her desire to save me from sorrow for unworthy selfishness. But I knew what she thought about when she laid her white hand on my head and said softly: "God guide and keep my daughter."

It was when the golden leaves were dropping so silently like tears for the dead summer that my father bid me wrap up May and ride with him to the little brown house beyond the wood. Tom and Jamie had gone to school, and were to stay all night at uncle Thorpe's. We should soon come back and bring aunt Hetty with us; and our neighbor, Mrs. Reed, was to remain at our house while we were gone. So we went on through the wood, stirring up the leaves every step, listening to the hoarse cry of the crows over the fields where the cornstacks stood in serried ranks. The blue aster and golden rod were tangled with the red seeds of the wild rose, and the trees above us were like the curtains of a golden tent.

And this was the morning. At midnight a little baby sister wailed to life, and I stole from my lonely room to kiss my mother. I must not speak to her, they said, so I only kissed the white face on the pillow, and wondered if she would grow strong again soon.

As I was the head of the house, I made ready the dainty supper, with its coffee and cold ham, the great plum cake and choice Madiera. Old Dr. Thorp and Mrs. Reed came down with father, and we were all quite merry.

At least the rest were. I felt a strange, vague fear, and the white, white face haunted me. An indefinable sense of coming trouble hung about me in spite of assurances that all was well.

For a fortnight my fears seemed idle. Mother came to have a little flush upon her cheek in the afternoon. Two or three times I saw her open her lips as if to speak, and then she bent her head down and prayed silently.

A look of unutterable anguish came over her face as she looked at the little baby nestled on her arm, and she would raise her beauteous eyes to my face and blush, and sigh, and pray.

CHAPTER III.

I knew what it meant at last. Mother had been sitting with the little baby, now a fortnight old, upon her lap, and I was beside her caressing the tiny hands and feet and touching lightly the downy head.

Mother turned softly to me and said in her low voice: "Daughter, there has a terrible sorrow come to us. I would fain bear it alone, but I can not."

"Mother?" I questioned, with both hands tight on my heart.

"Daughter—see—I hold the baby in the strong sunlight—and—she does not wink. She is blind! God help me! she is blind!"

There was a moment of terrible silence as I fell upon my knees beside her. There was a moment of rebellion as I cried: "Oh, mother! can God be good?" and then, affrighted, I prayed for pardon for the impious words.

"Mother, does father know?"

"Yes, the doctor has told him, and he is broken-hearted. We must help him to see God's hand in it all, daughter, mustn't we? Who knows but that this little life, begun in shadow, may be God's way to bring him to the light;" and then she stooped to kiss the sightless eyes. In all this world no kiss can ever be so loving, pure and tender as a mother gives her stricken child.

> "When through the deep waters He calls
> thee to go."

How the echo haunted me. The waters were deep. They surged up black and bitter round about me, and the cruel waves went over me before the snow laid softly on the churchyard over her breast.

Yes, I tried to hold her fast on this side of the river, but she sought a better country, even a heavenly. People began to ask, "How is your mother?" when they came in. Old aunt Hetty was bidden to stay on, adding week to week, until November was well nigh spent.

Still she scarcely seemed an invalid. Still she sat in her old place by the window, making a pretty picture with the light touching the lines of cherry bordering her soft, gray robe and glorifying the waves of her abundant hair.

Oh! precious hours when at last I crept into my mother's heart; when I tried to treasure up the golden words of a lingering saint. Oh! solemn consecration, when before God I promised, with His help, to be the guide of Myrtle's life, and so to lead her on, that by-and-by she should see the Light on the other side of the gates of pearl.

How tenderly her hand laid itself on my head as we spoke of Roslyn and my hopes and fears.

"O daughter, dear, be sure!" and then she was still awhile, her hazel eyes covered with their white lids, and the long lashes held a tear.

It was a day in Indian summer when her summons came. In the light of the sunset at the western window, with the baby in her arms, she met the heavenly messenger. Very softly she had been singing her favorite hymn, and the words grew fainter, as she ended:

> "He'll never, no never,
> No—never forsake,"

and held the little Myrtle out to my opened arms. There was a sigh, a shiver, a whispered prayer, a solemn, hurried moment, when I promised before God to be a mother to the poor blind baby; a finger pointing upward, while she held my father's hand, and bid him meet her there—and all was over for the pure spirit, who sings only triumphant songs, with no quaver of sorrow in all their echoes now.

But for us—for father, and Jamie, and Tom, and May and Myrtle, (father and I concluded to call her Myrtle because that lives in the shadow)—ah, for us 'twas a sorrowful winter. Roslyn came back fresh and brown, handsomer than ever. I told him of our great trouble softly, and he spoke words of sympathy; but he fretted because our marriage must be again put off, and even refused to kiss the little harmless thing that had come between him and his love. I wondered if all great love was selfish, and if it must necessarily bring only unrest. And then I thought of Dr. Blyde, and how he would have spoken quiet, helpful words, and I wished I might have had just such a brother. I heard from him once in a while through Dr. Thorp. He was studying hard, he said, and would come home in the following autumn. Roslyn went to the city to attend law lectures, and so my life was lonely enough; but with the care came the great happiness of being all-in-all to a loving human creature—and Myrtle grew so close about my heart I scarcely felt repining at my lot. Looking back on those days, I scarcely know my own heart. I was separated from Roslyn, and yet was not unhappy. I fear I was not as attentive to my housekeeping duties as I should have been, for father, I am sure, missed many comforts he should have had. If I had known—and yet God knew best. He was leading me by paths I knew not all the while.

I was sorely grieved and troubled when, one day after a dinner, somewhat comfortless I know, father told me that he thought it necessary to have a housekeeper, as my time was so completely occupied with the helpless baby. Tom laid down his knife and fork and looked up aghast; little May seemed to guess my thoughts instinctively, and slid her little hand under my apron to give mine a sympathetic squeeze, while Jamie made no secret of his views, and in language more forcible than elegant, declared "he'd wallop her;" which expression brought a look of most profound horror to my father's face.

After sentencing the offender to

solitary confinement the rest of the day, father proceeded to tell me that he had engaged a Mrs. Weston, a very superior woman, to undertake the charge of his household, commencing her duties the first of May; adding, that she objected so much to being separated from her daughter, that he had invited Miss Kate Weston to spend the summer with us, too. She and her mother were quite alone, father said, and as they were both educated and accomplished thoroughly, it would be a most undoubted advantage to the children as well as a great relief to me.

I could not help looking sorrowful, for, after all, the children and I were happy enough in our way; and though Jamie did say wallop, and other words of like import, he did not lie nor steal, and at twilight we used to gather in the nursery, and have confidential chats about our lives as they had been, and our hopes and fears ahead. And now, this "superior woman" was coming to shadow our circle with her elegance—ah me!

CHAPTER IV.

June and its roses again. Roses along the garden paths, roses crowded in vases and glass throughout the house. Roses along the dusty hedges, and roses pure and pale above my mother's grave. Their fragrance came on the dewy night-air as I laid baby Myrtle in her bed after a day of fever and pain incident to childish maladies—peaceful at last, with the moisture beading her white face and the sightless eyes unconscious of their darkness.

I looked out over the roof of the porch down the path checkered with the moonlight riven by the boughs, and far away to the locust-tree that lifted itself so high from the churchyard corner where my mother's head was lying low. And, looking thus, I almost longed to be at rest beside her.

For home was home no longer. The "very superior woman" came, the household arrangements were perfect in their routine, and father, only thinking of the beauty of regularity, promptness, and neatness, forgot what heartaches might lie beyond. Tom, sensitive; studious, and gentle, shrunk from her fierce handling of all that to him was sacred. Jamie rebelled openly, and told me at least once a week that he hated old Weston, and meant to run away, and May came to be a grave little helpmeet for me in caring for Myrtle. Father seemed very happy. Through the open window even now I could hear a woman's voice reading to him one of the editorials from the journal he prized most, as she was wont to do in the evening.

And Kate—perchance I better not describe her—I can not do so fairly. I know how fair a picture she made this summer night with daisies in her night-black hair and on her breast. Ah yes, I remember how Roslyn stooped to pick one that had fallen, and touched his lips lightly with it ere he placed it in his button-hole. I knew how her flute-like voice had lured him ever since he came home to me.

Of the alienation of my father's love; of the struggles which I saw too well were stirring Roslyn's fickle heart since this stranger, with her dusky beauty, had come; of his reproach, oft repeated, that I sacrificed him to Myrtle, making this the excuse for his new devotion; of the fair and gentle mother who had passed away, and the trials of the children—these were the sad thoughts of a girl of seventeen.

I put my troublesome hair back, to be sure I heard distinctly the low words of love that stole up from the little rose-wreathed porch—her voice, Kate Weston's, pitying Roslyn for being tied to a cold-hearted little Methodist.

I heard his stammering answer—I saw them walk like lovers down the moon-lighted path—and my dream was over. By Myrtle's bedside I knelt down, and sought and found the strength God gives the stricken soul.

I laid the letters, the faded flowers, and the twisted ring together with the locket. As I did so, looking through the unused drawers, there stole out the sweet, pure violet odor from the forgotten 'kerchief with its fragrant breath. It came to me like cheering words, and I found myself whispering softly: "Ah, my friend will soon be home;" and with the thought came peace and rest.

Perhaps—I know not—perhaps that helped me a little to go through my part so bravely when I met Roslyn alone the next day. My hand did not quiver as I held it out to say "Good-by," after I told him that I saw he had been mistaken. He was completely unnerved, then angry, and a sullen oath made me thank God for the seeming trial that separated us forever.

And yet I think he was relieved that no obstacle lay now between him and the bright beauty he coveted. It was a painful interview, and I was thoroughly exhausted when it was over. From this time I met him but seldom.

I had trials enough beside. Jamie was now twelve years old, with a nature easily led by kindness, but given to stout rebellion against authority. One of his hobbies, in which I had indulged him, was the accumulation of curiosities of all sorts. A piece of the "Charter Oak" made him happy for a week, a trilobite was treasured like a love-token, and the promise of a hornet's nest was full of joy.

All these odds and ends he insisted upon keeping on a table in his room, and as it required very little sacrifice on my part, I allowed him to do so. Not so our superior woman.

Jamie returned from school to find them huddled in a box, their labels (all written in his school-boy hand) confused utterly, and well nigh hopelessly. He insisted that he should be allowed to keep them, as he always had done; there was an appeal to father, who bid him leave the trash where it had most properly been put, and Jamie's blue eyes fairly blazed, though I put my hand over his mouth and smothered the bitter words. while I whispered softly, "Jamie, don't—for mother's sake and mine," and led him out. I will not repeat his indignant words. My own heart rose in rebellion too, strong with the woman's mother-instinct to defend whichever of her brood seems most in need of her sympathy and love.

"Ruthie, I can't stay here—indeed I can't. I'll kill that woman if I do. She's stolen father's heart away, and you know it. You see how she rules already."

Only these words rang in my ear long after he had gone up to his little chamber; and I began to question how I should bear the coming years.

Oh, for a friend to give me help and counsel—a Christian friend! My lover faithless, my mother dead, and now my father's heart turned against us all.

Ill-tempered, unscrupulous, and deceitful to the last degree, this woman had crept into our home to blacken the poor homely flowers we might have cherished there.

I slept but little and uneasily, and waked just when the birds were singing. Unclasping Myrtle's twining arms, I rose early, and, with a dim dread, stole up to Jamie's room. He was not there!

The bed was not disturbed. His school satchel, with a change of clothing, was gone, and his little tin bank was twisted apart. His old cap lay just where he had tossed it, and a little penciled note said: "Ruthie, dear, don't worry about me. I have said my prayers, and I'll come back some day and take care of you and Myrtle and May."

I tried very hard to think of the wisest course for me to take. I feared that father, in his anger, would punish him if he were caught and brought home again; so I told the children that I thought I would take a little walk before breakfast to meet Jamie, as he might have gone to aunt Hetty's.

I have never forgotten that walk in the August morning,—not the look of the early sunshine through the tree-trunks, nor the startled chipmunk that crossed my path, nor the cool, deep fern that clustered about the great rock at the edge of the wood.

The whole great wood was holy as a church, for there I walked in sorrow, and there I prayed for help.

The day was hot and sultry, and my head throbbed painfully before I came near my journey's end. I suppose I was not strong, and all the excitement I had undergone began to tell upon me.

Just as I had begun to look ahead through the arched opening of the wood at the well-known brown cottage, I saw something glance in the sunshine beside me, and near a fresh-cut sapling I picked up poor Jamie's knife.

With a cry I stooped to pick it up. The blood surged up to my head, and I fell helpless to the ground. There was a swift thought that I was about to die, that I should be left there alone, and maybe wolves would come at night. Then blackness came over my eyes.

CHAPTER V.

In the clear cool peace of aunt Hetty's best room I waked. On the bed the knotted quilt I remembered, with its design of bar and spot, and wonderful initial in the middle. Beside me, the little cherry-wood stand, with glass and spoon, and pitcher filled with cowslips. I was alone, but in the outer room I heard the creak, creak of aunt Hetty's rocking-chair, as she sang in her old-fashioned way the same hymn that seems always mixed up with the crises of my life:

"In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

With the last line chimed in a manly, full, deep voice, and as the hymn ended the same voice added, "Good words, aunt Hetty—good words, aren't they?"

"Bless us, Doctor, why how you skeert me! I reckon Ruthie's better. She don't be so wild like."

I shut up my eyes. It all seemed so peaceful and dream-like, I did not care to waken. There was a firm, quick tread, there was an odor of orris-root, there was the sound of an unforgotten voice, the touch of an unforgotten hand upon my own. I heard *him* say, "Poor child, poor child!" softly, and he put my hair back gently from my forehead, while aunt Hetty stood by with her arms akimbo, (I knew, although my eyes were shut.)

"She's better, ain't she? But she's awful white. I thought, when you brought her in a week ago—"

I waked then at once out of my trance, with a cry.

"Oh, Jamie! Where's Jamie?" All the horror of his loss came over me.

"Jamie is safe, Miss Ruth. I found him on the road the morning you went to look for him, and induced him to go home quietly before the alarm was given. I came in the last steamer," he added to my questioning eyes, "and I was on my way to see you when I found you insensible in the wood, and brought you here. You have been very sick; now you must talk no more."

I still had strength to say, "And Myrtle?" looking up in Dr. Blyde's brown face.

He stepped in the outer room, and brought her to me on her pillow, fast asleep.

"Aunt Hetty sent for her, fearing you would worry. Now go to sleep. Positively no more questions to-day. Father has been to see you, and is coming again to-day."

CHAPTER VI.

I suppose that was a very common brown cottage to other people, but to me it is strangely dear. Up out of the Valley of the Shadow I walked into peace and life and rest—and love.

Yes, for all these years the patient heart had kept its faithful love unshaken, and I found the friend forevermore—dearer, I am sure, for all that I had suffered in the past, surer that time had tried us both; it is on "the firm foundation" truly.

I went back a little while to my father's house. Then there was a quiet wedding, and I came to my new home. Jamie and Tom went away to school. Father had been married a month before to Mrs. Weston, and they were going abroad for a year, so that I was permitted to take May and Myrtle with me to my new home.

But you can never guess what my wedding present was. Jewels? Ah, yes, none so bright and dear in all this world to me! for, just a month before our wedding-day, my dearest friend, by God's good help, gave me—my darling Myrtle's eyes!

And she can see! Such patient care—such wondrous skill!. Such hopes and fears, while the little bandaged eyes were waiting their appointed time!

Oh, mother, dear! won't you know it even in heaven?—won't you know when I take her to the grave where your body lies, and show her the roses blooming there? Perhaps you will.

And so the hardship of my life is past, and I look back, as we all may do, with wonder on the way the Lord has led me. Poor Roslyn! Ah, me! Kate Weston jilted him—tossed him aside as she would a flower, when a richer lover came wooing; and I hear, with pain, he is on the downward road. I pray for him yet; but I thank God every day that I am not his wife.

I need not tell you how the scented English violet blooms round about our homes. I need not tell you how we sing one hymn together in the stillness of the Sabbath evening, and then grow silent, thinking of all its heavenly promise and Christian courage.

And when the last hour comes, I hope to hear its familiar echoes until I catch the faint strains of the upper choir, and tell the waiting saint how good it has been to trust to the "firm foundation," through all trials here below.

◆

CRADLE SONG.

[*Air, Marseillaise, by repeating fourth line.*]

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZ.

SWEET sleep be thine, my baby boy,
Thy soft repose shall naught destroy.
Gently thy cradle swings,
Softly thy mother sings;
Sweet sleep be thine, my baby boy.

BRIGHT dreams be thine, by baby boy,
Visions attend thee, full of joy;
Floating on golden wings,
Bearing all beautiful things;
Bright dreams be thine, my baby boy.

LONG life be thine, my baby boy,
Peaceful and pure, without alloy;
Never may sin defile,
Nor earthly joys beguile;
Long life be thine, my baby boy.

HEAVEN'S grace be thine, my baby boy,
And thine be heaven's eternal joy;
This, this thy mother's prayer,
To greet her darling there;
Heaven's grace be thine, my baby boy.

THE MARRIAGES OF PARIS.

(*Continued.*)

THE MOTHER OF A MARQUISE.

PART FOURTH.

THE three following days were days of expectation. Lucille watched for Gaston as if he had already received her letter. Madame Benoit was hoping that some of her noble debtors would return some of her visits. The mother and daughter remained at home—but not together. One was seated at a window, her eyes fastened on the front door; the other was walking under the chestnut trees in the garden, her eyes turned toward the future. Madame Benoit relied upon her elegant establishment to make friends for herself; she promised herself great pleasure in showing them the beautiful rooms on the first floor. "We will be very unfortunate if we are not even invited somewhere to tea."

The drawing-room, decorated with the loveliest flowers, looked as if ready for a party; the lady of the house was in full dress all day, like the Russian officers who never take off their uniform. While waiting for the house to be beseiged by visitors, Jack—transformed by a new livery—was waiting in the hall, taking his first lessons as a footman.

Those kindly disposed will be sorry to hear, that all this expense was a pure loss; no debtors presented themselves at Madame Benoit's. What would you expect? Their part was taken. These ladies and gentlemen had decided to pay her neither in money nor politeness, and not to return her even her visits.

She was thinking regretfully, behind a curtain, on the ingratitude of man, when a carriage drove rapidly up to the door, and made the sand grate harmoniously in the court-yard. The pretty widow felt her heart beat rapidly; it was the first time that any carriage but her own had made marks of the wheels before her door. The carriage stopped, and a young man got out. It was not a debtor; a hundred times better—the Count de Preux himself. He disappeared into the hall; and Madame Benoit, with the quickness of lightning, cast a look on her drawing-room—a rapid glance at her own toilet, and began to repeat to herself what she would say to him at first; she was too smart to trust herself to improvise. The Count delayed some time. She blamed Jack, who must be keeping him in the ante-room. Why did not the door open? She would have run to meet her noble visitor, only she feared annoying him by an excess of *empressement*. At last the door opened, a man appeared—it was Jack!

"Ask him in," said the breathless widow.

"Who, Madame?" said Jack, in that drawling voice, which distinguishes the Lorraine peasants.

"The Count, of course!"

"Oh! he is a count, is he? There he is in the yard."

Madame Benoit ran to the window and saw the Count de Preux getting into his carriage without turning his head, and giving an order to the driver. "Run after him," said she to Jack.

"What did he say?"

"Madame, he is a nice gentleman, not a bit proud. He probably came from the country, for he believed that he should find the Marquis here. I told him, however, that he *was not* here. That is all."

"You simpleton! why did you not tell him that Madame the Marquise was here?"

"I did, Madame, but he did not seem to hear it."

"You should have repeated it."

"At the time, all he said was, 'When would the Marquis return?' I believe he only came to see the Marquis."

"Well, what did you tell him, then?"

"Why, I told him, we did not know how we stood with the Marquis—that it seemed as if he was *never* coming, and then, as he did not seem haughty with me at all, and even seemed pleased with me, I gave him a full account of what has happened between you and the Marquis."

"You *miserable* creature! I shall send you off! How much do I owe you?"

"I do not know, Madame."

"How much do you get a month?"

"Nine francs, Madame. Don't send me away. I have done nothing. I will never do so again." Then he began crying.

"How long has it been since I paid you?"

"Two months, Madame; you can tell from that what you owe me."

"Here, then, are your eighteen francs, and here are twenty more—that I will give you, as you will have to look for a place. Now go."

Jack took the money, looked at it to see if it was right, and then fell on his knees, crying:

"Have mercy, Madame, I am not

bad—I never did any one harm in my life."

"Master Jack, learn that stupidity is the worst of all vices."

"How is that, Madame?"

"Because it is the only one that one never corrects one's self of."

She pushed him out, and threw herself in an arm-chair. Jack left like the philosopher Bias, carrying all his fortune with him. If any one had followed him, they would have heard him saying to himself, "Sixty-two and eight make seventy, and ten eighty, and ten ninety, and ten one hundred. But I have killed the chicken; I will get no more eggs."

Lucille learned Jack's disgrace at dinner-time, but she dared not ask the cause of it. The mother and daughter, one sad and unhappy, the other cross and complaining—sat without speaking to each other, when a letter was brought in for Madame d'Outreville.

"From Gaston!" cried she. Unfortunately no.

It bore the post-mark of Passy. It was from Madame Celine Jordy, née Molier—which recalled her old friend to her. Lucille read aloud:

"My Pretty Countrywoman—I write at the same time to the village and to Paris, for, since the day of your marriage, you have so entirely forsaken me, I do not know what has become of you. As for myself, I am happy, happy, happy!—all my history can be put in three words. If you want fuller details, come and see me, or let me know where you are hiding yourself. Robert is the most perfect of men, with the exception of your Gaston, whom I will know when you bring him to see me. When can I see you? I have a thousand secrets to tell no one but you; for have you not been my *confidante* for sixteen years? I am curious to know if you would recognize me, without putting my name on my hat. You too must be very much changed. We were children a fortnight ago—that is, you were—and I, three weeks ago. Come to see me to-morrow, if you are at Paris—whenever you can if you are at Arlange. I would like to think that you are not a real marquise, and that we could see each other as often as we wished, without counting visits. I am so impatient to show you my house; it is the most charming little nest that was ever made in the world. Humiliate me as much as you choose by the sight of your palace, I must and *will* see it. This is a word which no one disobeys at Passy, Rue des Tilleuls, No. 16. I will see you soon, though I am groping my way along now, blindfolded. Thy Celine."

"Dear Celine! I will go and spend the day with her to-morrow. You do not want me, mamma?"

"No: I am going out also, to see one of my friends."

"Who is it?"

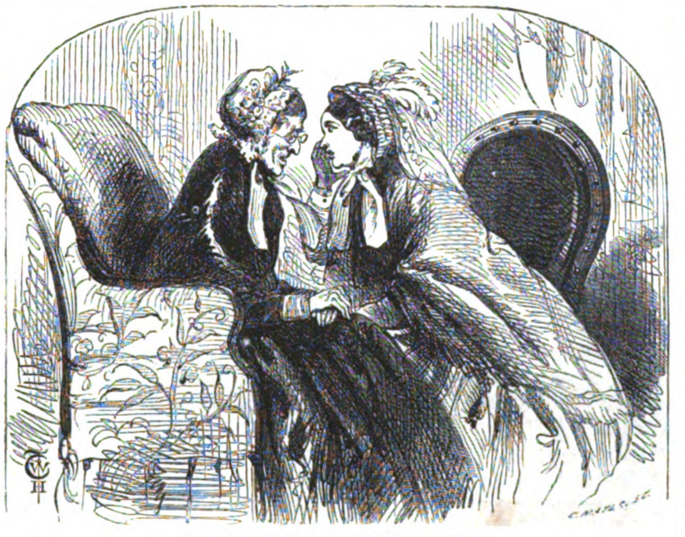
"You do not know her; the Countess de Malessy."

It had been twelve or thirteen years since Madame Benoit had seen this old friend in whom she placed her lost hopes. She found her very little changed. The Countess had become deaf on account of the clamorous cries of her creditors, but it was a very complaisant deafness, and a malicious one also, as it did not keep her from hearing what she wished. In other respects she was all right—her sight was good, her digestion admirable. Madame Malessy recognized her pretty debtor, and received her with a touching familiarity.

"Good morning, my dear! good morning. I have not closed my door against *you*. *You* are too sensible to come to ask money of me!"

"Oh, Madame! I have never made you an interested visit."

"My dear child! you are just like your father. Ah, me! what a good man M. Lopinot was."



MADAME BENOIT AND THE COUNTESS.

"You do me too much honor, Madame."

"Would you believe, they have just been to demand money of me. Only a year ago I married my daughter to the Marquis of Croix Maquors. It was a good match, I acknowledge—but this marriage almost cost me the eyes out of my head."

"I, Madame, have just married *my* daughter to the Marquis of Outreville."

"If you please, *who* did you say?"

Madame Benoit made a trumpet out of her two hands and screamed:

"The Marquis of Outreville."

"Well, well! I hear, but which Outreville? There are real Outreville's and false Outreville's—and of the good there are but few left."

"This is a good one."

"Are you sure of it? Is he rich?"

"He was worth nothing."

"So much the better for you. The false ones are as rich as Crœsus; they have bought lands and castles, and taken the name into the bargain. What kind of a nose has he?"

"Who?"

"Your son-in-law?"

"An aquiline nose."

"I congratulate you. The false Outreville's are real baboons, with little turned up noses."

"This one is a graduate of the Polytechnic school."

"I know him then! He is a little peculiar, but a *true* one. But then, as you are a sensible woman, explain to me how he came to do such a foolish thing?" It was Madame Benoit's turn to be deaf now. The countess went on:

"I say, to be so foolish as to marry your daughter. Is she very rich?"

"She had one hundred thousand pounds on her marriage. We bourgeois still keep up the custom of giving our daughters a marriage portion."

"No matter! I am surprised at his doing so—I thought him very intelligent. You understand I would not say all this if he were present. What do you want, Rosine?"

"Madame," said the maid, "it is the clerk from the *Good St. Louis*."

"I am not at home. Those merchants of the *Good St. Louis* are unendurable! Ah! my dear, your father was a polite man. I said that every body would blame the Marquis—no one will reproach him to *his face*. His name is his own, to do as he chooses with it. But a real Outreville should not be allowed to keep low . . . to marry beneath . . . What do you want now, Rosine?"

"M. Magin is here, Madame."

"I am not at home; I have *gone* out for the day—I have just left for the country. The creditors are worse than beggars to-day. As soon as you send one off, another comes. Ah! my dear, your father was a good man! Is your daughter the least bit pretty?"

"Madame, I shall have the honor of presenting her to you one of these days, in the evening. My son-in-law is at our estates."

"Well, bring her to me in the *morning;* I am always at home until twelve o'clock. What, again, Rosine—is it a *procession* to day?"

"It is M. Bouniot, Madame."

"Tell them, or him, I am having leeches applied."

"I have already told him, Madame, that you were not at home, and he said he had been here five times in a week without seeing you, and that if you refuse to see him now, he will return no more."

"Well, I suppose he must come in and learn his fate! You will allow me, my dear, we are honest people! Your *father* was *such* a good man."

Madame Benoit said to herself, in getting into her carriage, "Go on, go on, you impertinent old thing. You have debts—I have money. I'll have you if it costs me five hundred louis. I will make you lead me by the hand to your daughter's drawing-room." Such were the sentiments with which she had separated from her friend.

Lucille had been with her friend for some time. She left home at eight o'clock, and, an hour afterward, stopped before the prettiest iron gate in the *Rue des Tilleuls.* The morning was magnificent—the house and garden were bathed in sunshine. The garden, all in bloom, resembled an immense bouquet; the lawn, dotted over with rose-bushes, and shut in by a circle of yellow flowers, was like a red jasper in a gold setting. A large acacia dropped its flowers on the bushes around, and gave to the morning air its enervating perfume. Blackbirds sang, while jumping from tree to tree; larks hid in the hawthorn bushes, and impudent chaffinches followed them in the walks. The house, built of red bricks, covered with white mastic, seemed to smile at the luxury which was spread around it. Every-thing that could climb, and every-thing that could flourish, seemed to climb and flourish on its walls. Violet grasses, the bigonia, with its long, red flowers, the white jessamine, the passion-flower, the hartwort, with large leaves, and the virgin-vine, which becomes purple at the end of autumn, climbed to the roof with their interlaced branches; large beds of convolvulus flourished before the door, and blue-bells covered all the windows. This sight recalled to the Marquise the sweetest recollections of Arlange. At this moment she would have given nothing for her hotel in the Rue St. Dominique, and its narrow garden, where the flowers were almost killed between the shade of the house and the thick foliage of the horse chestnut trees. A wrapper of foulard silk, half concealed in a thicket of rhododendrons, was abruptly startled from its reverie. She ran forward and only stopped in Madame Jordy's arms. Have you ever seen at the theater the meeting of Orestes and Pylades? However good the actors, this scene is always a little ridiculous. The reason is, that man's friendship, from his nature, is neither expansive nor gracious. A cold shaking of hands, one arm passed awkwardly round the other's neck, or the absurd custom of rubbing one beard against another, are not sights calculated to charm any one. How much more *elegant* is the affection of women! and the most awkward of them are *artistes* in friendship. Celine was a thorough little blonde, plump and round, with a prominent forehead, a *retroussé* nose, and a mouth which showed her teeth, white, but sharp as those of a young dog; smiling always—from no better reason than that she was so happy—crying without anger, and changing her expression twenty times an hour, and always looking pretty—though one could not tell how. Happily for the narrator of this true history, beauty is not subject to definition, for it would be impossible for me to explain to you by what charms Mlle. Molier captivated her husband and all those who saw her. She had nothing particularly pretty, if it was not the roundness of her figure, or the perfection of her form, the brilliancy of her complexion, and two little dimples, which I must certainly not forget, although *they* were not placed with the desirable regularity.

Lucille did not resemble Madame Jordy at all, and if friendships live by contrasts, their intimacy must be eternal. The young Marquise was a head taller than her friend, and less stout—I have already told you she was a late-blooming flower. Imagine the slight, refined beauty of Diana the Huntress. Have you ever seen, in those admirable landscapes of M. Corot, those nymphs with slender but tall figures, who were dancing under the trees, holding each other by the hands? If the Marquise of Outreville had joined them, with no clothes on but a tunic, with no other head-dress than a golden arrow in her hair, the circle would have given her a place among them, and they would have gone on dancing with another sister added to their number.

By chance, the queen of the Arlange woods was dressed this morning in a bonnet of white *crêpe*, and a rose-colored silk. The little, fat *bourgeoise* was dressed like a country girl, in a straw hat and muslin dress.

"How good of you to come," said she to the Marquise. (I will dispense with recording all the kisses with which the two friends interspersed their conversation.) "I have been dreaming of you; how long have you been at Paris?"

"Since the day after my marriage."

"What, fifteen days lost to me? What a shame!"

"If I had only known where to find you," murmured the poor little Marquise; "I wanted to see you so much."

"And I you. Look at me now! Do I look like a married woman? Would you still call me Miss?"

"No; you have a more confident air—a grave manner."

"Not another word, or I shall die of laughing. And you, let me see—you look just the same. How do *you do, Miss.*"

"Your servant, *Madame.*"

"*Madame!* What a pretty word! If you are very wise at breakfast, I will call *you* Madame at dinner. Do you remember the time when we used to play being Madame?"

"It is not so long ago that I should have forgotten it."

"Come, Miss, let me take you a walk in my garden. *You* must not touch the flowers."

While talking, she gathered an immense bouquet, which almost concealed her from view.

"I beg you to have mercy on your pretty garden," said Lucille.

"In the first place, you must not call it *my* beautiful garden. Every body sees it—every body comes here, it is every body's garden; my own garden is behind this wall. Only two persons ever walk there: Robert and myself—you shall be the third. Come, do you see that green door? Who will get there first?"

She led the way; Lucille followed and got ahead of her. When Madame Jordy reached there, she drew a little key from her pocket and opened the door.

"This," said she, "is our reserved place. The flowers here only bloom for us. We walk here every morning before work-time, for we are early birds. I keep my good Arlange habits. As to Robert, I don't know how it happens, but whenever I wake in the morning I find him occupied in looking at me while I am sleeping. Come a little this way. Here the former proprietor had built an immense beast of a grotto, covered all over with rocks and shells, with an Apollo in the center, and frogs all around. Robert tore it down in no time, and brought in its place light and air. He planted these creepers, hung this hammock, and put these pretty little table and chairs. He has the taste of an angel. He is an architect, an upholsterer and gardener, all in one. Sit down on this moss. Oh, I forgot about your new dress. See, this is what I put on every morning; one can sit anywhere with such a dress. Let us go in."

"Oh, not yet—it is so pleasant under these fine trees."

"We will return here presently for breakfast. Come and see our house; then I will show you my husband—he is at the manufactory. You will see how handsome he is, Lucille. Do you remember what fun we used to have about our *ideals?* My ideal then was a tall, dark man, with thick mustache, and eyebrows black as ink. Well, now, my *husband* is not the least bit like that. He is not any taller than my father; his hair is chestnut, and he wears a pretty, light beard, soft as silk, because he has *never* shaved. *Now* I think my *ideal* was *frightful*, and if I were to meet him in the street I would be afraid of him. Robert is sweet, gentle, and tender; he can *shed tears*, too, my dear. Yesterday evening he was sitting near me; we were making plans for the future; I gave my little opinions on the education of children. He allowed me to go on speaking, and held his head in his hands. When I had finished, he embraced me without saying anything, but I felt a large tear drop on my cheek. How beautiful men's tears are! Mamma loves me very much, but she has never loved me as he does. Can you believe that, with men, he is reserved, haughty, and commanding by turns. I was told that last year the workmen struck to obtain higher wages. He learned of the plot in time; he marched right to the works in the midst of fifty or sixty men, who were revolting against him, and made them submit to his *terms*. Every one fears him in the house but me. Oh, Lucille, what an admirable thing marriage is! The day before it there are two people, the next day but one; one has everything in common; one is the two parts of one heart. One becomes like the Siamese twins, who can never be separated, without each of them dying. This is our room. What do you think of it? He selected the curtains for me as he would have done a dress—blue, in honor of my light hair. In fact what *are* curtains?—a dress we wear at a distance. You, my brunette, with your black eyes, should have your room hung with pink satin."

"Yes, I think so, too," said Lucille, pensively.

"What, you only *think* so, like an English girl would say. But I am sure the English, even, would be *certain* on such a point. Do not imagine that *every body* comes in here. One must use discretion and delicacy about such things; if you were not *yourself*, you would not be sitting in that arm-chair, I can tell you. Do you know I make my own bed—Robert helping me a little."

Lucille did not answer. She was looking, with a thoughtful eye, at a magnificent display of lace and embroidery, which covered two pillows, which lay matrimonially side by side. The door opened and M. Jordy entered quickly, throwing down his straw hat. On seeing Lucille, he stopped suddenly, and made her a respectful bow. His wife threw herself into his arms, without ceremony, and said, with a gesture full of grace and simplicity, "Robert, it is Lucille!"

This was all the introduction. M. Jordy, in a few courteous words, soon showed Lucille that he had often heard of her, and that she was not a stranger or mere acquaintance to him. He sat down, and his wife soon found means to get near him.

"Is he not handsome" whispered she to the Marquise. "Where has he come from? He must have run, he is so warm," and, with a gesture as quick as her word, she took her little handkerchief to wipe his forehead, which he tried hard to prevent. M. Jordy had more knowledge of the world than Celine, and when he tried to look severe at her, the indignant little Arlange girl put her two hands on his eyes and kissed his closed lids. "Don't scold me," she said to him. "Lucille has been married two weeks. I expect she is as foolish as I am."

The clock struck twelve—it was their breakfast time. They went to the garden and sat under the pretty trees which gave the name to the street. No servant waited at the meal; they helped each other The two friends, brought up in a village, and strangers to the habits of Parisian society, only drank water; they wet their lips in some M. Jordy brought from a clear, running stream, a few steps off. Robert easily pleased the Marquise. Without wanting in intelligence or refinement, he was unassuming, full of heart, and had those qualities which go to make the warmest friends We all feel a natural sympathy for those whose faces beam with joy, and it is only egotists who do not love those who are happy. Celine, who was anxious for her husband to make a pleasant impression, made him sing at dessert. He selected one of Beranger's prettiest songs, although the old poet was *not then* fashionable The birds, wakened out of their siesta, joined in a gay accompaniment above his head. Lucille sang in her turn, without being *begged* to do so, and in words which were *not* Italian. They amused themselves as all happy, innocent people do. They talked about everything except their neighbor, and they laughed out loudly, and no one noticed how little *reality* there was in the Marquise's gayety. At two o'clock M. Jordy went to his business, and the two friends went on with their *confidences.* Celine talked without getting tired herself, and without perceiving she was making a soliloquy. Women are exceedingly well adapted for microscopic researches. They excel in detailing their pleasures and their pains!

Lucille, breathless, moved to tears, listened, learned, guessed, and sometimes did not understand all she heard. She was like a sailor, thrown by a storm in some enchanted country, of which she did not know the language. The dinner hour drew near; Celine was still talking, and Lucille still listening.

"As to children," said the young wife, "I hope they will soon come. Don't you hope so, too, dear Lucille? Love has only a short time for itself—a score or so of years—and three weeks have passed already. The love of children is another thing; it lasts as long as we do, and we close their eyes. You know I did not used to be very devout; now, when I think our children are in the hands of God, I become superstitious. What do you want—a boy or a girl?"

"Me? I have not thought of it."

"You *must* think about it, my dear. If *you* do not think about it, who will for you? As for me, I want a son. Listen to the sentence I have added to my prayers: 'Holy Virgin, if my heart seems pure enough to you, bless my love, that I may be so happy as to have a son, to bring up in the fear of God, in the worship of the good and the beautiful, and all the duties of a man and a Christian.'"

This last stroke overpowered poor Lucille. The torrent of tears she had kept back so long burst the barrier, and her face was flooded.

"Oh, you are crying! Have I hurt your feelings?" said Celine.

"I am *so unhappy!* Mamma forced me away the night of my marriage, and I have never seen my husband since the night of the ball."

"Not since the night of the ball! Have mercy on me!"

Suddenly Madame Jordy's face assumed a *serious* expression.

"But this is treachery," said she "Why did you not tell me so before? I have been talking all the morning to you as if you were a wife, and you are nothing but a child. You should have stopped me at the first word, and I would never forgive you for allowing me to talk so to you, if you were not so unhappy."

Lucille related her history in a few words.

"Why did you not *write* to your husband?" said Celine.

"I have written to him."

"When?"

"Four days ago."

"Well, my darling, don't cry any more; he will come this *evening!*"

At dinner the table was elegant, the dining-room bright and cheerful, the last rays of the setting sun streaming through the blinds, the water sparkling in the clear glasses, and M. Jordy regarding, with a radiant glance, the happy face of his little wife.

The Marquise left at ten o'clock. Celine and her husband put her in the carriage. When she saw the coachman, Madame Jordy, impelled by a sudden inspiration, said, "Peter, has the Marquis arrived?"

"Yes, Madame."

The Marquise threw herself, with a cry of delight, into her friend's arms.

"What is the matter?" said Robert.

"Nothing," said Celine.

PART V.

On receiving Lucille's letter, Gaston did what any man in his place would have done. He kissed the writing a hundred times, and set about at once for Paris. Destiny, which plays as many tricks with us, as a little girl does with her doll, made him enter the hotel on a Tuesday evening, just two weeks after his marriage. By a little stretch of the imagination, he might have thought the first fortnight of June had only been one long bad dream, and that he would now, when awake, find himself by his wife. This time his mind was made up; he was determined to resist Madame Benoit's maternal despotism, and he swore to himself to defend his rights to the fullest extent.

He had not opened the door, when Julia came in, saying to madame Benoit:

"Oh, Madame, Madame, the Marquis is here!"

The widow, who did not know her daughter had written to Arlange, thought *she* had gained the victory. She answered with ill-concealed delight:

"There is no necessity for your exclaiming so—I expected him."

"I didn't know it, Madame, and thought, from what took place a fortnight ago, you would have been very glad to have been warned of his arrival. Madame is at home, then, to the Marquis?"

"Certainly! Go! What are you you stopping for?"

"I beg your pardon, Madame, but they are taking the Marquis's trunks off the carriage. Is he going to stay here?"

"And where else should he stay? Go and see after his baggage."

"Where shall I have his trunks put, Madame?"

"Oh, what a fool you are! In the Marquise's room, of course. Is not a husband's place near his wife?"

Gaston, covered with dust, entered the room, and his first look was for Lucille. Madame Benoit, more thoughtful than formerly, said, in reply to this look:

"You are looking for Lucille; she is spending the day with a friend; but it is late, you will see her in an hour. You are here at last. Kiss me, my son, I forgive you."

"Faith, my dear mother, you take from me the very word I wished to say *to you.* May all your wrongs to me be effaced by this kiss!"

"If I have done wrong, you are the cause of it—or that horrible mania of yours—of which I hope you are now cured. The idea of wanting to live in the woods all your life! Admit it was an infatuation, and be thankful to those who have convinced you. Are you not better here than anywhere else, and can any one live a civilized life anywhere outside of Paris?"

"I beg your pardon, Madame, but I have not come to Paris to live!"

"What for, then—to die here?"

"I will stay no longer than my home sickness will let me. I have come to Paris, in the first place, to get my wife; in the second place, I was obliged to on business."

"You expect, then, to take my daughter back to Arlange?"

"As soon as I possibly can."

"And you expect her to go with you into your retreat?"

"It seems to me she *should* do so."

"Will you command her to follow you by law, and will your love escort her there by two soldiers?"

"No, Madame; I will renounce all my rights, if it will be necessary to claim them before a court. But we have not gone that far yet; Lucille will go with me by love."

"By love for you or Arlange?"

"For both—for the iron-works and their master."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Without doubt, yes."

"Very well, we will see. And may I be informed as to this indispensable business which divides with my daughter the honor of bringing you to Paris?"

"Do not delude yourself; it is a visit I have to make, but where you *could* not go with me."

"Who is the privileged mortal?"

"The Minister of the Interior."

"The Minister of the Interior! For what? What are you thinking of?"

"It relates to the interest of the iron-works which I hold. A vacancy presents itself, and I wish to beg the minister to accept me as a government candidate."

"You will get me into trouble with the opposite party."

"One can never get into trouble with those one is acquainted with. If you had questioned me as to my political opinions, I must have told you I did not belong to the opposition. Besides, it seems to me, we large proprietors have no right to complain; they do everything for us."

"You are right to use these words, 'we large proprietors.' One might think you had been one all your life."

"How is that, Madame? I am the descendant from father to son, for nine hundred years. Are you acquainted with many proprietors who can go back farther?"

"If we play on each other's words, we can talk for a long time without coming to any understanding. Listen. It suits you to become a candidate for the honors of the province. I am agreed. The iron-works, nevertheless, have gone on for fifteen years, without asking anything of the Consul General. You wish, though, to present yourself as a ministerial candidate. I think you should have asked the opinion of your friends, who are numerous, rich, and influential. However, I will pass that by. See how much clemency I show you. I have just gained a victory over you. I have forced you to come to Paris—to my territory!"

"In my own house, Madame!"

"That is so. You were born proprietor, I suppose! You have soon taken root! In spite of all, you have come here because I have *obliged* you to do so. It is a defeat, but I do not pretend to take any advantage of it. Will you sign a peace?"

"With *both* my hands, if you are reasonable."

"I will do so. You love Arlange. You are anxious to return there, and you do not want to live there without your wife, which is very natural. I will give you Lucille to take back to the iron-works."

"That is all I want. Let us sign!"

"Wait! Now hear my side. I love Paris as much as you love the iron-works, and the faubourg as much as you love Lucille. If I can not enter, for once, the fashionable world, I am a miserable woman. Will it cost you much, now you are here, all ready, to present your wife and myself at eight or ten houses of your acquaintance, and to show us a little corner of this terrestrial paradise, from which I have always been excluded by—"

"By the original sin. It would cost me a great deal, and be of no use to you at all. I need not repeat to you that I have an old hatred against the whole faubourg, which prevents me from ever putting my foot there again. You think you have the power of *obliging* me to forget my dislikes, and sacrifice my self-respect. And do you think that, for your sake, I should endanger Lucille's future? I had in store for her, far from Paris, a quiet, happy life, without state, without fashion—and uniform cheerfulness. We have, if God grants us life, thirty or forty years to pass together, in a small but charming place, without any other stirring events than the birth and marriage of our children. Such happiness suffices for her—she has told me so. She has assured me that the sight of this place, where all is parade and vanity, has not turned her head; that her eyes, dazzled by the light of chandeliers and girandoles, would much rather be accustomed to the soft light of the lamp which will brighten our evenings; that her ears, deafened by the noises of the street, would much rather listen to the voices of our forest, and my own. At this present moment she is the same Lucille she always was. She is dreadfully tired of Paris."

"How do you know?"

"I am *sure* of it. But I do not know if, six months hence, she would think as she does now. Only one ball is enough to turn a young girl's head, and ten minutes of waltzing will cause a greater change of feeling than an earthquake."

"You think so. Well, Lucille is yours, govern *her* as you wish. But myself. Listen! Well, now, this is my ultimatum, and if you refuse it I will break up the conference. What will prevent you from presenting *me*—I don't say to the whole faubourg—but in five or six houses of your acquaintance?"

"Without my wife? Believe me, my dear Madame Benoit, if each of us were to put a stone around our necks and throw ourselves in the river, it would be just as wise a thing to do. All the aristocracy knows you, as they knew your father. You are already the laughing-stock of the faubourg. The Baron wrote me word to that effect, and his testimony is unimpeachable. They say you have already bought, for two or three millions, the pleasure of navigating the world, by being towed into it by a Marquis. If I was to present you to-day, they would count to-morrow the visits we made, and calculate to a cent how much each one brought me. What do you say now? If you think you are young enough to play at such a game, I am not philosopher enough to be your partner. I will leave, with my wife, for Arlange to-morrow. I offer you, as a good son-in-law, a seat in the carriage, and that is all common-sense will allow me to do for you."

Madame Benoit was strongly tempted to tear out the eyes of this model son-in-law, but she concealed her temper and disappointment.

"My friend," said she, "you spent thirty hours in a post-chaise; you must be tired, you need rest, and I was very foolish to try and convert a man with his traveling-clothes still on. You will be more accommodating, perhaps, when you have had some sleep. Wait here in this arm-chair while I go and prepare a room for you. I will be back in a minute."

She left the room smiling, and ran like the whirlwind to her daughter's room. I do not know if she opened, or *burst* open the door, her entrance was so violent. She seized Julia roughly by the arm, who was unfolding a pillow-case.

"You miserable creature," said she, "what are you doing?"

"Why, Madame, just what you told me to do."

"You fool! You did not understand me at all! Let that alone, and take away all this baggage. Did I ever *hear* of such a thing! A man's trunks in my daughter's room!"

"I beg your pardon, Madame, but—"

"There *are* no buts, and I will pardon *you* when you do as I tell you. Take them out, take them out!"

"But *where*, Madame?"

"Wherever you choose—in the street, in the yard. No, stop! In *my* room."

"Madame will give up her room then? But where shall I make the Madame's bed?"

"Here on this sofa, in the Marquise's room. What are you astonished at? Is not a mother's *place near her daughter?*"

She left the chamber-maid to her work and her surprise, and went down, saying to herself:

"The Marquis has only come to brave me. He shall not have that pleasure. I intend to enter the fashionable world without his assistance; Madame Malessy will help me; and we will let this devilish manager of the iron-works see we can do without him. But I must not allow him to ensnare my daughter. He will carry her off to Arlange, and then adieu to the faubourg forever!"

At that instant Peter opened the door, and the Marquise, full of life, jumped lightly from the carriage steps and ran into the house. Madame Benoit was in the drawing-room before her; she feared nothing so much as the first interview, and it was important for her to be there, to stop the outpouring of those two young hearts. Lucille hoped to throw herself into her husband's arms—and it was her mother who received her.

"Here she is, the dear little one," said she to him, with her usual fluency, and with more than usual tenderness. "How long you have stayed. I began to be uneasy. My heart is hung by a thread when I am not near you. Dear little one, there is only one disinterested affection in this world, and that is the love of a mother for her daughter. How have you spent the day? Did you enjoy it more than the last few? See, Gaston, how she has altered. Your behavior has done her much harm. She requires the greatest care. Violent emotions would be fatal to her. The sight of you alone makes her blush and pale by turns. But you, yourself, my dear Marquis, do you know I would never have recognized you? You pretend the Arlange air agrees with you; one would not say so, to look at you. You are no longer the brilliant young marquis that was presented to me two months ago. But some of that must be put down to fatigue, poor fellow, traveling a hundred miles without stopping. It is enough to break down one more hardy than you are. Happily, a good night's rest will repair all that. A comfortable bed is now ready for you, in my room, which I give up to you."

"But, Madame,"—Gaston timidly murmured.

"No objections, and no ceremony with me. We must sacrifice ourselves for our children; it is our happiness to do so—we mothers. I shall sleep very well on my impromptu bed, near my darling Lucille, whose health claims all my care. We ought to have retired ere this. Come; we must go, my sleepy one. Say good-night to your wife, and kiss her hand. It seems to me you are not anxious to welcome her."

Neither Gaston nor Lucille were deceived by this speech, but they were the victims of it; impudence nearly always succeeds with young people, because they feel a kind of shame in repeating a lie. At the present moment another kind of delicacy paralyzed Lucille's and Gaston's courage. They would have felt wanting in modesty if they had braved Madame Benoit in her evil intentions. Gaston, himself, even after all the determined resolutions he had taken, did not dare to take any advantage of his rights, nor make any appeal to the wishes of his wife; he was as timid as Lucille—perhaps more so. Whatever boldness may be attributed to our sex, it is not less true that well-born men are, in love, more timid than young girls. The presence of a third person is sufficient to chill the words on *their* lips, and push to the bottom of their hearts a passion which is consuming them.

Madame Benoit undertook to carry out a plan of action, which would never have succeeded, but for the authority she had taken over her daughter, and, above all, the proud timidity of Gaston. For a whole week she succeeded in keeping apart two beings who adored each other, who belonged to each other, and who dined together every evening. What she spent in passion to frighten her daughter, and in effrontery to intimidate her son-in-law, would have made an incalculable sum. Every day she imagined some new pretext to take Lucille into Paris, and to leave the Marquis at home. She clung to her daughter; she never left her willingly, unless Gaston had gone out. To see her zeal and perseverance, you would have thought her one of those jealous mothers, who can not resign their daughters to a husband.

Her first intention was simply to punish her son-in-law, and to inflict on him, in his turn, all the vexation of an unhappy passion. The success of her calculations gave her a little hope. She thought that Gaston would finish by allowing himself to be conquered, and offering, gratuitously, to conduct her into the fashionable world. But the Marquis took his widowhood very patiently. He wrote to Lucille, and received several notes written by stealth. He arranged with her a plan of escape. Thanks to the overlooking of Madame Benoit, this young couple, united by law and by religion, were reduced to the strategems of school-children. Their love, without losing any of its trust or security, had gained the piquant charm of an unlawful passion. The daily ceremony of kissing the hand, authorized and presided over by the mother-in-law, covered the exchange of this correspondence, of which Madame Benoit did not even guess. Weary, at last, of waiting so long for her son-in-law's conversion, she went back to her original plan, and turned her thoughts to Madame Malessy. She had learned from her dressmaker, that the Marquise of Croix Maquors was going to give a *fête champêtre* on the anniversary of her marriage. All the nobility then at Paris were to be there—for balls are rare things in the middle of June, and when one gets the chance of dancing under a tent, one profits by it. By a providential circumstance Gaston had obtained an audience with the minister for the twenty-first, at eleven in the morning. The widow profited by the forced absence of her son-in-law, and left Lucille alone at home, while she went with all haste to the old Countess.

"Madame," said she, hastily, "you owe me eight thousand francs, so you must—"

"*What* did you say?" asked the Countess, who *very* seldom heard out of that ear.

"I do not come either to claim them, or reproach you."

"Well, *that* is right."

"I think so little of money, that not only do I give up that sum, but I am willing to make other sacrifices, if necessary, in order to accomplish my wishes. I wish to be received in the fashionable world, with the Marquise, my daughter, and that without delay. To-morrow, Madame Croix Maquors gives her ball. You are her mother; she will refuse you nothing. Will it be abusing the rights I have acquired from my good-will to you, to ask for two notes of invitation?"

The little bright eyes of the Countess sparkled like the nails in an arm-chair. She smiled at the widow's speech as a miner would, who has found a vein of gold.

"Alas! my dear," said she, shedding a few tears, or seeming to do so by wiping her eyes, "you have greatly exaggerated *my* influence. My daughter *is* my daughter, I do not deny, but she is in her husband's power. Do you know Croix Maquors?"

"If I only knew him, I would not have—"

"That is so. Well, my dear, I have only to ask him anything to have it refused. I am the most unhappy woman in Paris. My creditors are enraged against me, although I have done them no harm. My son-in-law is a man; he ought to protect me; he abandons me. What did I ask of him only yesterday? A little money, with which to pay 'The Good St. Louis,' which has gone down so since the days of your good father. His reply was, that his ball was to be magnificent, and that his purse was *dry*. I am almost distracted. How have you the *heart* to come and speak about a ball and pleasure to such a poor, miserable creature as I am? All will end badly. I shall be arrested. They will sell my furniture." Here the Countess stopped and began to shed tears. "Excuse me," she continued; "you see I am hardly in a condition to receive visitors; but I am always glad to see you; you recall your good father to my mind. Ah! if he were still living! Return one of these days. We will talk of it; and, if it is in my power, I will help you."

At the first tears shed by the Countess, Madame Benoit had taken out *her* pocket-handkerchief. She said to *herself*: "If necessary, I will cry also. After all, tears will cost *me* no more than they do *her*." The sensible widow added aloud:

"Take courage, Madame; have a *little* courage. There is nothing in all that to discourage you so. You owe a good deal of money, then, to the 'Good St. Louis.'"

"Alas! my dear, fifteen hundred francs."

"Oh! what a misfortune!"

"Yes, it *is* the greatest misfortune to be called the Countess of Malessy, to be the mother of the Marquise Croix Maquors, to hold the highest position in the faubourg, to have the entrance to all the drawing-rooms for myself and friends, and yet not to be able to pay the miserable sum of fifteen hundred francs. I trouble you with *my* troubles, do I not? Adieu, my dear, adieu! My sorrow increases when I see you are crying. Leave me alone to my enemies."

"Will you allow me to attend to this, as I pass by the 'Good St. Louis?'"

"I forbid you! or rather, if you go there—ah! these people are your successors—perhaps you can get on better with them than I have done. Besides, they are of the same class as yourself—merchants do not eat *each other* up; *your set* is a fortunate one—they would give you for a hundred crowns what costs us a *million*. Go, then, to the Good St. Louis. I expect you will go through with it, without untying your purse; I ought to owe *you* the fifteen hundred francs."

"It is settled then, Madame; and as one good service is worth another—"

"Oh, yes! I will render you any service that is in my power! But really, I would much rather you did not make my peace with these shop-keepers. What will I gain by it—the others will soon learn that the Good St. Louis has been paid. I owe everything I have, my dear, to God and the devil!"

"How much in all?"

"How much? I do not know myself. My memory fails me! But I have the bills here. Look, the pastry-cook in the Rue de Poitiers demands five hundred francs for half a dozen chickens, which I had sent home, and a few miserable cakes I nibbled at in his shop."

"I will speak two words to him."

"Yes, tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that I never want to hear of him again."

"Be easy about that."

"Next comes M. Magin, who demands the price of a cask of very ordinary Bordeaux wine."

"That is a mere trifle—give me that bill."

"It is a *thousand* francs."

"The deuce! your *ordinary* is not to be disdained."

"Here is an honest man's bill! I am sure you will get on well with *him*. It is the upholsterer, who did up all this furniture. He asks for a thousand francs, but anyone that knows how to manage him will make him take much less."

"I will try, Madame." She took the four bills and folded them carefully.

"It is twelve o'clock," said she. "I will go and put your affairs to rights. But now that you *can* have an easy mind and heart, will you not go and try the effect of your eloquence on the Marquis of Croix Maquors?"

"Yes, my dear, I will go; but I feel less easy than you imagine. I have not told you all my troubles." She opened a drawer in her table, and took out a portfolio full of papers. "You are going to learn of some others."

"All right," thought Madame Benoit; "though four thousand francs *is* a good price to pay for a simple card of invitation." The widow laid on the table the bills she had taken, and said in a voice full of emotion:

"Alas! Madame, I fear you are right, and that your troubles are too great to be remedied."

"Oh, no! oh, no!" quickly answered the Countess. "I am sure I will get out of all this one day or another. You have encouraged me, and I feel quite set up. I will be at my daughter's in fifteen minutes—as soon as I have changed my dress. I will get an invitation in the name of the Marquise of Ontreville. Two are not necessary, you will enter with your daughter. I wish to avoid the name of *Benoit*, which would spoil everything. While I am busy for you, go to the merchants with the bills, and finish this little speculation which seems to amuse you. Return here at three o'clock precisely, and we will exchange our credentials like two ambassadors."

M. Croix Maquors made a face when he saw his mother-in-law come in. The Countess was so terribly needy, that they dreaded the sight of her like a bill of exchange. But when they learned she had not come to ask for money, they could not refuse her anything. The Marquis, smiling, handed her a white satin card, of which he was far from knowing the value. It was the fourth time that year he had paid her debts. Madame Benoit, happy as a sailor on entering port, ran to her lawyer, returned to the creditors and paid without buying anything. The upholsterer, whom the

Countess had praised so, was the ferocious Bouniot, who had forced himself into her presence a week before. At three o'clock, Madame Malessy pocketed the receipts, and the widow hastened to her hotel with the precious invitation. She had not put it in her pocket. She held it in her hand, she looked at it, she smiled at it. "At last!" said she, "here are my naturalization papers. I am *now a citizen* of the faubourg!--provided, between to-day and to-morrow, I do not get sick!"

She then remembered that Lucille had been left alone ever since eleven o'clock, and that the Marquis had had ample time to engage her in a *tete-a-tete*. This thought, which would have exasperated her the day before, seemed now of little importance. Happiness reconciled her with the whole world, and with Gaston. A *drunken man has no enemies.*

On getting out of the carriage, she saw in the yard a former victim of her temper, the too candid Jack.

"Come here, my boy," said she to him; "do not be afraid, I have forgiven you. You wish, I suppose, to return to me?"

"Oh! I thank you very much, Madame. The Marquis has secured me a situation."

"The Marquis? You are fortunate!"

"Yes, Madame; I get thirty francs a month."

"I congratulate you! Is that all you have to say to me?"

"No, Madame. I have come to bring you two letters."

"Give them, then."

"In a moment, Madame. I am getting them from under the lining of my hat. Ah! here they are."

One of these letters was from Gaston, the other from Lucille. Gaston wrote as follows:

> "My Charming Mother—In the hope that your maternal affection will tear you from Paris, which you love so dearly, I take your daughter to Arlange. Can you soon come and rejoin us there?"

"Who gave you this?" demanded Madame Benoit of Jack. But Jack had flown like a bird before the storm. She tore open her daughter's letter, and found three pages of excuses, which ended by these words: "A wife must follow her husband."

I do not wish to slander the human heart; but the widow, after reading these two letters, thought not of her daughter's flight, nor of the treason of her son-in-law, nor of the loneliness to which she was left, nor of the rupture of all the ties which attached her to her family—but she thought she had just bought an invitation; that this invitation was in the name of Outreville; that it would be of no use to Madame Benoit, and that they would dance without her at the Countess of Croix Maquors!

(*To be continued.*)

◆

BY-AND-BY.

WHAT memories greet me at the sight
Of this brown ring of shining hair,
Which seems to catch the day's soft light,
And hold its brightness prisoned there!

I SEE a tender, earnest face,
With eyes as blue as violets are,
Lit up with life's auroral grace,
The sweet, pale beauty of a star.

RED lips, like rosebuds cleft in twain,
Smile on me from the goneby years;
Their kiss I shall not feel again,
As when I felt it last, in tears.

O SILVER voice, more sweet to hear
Than drip of woodland waterfalls,
Your echoes died upon my ear—
Drowned by the sound of angels' calls.

THE olden days will come no more
To make my heart grow young and glad;
But, somehow, when I think them o'er,
I am not sorrowful nor sad.

THE years glide by, and, one by one,
I see them join their kindred dead,
And think my journey's almost done,
And rest awaits me just ahead.

BUT sweeter than the thought of rest
Is that of her who waits for me,
With heaven's own quiet in her breast,
Close down beside the Eternal Sea.

I KNOW she waits in heaven for me;
Some day I hope to meet her there.
Her face, her dear, dear face I'll see,
Shadowed no more by grief or care.

O BOATMAN! come and take me o'er
Across the sun-kissed, smiling waves.
To meet her on the stormless shore,
Where flowers ne'er blossom over graves.

◆

When to be Contented.—If the man who is merely expert of hand stands, or seems to stand, on a lower level than he who plans largely and wisely, let him not repine at that; for on the plain where his capacities have placed him there is less of responsibility and anxious care than in the higher positions assigned to more powerful and comprehensive intellect.

Sincerity.—The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful: wise in spying that which I see not; faithful in a plain admonishment not tainted with flattery.

The purse of the patient frequently protracts his cure.—*Zimmerman.*

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.

BY S. S. NASON.

"WHAT are you doing, Charlie?" inquired my cousin, Bertie Lee, as she came into the library, where I sat busily at work with my pen.

"Writing," was my brief response.

"Ah, yes; I can see that. But what are you writing *about*, Charlie?"

"Curiosity, thy name is woman," I replied, with a sententious bow, while, at the same time, I achieved a wonderful framework of lines and counter-lines, through which Bertie read, in large capitals, the word "Finis."

"Well, what is it? Please tell me."

"Why, if you must know, Bertie, it's a book. I have just finished it."

"A translation, I suppose," persisted the little lady.

"You needn't suppose anything of the kind. It's a work of my own creation, and, as such, it shall win us a home one of these days, Bertie," and, drawing her to my side, I kissed the sweet face that sought to hide its blushes on my shoulder.

A little later I was alone, and, while folding up my MS., I fell into a train of thought, in which visions of the "good time coming," when I should not have to toil like a slave for my daily bread, took a substantive form; and I beheld a cottage home, nestled amidst trees and flowers, which enshrined my heart's best treasure—Bertie Lee; and where we would not fail to be as happy as the little songsters that, all day long, filled the air with sweetest melody. We had waited so many months already, that I could scarcely bear, with patience, a much longer probation. But now, I, an artist by profession, hoping to achieve greatness in a small way, perhaps, but in a way that would enable me to win fame enough to satisfy my modest ambition and desires, had conceived the idea of taking my pen in hand to write a book!

I did not stop to consider the pros and cons in the matter, but, repeating the maxim, "nothing venture, nothing gain," I set myself to work with a will.

Now, whenever books and papers of the "yellow covered" and intensely sensational order had fallen into my hands, I have invariably flung them aside as too puerile, if not pernicious in tone to repay the trouble of perusing them; so I decided at once that *my* book should be neither one nor the other; that is, not to be charged with egotism, it should, at least, be natural and healthy in every respect—a story, in short, of everyday life and everyday people.

I became interested in my subject, and spent all my spare time, not devoted to Bertie, in her mother's pleasant library, till the book was completed, and then, as I have told you, the last word was duly written with a triumphant flourish of the pen, that was merely an outward type of the spirit triumphant within.

The next day I sallied forth for the purpose of calling upon Messrs. Blithwell & Co., and to submit my MS. to their arbitration.

I was obliged to wait some time, as Mr. B. was engaged; but as soon as he was at liberty he came in, and, accosting me with cool politeness, asked me in what manner he could serve me. I produced my MS., told him briefly what it was, and expressed a hope that he would permit me to leave it for his inspection.

"Is this your first attempt at writing for the press?" he asked, taking the MS. and turning it over.

"It is my first attempt."

"H-a-m! well, you may leave it, and we will examine it as soon as convenient," and Mr. B. bowed with an air that seemed to say quite plainly, "That will do for the present;" at least such was my interpretation of the movement; so, taking my hat, I bade him "good-morning," and returned to my studio, feeling less elated, and, in truth, more despondent than I liked to confess, even to myself.

A few weeks later I received the following note:

> "Mr. C. H. Eliot:—
>
> "We have examined your MS., but do not find it adapted to our purpose; in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, it is scarcely up to the required mark for publication. We would advise you to try again, as there are indications in the story of genius and talents which you would do well to cultivate.
>
> "Respectfully yours,
>
> "Blithwell & Co."

I calmly twisted this piece of advice into a "lighter," and, by the time my cigar was finished, I had resolved to "try again." So, nothing daunted, I called for the MS., and quietly wended my way to publisher No. 2.

As before, I stated my business and was condescendingly informed that I might leave my MS. for their inspection, and they would make known their decision if I would call in the course of a week or two.

When I returned to my studio that day, I sat down with a firm resolve to keep my mind on the work before me, and not to indulge in castle-building to any extent, lest, perchance, my airy habitation should tumble to the earth, and leave me hopeless, if not homeless, in the end.

It was a bright, sunny morning when, according to agreement, I entered the reception-room, and found myself in the august presence of Messrs. Slocum & Co.

"Well, young man," said the senior partner, putting on his glasses and eyeing me rather sharply, "I suppose you have come to hear our decision in regard to your MS. or book?"

I bowed in assent: it was all I could do.

"Just so. But, you see, the fact is, we are not in the habit of purchasing MSS., excepting, of course, from well-known and noted authors; and you are neither well-known nor—pardon me—noted; therefore, we feel obliged to decline the risk of introducing you to the public. We will, say, however, that, in some respects, your book is not wholly without merit."

I was quite overwhelmed at this very flattering observation, so much so that I blushed like a girl.

"Not *wholly* without merit," indeed! But I found voice to thank him for even this small grain of comfort, and, taking my rejected MS., I went out, and, turning my steps in a new direction, I called upon publisher No. 3, Mr. Bluff.

"What is your name, sir?" inquired that gentleman, somewhat stiffly.

"Charles Henry Eliot."

"Eliot, Eliot! Not a literary name, is it? Don't think we can give you any encouragement. Can leave the MS., though, if you choose to do so."

I felt an almost irresistible impulse to box the man's ears then and there, but wisely concluded not to do it. Not long after I received the following elegant and classic epistle:

"MR. C. H. ELIOT:—

"Your story is altogether too commonplace, too matter-of-fact—in short, too much of the milk-and-water order. It would die before it fairly saw the light, even that of a critic's eye. [I dare say Mr. B. thought this was very sharp and witty—I, on the contrary, thought it very weak and stupid.] And for these reasons we shall not venture to publish your book.

"Yours, &c.,
"JOSEPH BLUFF."

But I was not annihilated yet; so, remembering how many of my illustrious predecessors in the literary line had been served in the same way by publishers, who—it gives me a sort of spiteful pleasure to think of it—must have regretted their folly when they saw a brother in the trade reaping the harvest which—oh! tantalizing thought!—might have been their own, I tried again and again, but with pretty much the same result.

One would like to serve me if he could; another intimated that he could and would, if I would transfer a certain sum from my pocket-book to his, which was utterly impossible, of course, to one of my limited means; so I turned from them all sadly, thinking of the many rebuffs I had met with of late, and wondering, as poor Mr. Toots might have done under like circumstances, if it was of any "consequence," whether I succeeded in achieving greatness, or allowed myself to dwindle into a nonentity.

But, happily for Bertie Lee and myself, this state of mind did not long continue. I would make one more effort; but, this time, remembering the old adage, that "a prophet has no honor in his own country," I resolved to apply to a friend of my father's, who was the principal of a large publishing house in the city of R——

I did not stop to consider whether, after so many failures, I was acting wisely or not, but wrote at once to Mr. Clifton, and, forwarding my MS. by express at the same time, I returned to my work, and, as calmly as possible, awaited the result.

The reply to my letter came at last, and, for the especial benefit of embryo authors and authoresses, I shall transcribe it *verbatim et literatim*.

"R—— *Sept.* 5, 18—.

"MR. C. H. ELIOT,

"DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 19th ult., and the MS. story entitled 'Mary Fairleigh,' came safely to hand; and remembering the time when I, too, essayed to climb the ladder of fame, and suspense was slow torture, I hasten to answer it, as you requested, fairly and plainly.

"In the first place, let me say that my object, in writing this letter, is to throw out a few hints for your future guidance, and to proffer such advice as my larger experience enables me to suggest to your consideration.

"And let me tell you that this same ladder of fame is, at best, a very slippery affair; that, while *one* barely succeeds, after many and oftentimes painful endeavors to reach the summit, *twenty* will fall, bruised and bleeding, if not utterly crushed, to the ground.

"Still it would not answer to say to all the youthful aspirants for literary honors that, *because* the way is rough, or slippery, or painful, they should not essay that way; but, in all brotherly love and kindness, let us, who have traveled it so long, point out its perils, mark well its stepping-stones, whereby one could possibly gain a footing, and learn to take 'heart of grace' the while.

"I placed your MS. in the hands of the junior editor of our firm, and requested him to read it carefully; also to make a note of what he read or found that was particularly note-worthy. He is a young man, but has had considerable experience in catering for the public wants and taste, and, for those reasons, I have inclosed his criticisms on what he found, or rather, to speak plainly and to the point, on what he did *not* find."

"EDITOR'S NOTE.—Have read 'Mary Fairleigh,' carefully, from chapter first to finis.

"*Mem. one.* A stupid title, to begin with. Does not suggest or give the least hint of anything new or wonderful, like C—'s last work, for instance, viz., 'Richard, The Fiend of St. Halibut: A Tale of Love and Revenge.'

"Now, that is suggestive of *something*, I say. But this, 'Mary Fairleigh;' bah! too commonplace by half. The story is well written, I must acknowledge; but it's *too* life-like, *too* natural. Why, let me see: no, there isn't a single murder in the book; nor is any one even suspected of having committed such a crime. No stealing, no house-breaking or burning, no desertions to speak of, no fighting, no thunder'n lightning, no—no nothing, in short, that the dear, discerning public would most appreciate.

"*Mem. second.* And the author's a simpleton not to know it."

"'A strange and discriminating critique,' will doubtless be your indignant thought" [continued Mr. Clifton]; "but, my young friend, the editor is not far from right in his estimate of the public's requirements. I, as a representative of the *genus* publisher, will tell you, that, of two books issued from the press, each of which is as different, in its way, as 'Mary Fairleigh,' and 'Richard, The Fiend,' etc., etc., in nine cases out of eleven, the one with the taking title will be the successful book. Do you understand?

"Write, if you can, a serial story for our paper—a novelette, if you choose—and bear in mind the hints so plainly thrown out by our Ed. Try to make your story as attractive as possible to *the majority of readers*. Let it abound in startling incidents, hair-breadth escapes, and lively dialogue. Let it be spiced with a tincture of the supernatural; mix in mystery, *ad infinitum*, and shake the whole up well till the plot thickens; keep your reader in a quiver of suspense as long as, in your opinion, he can bear it; and then wind up with a flourish of trumpets or tolling bells—most people prefer the trumpets. In short, let it end with a wedding or an execution—it don't much signify which—and then, like your famous predecessor of Mother Goose memory, 'your story's done.'

"I should be happy to be of service to the son of an old and valued friend; and, if you can act upon my suggestion and the advice we have proffered, which, it is to be understood, is strictly confidential, we will do the best we can for you. If you are successful, that is to say, if your next story 'takes well' with the public, I shall run no risk in publishing your book. Anything from your pen will, in that case, sell like hot cakes.

"Yours truly, F. A. CLIFTON."

Shall I confess that I *did* act upon the advice so timely given? If you do not believe it, just come to M— and see for yourself. That pretty Swiss cottage down by the river is my own, and Bertie Lee is my own, also. She will lead you from room to room, and, with pardonable pride, will show you her household penates, chief among which, always excepting the baby—whom the neighbors declare to be the "perfect image of its father," and who seldom fail to express a hope that "he will be half as clever"—is the paper containing the first installment of my second story, illustrated by myself.

In your search among the books, you come across a volume, neatly bound in green and gold.

"What is this?" you ask, as if you could not read for yourself.

"Oh!" says Bertie, with a bright blush, "that is Charlie's first book, 'Mary Fairleigh.'"

"Ah, indeed?"

"Yes, and Mr. C— paid him such a large sum for the copyright, that Charlie said he could well afford to purchase our cottage home."

"And then you got married right away?"

"Just so," I reply, coming to the rescue, "and a happy couple we are, too, if you please."

◆

THE FOLLOWER.

BY C. L. CLEAVELAND

"Lo! I have followed thee from my
childhood days,
Ever in the shadow that behind you
grew.
I followed thee through all thy wandering
ways,
And startled back when to sudden rest
you drew.

"Lo! my faint feet are clotted in their
blood—
See that red line of footsteps stretch
away!
It tells the bitterness that I have e'er
withstood [and day.
In following thee through weary night

"My breast is bare, its rags have long
since flown [ing thorn;
To the sharp wind, or caught by prick-
But 'tis not cold—thou needst not sigh
or groan— [morn.
My love hath nurtured it like sun of

"My love for thee, thou ever flitting star!
I fed of thee, I had my all of thee;
And what could my hot footsteps firmly
bar [the sea?
When thou didst draw as does the moon

"Oh, I do love thee so I loved of yore—
I love thee as thou stand'st here by the
wave. [shore,
Cross not the waters—rest thee on this
And let the ships go forth for what men
crave.

"But thou, beloved, tarry here with me,
And tell me that my love hath not been
vain.
That I may say unto the mighty sea,
'O mighty sea, thou hast checked my
deathly pain.'"

She loved him for his sorrow and his pain,
For his spent blood, in following her
flights.
And on the golden shore they did remain,
In clasp divine, through all the days and
nights.

"IL CORDARA."

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

PROBABLY few of my readers have ever heard the name that heads this article; and yet, in the first half of the 18th century, "*Il Cordara*" was as famous a name in Italian trade as Krupp, Faber, and similar names in Germany, at the present day. Cast-iron cannons and locomotives were then unknown. It was a period whose chief pride rested not upon fearful instruments of destruction, and engines worked by the giant power of steam, but upon full-toned stringed instruments from which divine harmonies might be worked at will. The great age of violins, which were manufactured in their perfection in Mantua and Cremona, had dawned—the reformation in instrumental art. Full of pride and enthusiasm did the people utter the names of Stradivarius, Amati, Guardini, Guarnerius. The former was sur-named "*il divino*" whilst enormous sums were paid for his violins. Now, the perfection of the instruments, based, as it was, upon the most minute investigations and profound research into mathematical laws, naturally incited the artists of the day to exert all talents and industry, in elevating violin-playing to a hitherto unknown standard. *Virtuosos* seemed to spring up, as it were, from the ground; almost every Italian city had its favorites upon whom it loved to shower wealth and fame. From the time of Corelli down, no being excited higher admiration than a great violinist. Pisa had its Constantino Clari; Francesco Veracini was the greatest artist of Florence; whilst in Bologna, gold and laurels were showered upon Geronimo Laurenti. In Modena we find Antonio Vitali; in Massa, Cosmo Parelli; in Lucca, Lombardi; in Naples, Michel Masciti. Even little Pistogia had gold enough to enrich its Giacupino.

To whom now is due the honor of all this glory? To the makers of these incomparable instruments, to be sure. The names of Amati, Stradivarius, etc.—that is to say, the wealthy manufacturers—have been handed down, as was their due, to posterity; but a different fate has been awarded to the workmen to whose mechanical skill we owe the instruments which are to this day unrivaled. Even in the technical works of that time, we find little mention of the men who cut the wood, who prepared the strings—in a word, who provided the instrument with soul and voice.

The memory of one of these industrious, persevering, and skillful men it is now our object to recall, that at least from his fellow-workmen of the present day he may meet with due recognition. He manufactured violin strings exclusively, and in his day was known throughout Italy—yes, throughout all lands where the "singing-violins" found their way—by the name "*Il Cordara*." In the preparation of violin-strings he had no predecessor or rival.

The citizen name of "*Il Cordara*" was Angelo Angelucci, and he was born in Naples, in the year 1692. His whole life, from early childhood, was devoted to his business. The friendship of the great composers and virtuosos invested this painstaking existence with its brilliancy. Modern string-manufacturers, who comfortably carry out the inventions of others, have no idea what infinite trouble, what thought, what labor and struggles the foundation of this lucrative branch of industry cost poor Angelo. But with how unexampled a result was his industry finally rewarded! Angelucci's strings have the reputation of never snapping. Temperature and climate have no effect upon them, and they were insensible to the maltreatment of the virtuosos. Tartini is said to have played his celebrated "*Trille au Diable*" two hundred times on the same string, whilst strings of every other make snapped upon the first effort. The whole musical world of Europe swore by Angelucci's strings. A package of Neapolitan strings was considered a princely gift. Celebrated musicians and virtuosos of all countries of Europe applied by letter to the Neapolitan, to make sure of the genuine article. Even in our day, numerous anecdotes are related in Italy of these wonderful strings, and, at least in his fatherland, the name of "*Il Cordara*" has not been buried in oblivion.

Angelucci devoted many years to strict investigation of the ductility and resistibility, the strength and fullness of the intestinal membranes of diverse animals. Not until he had attained certainty upon the point did he establish the celebrated "cat gut string manufactory" in the vicinity of the "*Spiaggia* in Naples. He had discovered that lambs of seven or eight months old, raised on the mountains, furnished far better material than animals of the same age that had been pastured upon the plains. He organized, therefore, a whole brigade of purchasers, whom he taught himself to distinguish the raw material, and buy it up as cheap as possible upon the mountains. Those who best understood this trade were from the little town of Sala, and their numbers gradually increased to hundreds, from which may be conjectured the extent of the Angeluccian manufactory. All Italy was filled with admiration for the man who had brought into so flourishing a condition a branch of industry hitherto comparatively unknown, and who was universally esteemed a model for the industrial community of his time.

The renowned "*Cordara*" now visited all the chief cities of Italy, in order to enrich his experience through his own observation, and intercourse with the first violin manufacturers and virtuosos. He went to Rome, to Martini in Bologna; to Tartini in Padua; then to Ferrara, Venice, Florence, Ancona. He received everywhere tokens of honor and distinction, for his renown had long preceded him. It was the great master Tartini who especially distinguished him, and presented him to the mayor of Padua, as a man who had brought to the highest perfection a needful, yet hitherto imperfect branch of industry.

After this tour, the master returned to Naples, to devote himself with renewed energy to his business; and his house by the *Spiaggia* became the *rendezvous* for the first artists of the world. They were sure not only of a hospitable reception, but, if they were interested in so doing, might count upon finding in him a friendly guide through the manufactory, as well as being sure of useful remarks and instruction from him. These were the halcyon days of the worthy manufacturer. His house was a kind of academy for the nomadic artist world. Our time presents many examples of intimate association between manufacturers of instruments and skillful virtuosos; but an example of such hearty, enthusiastic nature as that here mentioned, has probably never existed. Tartini, "*il maestro delle nazioni*," as he was called in his time, was a frequent guest in the house by the *Spiaggia*. Maddalena Lombardini, the greatest lady violin player, loved to sojourn there; also the German composer, Naumann, visited the celebrated manufactory of Angelucci, and besought the master to initiate him into his acoustic secrets. "*Cordara*" was, besides, not only generous in his hospitality, but in supporting with his own means those of his profession in need.

Upon Angelo's manner of preparing strings, a few hints have been handed down to us, although it is possible that one or other of his present fellow-laborers may know something more upon the subject. The treatment of the raw material began in April, and by September the strings were completed. Heat was a chief condition of the success of the labor. The guts were first immersed in cold water, and then beaten for twenty-four hours with slender reeds, to remove the outer skin. Then they were steeped for eight days in strong lye, whose strength was daily increased. This last process remained for years a secret. After this, the guts were sorted according to their thickness, and dried for a month in a kiln by steam of brimstone. Finally, they were polished with bunches of horse-hair, cut the length required, saturated with olive-oil, and packed for exportation.

These are the essentials of the manufacture of cat-gut strings in our day; but very few improvements have been introduced. The attempts of later times to simplify the process have only resulted in deterioration of the article. Strings are manufactured now much more rapidly than in the house by the *Spiaggia* in Naples, but the rare qualities possessed by that early make are not so easily met with again.

Angelucci shared the mournful fate of so many great inventors. He never oppressed his workmen, and was always so liberal that others who had commenced the business after him grew rich far more rapidly. To increase his field of operations, he united with great capitalists, who, far from aiding him, soon succeeded in turning the whole business to their own advantage. He was led into lawsuits, his manufactory passed into other hands, and the originator of that branch of industry, which still flourishes and enriches many in Naples, died in poverty and wretchedness.

How few violin players, whether poor bunglers who scrape away to their own satisfaction, but to the disgust of those about them, or celebrated virtuosos who give delight by their masterly performances, know aught of the "*Cordara*," Angelo Angelucci, to whom they owe the means of *their brilliant triumphs.*

◆

To bestow a favor with delicacy is like adding moss to the rose-bud; but to make one *feel* he is the humble recipient of your bounty, is like taking from the rose its fragrance.

Diamonds of Thought.

Punctuality.—It may seem of little moment to be punctual; but, to use the words of an eminent theologian, "our life is made up of little things." Our attention to them is the index of our character, often the scales by which it is weighed. Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one.

Trust Deceived.—Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

What am I fit For?—There is only one method by which a young man can discover what position in life he is best fitted to occupy. He must *try*. He may be qualified to plan, to lead, to control, or his talent may be simply executive, and of the kind that assists in carrying out the ideas of other men.

An Ennobling Virtue.—There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.

Economy.—Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies, and providing against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them.

Sympathy in Sickness.—It is in sickness that we most feel the need of that sympathy which shows how much we are dependent one upon another for our comfort, and even necessities. Thus disease, opening our eyes to the realities of life, is an indirect blessing.

Recognition of a Principle.—The habitual and spontaneous recognition of a principle in our actions is a mark of a healthy conscience; but all paltering with our likings, or compromising principle with expediency, marks an unhealthy state of the moral sense.

A Bad Wife.—I pity from my heart the unhappy man who has a bad wife. She is shackles on his feet, a palsy to his hand, a burden on his shoulder, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.—*Osborn.*

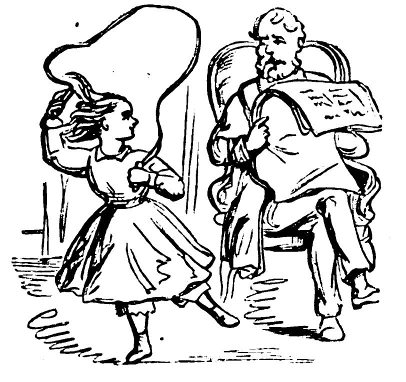
Division of Sorrows and Joys.—Sorrows, pains, and troubles, equally divided among the community, greatly diminishes them; while the good fortune of an individual is immeasurably increased by the participations of many.

Sensible Advice.—Always treat a lady with politeness. Such is due to her sex. No matter though it may cost you an act of hypocrisy—no matter though for a time you may seem to be ill at ease—don't fail to perform the act of grace.

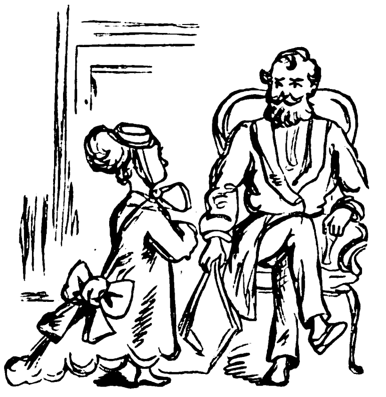
Wealth and Want.—He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.

Rewards of Fidelity.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless is the time to try true friendship.

DAUGHTER *versus* MOTHER.



Father—My daughter, I wish you to be more ladylike—not so boisterous; try and imitate mamma in *all* things.



Daughter (Enters)—Papa, I saw the *loveliest* point-lace shawl at Stewart's, yesterday; only $1,500—*so* cheap; and as I am to be like mamma, you know, I really have "nothing to wear."

God hath given to mankind a common library—his works; and to every man a proper book—himself.

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

Nobility.—The greatest, truest nobility is to be a servant of God. He is nobly descended who is from above.

The value of a thought can not be told.

Literary and Art Gossip.

"**Where to Emigrate, and Why.**"—Americans are proverbially restless, fond of change and of adventure. From Maine to California, hardly a family can be found that has preserved its numbers intact. Out of every one have been sent the eager, active spirits which people the broad expanse of the great West, and have wrested from the wilderness fresh tributes to the busy, commercial genius of the age.

Of course, books containing information in which such large numbers are interested, will be eagerly sought, and we have pleasure in directing attention to one recently published, which is in every respect a most valuable and desirable guide to the individual who contemplates emigration or removal to a different State.

The work, commencing with California, contains full accounts of the climate, productions, and other facts interesting to settlers, of all the principal Southern and Western States, including the territories, accompanied by maps and engravings of real interest and value. The book contains about six hundred pages, and is issued in this country to subscribers only, by the author and publisher, Frederick B. Goddard, 432 Broome street, New York City.

New Music.—We have received from the publishers, De Motte Brothers, of Chicago, a new comic song, "The Raggedest Man in Town." It is very funny, and is destined to become a great favorite. From the same we have a *polka brilliante* as a *souvenir de Columbus*, by the author of the "Alpine Horn," etc. Also, "The Beautiful Girl of the West," by Frank Howard, dedicated to Mrs. A. H. De Motte; and the "Peerless," a polka, as far as we can judge, in honor of a cooking-stove.

"**Vick's Floral Guide.**"—The lovers of gardening, especially persons who are inexperienced, and wish to obtain practical information in the surest, easiest, and least expensive way, are recommended to send to Rochester for "Vick's Illustrated Annual and Floral Guide." It is most perfect and complete in its lists of new and old fruits, trees, plants, shrubs and flowers, and very full in its directions for the laying and cultivation of small plots as well as large gardens. Ladies will find an immense amount of information in regard to their favorite bulbs and flowers, and an order list inclosed, upon which they can mark the new seeds and plants required, and which they may rely upon receiving the first quality, and in prime order.

Our Spice Box.

Quoth Tom, "'Tis strange that in the world
So much injustice should abound."
"Nay," answered John, "the human heart
Is never on the right side found."

What word in English is both sweet and sour? Tart.

Never Waste your Time.—Waste somebody else's.

What two fishes get most trodden on? Soles and heels (eels.)

It is a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the sky by its beams.

Mrs. Partington says she is waiting for the next hard shower to get some soft water.

Right to a *T*.—Strange that the cup should seldom be, amongst *Bohe*-mians, *Bohea*.

Why is a street car not likely to be struck by lightning? Because it has a conductor.

Why is a room full of married people empty? Because there's not a single person in it.

Why is fashionable society like a warming-pan? Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

A **schoolboy's** aspiration: "Oh, how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could always be playing."

Properly Dressed.—There is an obvious propriety in going out to dinner in a swallow-tail coat.

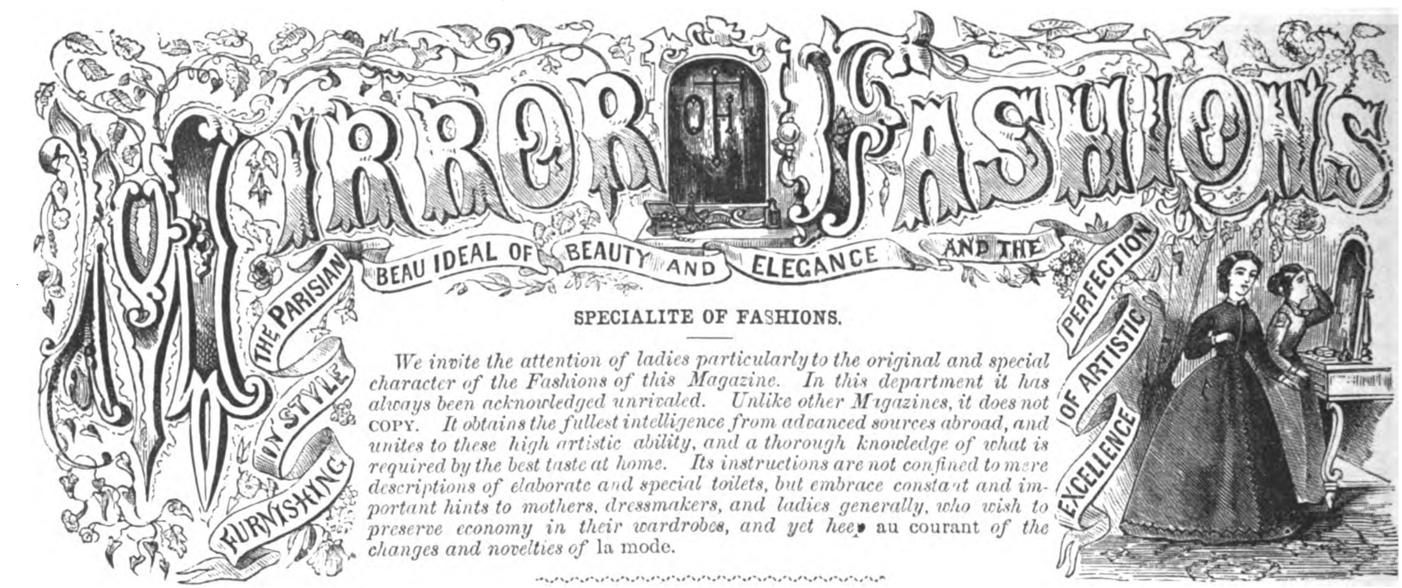
An editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper is always intolerably damp, says, "That is because there is so much *due* (dew) on it."

Old Furniture and Stale Bread.—A man entered a furniture shop, and said, "Have you any old furniture?"—"No, sir; but we can make you some!" was the answer.—This reminds one of the Englishman in a restaurant, who called for stale bread.—"We have none, my lord."—"Make some, then; I will wait."

At some religious ceremony at which he was to officiate in the country, a young curate who attended him grew very nervous as to their being late. "My good young friend," said the archbishop, "I can only say to you what the criminal going to be hanged said to those around, who were hurrying him, 'Let us take our time; they can't begin without us.'"

Archbishop Whately.—"What is the difference," he asked of a young clergyman he was examining, "between a form and a ceremony?" The meaning seemed nearly the same, yet there is a very nice distinction. Various answers were given. "Well," he said, "it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony."

Bad Writing or Bad Spelling.—"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a young college friend, who was more addicted to boating and cricketing than to hard study; "you really ought to learn to write better."—"Ay, ay," returned the young man; "it is all very well for you to tell me that, but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."


MIRROR OF FASHIONS
THE PARISIAN
BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE
AND THE
PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE
IN STYLE
FURNISHING

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Fashions of this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by the best taste at home. Its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace constant and important hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, and yet keep* au courant *of the changes and novelties of* la mode.

MME. DEMOREST'S

Spring and Summer

BULLETIN OF FASHIONS.

OUR MAMMOTH BULLETIN OF PARIS AND AMERICAN FASHIONS is now ready, and, we are justified in saying, surpasses all our previous efforts. It contains upon a single magnificent plate brilliantly and correctly colored models of every variety of costume for walking, in-door, party, dinner and evening wear. It includes also a large number of seasonable and appropriate children's costumes, designed from real styles, so that any mother or seamstress can copy them accurately without calling in the aid of a dressmaker.

Full and explicit descriptions accompany the plate, together with many hints and much useful information to dressmakers and ladies living remote from the large cities

This is the only large, complete, and authentic BULLETIN OF FASHIONS published in this country. It forms a superb show-card, and is indispensable to dressmakers. It receives, moreover, great additional value from *ten* full-sized patterns of the spring novelties, which accompany each package.

The plate, descriptions, patterns, etc., sent inclusive for $2.50. Mailed free on receipt of price. Send orders at once in order to secure them early.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE great and salutary change that has taken place in fashions is having its effect in promoting altogether better habits on the part of American women, inducing them to take more exercise, freeing them from the embarrassment of long and heavy skirts, and indirectly operating to bring about a much more healthy and natural condition.

The admirable results of this change in dress have been aided by the substitution of stout walking-boots for the former "paper" soles, and the now almost universal employment of warm, close-fitting under-clothing instead of the customary accumulation of heavy outside garments as a protection in cold weather.

When street-suits were first introduced it was considered impossible that they could be made available in cold weather; but by wearing warm knitted under-garments, reducing the size of the hoops so that the thick material of the dress fell in closer folds around the figure, it has been found that a suit of cloth, or waterproof, the cape or sack lined with flannel, is sufficient protection for ordinary winter weather, and that the very coldest requires nothing more in addition than a scarf or talma, one corner of which may be thrown picturesquely across the shoulder, thus breaking the former monotony of appearance, and in many cases producing a most graceful effect.

During the past winter, suits have been worn almost exclusively in the street, and have been found extremely comfortable. The weather, to be sure, during a great part of the season, has been unusually mild, but even on the coldest days a light wrap in addition was found sufficient, and the heavy, old-fashioned cloaks and great fur capes seemed antiquated and undesirable.

It is beyond question that walking-suits will continue to be fashionable for some time to come. They are now made with so much taste, and in such a variety of styles, as to be more attractive than ever.

The newest spring designs have two skirts, the under one a moderate walking length, the upper one shortened in appearance by the looping up at the back and upon the sides, forming a fullness which arranges itself very well over a moderate bustle, but falls short of the panier. The cape with the pointed hood, or a pelerine cape, looped up high on the shoulders, is preferred to *sac* or paletot.

A few very short suits have been made and worn, but they are considered a very bad style, and are not at all becoming.

The beauty of the present style of walking-dress consists principally in its design, in its neatness, simplicity and adaptability. Very little trimming has been used upon the thick materials for winter wear, but more will be worn, now that lighter spring fabrics are coming in.

Plaiting and puffings have taken the place to some extent of the frills employed so largely last year; but frills are still fashionably used, and upon some materials can not be advantageously replaced. Fringe is worn somewhat, but less upon suits than upon dinner and other ceremonious dresses. Fringe, however, is admirably adapted to silk suits, especially to suits made in fine line stripes, with overdress richly fringed in the contrasting color.

Light tweeds, poplins, and the new and pretty "Stella" cloths, are stylishly and not expensively trimmed with narrow cross-cut bands of silk, edged with silk or ribbon loops, placed at certain regular distances apart.

Bows of ribbon, with ends, or round bows with several short floating ends, have taken the place of rosettes.

Sashes have resolved themselves into immense bows, with short wide ends, which are attached to the back of the belt, the bows being arranged so that they are worn half above and half below the belt. They are made in a great variety of forms, but as a general rule the larger they are the more stylish they are supposed to be.

The Easter toilets for young ladies are nearly all made walking length, even the party dresses, as more suitable for dancing; but older ladies still continue an enormous length of train.

Very pretty toilets for young ladies are of some white thin material, trimmed with pink or blue satin—satin sashes and satin boots, with high Louis XV. heels, of the same color as the satin trimmings upon the dress.

TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

EASTER COSTUME.—Trained skirt of pearl-gray silk, made plain with the exception of a heavy cord round the bottom. Overdress of bright blue silk (Mexican), cut away from the front and trimmed with ruffles of the same, with a very short apron inserted, and scolloped out upon the lower edge. The bodice to the overdress is cut out square, front and back, and the space filled in with lace. It is trimmed with ruffles to match the skirt. *Duchesse* sleeves of pearl-gray silk, puffed to the elbow and finished with a frill. Double folds of blue silk, with narrow ruffles on each side, divides the puffings of the sleeves.

No. 2, Easter Dinner Dress.—Dress of rather pale rich pink silk, cut very low, but with long coat sleeves, trimmed with three narrow folds of pink satin, on the shoulders and at the wrists. Polonaise or high-necked basque of black Spanish lace, with caps composed of a short frill of the lace, falling over the tops of the sleeves. Pink sash and belt trimmed with black lace. This is an elegant and very becoming dress for a brunette.

In-Door Dress of black silk with a *broché* figure in green. It is gored, and trimmed with three series of alternate green and black silk folds cut on the bias. Folds of the same kind are arranged to form an apron in front and a double skirt behind. Rosettes graduating in size, and composed of the two colors in silk, ornament the sides of the apron, which are further defined by the folds. Folds upon the waist are arranged to form a pelerine.

In-Door Dress for a young lady of sixteen. Striped high dress of white and blue silk. Plain skirt, *bretelles* upon the waist composed of ruffles of blue silk, and large bow with wide short ends behind, of blue silk also. The shade, of course, must match the blue stripe.

Morning-Dress for a young lady, of violet all-wool delaine. The skirt is plain, but full at the back, and made long. The body is high, and puffed to form a square pompadour, outlined by a double frill of violet silk, simply bound. Plain coat sleeves.

Walking-Dress of soft brown Persian cloth, the skirt ornamented with a flounce six inches in depth, put on in box-plaits two together, and alternating with a plain space of the same width. The skirt has a small double *panier*, and is finished off from the sides and lower edge with a rich, deep silk fringe. A pelerine cape, looped high upon the shoulder, and trimmed also with fringe, completes the suit. It should be remarked that there is no apron to the upper part of the skirt. The *panier* is simply a *panier*, and not an upper skirt. A sort of large rosette, surrounded with fringe, ornaments the skirt at the back instead of a sash or bow, and the same decorations in a smaller size are used for looping up the cape on the shoulder.

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DESCRIPTION OF STREET COSTUMES AND MORNING ROBE.

(*See full page Engraving.*)

Fig. 1.—Spring walking-suit of silk or poplin, ashes-of-rose, trimmed with bright sultane piping; gored underskirt with a flounce set on so that the edge falls about two or three inches from the bottom; the flounce is cut out in points along one edge, and finished with piping on both; a piping is set at the extreme edge of the skirt; the flounce is box-plaited at regular distances, with spaces between. The overskirt divides in front like a tunic; the first gore is flat around the curve, and puffed in the side seam; the second gore is puffed in both seams, and the back is plain, and has the effect of a wide sash ornamented with puffing between piping and a flounce cut out in points. A flounce is also carried around the remainder of the overskirt, which brings it in a curve to the belt. A bow made of three points and a loop occurs between the side gores, just above the flounce. Double-breasted jacket, with short skirt divided to the belt behind; it is finished on the edge with piping. A puff and standing ruffle across the top of the sleeve; a piping encircles the bottom, and extends a few inches up the outside seam; a button is set in the curve; piped belt and ornament made of a section of the material cut out like the flounce, piped and box-plaited around a button. The piping may be of silk or satin, as the taste may suggest. Bonnet of ashes-of-rose silk, and white flowers tinted with sultane.

Fig. 2.—Morning wrapper. A Gabrielle of cashmere, ornamented with silk in some effective contrasting color. The seams are corded or piped with silk, and the remainder of the trimming is made of bands or folds stitched on, and piping or narrow folds stitched through the center; at the neck a pointed collar turns over two broad sashes which fall considerably below the waist. There are two bands or straps over the shoulder, one upon each side of the piping, which is extended from the seam. The front of the body has *revers* faced with silk; a fold of silk faces each side of the front, which is closed with a double row of buttons and straps. The sleeve is finished to represent a pointed cuff inclosing three short straps. This mode of making and decorating is very pretty for pique or chambery wrappers, with the exception that the front should close with a single row of buttons in the ordinary manner, and the trimming be appropriate for the material. Marseilles braid or cambric folds are suitable. The body may be cut high in front without *revers*, if preferred.

Fig. 3.—Walking-suit of black silk, trimmed with black piping or gimp, and box-plaiting of bright blue silk; gored underskirt without ornament; overskirt made with square apron, and around the back horizontal puffs, separated by box-plaiting of blue silk; the edge is finished with a box-plaited flounce. This arrangement produces three puffs, three rows of plaiting, and the flounce. Sleeveless sack, bordered with blue plaiting, blue piping on the sleeves of the dress; the side openings of the sack through which the arms are passed are quite deep, the only joining being where the bow is set across near the lower edge; the apron has a row of plaiting through the center; the plaiting is set on with the gimp or piping. Bonnet of blue crape ornamented with white roses.

Fig. 4.—Young lady's walking-suit *à la militaire*. Underskirt of striped silk or poplin, dove-color and green; overdress of dove-colored mohair, trimmed with dark green silk in folds wide and narrow, stitched on, and gilt buttons The skirt is divided in front and at the sides, the edges being trimmed alike with facing of silk and buttons; the seam is continued on the front of the body, which is fastened with cable cord connecting the two rows of buttons; the back of the skirt is attached to the belt in a box plait, with a half plate on each side, or, in other words, a double box plait. The collar is elongated behind into sashes, which are bound with a fold of silk and studded with buttons upon the adjoining edges. The belt closes with a gilt buckle. The sleeve has a deep gauntlet or cuff. Round hat of black Neapolitan, with a lace scarf, and half wreath of roses and foliage.

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DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Young lady's evening dress. White mull or tarlatan; the first style of puffing encircles the skirt, which trains gracefully; after which the skirt is puffed in gores lengthwise with a chain of satin loops, terminating with a large bow over each seam; baby waist and short puffed sleeves finished with a frill of lace. Black lace *berthe* describing a point in the back, green satin sash tied behind in large loops; the front width of the skirt above the horizontal puffing is not frilled up as much as the remaining gores; if preferred, it may be left entirely plain without marring the elegance of the dress.

Fig. 2.—Walking-suit. Dove-colored silk with *chene* stripes; the trimming consists of Bismarck silk ruching; a wide band is set upon the edge of the underskirt; the overdress has a plain round apron and four puffed gores; this brings a seam in the middle of the back, which is drawn up considerably shorter than the others, say about one-half the length of the side seams; the ruching which forms the border is about half as wide as that upon the underskirt, and the trimming upon the seams narrows off gradually as it approaches the waist; it is carried over the shoulders in the form of *bretelles*; the cape is round across the back, and caught up in the center to the row of trimming which yokes the shoulders in the shape of a cape, slightly pointed behind with a large rosette; the front of the cape has long round scarfs; the ruching requires to be a little narrower than that upon the overskirt. Bonnet of Bismarck straw, ornamented with white frosted primroses and black lace. Scarfs of Bismarck silk edged with lace.

Fig. 3.—Boy of four years in black velvet suit; knee pants gathered in at the bottom, and side seams trimmed with small jet buttons. Short blouse; the bottom is cut out in points and bound with satin; a jet button in each point; a pocket form, curved in shape, trimmed and finished like the edge of the blouse, is set upon the body; the belt is fastened with tabs crossing behind and a jet buckle.

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DESCRIPTION OF MISSES', MASTERS' AND CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

(*See full page Engraving.*)

Fig. 1.—A Miss of 12 to 13 years. Evening dress of violet silk; the lower part of the skirt is surrounded with upright puffs; these are separated by single rows of satin piping; short sleeve puffed lengthwise, low-necked plain body. *Berthe* and overskirt of fine white mull, bordered with embroidery and lace; the skirt is festooned at each side with a bow of satin; the *berthe* is shaped alike on both sides; it closes in front with satin bows. Satin sash, tied behind in a large cluster of loops; this dress is also very pretty made of grenadine or silk poplin; the mull cape and overskirt give an exceedingly dressy effect.

Fig. 2.—A boy of five years. Blouse, vest and pants of gray melton cloth, ornamented with gilt buttons; the blouse opens with broad *revers* and a square collar; the vest closes with buttons between

a double row of galoon; wide cuffs; the belt is bound with galoon, and fastened behind with a gilt buckle; short pants, sloping to the knee, bound with galoon at the bottom, and ornamented with a buckle on the side seam. Brown buttons, and buckles in imitation of tortoise-shell may be substituted for gilt, if preferred. Gray felt hat with velvet band.

Fig. 3.—Lad of 12 to 13 years. Suit of mixed cloth, brown and gold color. Round jacket and vest bound with brown galoon; the vest closes with small buttons and the jacket with a double row of buttons, and fancy cord in the same color as the galoon; pockets in the side; the pants have a brown stripe on the side.

Fig. 4.—"Isora" suit. A Miss of 12 years. Dress of bright green all-wool trimmed with bands of black silk; the body is closed with jet buttons. Jacket and overskirt of black silk or alpaca; the back of the skirt is full; the side gores are cut out in the shape indicated by the trimming, one overlapping the other; the side of the apron corresponds, and overlaps the side gore, the jacket is straight around the bottom and does not extend below the belt: the trimming upon the front describes *revers.* Piping of green silk or green gimp is used for the ornamentation of the jacket and overskirt; the buttons upon the latter, one in each point, may be either green silk or imitation of malachite. Straw sailor hat with black satin band and green bird. A suit of this style is appropriate for girls of 9 to 13 years. If one chooses to have it quite inexpensive, mohair braid will answer for trimming instead of silk.

Fig. 5.—"Delia" suit. A Miss's walking-costume, consisting of a Gabrielle and talma of fawn-colored mohair, or worsted poplin, trimmed with brown silk in graduated bands and box plaiting; the latter is made up double in the material; it is set upon the extreme edge of both skirt and cape; the bands above are outlined with narrow silk braid or gimp; or, if preferred, they may be simply stitched along the edge; the sleeves are finished to correspond; round hat of straw, faced with brown silk, and ornamented with pansies.

Fig. 6.—Little girl of three years. Gabrielle of pearl-colored all-wool, trimmed with box-plaited frills of bright blue silk; the frill on the bottom of the skirt is three inches in width; it is set on with narrow gimp; the overskirt is like two round aprons in shape, the back being a little larger than the front; the box-plaiting upon the edge is about two inches wide; it is a trifle narrower upon the body, and describes a pointed cuff and *berthe;* the body closes with blue silk buttons; blue belt with a rosette in front and loops behind. Blue kid boots.

Fig. 7.—Little girl of four years. Party-dress of white mull with ruffled skirt and sleeves; baby waist; overdress of rose-colored or scarlet silk trimmed with white gimp, narrow fringe the color of the silk, and rosettes; the lower edge describes four shallow points; bib waist with straps carried over the shoulders and down to the belt in the back, where they terminate in a bow and sash ends; the overskirt has a little fullness in the back; the belt is finished with two or three rows of gimp. If mull is not desired, the ruffled dress may be of silk, pearl-gray, or of white mohair; mohair ruffles would require binding; silk ruffles should be pinked out.

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SPRING WALKING-DRESSES.

It is now pretty generally conceded that spring walking-dresses will retain the upper skirt, and generally be completed by capes, instead of the eternal sacs, paletots, and polonaises.

For medium-sized persons, the cape is a very neat and favorite finish to a dress; it is simple, yet in the present designs, and as part of a costume, very stylish, and naturally, therefore, extremely popular.

The pointed pelerine cape—the three capes round or pointed, but graduating in size, the upper one forming merely a collar; the round cape, looped high on the shoulders, and the cape with a pointed hood, also looped on the shoulders, are the principal styles in preparation, and will shortly appear in all the novelty of fresh spring materials.

The handsomest spring walking-dresses that we have yet seen, are made of the rich changeable silks, in rather light but beautiful bright colors, which were introduced last year. The only trimming for these is handsome fringe, or ruffles of the same.

Changeable poplins are pretty while they are new, and serviceable if of the best quality; but they are very often "mixed," and are then spoiled by exposure to rain, or moisture of any kind.

We repeat what we have often said before, that a pure fabric of any kind—silk, cotton, or wool—is infinitely better than a mixed one, no matter how pretty and attractive the latter may be.

Persian cloth, a sort of fine, all-wool empress cloth, in a pure, delicate shade of violet, makes charming spring walking-suits, trimmed with velvet, with cross-cut folds, or bands of silk in the same shade, or with handsome fringe and satin pipings of the same color.

An elegant suit of this material was made with three pointed capes, each one trimmed with three satin pipings, and a row of fringe matching in shade. The overskirt was trimmed with satin pipings and fringe; the underskirt with a flounce.

Another suit, still more unique, was of white Persian cloth, trimmed with three narrow cross-cut folds of the material, with fine pipings of gold-colored satin down the center, and gold-colored silk dress buttons upon the edge of the cape, the sash ends, and top and bottom of the sleeves. The cape was a single pointed pelerin, open upon the back and front.

Walking suits are made of a moderate length—the few very short ones being only worn by very fast young ladies. The skirts are gored, the same as during the past winter; but the upper skirts are more independent, and less frequently made as the polonaise part of the costume.

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DESCRIPTION OF WATTEAU COSTUME AND EVENING DRESS.

(*See full page Engraving.*)

Fig. 1.—Walking-suit of black silk; plain underskirt; Watteau overdress made in the usual style, with the body fitted, and a double box plait falling from the neck behind into the skirt. It is trimmed with a bias fold of satin at the bottom, and satin points around the neck and wrists. The side is festooned with a satin strap pendant from the belt; the bottom of the sleeve is trimmed with a satin fold and two buttons, to resemble a cuff; the front of the garment closes with satin buttons. Silk bonnet trimmed with lace, and a bouquet of spring flowers upon the *bandeau.*

Fig. 2.—Evening-dress of white mull; the underskirt is finished with a double row of puffing above a fluted ruffle; the overskirt has a triple *panier* and a round apron; the edge is bordered with a fluted frill; low body, with a *berthe* composed of puffing and a fluted edge; very short puffed sleeves. A trailing vine of delicate flowers falls from the belt at each side, and the corsage is ornamented with bouquets; colored belt and sash made of three loops, two quite long and the third falling over these from a small bouquet. This dress is elegant made in maline or Swiss; but mull or organdy is more serviceable, as either washes and wears well.

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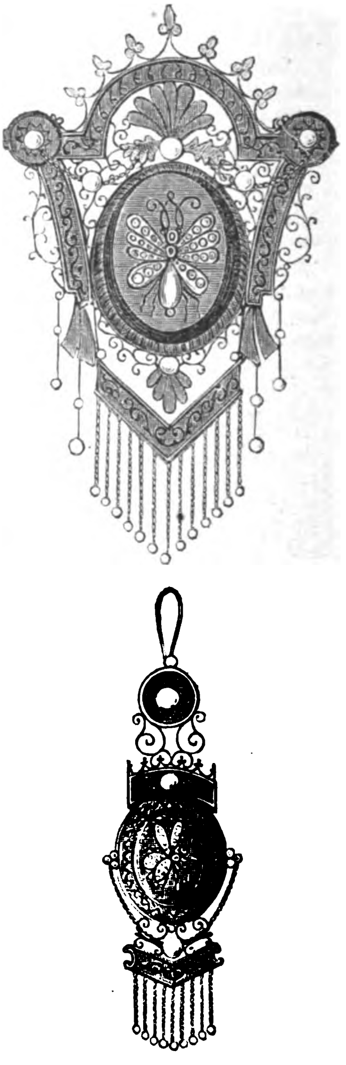
JEWELRY.



Jeweled Brooch and Ear-Drop.—The superb set from which our illustration is made was manufactured by the Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., of Broadway.

The framework and slender pendant chains are of fine gold, the first being exquisitely chased. The upper corners of the brooch contain each a large pearl, from which a chain supporting pearls are suspended to the pearl over a medallion supporting a fan. A smaller pearl and fan occur below the medallion; the latter is a large sardonyx engraved with a bee in pearls, rubies, sapphires, opals, and diamonds. The rose and bar over the medallion in the ear-drop have each a pearl, and another swings below the sardonyx. The price of the gorgeous and novel original is $165.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING BONNETS AND ROUND HATS.

(*See full page Engraving.*)

No. 1.—Fanchon of white Neapolitan fluted around the tip; it is ornamented with large rosettes of green crape, pinked out, snowdrops and rich moss leaves tinted with green and brown; a frill of wide lace over the *chignon*, and crape ties trimmed with piping and lace.

No. 2.—This bonnet has a slight roll or coronet in front; it is composed of blue silk, thrown in a loose puff over the tip under a fall of lace; two plaited frills spread like fans across the center; beyond these a fold of silk is fastened with a row of ornamental straw; a lattice-work of piping covers the top of the *chignon;* the base is ornamented with a bow in frills of lace; pink moss-rose with fine grasses above the ear, and a *bandeau* finished with two buds set in foliage.

No. 3.—Round hat of dove-colored royal velvet; the front corresponds with frame No. 9 in shape; the back is hollowed in a slight curve over the *chignon;* a piping, caught down with rosebuds at intervals, is passed between the tip and coronet; a large rosette of lace at the back, and pipings with rosebuds trailing over the hair.

No. 4.—Round hat of dark gray Neapolitan or water-proof; the brim is encircled with a ruching of lace; a large lace rosette is set upon the crown, and a scarlet and white *aigrette* in front.

No. 5.—Bonnet of violet silk; coronet front, ornamented with loops of silk and green tulle; a full puff across the center, separated over the top from the frill at the back by a thick cluster of tulle loops; a fringe of delicate green grass falls over the *chignon;* the ties are made of broad silk piping, bordered with lace, and tied with a tulle bow.

Nos. 6 and 8.—Fashionable bonnet frames. No. 6 is broader at the ears than the shapes to which we have been accustomed for several seasons; it is very small otherwise. No. 8 is specially adapted for a puffed bonnet.

No. 7.—A very pretty shape of white Neapolitan; the fluting is elevated above the tip like a coronet.

No. 9.—Fashionable frame for a silk or tulle round hat.

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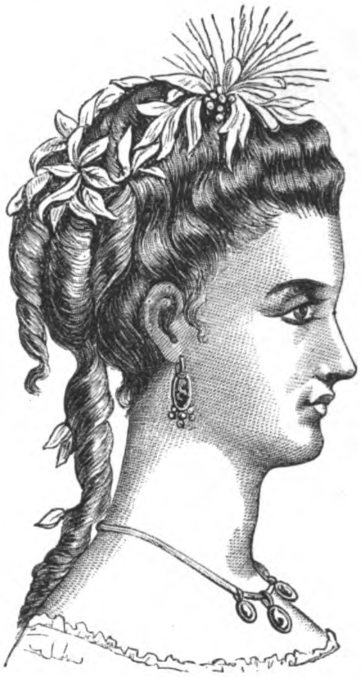
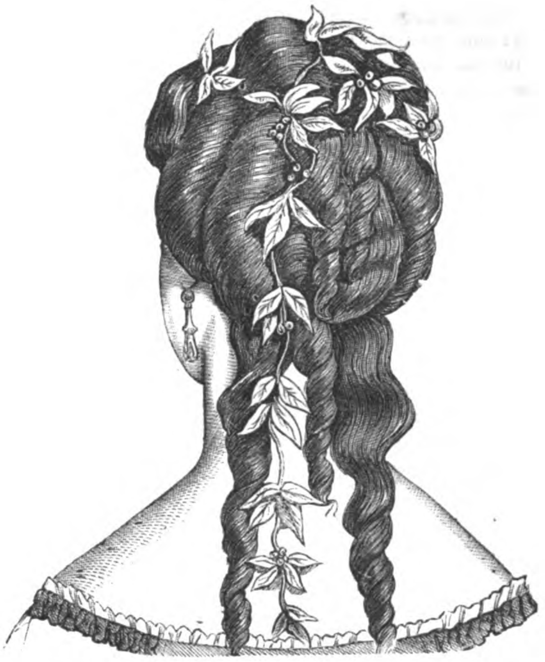
ACTION.—Action is, after all, the main business of our lives; we are to work "while it is called day;" and thought is worth nothing, unless it leads to and embodys itself in practice.

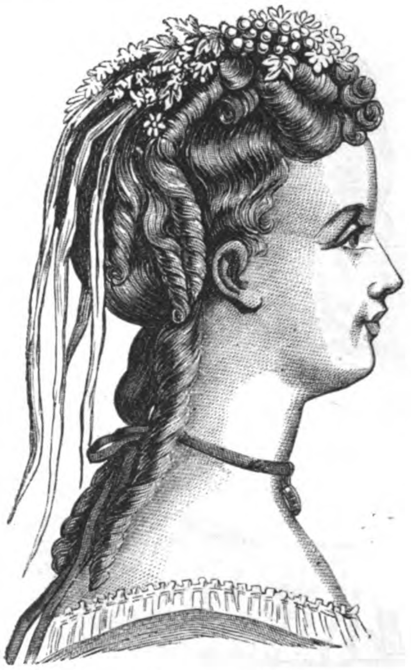


GRECIAN COIFFURE.—SIDE VIEW.



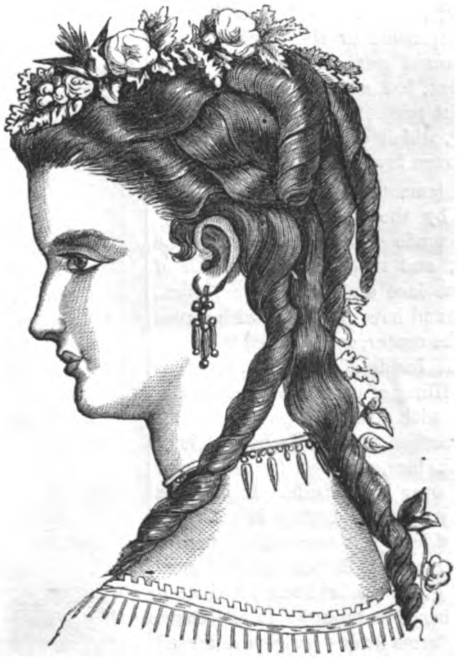
GRECIAN COIFFURE.—BACK VIEW.

BACK hair arranged in four upright puffs, and two large curls; the front is massed high over the head, without a parting, and the ends fall in curls over the back; a vine of Metternich green foliage with gold berries is fastened upon the front, and trails with the curls. This style is becoming to blondes.



ICILIA COIFFURE.

AT the back a large waterfall over two long curls; front hair massed high at the top in curls falling upon each side of the *chignon;* short curls or frizzes over the forehead hiding the division; a bouquet of clematis and grapes with foliage, and long graceful trailing grass is adjusted over the top. This *coiffure* is very beautiful for a Miss of 15 to 17 years of age.



FLORENTINE COIFFURE.

A PORTION of the hair is massed in loose, thick, short puffs, high across the back; three heavy curls descend below these upon the shoulders; the front hair is drawn up lightly over the puffs, and the ends finished in a cluster of curls; moss-roses, with foliage, and a humming-bird, are arranged over the top, and a vine falls with the curls. The mode is generally becoming.

SPRING BONNETS.

THE early date at which we go to press anticipates the spring openings; nevertheless, we are happy to inform our readers, especially those who have recently invested important sums in new braids and chignons, that no radical change in size or style is contemplated, and that they can be certain of finding their recent acquisitions necessary to a fashionable out-door appearance for some time to come.

The ingenuity with which a difference in shape and a variety of shapes is tortured out of the trifle that we call a bonnet, is almost painful. The little triangular pancake called the *Fanchon* suggested little that could have been construed either into beauty or grace; yet to it succeeded the graceful little *pouf* of last winter, the stylish *toquet*, the Polish cap, and the Scotch bonnet with its pretty *aigrette.*

The fancy brims turned back, and the *aigrette*, or its equivalent, are retained this season, and find a renewal of the favor with which they were at first received.

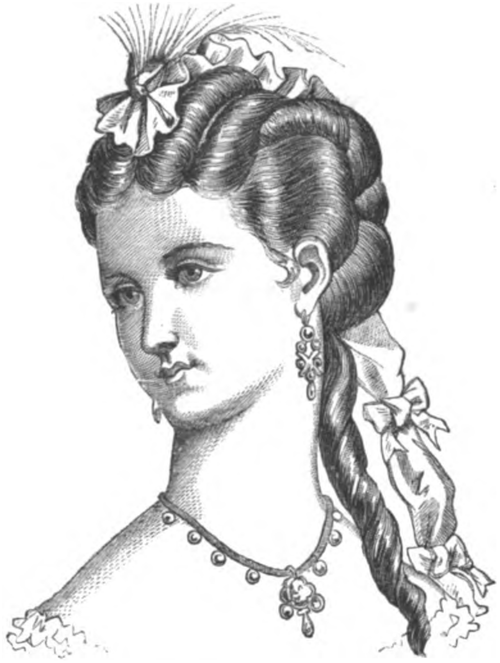
There is an entirely new shape, moreover, which strongly suggests the head-dress of the sixteenth century. The brim is pointed somewhat in the style of the *Marie Stuart*, but is raised from, instead of depressed to the forehead, and hollowed out on the sides. It is quaint, but adapts itself rather ill to the present style of wearing the hair, which compels the bonnet to be worn low upon the forehead.

A bonnet of this description, called, by the way, the "Beatrice," was made of blue tulle over blue silk, and trimmed with a fall of white lace and blue satin ribbon. A round bow of ribbon, with a rose in the center, ornamented it on the side. Inside of the brim there was a quilling of narrow blue satin ribbon, with a pearl edge.

Another very pretty bonnet is of black lace, worked by hand, and laid over black tulle. It is made in a *pouf*, with a wing raised upon the side, and is ornamented with a bunch of field-flowers and fine meadow grass. A lace scarf, laid upon the back, is brought to the front, and forms brides, which are united together under the chin by flowers and grass.

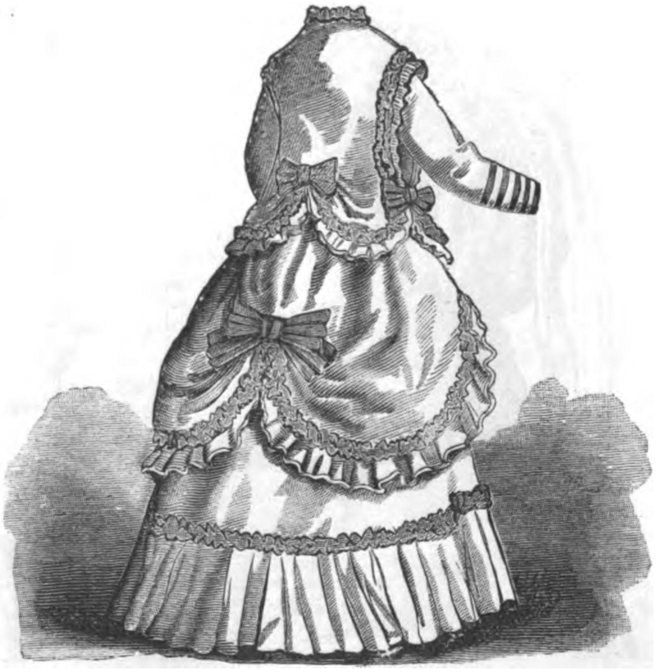
A charming new hat of rice straw, called the "Tyrolean," has a high crown and a pointed brim, which descends low upon the forehead and rolls up high on the sides. In front is a bird of brilliant plumage, and upon the side a long plume, which droops low at the back. Later in the season, this might be exchanged for a scarf of black lace.

The new spring straw bonnets are very pretty, but very small, and very many of them bear more a resemblance to hats than bonnets. A pretty design for young ladies has a round crown and a narrow brim, one side turned up, and ornamented with a rose and bow of satin ribbon. A quilling of black lace is carried round on the other side, and terminates at the back in scarf ends.



ROMAN COIFFURE.

BACK divided into eight upright puffs, four above and four below a horizontal puff; the front hair is broken into three puffs upon each side of the parting; a curled tress trails over the right shoulder; the head-dress is composed of a scarf of ribbon box-plaited on the edge; the center is fastened over the parting of the hair, and spreads out like a fan; a bird of paradise is perched on the summit; the box-plaited edges are caught together to the top of the upper puffs; from this point the ends fall plain, and they are knotted together at intervals with small bows. This *coiffure* is appropriate for brunettes.



RIVA SUIT.

WALKING-COSTUME of mohair, silk, or poplin, trimmed with ruching of silk in a contrasting color; the underskirt is finished out with a flounce laid in flat plaits, all turning in one direction, and a line of ruching at the top; the overskirt describes a round apron and deep round tunic, the latter being gathered up in horizontal folds under a bow composed of four fans. Sleeveless sack, bordered like the overskirt, with a box-plaited ruffle and silk ruching; the ruffle upon the skirt is from three to three and a half inches deep, and about one inch and a half upon the sack; the corners of the latter round in front; the back is caught up with a fan bow, and another occurs on each hip where the sides are joined; flat folds of silk on the dress sleeve.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BRIDES.

IN reply to a number of inquiries which we were not able to answer in the "Ladies' Club," we will remark that brides do not wear their vails at the reception when it takes place the day after the ceremony; if on the same day, and immediately after the ceremony, the full bridal regalia is in correct order.

For a bridal dress, white satin, white satin lightly brocaded, or thick white corded silk, are the materials preferred, and lace is the only proper trimming.

It is very important that the elegance of the trimming correspond to the quality of the dress. If the material is costly, and you can not afford a trimming adequate, do not get any. Nothing so mars the effect of a rich silk or satin as a common fringe or lace trimming.

A full brunette wishes to know if a garnet or wine-colored silk would be suitable for "second day" or reception dress. She is tired of pearl, lavender, etc.

We think not. It would be too dark trimmed with satin and fringe of the same shade; (the striking contrast of white with this color is now out of date.) It would make a handsome dinner and visiting dress, but would not be adapted for receptions. In spite of our correspondent's objections to pearl, lavender, and the like, a costume of pearl-color and English pink, tastefully made, would form a most elegant and becoming "second day's" dress. If her objections are insurmountable, however, she might wear a rich silk of dead buff (not gold-color), and over it a scarf or cape of black Spanish lace, the ends tied low on the skirt behind. The dress should be trimmed simply with cross-cut folds of dead buff satin, narrow, and three in a series, with spaces between.

Where the number of silk dresses are restricted, as in our correspondent's case, they should comprise the following:

White silk or satin for the bridal dress, a pearl and pink, or heavy pale buff for reception, with black lace and satin trimmings. A garnet for visiting and dinner dress, and a black silk for all sorts of occasions. No wardrobe is complete without a handsome black silk.

Lace shawls and cloaks now form very often a part of the wedding presents, but if they are not likely to do so, a black *Llama rotunde* or point should be considered indispensable.

Short, round vails are worn with bonnets by bridesmaids, when bonnets are worn at all; otherwise, a simple cordon of flowers, white, or to match the trimming of the dress, is prettiest and most becoming. As little as possible is worn upon the hair, which is arranged at the back over puffs in a profusion of curls.

For a short walking-dress, to be worn in the spring and summer, we should recommend one of the pretty changeable silks, not too dark, that are so fashionable. Make it with an upper skirt looped up on the sides, a cape with a pointed hood; trim it with ruffles and rosettes, or round ribbon bows upon the sides of the skirt, and where the cape is looped up high upon the shoulders. Put a row of small bows without ends down the center of the cape behind.

Have at least two white morning dresses of fine striped nainsook, or dotted Swiss. Make them long, with one or more narrow flounces round the bottom of the skirt; French waists without lining, trimmed square with a ruffle edged with Valenciennes or Cluny lace, and demi-long sleeves, lightly puffed, and finished with a frill edged with lace. Wear with them a simple ribbon in the hair, and a long, narrow one of the same color tied round the neck, which is edged with lace.

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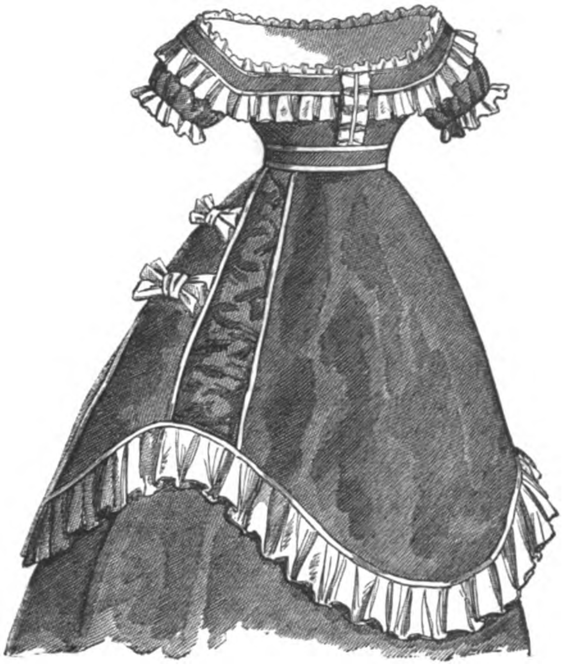
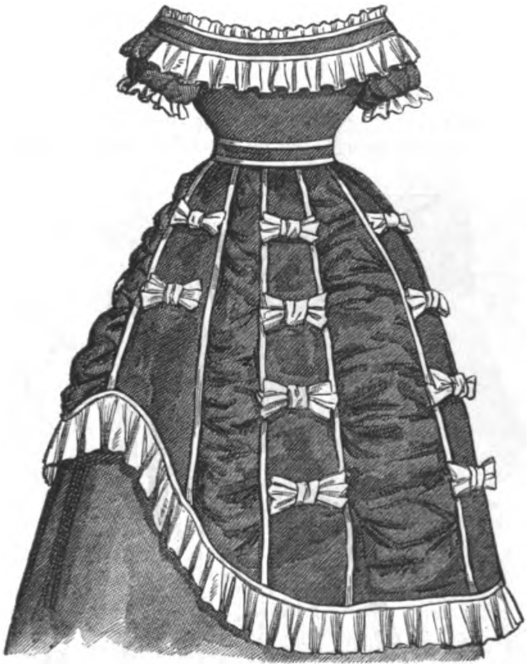
HOUSE DRESSES.

THERE are many new and pretty designs for house dresses, some of which our readers may like to copy. One of these is a dress of soft dove-colored wool delaine. It is trimmed with a notched and scolloped flounce of black silk, five inches deep, which is placed around the bottom of the skirt, and brought up as a robe on the left side, the space at the bottom of this breadth being filled in with a small strip of flounce. A round bow of black ribbon forms the junction at the top where the two sides meet. The body is high, and straight round, and trimmed with a square Pompadour of black silk, edged with a ruffle to match the flounce. A frill of black silk ornaments the wrists, and a ruching, notched out, heads the ruffles and flounce. A large bow and ends of black silk is worn at the back.



ALMIRA OVERSKIRT,

(*Front view.*)



ALMIRA OVERSKIRT.

(*Back view.*)

THIS is suitable for silk or grenadine. The foundation requires to be in one color and the trimming of silk in another. It is composed of a deep round apron, four flat gores and five puffs; these are outlined by piping; the flat gores are ornamented with bows, and the edge with a box-plaited ruffle; the low body is trimmed to correspond with piping and ruffles. A very effective contrast of colors would be a lavender dress and rose-colored trimming, or a black dress trimmed with maise; black and green is also *distingué;* a line of box-plaiting divides the front of the body.

FASHIONABLE COLORS.

GRAY of the lightest tint and pink, dove-color with blue, and dead buff, are very fashionable shades and combinations this season. Black trimmed with green is almost as largely in demand as last year, when of black and green there was absolutely nothing left.

"SPANISH LACE."

THIS handsome black lace has obtained a great vogue, and is found very effective for scarfs, in-door basques, vails, etc. The real Spanish lace is embroidered by hand in bold, leaf-like designs; but the popular kind used simply imitates hand embroidery.

A dress of white alpaca, which has been trimmed in color, and become soiled, may be easily and perfectly cleaned by being washed in cold water made into a suds with white castile soap. Two yards of black silk velveteen will then furnish a cross-cut band for the bottom of the skirt, a Pompadour for the waist, a fan-shape for the back, and trimming for the sleeves. Finish the lower square edge of the Pompadour with a handsome black fringe or black lace, headed by a ruching of black satin ribbon; trim the sleeves to match; the band of velveteen is sufficient for the skirt, and you will have a new and stylish house-dress at very small expense.

House dresses are very often made now with a long skirt, full at the back, gored front and sides, and with a small basque, confined by a belt to which is attached a large ornamental rosette or a bow and ends at the back. The basque may be turned back from the front with *revers*, or it may be closed at the throat, *à la militaire*. The details of the front are a matter of taste.

A simple, pretty way to make up thin materials, is to trim the skirt with one or more narrow flounces, make a French waist without lining, and open it so that a black velvet, with locket attached, may be seen; lightly puff the sleeves to the wrists, or make them come only just below the elbow, and finish with a large bow and sash ends of the material.

Or the body may be closed up the front, and trimmed square, with ruffles, or to simulate braces, or a pelerine.

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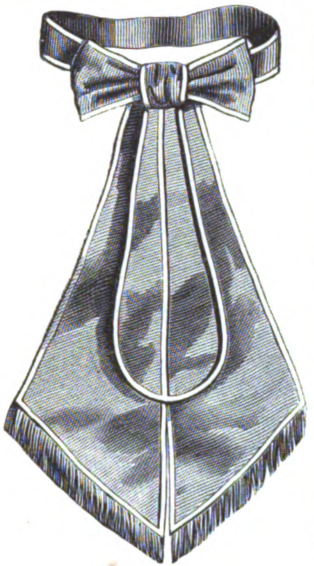
MOURNING.

IN answer to a question by a correspondent, which could not come under the proper head, we will state that black suits are made up precisely like any other, except that mourning material is used.

A suit of black delaine for "deep mourning" should be made with an upper skirt and a basque, and might be trimmed with a flat, quilted puffing of the delaine, or with alternate folds (narrow) of crape and delaine.

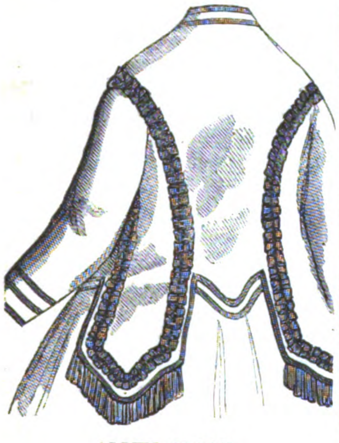
A boy of two years should wear little plain gored dresses of *pique*, braided, and belted in.

It may be remarked, as we forgot to do so in the proper place, that a rosette, or fan-shaped quilling at the back of the belt, would be neater for mourning than a bow with ends.



BELT WITH SASH.

THIS is intended for heavy materials; two sash ends cut diagonally across at the bottom; these are trimmed with curved gores meeting in the center; the trimming may be a binding of silk or satin or an edge of gimp; fringe upon the lower ends.



ALLEN CLOAK.

A STYLE appropriate for black silk or light cloth; each front describes a point cut out in three shallow curves; the side shape is elongated into a sash, and the back forms a small round point; the edge is finished with satin piping; a second row inside of this upon the front and back; the side gores are ornamented with satin box-plaiting, carried over the top of the sleeve also; a row of fringe across the bottom of each gore, and piping at the hand.

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SMALL FLOUNCES.

THIN barege and tarlatan dresses are again covered with narrow flounces, no less than twenty-five sometimes occupying a single skirt, with an elaborate train.

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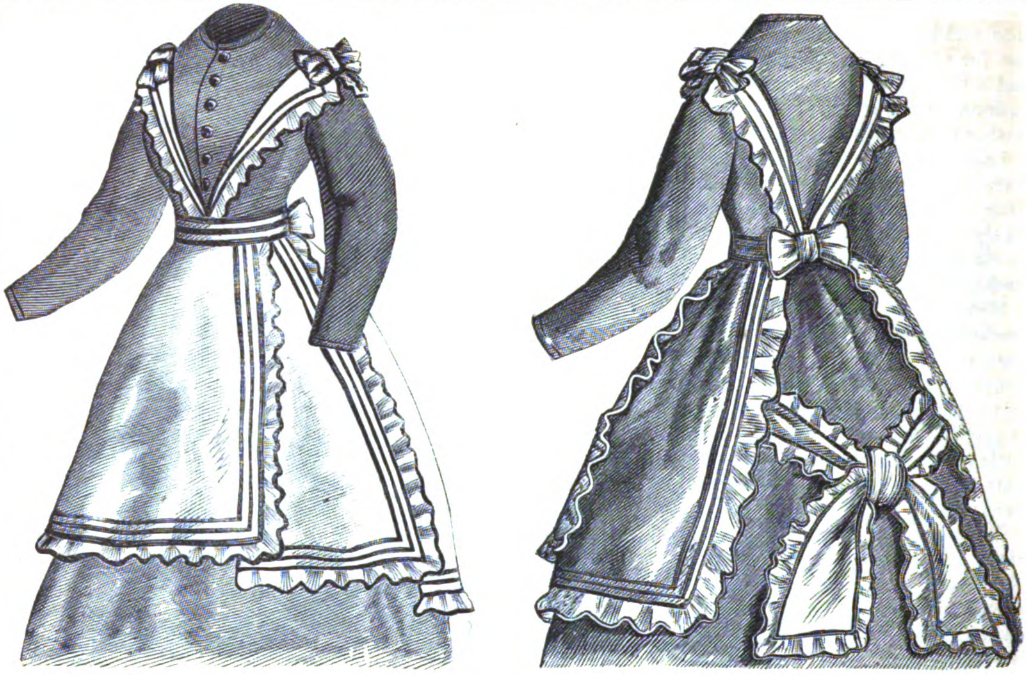
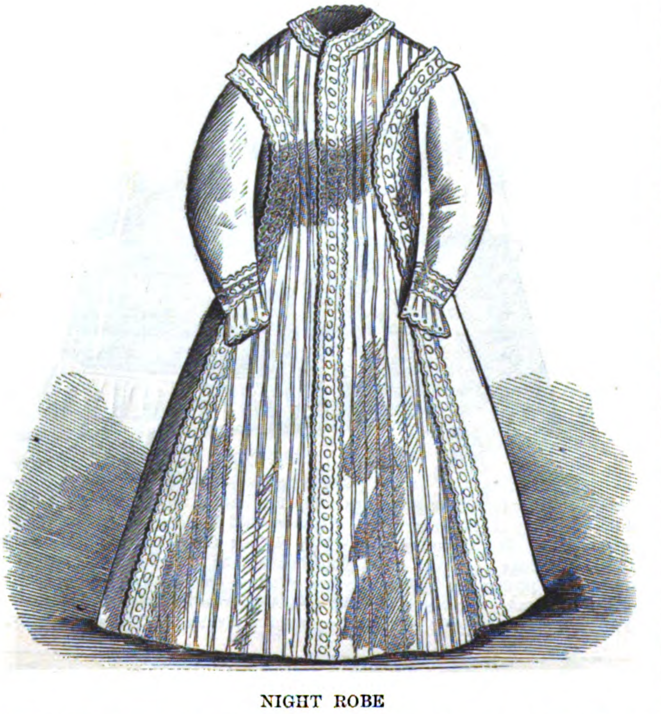
WEDDING PRESENTS.

THE presents made to a bride in New York city recently amounted in value to *seventy thousand dollars*. The house, on the occasion of the wedding, was filled with flowers, and the odor was so strong that some of the ladies fainted.



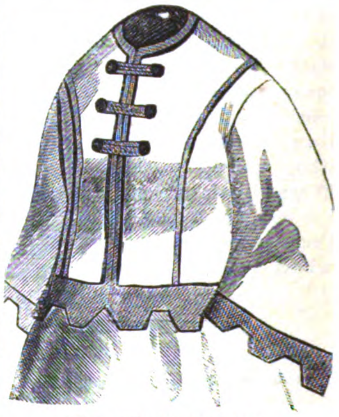
(*Front view.*) ELECTA OVERDRESS. (*Back view.*)

THIS lends a very pretty effect to an otherwise plain house-dress. It should be made of silk, and trimmed with gimp or satin piping. There are five gores, as follows: square apron and two gores upon each side of it; the first one inch and a half longer than the apron, and the second as much longer than this; the ruffle carried around the edges is about one inch and a half wide, and piped or bound; the apron is trimmed upon three sides, and the remaining gores upon two only, by which the effect is produced of one over-lapping the other; sash ends spring from the center of the length of the back gores; these are loosely knotted after the garment is put on; *bretelles,* ornamented to correspond; bow on each shoulder, and one on the waist behind.



NIGHT ROBE

NIGHT dress or *robe de chambre* of white cambric or jaconet, trimmed with embroidery and Valenciennes lace; the style is that of a long flowing sack, with a hem two inches wide at the bottom; the front is tucked perpendicularly between a border of inserting, finished with a lace frill upon either side; the tucking and border describe a square yoke upon the back of the body; the sleeves are set in plain, and just wide enough at the bottom to pass the hand through; a frill of wide lace falls below the cuff.



BREAKFAST JACKET.

A LOOSE sack with side forms, which are the same shape back and front; the seams are trimmed with a fold of silk, set on with a cord or narrow braid; flowing sleeve; the lower edge is cut out in blocks; it is faced with silk and finished with a cord or braid upon each side; the front is closed with buttons and loops of silk; the body of this garment should be made of merino, all-wool or opera flannel.

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"BEAUTIFUL EVELEEN."

THIS is the title of the charming piece of music which will be found in this number of the Magazine. The words are very pretty, and the music extremely appropriate to the sentiment of the composition. Young ladies will be sure to admire it, as they can easily substitute Anna, Maria, Matilda, or Jane, for Eveleen, and apply it to themselves.

OUTSIDE GARMENTS.

It is hardly necessary to repeat what we have said so many times, that suits have done away to so great an extent with the necessity for cloaks, that there are few left to talk about.

The water-proof, now naturalized in Europe as well as America, appears as a long sack with sleeves, a hood, or cape—a European innovation on our circular; but we do not think it will supersede it here—the long circular with a hood, or round cape attached, having deservedly become a general and favorite wrap, more available, and infinitely more convenient than any garment could possibly be with sleeves.

In black silk, basques, longer or shorter, and close-fitting, are the fashionable style worn. They are generally trimmed with rich, knotted fringe, and not unfrequently with ruffles of the same. These are especially adapted to basques, which form part of suits.

Mantelets and mantillas, partly revived last season, reappear in several different shapes and styles, the round back and square-cut front being the most prominent. These are trimmed with lace, headed by a puffing of the silk, or with quillings or ruffles of the same, the latter being decidedly the most effective.

Several correspondents have asked what kind of shawls would be fashionable for spring wear. We must repeat what we have said before, that Paisley, camel's-hair, and lace, are the only shawls *fashionably* worn, and these with *trained* dress. Suits have taken the place of cheap shawls, which are not worn at all, as they are wholly inadmissible with short dress

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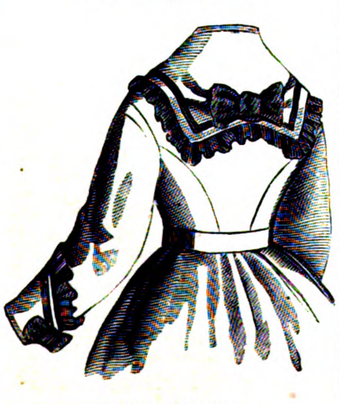
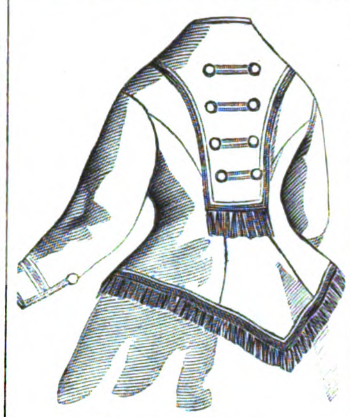


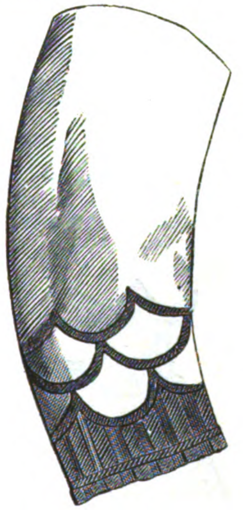
DRESS-WAIST.

A close-fitting body, trimmed with a wide collar and cuffs; the front of the collar fits plain, and meets at the throat under a bow; the back is taken up in two plaits; the trimming is made of silk piping, narrow box-plaited ruffles and flat bows.



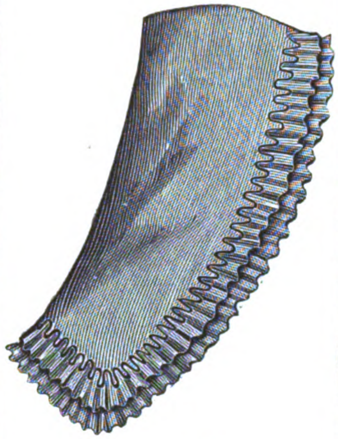
MARTINA JACKET.

Street garment, short and tight-fitting; the basque describes the same shape on both sides; the front is open at the neck, with *revers* and a collar lengthened into a hood; the trimming consists of *passementerie* around the edge and fringe upon the basque and extreme edge of the hood; the latter is ornamented with bars of *passementerie* and buttons; two rows extend across the cuff of the sleeve, the first being turned up the outer seam and finished with a button.



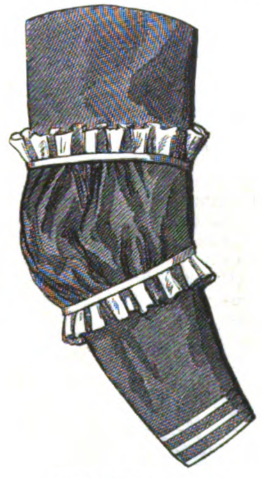
ADALINE SLEEVE.

A little wider than a coat sleeve, and made with two seams; it is quite short; cut out in large curves upon the lower edge and finished out with a box-plaited cuff, which requires to be of silk like the trimming; the latter is composed of narrow folds.



ASTEN SLEEVE.

A pretty style for thin materials, such as *barège* or grenadine; it is made somewhat wider than the ordinary coat shape; a double ruffle, each about an inch and a half wide, is carried around the cuff, and up the entire length upon the outer surface; the inner ruffle is headed with wide gimp. Thin washing fabrics, such as organdy, jaconets, cambric, etc., are very effective made in this mode with fluted ruffles; of course no gimp is required.



SALETTE SLEEVE.

Coat shape, with a puff at the elbow, set between box-plaiting, headed with piping; piping at the bottom; the box-plaiting and piping should be of silk or satin, according to the style required by the dress material.

OUR MAMMOTH SUPPLEMENTAL FULL-SIZED PATTERNS.

We call the attention of the ladies to the full-sized patterns upon our large sheet, which include an elegant overskirt and a spring cape for a walking-suit. These costly patterns are given at an immense addition to our ordinary expenses, the paper alone, for a vast edition, being no inconsiderable item; but we cheerfully incur the expense, for the sake of furnishing, at the opening of the season, patterns unusually large and desirable to our friends and subscribers. These patterns would cost nearly three times the price of this number of our Magazine, and are just what our readers would be most likely to want.

Mildred Jacket.—Breakfast-jacket of opera flannel or cashmere, trimmed with gimp or velvet and narrow fringe. Scarlet or blue for the material, with black or white trimming would be very effective; the plain pattern is given in three pieces, as follows: one front, half the back and one side of the sleeve; the front is fitted with a dart seam, and the side seam hollowed out to fit the figure; the front is closed with four buttons and loops; the fringe is carried around the corners to the point where the jacket springs apart, and not up to the neck.

Harriet Cape.—This is intended for street wear, and should be made of the dress material with corresponding trimming; the cut represents a trimming composed of box-plaited ruffles, narrow fringe, and a gimp heading or satin piping to both; the cape is divided in the back through the center, and cut out in the shape of a V; a double sash falls over this division; the front has *revers;* the plain pattern is given in three pieces—one-half of the cape and the two sashes.

Empress Overskirt.—A stylish overskirt for an evening or dinner dress, in heavy material, such as silk or Irish poplin; it describes two points in the back, and a vandyked apron; a double set of sashes are suspended from the belt; the first terminates with a large bow and ends, and the second falls over these like half circles; the trimming represented by the cut is satin piping—one row around each sash like a binding, three rows around the back of the skirt, and five in front, the two upper being carried up to the waist over the seam of the front gore. The plain pattern is given in eight pieces, as follows: half the front gore, two side gores and half the back, (making four widths in all,) one circle sash and a strap, one loop, and one end of the first sash.

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CHILDREN'S FASHION.

Little girls' fashions always follow suit to their mammas', so of course *suits* are the proper out-door dress for little girls. The preference is for gray, pearl-color, and other neutral tints, trimmed with the brightest blue, cerise, or tartan, and the effect is very good indeed.

Some of the very prettiest costumes for little girls are made of bright, small plaid, with an overdress or tunic of black silk, and little cape, with pointed hood of the plaid. The overdress is fulled at the back into a sort of panier, and a sash of plaid is worn over it.

We have the same style in shepherd's check, the trimming being composed of silk ruching and rosettes corresponding in color with the tunic overdress, which may be black, green, blue, violet or *mauve.*

We recommend these costumes as particularly pretty for the spring wear, for little girls, and as neither much trouble nor expense. A little overdress is a very simple affair; it only requires to be made short and low, the front breadth forming a little gored apron, the sides puffed up, so as to form a little *panier;* sash tied into a large bow with ends. A quilling of inch-wide satin ribbon is as pretty a trimming as any for these overdresses, upon the skirt, the low bodice, and around the arm-holes.

Two, a black one and a colored one, will last a year, and do to wear with all sorts of dresses, white, black, and colored, making them all, even the plainest, look dressy.

It is getting to be very much the fashion now, and a most sensible fashion it is, to dress infants in high-necked and long-sleeved slips, until they are three months old. A baby requires warmth, especially about its neck, arms, and feet, and to leave any part of its extremities bare, before the blood has acquired strength and activity, is to invite disease and trouble. If it is cold weather, a little sack of opera flannel, stitched round with embroidery silk on the machine, may be added.

It may wear a circular cloak and cape for out-of-doors, until it is six months old, or about the time it puts on short dresses; then change the cloak for a little sack-paletot with sleeves, or use the upper cape of the first cloak, if it is handsome, with a knitted sack underneath.

From one to three years old, boys should wear long sacks and little gored dresses belted in; after that time they may wear shirts, and skirts laid in large box-plaits, until they put on the anticipated jacket and trowsers.

Sailor straw hats and toquets are the prettiest of the spring novelties for children. They are simply trimmed with ribbons, short tufts of feathers, and gilt ornaments.

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OVERDRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

THESE have been written up and described fully many times in this Magazine, but some mothers appear to have overlooked them, and for their benefit we venture again to give details:

Little girl's dresses, with the exception of calico, are nearly all gored plain, and made high-necked, the overdress forming a costume by being made in another color and material. In the case of thin white, or other dresses that are made low-necked, the overdress is generally of silk, and forms simply a short overskirt, with sash and bow behind.

Last year little overdresses were simply low tunics, gored plain, and generally scolloped out upon the lower edge; now they must form a sort of *panier*, and so the front forms a tiny apron, to the sides of which the back breadths are gathered, these back breadths being sometimes open and rounded out from the center (the sash-bow and ends filling up the space), sometimes caught up in the middle with a ruching, and sometimes rounded off only into a slightly full upper-skirt, ornamented with sash, bow and ends.

Over thin white dresses blue or scarlet silk are very pretty, and a thin, light, cheap silk, lined with paper muslin, is as good as any. It is easily and inexpensively trimmed with a quilling of narrow satin ribbon of the same shade.

A black silk overdress for a little girl is extremely useful, as it will do to wear with any dress. It beautifies merinos in winter, and *piques* in summer, and freshens up a rather shabby frock wonderfully.

Black silk should either be cut with a low bodice waist, or have ruffled *bretelles* to cross the shoulder. In that case, the skirt should be trimmed with a ruffle.

The bodice waists form a simple band across the shoulder. No sleeves are required.

White overdresses are generally thin, and worn over colored silk, or over white dresses of the same kind. They may be trimmed with lace or with ruffles of the same, and ornamented with ribbon sashes and shoulder-knots.

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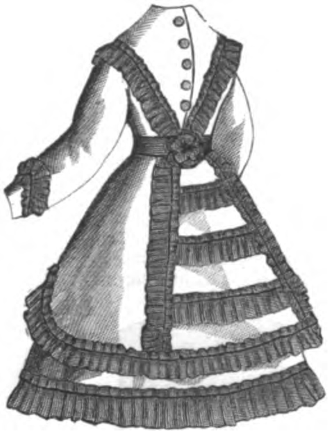
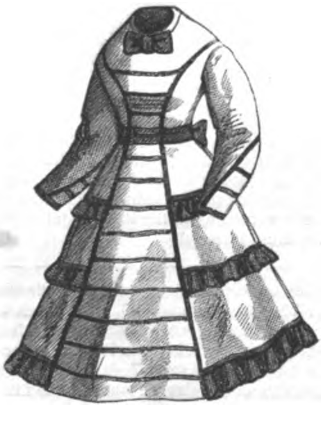


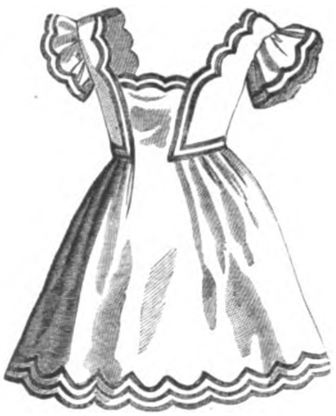
LENA DRESS.

SUITABLE for a girl of six to eight years. Mohair, spring poplin, or wool delaine, with silk ruffles set on in small box-plaits with a narrow gimp or braid; the under-skirt has a ruffle on the edge; the over-dress is a Gabrielle, the bottom describing a small curve across the front and a tunic in the back, finished with a ladder of ruffles on the middle gore; *bretelles* upon the body, and pointed cuffs.



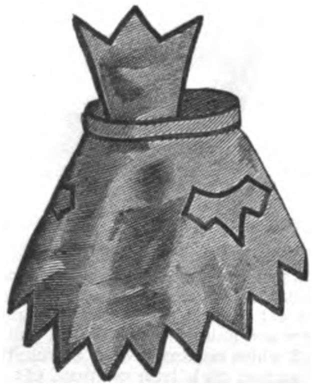
AGNES DRESS.

FOR a miss of eight to ten years of age. Plain body; skirt gored with the exception of the back, which is plain, and gathered into the belt under a bow with short sashes ruffled across the ends; the front is barred with gimp; the upright rows pass over the shoulders to the belt; the back of the body is finished like the front; three box-plaited ruffles, headed with gimp, encircle the remainder of the skirt at some distance from each other; the ornamental belt is not carried across the front; the gimp and ruffles should contrast in color with the dress fabric; this may be mohair, mozambique, or summer poplin, the ruffles and sash requiring to be silk; it is a matter of choice, whether the ruffles are bound or pinked.



MATIE DRESS.

THIS is to be made of *brilliante* or nainsook, and trimmed with washing-braid or narrow folds of cambric; it is suitable for a little one aged from eighteen months to two years. Supposing the material to be *brilliante*, it should be made as follows:—two widths of the goods will be sufficient, each being cut out like an apron with a bib; a seam occurs in the side of the skirt; the body is composed of four flat pieces, two upon each side, joined together under the arm; these are seamed to the bib front and back; the skirt is gathered around the hips; full sleeves; buttons half-way down the back; the edge is cut out in scollops, and the side forms are outlined with straight rows of trimming.



NETTIE APRON.

GORED apron composed of three widths; the front plain, and the back gathered into the belt; the back describes a curve, cut out in points like the front; the edges very nearly meet when the belt is fastened; the seams occur at the sides; pocket forms and bib vandyked; if white material is used, the trimming should be a binding of colored cambric; alpaca or silk requires piping or gimp.

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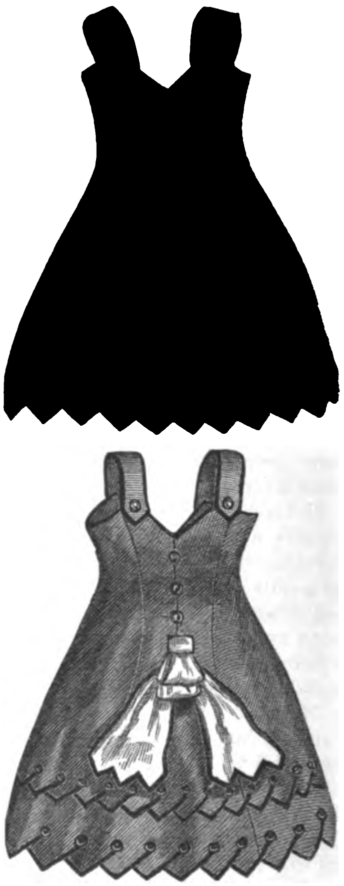
NO CASH'S FRILLING.

WE regret to announce that for two months, or until we can receive a fresh supply from Europe, we shall have no Cash's Cambric Frilling to award as premiums. The beauty and convenience of this style of trimming has secured for it an immediate popularity, and it is difficult to keep supplied with in sufficiently large numbers.



ELMIE DRESS.

(*Front and back view.*)

A CHILD's slip, or loose Gabrielle, with shoulder straps; it is to be worn over a white waist, high or low necked, at pleasure, with short, puffed sleeves; it is cut out to a point on both sides of the body, but somewhat deeper in front than back; the body fastens with buttons; the material may be silk, mohair, or all-wool, and the trimming black velvet or gimp, with jet or covered buttons; the sash behind is composed of a double loop, springing from a cross strap, and two pointed ends. This slip is very pretty and cool for warm weather made in *pique* or chambery, trimmed with washing-braid and buttons.

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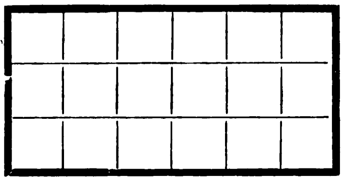
OUR JUVENILE MAGAZINE, YOUNG AMERICA.

WE wish we could enlist the sympathies of all our readers sufficiently to induce them to examine this pet of ours. We think they would not fail to secure it to their juvenile friends. We flatter ourselves that we are giving the most spicy and instructive juvenile magazine that has yet been issued. Perhaps we may be a little egotistical in this matter; but the flood of commendations received from the press all over the country, as well as the hearty congratulations of friends, have had something to do with this conclusion. Although we have been encouraged with an almost unparalleled success in the receipt of subscriptions, so far, yet there is room to anticipate a much larger demonstration in the future. If all our readers should become generally interested in it, they should remember that YOUNG AMERICA is furnished to all subscribers to our Monthly, or to any person they may choose to send it to, at $1.00 per year, without the first premium; or, when the Monthly and YOUNG AMERICA are sent for together, with $4.00, both are entitled to the first premium; at $3.50, without the first premium.

GARDENING FOR APRIL.

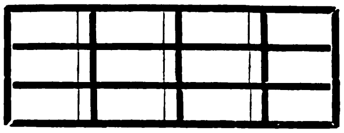
APRIL, "the month of showers, the month of flowers; the month that cheers, the month of tears," is here, and all lovers of flowers greet her with glad welcome. The winter is over and gone, and the singing birds have returned to gladden us with their songs. The amateur florist must hasten to prepare for the glorious summer, and sow his seed early and late for a succession through the flowering months. It is rather early, in our northern clime, to sow the seeds of many of our cherished flowers out of doors, so we must continue our window gardening a little longer. A sunny window, in an upper chamber, will be a nice location for establishing our seed garden — unless we are blest with a hot-bed, which every lover of flowers living north of "Dixie" should have; the expense is slight, and the return is great. The first thing to be attended to is the purchasing of our seeds. It is well for friends to club together and send for a large quantity of seeds at once. The catalogues offer us most charming varieties, yet among their innumerable species there are many that we would not give a place in our garden. We are a great reader of catalogues, and each spring brings us the issues of all the chief seedsmen in town and country; and we live over, in their pages, the glories of our last garden, and look forward with delight to the coming one. The catalogues come to us early in February—snow and sleet cover garden, trees, rock and river; hoar-frost is everywhere, but we see them not; in their stead appear the roses, sweetest of all flowers; the verbenas, mignonette, pansies, etc., of which we read, and the earth is clothed anew in all her vernal beauty; but, when we lay aside the book, the vision flies — hoar-frost and snow again appear, and we must wait the appointed season in patience and hope. But we can send for our seeds, can read over their labels, and by the third week in March can prepare their soft beds, and deposit their tiny bodies until the sun calls them forth, and they appear clothed in new attire. We so love our flowers that we can tell the name of each of them as soon as its tiny leaves appear. Cigar and raisin boxes make capital seed-gardens. With stiff pasteboard we can make them into divisions, cutting through the edges of the pasteboards that run parallel, to allow the side divisions to pass through, thus:



Place this in the box and fill up with a mixture of rich loam and sand which has been baked in the oven until it is well heated through, and smokes. (This process kills all worms and their eggs.) Fill in each little aperture with the warmed soil; when luke-warm plant the seeds, scattering over them sand which has been warmed. Very small seeds require only a slight covering; large seeds, like tropœolums, zinnias and sweet peas, require a deeper covering. Press the earth firmly upon the seeds with the palm of the hand; cover the whole box with a piece of old flannel, and water with warmish water *over* the flannel; set in a warm place, either behind the kitchen-stove, or above the kitchen-range for three days, watering daily. By that time many of the seeds will have sprouted. Then uncover the box and set it in the sun in a cooler room; and, if possible, cover with panes of glass until the plants touch; then remove them, and they will need no other covering, unless the days are dark and cold; then cover at night with newspapers, which will exclude the air; but, if the weather is sharp and cold, as fickle April sometimes favors us with, bring your boxes into a warmer atmosphere; but great care must be taken not to keep them *too warm*, so that the tender plants become wire-drawn. They must be sprinkled daily with a hand-broom, dipped in a bowl of warmish water, and shaken over them. This imitutes a spring shower to perfection. In furnace-heated houses, where the halls are warm, a hall-window, with a good southern or western exposure, is the best position for your seed-garden. Plenty of cuttings can be stuck this month for bedding out plants.

All kinds of horse-shoe geraniums (and their number is legion now) are most easily propagated. Prepare the ground as for seed planting, and insert the cuttings all round the edges of an earthen pot, filling up two inches of the top of the pot with pure sand, as the tiny rootlets strike much quicker in sand than in good soil; but plenty of rich earth must be stowed away in the bottom of the pot to feed the plant when its roots have appeared. Gen. Grant is the most beautiful of all the scarlet geraniums, Lady Mary the rarest and purest of the white, and there are all shades of cherry, pink and salmon, all of which are great bloomers, and the admiration of all beholders. Verbenas are easily propagated by seed or cutting, but we incline to seed-raising, as they grow much more vigorously, and bloom more profusely, and we can have recourse to the florists for the novelties of the season, with their aristocratic names. Verbena seed are of slow growth, and require careful attention in the first stage—sometimes three weeks will elapse before we are rewarded by a sight of their green spears; but one is well repaid for his care and attention by their richly variegated coloring and their rapid growth.

In many localities in New England the season is so backward that we can not transplant our seedlings until the very last day of May; but we can accustom our plants to light and air, and make them stocky and vigorous in habit. Almost all of the species of annuals should be transplanted. They bloom much more freely, and their growth, though retarded at first, fully repays one for the extra toil and trouble. China Asters, of all the varied hybrids, thrive much better for transplanting. Their richly-tinted flowers are double the size for careful treatment. Indeed, all the rare seedlings are much better for being planted in the house or hot-bed early in the season. We of this northern clime must toil early and late for the fair harvest of the summer. Not so with our southern brethern. Flowers spring up like magic under their sunny skies, and they need not fear the blighting effects of frost and snow. We have always declared that climate would compensate to us for friends and society—that, could we revel in the balmy air of a southern spring, we should not care for the amenities of social life. In the open air, with the gorgeous flowers uplifting their sweet incense to the skies, our souls would be uplifted from the heavy burden of earthly care—but "*nous revenons à nous moutons.*" Hot-beds are most desirable acquisitions to every Northern household, and are so easily constructed that we wonder they are not seen in every garden; yet our country villages boast but few. Any young lady florist can have one made at small expense. A large dry-goods box would furnish the frame, by sawing off the sides a foot or so, leaving the back of the box eight inches higher than the front, and having the sides shaved off in a regular slope. Sink it in the ground about 18 inches. Fill up one foot with unfermented horse-manure (cow-manure can be substituted, but horse-manure contains more heating properties), and filling up with rich soil to within 6 inches of the lower part of the frame. Lay over the whole box a window-light which will fit tightly. A double window which has been used to exclude the cold air from a room can be used, or a carpenter can make a sash which will fit exactly, and tack in large window-glass, lapping each pane one over the other through one compartment of the sash, doing away with the side bars, thus:



Each pane laps over the other full an inch, and excludes all the cold air. This sash can be fastened to the back of the box with heavy iron hinges, and can be supported with sticks when raised up to admit air. Sand should be plentifully scattered over the whole top, after the seeds and cuttings are planted. In such a hot-bed quantities of flower-seeds, plants, and vegetables could be well grown. Tomato plants could be finely started, and the expense would be very trifling. Permanent, handsome hot-beds are easily made, but draw more largely upon our purses; and, to those of us who possess but little of the "root of all evil," (though we think many good things spring from that same evil root), the dry-goods box, thus arranged, offers a pleasant pastime, and an abundance of good things. We trust that all our readers will at least attempt to possess a garden. If not as successful as they desire this year, they can but "try again." Gardening is the most charming of all out-of-door occupations; it is a more invigorating tonic than iron; it holds its admirer spell-bound; and though you may return to the house with aching muscles and tingling fingers, yet you will have a vigorous appetite to enjoy the delights of the table, and will be repaid for the toil by the sweetest of sleep. As a recent writer says: "The garden is the delight of children, the pastime of women, the privilege of the poor man, as it is the ornament of the gentleman, the praise of the scholar, and the security of the citizen. It places man in his truest relations to the world in which he lives; and he who is insensible to these pleasures must lack some chord in the harp of humanity, worshiping, if he worships, at some strange shrine."

> "Who loves a garden still his Eden keeps,
> Perennial pleasures plants, and wholesome harvests reaps."

We append a list of the most desirable and indispensable seedlings for the amateur florist:

1. Acroclinium Atroroseum.
2. Ageratum Mexicanum.
3. Antirrhinum, finest mixed.
4. Aster, Peony flowered.
5. Aster, Dwarf bouquet.
6. Aster, Rose flowered.
7. Balsam's, Smith's Prize.
8. Bartonia, Golden.
9. Calceolaria.
10. Cacalia Coccinea.
11. Canary-bird Flower.
12. Candy Tuft, white and crimson.
13. Canterbury Bells, double mixed.
14. Carnation Pinks.
15. China Pinks.
16. Heddewegii Pinks, double.
17. Centranthus, pink and white.
18. Claskia, Integripetala.
19. Convolvulus Minor, mixed.
20. Erysimum, Peroffski's,
21. Gypsophila Panicalata.
22. Larkspur, Dwarf Rocket.
23. Larkspur, Dwarf Stock-flowered.
24. Mignonette.
25. Mimulus, Tigrimus.
26. Double Scaliosa.
27. Nemophila Maculata.
28. Pansies, King of the Blacks, mixed.
29. Sweet Peas, white, Scarlet, Painted Lady.
30. Petunia.
31. Phlox, Drummondii.
32. Partulacca, Double, mixed.
33. Salpiglassis.
34. Schizanthus.
35. Stocks, mixed.
36. Tropœolum, mixed.
37. Zerbena.
38. Zinnia, double.
39. Samitalie, Procumbens.
40. Lobelia, mixed.

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BRUSSELS LACE.

A STORY is told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels which is pleasant in itself, and carries with it a lesson worth learning. A poor girl, named Gertrude, was deeply attached to a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage, and, without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins, and how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached, the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The maiden grew rich by her work, and married the object of her love. Years afterward, while in luxury, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said, "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you, and turn away their their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth, with her cushion and her bobbin in her hand, and, going from cottage to cottage, she taught the art she had mysteriously learned, and comfort and plenty came to all.

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THE VELOCIPEDE MANIA.

MOST of our readers have heard of the curious contrivances for riding with great swiftness and without the aid of horses, which are known as velocipedes. Just now they are the mania abroad, and they are fast becoming the rage here in New York. An institute has been opened for practice upon them and lessons in the art of guiding them, by the celebrated Hanlon Brothers, of trapeze fame; and on fine days quite a number may be seen curvetting and careering in the neighborhood of the Central Park.

It is an open question yet whether they can be used by ladies; but we think not—at least in their present form.

The velocipede consists, at present, of two wheels only, with an upright and transverse bar, upon the former of which turns the guide, while upon the latter rests the seat. The very appearance of a lady upon such a machine would be so obviously incongruous and out of place as to prevent them, excepting as a joke or mere piece of bravado, from ever applying them to their own use.

The ease and swiftness of movement, however, and the convenience of a species of locomotion independent of horse-flesh, addresses itself with particular force to ladies who have time and leisure, and who can neither afford horses nor grooms to take care of them. We should suggest that an improvement might be made upon the present style of velocipedes, or a special one constructed for ladies, which would combine most of its advantages and remove some of its objections.

Two points are indispensable: it should have a light, cushioned seat with sides, and an awning for shade. Light, pretty, and tasteful, the ladies' velocipedes might become an institution, especially for use in parks and large private grounds. We hope some enterprising manufacturer will make use of this idea, and give us ladies' velocipedes before the warm weather of summer sets in. We are quite sure riding them would supersede croquet as a fashionable summer amusement.

POISONOUS HAIR "RESTORERS."

THERE is some considerable discussion going on at the present time respecting the properties of the numerous hair restorers in common use. There is no doubt that many of these restorers contain lead in some form or other. This metal, acting on the small amount of sulphur contained in the hair, darkens its hue considerably—in the same manner as a metallic lead comb.

All the preparations of lead are poisonous, and are capable of being slowly absorbed by the skin, producing paralysis and the symptoms of slow metallic poisoning.

Of one of the best known and most extensively advertised preparations for the hair it is affirmed that it is the "best" of all hair restorers; and the reasons given for its being the best are—"Because it contains no nitrate of silver, nor any other injurious ingredient. Because it does not dye the hair, but acts directly on the roots, giving them natural nourishment. It contains the specific aliment which is the life of the hair, and in this way the natural color is restored."

These statements may be put to the test by reference to the actual composition of the article. We find, then, that it is composed of acetate of lead, sulphur, and glycerine. Now lead, while it is one of the most frequent constituents of hair-dyes, is also one of the most if not the most injurious. It will thus be seen how utterly worthless are the statements above quoted, and that the assertion as to the preparation containing "the specific aliment which is the life of the hair" is a mere fiction.

The detection of lead in a hair-dye or wash is very simple, and may be readily effected by adding a few drops of a solution of iodide of potassium to a small quantity of the dye, when, if a soluble salt of the metal be present, it will be revealed by the curdy yellow precipitate immediately produced.

Sugar of lead is a well-known substance; carbonate of lead is the material which, mixed with oil, is largely used under the name of "white lead"—the compound that, carelessly handled, produces painters' colic. Both are poisonous, and both produce, with sulphur, a dark coloring matter, which advertisers questionably assert "is not a dye."

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEA-MAKING.

THE results of the investigations of careful experiments are hardly, perhaps, sufficiently known to the multitude of tea-drinkers. There is a popular notion, which is an incorrect one, that soft water is best for tea-making. As a matter of fact, water which has about five degrees of hardness when boiled, makes the best flavored tea, provided that it be allowed to stand upon the tea sufficiently long. Boiling tea is one of the follies of which the officials in workhouses and other large establishments are guilty. This makes a deep-colored solution, containing the worthless bitter extractive matter, which is devoid of physiological or dietetic property. In point of strength, it is found experimentally that infusions of tea and coffee are strong enough when about two and a half tea-spoonfuls of tea, or two ounces of freshly-roasted coffee, are infused in a pint of boiling water. From some inquiries which Dr. Edward Smith made into the relative average weights of a spoonful of different kinds of tea, it is to be inferred that the quantity of black tea used, as compared with that of green, is as three to two.

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LIVING WITHIN THEIR MEANS.

IT is remarkable that China, with a well-defined nationality of four thousand years, and a population for two thousand years denser, according to its area, than that of France or Britain, has never had cause to complain of the misery or distress of her people. Virtually she has no paupers—no poor. Her infirm or unfortunate have been generally provided for by the State; while her masses have been, and are, the happiest and most independent people on earth. The reason of this lies in the habits of industry and love of peace of the Chinese. They till the earth in every available spot; they drain marshes, and earth over waste places; they turn all the riches of the earth to the most practicable account; and, living peacefully and simply, they have comfort and plenty. No people on earth live so completely within their own means. They have never sought the trade of any country, never have interfered with any other country; but, minding their own business, have grown rich and been wise, when more boasting nations were steeped in poverty and ignorance. Surely, the nations and people of Europe and America have yet to learn the art of true living and well governing. If we would not become like the Chinese, we might learn much from them that would diminish the evils under which we now suffer.

DOMESTIC COMFORTS.

It is curious to learn how long it took mankind to discover the most obvious conveniences of civilized life. Sancho Panza called down blessings on the man who invented sleep. Professor Fulton tells us that one of the greatest improvements introduced by the Greeks into the art of sleeping was the practice of undressing before going to bed--a thing unheard of until hit upon by their inventive genius. Even now there are nations who never enjoy the luxury of taking off their clothes at night.

The Romans went to bed to eat their dinners, and there are whole nations now who don't know enough to sit down like rational beings, but squat on their hams instead. The Romans went to bed early because they hadn't genius enough to invent a candle. They trundled off to bed as the darkness began; and in Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock. "Tarquinius," says De Quincy, "might be a superb fellow, but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight." This absence of extensive artificial light among the ancients was the cause of all their magnificent shows going on by daylight. The exhibitions of the amphitheatre and the circus all took place in the day-time. But how incomparably greater would have been the splendor by lamplight! Even so simple a matter as breakfast was not invented for several centuries after the republican era of Rome. It took as much time and research to arrive at that great discovery as at the Copernican system. The morning meal of the Romans was but a bite of biscuit—tea and coffee had not been heard of then. Probably our descendants, some centuries hence, will laugh at our ignorance of many of the conveniences of life that will then be in vogue.

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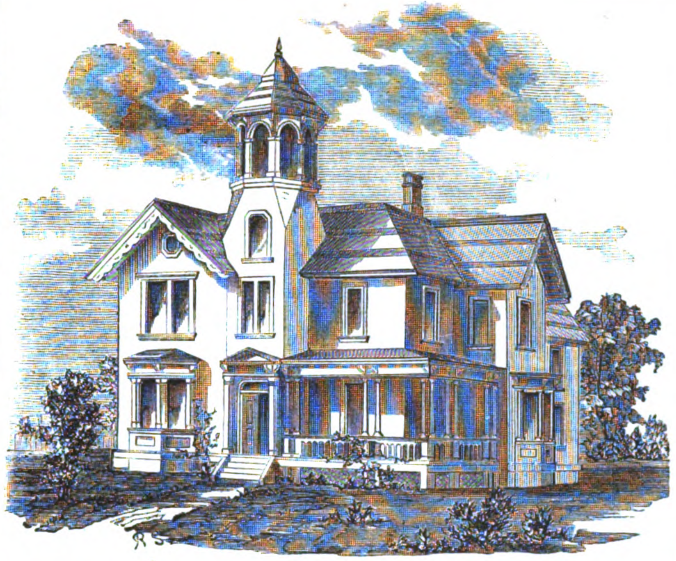
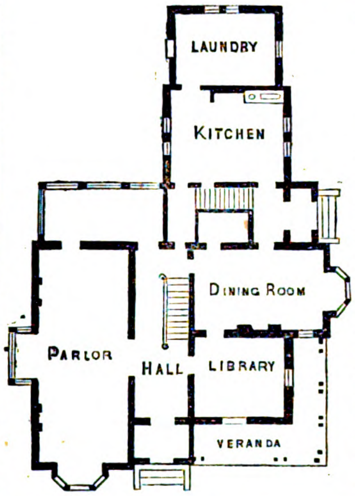
WOMEN AND BABIES.

In the early days of California, a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco, without having every one pause to gaze on her, and children were so rare that once in a theater in the same city, where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry just as the orchestra began to play, a man in the pit cried out, "Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years." The audience applauded this sentiment, the orchestra stopped, and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm.





Architectural Design, No. 2.

A SYMMETRICAL COUNTRY HOUSE.

This beautiful design is submitted to our readers with the belief that it will be admired by all, and, perhaps, adapted to the wants of some. A recessed porch gives access to the principal hall; on the left of this is a large parlor, lighted by two bay-windows. On the right of the hall is the library and dining-room. At the rear end of the hall is a passage leading to the kitchen and laundry. The chamber floor provides four large bedrooms, and one over the kitchen for the servants.

LACE MADE OF HAIR.

Of all the curious kinds of lace, especially old lace, the most curious is that which is called *point tresse.* It is very rare, and was made of human hair. French collectors say it exists in the present day only in their cabinets. It was confined to the early part of the sixteenth century. One piece of this rare lace, richly endowed with sentiment, is particularly interesting. Margaret, Countess of Lennox, the mother of the wretched Darnley, sent from the Tower—where she was imprisoned when her son, Lord Charles Lennox, married the daughter of Bess, of Hardwick—a bit of this kind of lace to Mary, Queen of Scotts. This is a very strong proof of her belief in the Queen's innocence of the guilt that had been imputed to her. The little square of *point tresse* was worked by the old countess's own hands from her own gray hair. It was, in fact, hair mixed with fine flax.

BORAX.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda; in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water, they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be made very stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet-table. To the taste it is rather sweet, and is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.

THE Household

Spring Cleaning.—Much of the discomfort of spring cleaning may be saved by early and systematic effort.

As a preventative against vermin, have all the bedsteads in the house cleaned, and thoroughly dusted with Lyon's, or "Persian" powder, in March.

In April, have the bedding washed, and the closets and wardrobes throughout the house cleaned—taking down the clothing, airing it thoroughly, and subjecting shelves, ledges, etc., to the same process of dusting with powder, as practiced upon the bedsteads. In addition to this, stop up the holes and crevices, with a cement made of a mixture of putty with chlorid of lime; these precautions will prevent the inroads of mice, moths, and other destructive operators, and save much afterwork and trouble.

Save old newspapers to spread underneath carpets; dust works through, and lodges upon them, saving much wear from its friction, and the printer's ink assists to preserve them from the attacks of moths.

Grained wood, oak, or black walnut, should not be cleaned with soap and water, but with *cold tea.*

English Dumpling.—Take some yeast and make a very light dough, the same as for bread, using milk, however, instead of water; add salt, put it by the fire covered in a pan for half an hour or more, to rise; after this is done, roll up the dough in small balls and boil them for ten minutes, then take them out and serve directly with sauce over them. To know when they are done, stick a fork into one, and if it comes out clean they will do. A good method is to divide them from the top with two forks, as they get heavy by their own steam; and eat them directly with meat, or sugar and butter.

Catskill Puddings.—Beat ¼ lb. sugar and ¼ lb. butter ten minutes together; two eggs well beaten; then add them to the butter and sugar. Beat the whole twenty minutes. Then add, by degrees, ¼ lb. dried, prepared flour. After the flour, beat the whole half an hour. Bake in small tins, in a moderate oven, and serve up with rich sauce. The same mixture may be steamed altogether, in a mould for one hour, and eaten with sauce of sweetmeats. It is then called "Pastor's" Pudding.

Oyster Patties in Batter.—Make a batter with the yolk of one egg (or more, according to the quantity of oysters you intend to prepare), a little nutmeg, a little flour, and a little salt; dip in the oysters, and fry them in lard to a nice, light brown. If preferred, a little parsley may be shred very fine, and mixed among the batter. The batter may also be made thicker, and formed into the shape of a patty, or put into a small tin mould, the oysters being dropped in and covered over, and the whole baked as a pudding would be.

Lemon Pudding.—Beat eight eggs very well; add eight ounces of white sugar, the rind of two lemons being rubbed with some lump sugar, to take out the essence; then peel and beat them in a mortar with the juice of the lemon, and mix all with six ounces of butter warmed; line the dish with a thick paste crust; turn the pudding in and bake it about an hour. Excellent.

White Cake.—Three cups sifted flour, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 egg, 2 table-spoonfuls of butter, 2 tea-spoonfuls cream-tartar, 1 tea-spoonful essence lemon, 1 tea-spoonful soda. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk (in which the soda should be dissolved), the egg well beaten, and the essence. Mix with the above 2 cups flour; then, lastly, add the last cup of flour in which the cream-tartar has been stirred. Bake in pans or basins, in a quick oven. It will make a very nice cake indeed.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Break the cocoanut and save the milk; peel off the brown skin, and grate the cocoanut very fine. Take the same weight of cocoanut, fine white sugar, and butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs well beaten, one cup of cream, the milk of the cocoanut, and a little grated lemon. Line a dish with a rich paste; put in the pudding, and bake it one hour. Cover the rim with paper, if it is necessary.

THE LADIES' CLUB

We are most happy in answering questions through this Department, because in that way much special information can be conveyed, adapted to individual needs. We are, also, very glad to receive suggestions upon points that may have been overlooked, or that apply with particular force to distant localities.

Here, for instance, is a suggestive letter from the "Sunny South:"

"Dear Demorest—In your February No. is a pattern of a gown yoke, and, as I like it very much, would like to make one like it, yet I don't understand exactly. It is evidently intended for braiding. Yet, how can braided scollops be cut out? Would it look well to braid the scollop and not cut it out, but head it with a ruffle? I have a weakness for ruffles; also, how can I sew on a yoke and yet have it scolloped? You are so kind in replying to inquiries that I am tempted to tax your patience a little, while knowing full well you will advise me to the best of your ability. I live in a community where I have to exert every effort to dress as well as my neighbors, notwithstanding my purse is not very long. Still, one does not like to advertise their poverty. I want your advice about renovating an old silk. It was one of my mother's wedding dresses. It is very handsome, as good as when it was bought, except, perhaps, it may have lost some of its freshness, though it is still very bright, and, if I could only fix it, would be a very presentable dress. The only difficulty is, it is too short, even for the present fashion. The pieces from the gores would have to make the body. Can you tell me how to fix it *nicely*, at very little cost? I would rather wear calico than "I would if I could" silk dress. In your May No. you will greatly oblige me, as well as some others of your Dixie readers, by giving descriptions how white muslin could be made showy, pretty, and simple—a complication, is it not? and the number of yards required, as also other summer dresses. I always look forward to the coming of Demorest, but shall consult the May No. with more interest, as I expect to get many ideas from it for my many fixings before the first of the month. As a general thing, your fashions are too high-flown for us *now*. In days gone by, nothing more elegant or beautiful could have been desired. Won't you bear in mind that other than millionaires have the pleasure of the perusal of your Monthly. Excuse my intrusive remarks. Many good wishes for its success, and also that of Young America. They are always hailed with delight by young and old. Sunny South."

Ans. The yoke should be braided with fine "star" braid, and the scollops not cut out at all. The edge may be simply corded, or finished with narrow ruffling.

You might insert in the skirt of your dress puffing of white net with a narrow edging on either side of black lace. This would be cheaper and look better than black silk. Back the puffings with the dull side of white paper muslin, and graduate them, so as to increase the depth at the back. Or, instead of net, you could make the puffings of white silk grenadine, or of crimson, edged with black lace. Or, you could take out a breadth, insert an apron front of green satin, puffed with lace, and use the extra breadth to make a bias to put on round the bottom of the skirt.

You will find plenty of methods for making up simple summer dresses in this and the May numbers.

It just occurs to us to remind you that, if you can do nothing else with your mother's dress, you could make an overdress of it—open the front, and bunch it up at the back, *en panier*, over a trained skirt of striped green and black.

"Rose-bud" sends us the following:

"Dear Demorest—Having observed your kindness in answering questions in your *useful* and *essential* Magazine, I am persuaded you will not think the following questions too troublesome for your attention. What will make the hair soft and glossy, at the same time *cleanse* and *thicken* it? and do you know of anything that will make the hair *permanently* curly? Is sachet powder a nice and delicate perfume? can you send it to me, and at what price? Can you tell me what will cure weak, red, and inflamed eyes? also, what will increase the length of and strengthen the eye-lashes, and is there any thing to make them black without *injuring the eye?*"

Ans. A solution of borax with very weak camphor, with a few drops of liquid ammonia added, makes an admirable wash for the hair.

The secret of curling hair is in the fact that hair is of two kinds—flat and round. Flat hair is straight and can not be made "permanently" curly, while round hair is naturally curly, and only requires the proper manipulations to twist itself into natural ringlets.

Our sachet powder imparts a very delicate and agreeable perfume to whatever is brought into contact with it. The price is fifty cents per packet.

Bathe them freely in cold water before eating, on first rising, and before going to bed. Do not try to use them by gas, or an imperfect lamp-light. Dr. Wesley, who wrote a small family medicine book, which is looked upon as high authority in England, advises rubbing the eyes gently with fasting spittle, before rising. He says it is most excellent for weak eyes, and will almost cure blindness.

It is said that cutting the eye-lashes occasionally will make them grow long, but we doubt it. We do not. If any of our correspondents have had any experience in lengthening their eye-lashes, or turning them dark, perhaps they will impart it.

A young lady, Miss A. P., writes from Vermont:

"I have taken your Magazine but a short time, and can say that I am highly pleased with it. It has surpassed my highest expectations. Such beautiful patterns, admirably fitted to suit the tastes of the most plain and fastidious persons. The reading also is of high literary tone, especially the writings of Jennie June, and is heartily relished. I hope the new era of woman will steadily advance until her rights shall be fully acknowledged by all."

Ans. Gore your plaid silk dress, and trim it with red or black fringe, or frills of black silk. If the latter, make the large bow at the back of black silk also, and use the pieces taken from the gores to make new sleeves, puffed to the elbow, *à la Marie Antoinette*, and finished with double frills."

A "lady subscriber" says:

"Dear Demorest—I always refer to you for a decision in regard to my dress. Will you please inform me in your next Magazine if long crape vails are fashionable for young ladies in first mourning, and if worn with a hat or bonnet? What is pretty and proper to wear round the neck of a mourning dress?"

Ans. Long crape vails are only now worn by widows. The present style of hat and bonnet does not admit of them. Round vails of dotted English crape are worn by young ladies, or square vails of black lisse, or grenadine, the latter with round hats more especially.

A collar of white or black crape, or, for young ladies, narrow, standing ruches of white lisse. There are also pretty ruches of white English crimped crape, and for morning wear, narrow standing collars are admissible.

"E. E. B." writes:

"Since the fashion of gored dresses, plain in front, has been in vogue, I have been accustomed to put my pockets in upon the left side, thus making the pocket do double service, and preventing the unsightly gap which a pocket-hole almost always makes in a good dress. My friends think the idea too good to be lost to the world, and have advised me to tell you my way. After facing the pocket, rather more deeply than usual, upon the left side, I stitch it strongly to the upper, or right hand side. To strengthen the other side it may be necessary to bind it with the braid used on the skirt."

We do not care for poems, unless they are of unusual excellence, or for continued stories.

"Inquirer."—"A lady, rather low and stout, wishes to make a suit of empress cloth for deep mourning. How shall the skirt be gored, and how shall the wrap be made? Can you tell me of any thin, cool goods for home wear? Muslins all run, and discolor the skin wherever they touch it, and our summers are too warm to admit of an undersleeve. The lady is fifty odd years of age, plain and quiet in her taste, and living in a retired country place."

Ans. Gore the skirt, front and sides, and leave the two back breadths full, to be gathered in to the waist. The extra fullness on the sides should be laid in simple plaits. A mantle with square-cut fronts would be the most suitable wrap, or a paletot with a sack back and basque front.

English barege, iron grenadine, tarnartine cloth, tamise cloth, "Mozambique," mohairs, and the like, are all pretty and cool for summer morning wear, and are none of them expensive.

The following letter tells its own story:

"Dear Demorest—I write to acknowledge the receipt of a nice sewing-machine. I am very much pleased with it, and send you a thousand thanks. If I know or hear of any of my friends or acquaintance who intend to purchase a sewing-machine, I shall certainly recommend them to send for a Bartram & Fanton, for I know they will prefer it to all others. I shall send you the money by-and-by for the attachments to my machine, when I am a little more accustomed to running it. My little boy's books and premium have come safely, and if you give every child as much pleasure as they have given him, you must indeed have a light heart. The other members of my club have received their books and premiums safely, and are very much delighted with them. The few others that I have heard from out of town belonging to my club, are expressing their delight over their books and premiums received during the past two weeks. I hope to send you more subscriptions this year, and shall certainly try for a large club another year. Again please accept my thanks. S. J. P."

Here is another equally satisfactory:

"Dear Demorest—For the many beautiful premiums I have received from your kindness, accept the best wishes of a constant subscriber. The knives are pronounced by every one excellent and handsome pattern; indelible pencil is of the first order—have used it and found it very good, so much more convenient than ink. It is an indispensable article. The cards are beautiful, all I could wish for.

"With sincere thanks for your many beautiful premiums, and best wishes for the success of Demorest's Monthly, I am your friend and subscriber,

'M. G. McL."

Mrs. S. L. D., Ohio.—To properly restore your furs, you should send them to a furrier's and have them re-dressed.

M. L. C.—If you have not cedar-boxes, break up your camphor, and sprinkle it in among your furs. Fold them in old linen towels, and inclose them tightly in the boxes in which they belong. This is our method, and it has always been perfectly successful.

"Miss E. B."—"When a young lady is visiting, should *she* or the *host* or *hostess* wait upon young gentlemen who call upon her, and *which* should see them to the door?

"Is it impolite for a lady to cover her face with a vail, when out with a gentleman?"

Ans. Civilities should be shared sufficiently for the young gentleman to feel that he is welcome to all parties. The young lady should attend him to the door.

It is not impolite to wear a vail, if the lady is in the habit of doing so, and if it is not of unusual thickness and impenetrability.

Mrs. W. H. C. acknowledges the reception of a premium sewing-machine, and says:

"Without any exaggeration, I can say I think the prize-machine sent me perfect in every respect. The Bartram & Fanton has many points of excellence over any machine I have seen."

"E. P."—We would prefer that you should name the premium you would like to receive for your receipts, and then we will tell you whether we can meet your views, or not.

Here is another letter from the happy possessor of a premium sewing-machine.

"Dear Demorest—Having been a reader of your valuable Magazine for some time, I last fall determined to get up a club for it, and, if possible, to secure a sewing-machine as a premium. I worked hard, riding over muddy roads a distance of ten and twelve miles some days. I finally succeeded, and a beautiful Bartram & Fanton sewing-machine now occupies—like a dear friend—the cosiest corner of our sitting-room, admired and praised by all who examine it.

"All who have received the Magazine express themselves delighted with it. I think it invaluable for families living in the country, and I hope next fall to renew my club with additional names."

"Mrs. J. T."

We have no special arrangement made with regard to the button-hole attachment, but we think we could promise it on favorable terms, and also to take subscriptions in payment.

"Allie."—"When a lady and gentleman are going out, should the lady or gentleman pass out the door first?"

Ans. The lady, of course. She also passes in first, the gentleman closing the door, and leaving her free to take care of the sometimes embarrassing length of her dress.

Mrs. P. S. writes:

"I have received my premium Cooking-Stove, the 'Peerless,' with utensils, all in splendid order, and return you my sincere thanks. It works finely."

We have "Diamond" Needles as low as No. 5, and can send you a package of that number, if you choose.

Mrs. S. B. H. W., Va. writes:

"Will you please tell another 'young wife' through the valuable 'Ladies Club,' if the double cloaks, so long in vogue for babies, will be worn this spring, and if so, what kind of material would be nicest to make them of? Also, are embroidered blankets fashionable, and how are skirts, both muslin and flannel, trimmed?

"I admire and value your Monthly more than I can tell. It is so practical, just what the ladies of our country have so long needed."

Ans. Double cloaks are always worn more or less, and are very handsome for babies, when richly made and trimmed. There is no newer or better material than white merino, lined and quilted with white silk, and braided effectively with fine "Star" silk braid. The upper cape is often edged with a deep, rich silk fringe in addition.

More useful cloaks, for babies somewhat advanced, are in the form of sac-paletots, with sleeves and cape, the latter braided handsomely, and edged with fringe. Blankets are both braided and embroidered, and are as fashionable as ever.

Less embroidery and more fine tucking is used upon muslin skirts than formerly, but flannel skirts are elaborately ornamented in embroidery, or "Star" braiding, which many think is handsomer than embroidery, and is certainly much more easily executed.

Ida R. Van T.—"What is the best way to make a suit for a boy 15 months old? I have blue merino 3 yards, and one yard white for trimming. What use can I make of cord and tassel on such a suit?"

Make a little sac-paletot with cape, or low gored dress and sac. Trim with bands of white, crossed with a lattice-work of blue velvet. Use the cord and tassels for tying the cape or sac at the throat, or confining the dress, if it is gored, at the waist.

From Mrs. Althea B., Miss., we have the following:

"Dear Demorest—The machine arrived the 20th inst., and I must say that I am very much pleased with it, and think I am amply repaid for what trouble I was at in getting up the club. Friends were astonished, particularly my husband; they thought it was all *humbug* before, but they have changed their minds now. Many, many thanks to you. Accept my best wishes for your Magazine and its continued prosperity."

"Will you please tell an old subscriber, through the medium of your Monthly, the price of a 'Planchette,' and would you send one?—2. What would be a pretty masquerade costume for a tall young lady that would not look well in any short costume? J. E. T."

Ans. From three to ten dollars, according to style and material.

Queen Elizabeth—high black dress, with sleeves puffed at the top, a ruff, and a stomacher with jewels.

A "Rowena" dress of white merino, with scarlet court-mantle, *en traine*, fastened with gold clasps at the shoulders. Fair hair, waved and floating.

Or a "Grecian Bend" dress, entirely black, no hoops, train very long, and enormous *panier* stuffed out with a pillow, very high-heeled shoes, a forward bend, and mincing, affected gait.

"L. D. R."—We have no such agents. No one is authorized to sell this Magazine for $2.00 per year. Such persons must be impostors.

From Madison Co., N. Y., Miss M. A. writes:

"I received my Magazines and premiums all right. Am perfectly delighted with my premiums. The forks are beautiful—all and more than I expected. You can put me down as a subscriber to it forever. I hope to send a larger club next year."

A "Constant Subscriber" writes:

"I have been a very careful reader of your Magazine for three years, and am more charmed with it each month, and really feel now, that it would be impossible to do without it. I read with interest the 'Ladies' Club,' and find you so kind to answer your correspondents, I have ventured to ask a few questions:

"What would be the price of an infant's visiting-dress, similar to the one in February number of Demorest's?

"The price of an infant's suit—one of each garment, as a guide in the future."

Ans. About $25. The price of a suit would depend entirely upon the style and material.

F. A. S.—"Two Thanksgivings" appeared last November. "Tears of a Child" is in March number. "Lucia" is waiting for illustrations.

The following comes from a new subscriber, "E. E. C.":

"Dear Demorest—I am just finding out what a valuable assistant your Magazine is to any lady that is not wealthy enough to have all her sewing done.

"Last year I took —— and ——, and thought there was none superior, until I borrowed a neighbor's number of Demorest's Monthly, and found out how many good hints you gave on the subject of dress, besides the fashions and patterns that are sent from time to time.

"This year, I am thankful to say, I am not a borrower of your Magazine, but take it regularly from a newsdealer in the place.

"I still take ——'s; but ever after this, I will rank Demorest's Mirror of Fashions as first among the magazines of the day. I shall take it regularly hereafter.

"I have seen your answers to some of your correspondents, concerning dress, &c.; would you please give me reply to the following questions:

"I have a brown silk dress for which I paid 60 dollars. How shall I cut it (it is plain skirt now), and how shall I trim it?

"How shall I trim a plaid poplin to wear, for an occasional change, to church on a damp Sunday?

"Shall I cut a dress long or short for church wear, and when a skirt is gathered, shall it be gathered on the side, too?

"I have a pair of twins (9 months old), a girl and a boy. How long can I dress them alike? and what will they need (and how cut them) for a nice summer wardrobe?

"Please tell me what I shall get for hats next summer, that will do for both, and what will be prettiest for them to wear over their shoulders.

"Last, what color shall I get for some new kids for church wear?"

Ans. Gore the skirt, front and sides, and make it full and long behind. Trim it with rich fringe of the same shade, or with ruffles of the same, bound with satin. You will find plenty of designs for trimming among our illustrations.

2. Trim your plaid poplin with black velvet, or fringe of the prominent color, or with black silk ruffles, or with folds of silk or satin alternating with folds of poplin.

3. Short, unless the material is very rich. Put round the bottom a *Marie Antoinette* flounce, six inches deep, box-plaited, or two ruffles, gathered, and headed by a puffing.

4. Skirts are laid in single plaits at the sides.

5. Until they are three or four years old.

Gored *pique* dresses, belts, or sashes and shoulder knots. For house wear dotted linen dresses, gathered into low braided yokes (French style), braided belt with sash, bow and ends. High white gored aprons, when required. Sacs or paletots for outside wear, to match the dresses. Little lace-crowned hats, with brim turned up all around, and composed of rows of narrow Valenciennes, set slightly full, upon a stiff foundation, would be very pretty, and suitable for both. The left side of each brim should be ornamented with a full *aigrette* of narrow white satin ribbon, pearl edged.

6. Dead buff or lilac.

Mrs. G. P. writes to us as follows:

"I am a young married woman with plenty of leisure; my friends think I have a talent for poetry, and advise me to cultivate it; but I should like first to have a little impartial criticism on my productions, and know of no better judge than yourself.

"I have read with much pleasure Jenny June's sensible articles on women, and would like to lead a more useful life than I do at present. I can not conclude without telling you how much pleasure and profit I have derived from your splendid Magazine during the last year. It is the best fashion book I have ever seen, and to ladies like myself, living in the country, invaluable. K. P."

Ans. Judging from the articles you inclose, you certainly have a faculty for rhyming, and some genuine poetic fancy. The shorter poem will do to publish. But we would not advise you to cultivate it with the expectation of making it very useful or profitable. Poetry requires to be of the very highest order to have a literary or money value.

Suppose you try what you can do in prose. But if you really desire to fill up your life, do not be afraid of anything that is good and helpful. Remember, that God, in cursing, gives us better gifts than men in benediction. God says: "Sweat for foreheads"; men say: "Crowns"; and the sweat is better than the crown which cuts into our flesh. "Get work, for work is better than what we work to get." Noble Elizabeth Barrett Browning never wrote nobler words than these.

Mrs. N. S. C. writes:

"Will you be kind enough to answer me through the columns of the 'Ladies' Club,' what corset-covers made plain and neat would cost; also, what style of dress is most suitable for a baby boy, one year old and very fleshy, and that walks?"

Ans. About $3.50.

Low French yoked dresses with belts, or sashes and shoulder-knots would be very pretty for him. They could be made in merino, linen, or *pique*.

The following furnishes pleasant evidence of the use of premium sewing-machines:

"Dear Demorest—The sewing-machine you sent me is received. I find everything about it in splendid order—A No. 1, in fact. Please accept the hearty thanks of a cripple, who is thus enabled to once more provide for himself. I hope to be able to send you another club in June. In the mean time, believe me your grateful friend, Fletcher A."

And still they come:

"North Weymouth.

"Dear Demorest: I write to acknowledge the arrival of my beautiful B. & F. Machine. I have been from home—was away when it came—or I should have written sooner. I am more pleased with it than I can tell you in a letter. Please accept my warmest thanks: although I have been obliged to work and wait, still I feel repaid, now that I have possession of this elegant prize.

"Yours, most gratefully, H. D."

"Dear Demorest—I received the Bartram & Fanton Machine for twenty subscribers to Demorest's Monthly Magazine, and am much pleased with the work it does. It can do heavier work than many other machines of the same price, and can do as fine work as any other machine.

"Mrs. D. H. B."

"Madison" writes:

"Dear Demorest—I am now a subscriber for your excellent Monthly and very much delighted with it. It gives so much valuable information. I have a lustreless silk dress which I wish to make as an evening dress; and would very much like to know how I could make the waist and sleeves; being in mourning, I do not wish to make it gay, but very nice. Are dresses gored all the way round, and do you think they will be style very long, or will dresses straight all round soon be in style?"

Ans. Cut it out square, front and back; fill in with white puffed lisse or net. Trim the Pompadour with folds of the silk, piped with black satin, three rows, and repeat them on the top of the sleeves, surmounting them (unless the shoulders are cut very high), and at the wrists. Make a belt and very large double bow with wide short sash ends, bound with satin for the back of the skirt.

Skirts are gored front and sides, but not at the back. We think it will be some time before straight skirts are worn again, unless in very thin muslins.

FULL-SIZED PATTERNS FOR THE MAY NUMBER.

In our next number we shall give a full-sized pattern of an over-dress for a little girl, bodice and skirt complete.

Also the new "Mayfair" Jacket—a sleeveless jacket, with *bretelle* finish, for young ladies' walking-suits.

Also, a new child's sleeve, for spring and summer dresses. Either of the above patterns will be worth the full cost of the May number.

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SEPARATE ORDERS.

Our readers are requested to observe, that orders for Magazines should not be included with dress-goods, or goods of any kind. If sent for in the same letter, they should be kept separate and distinct, and, if possible, written out on different sheets of paper. Adherence to this rule would greatly facilitate business, and render the prompt and correct fulfillment of orders a matter of much greater ease than it is at present.

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THE MORE THE MERRIER.

For the last three months, subscriptions have been pouring in upon us from all parts of the country, accompanied by the most flattering assurances of the esteem in which the Magazine is held, and the best wishes for its continued success. Its position now as the best fashion, and only *woman's* Magazine in America is acknowledged, and will prove the highest incentive to future effort.

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NO BACK NUMBERS.

Before this Magazine is published, we may be out of January, February, and March numbers for 1869, and there may be some delay in furnishing the Magazine from the beginning of the present year until we have a further supply printed. The great increase in our circulation, and the continued rapidity with which subscriptions continue to flow in upon us, all dating from the 1st of January, has exhausted even the enormous edition we had provided for the holiday supply and two reprints. We hope those of our friends who may send for back numbers, and fail to get them, will have patience with the necessary delay, in view of a reason so gratifying and flattering.

◆

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.

We do not send specimen numbers gratis, but send back numbers as specimens, with a number of prospectuses, on receipt of 15 cents.

◆

Ladies will please observe that we are offering three boxes of the Hyperion Hair Curlers for fifty cents; single boxes, as usual, being twenty-five cents each. They are mailed free on receipt of price.

By reference to our premium list, it will be seen that we have made some very essential and liberal modifications in the book premiums we are offering for 2, 3, and 4 subscribers at $3 each.

With a very little trouble, any person can now supply themselves with the best books to be found, and at the same time be doing a real favor to the parties whom they may induce to subscribe for our Magazine.

CORRESPONDENTS.

We must beg to remind our correspondents that unless a three cent stamp is inclosed in their letters by those requiring a *mailed* answer, no notice can be taken of their communications. Time and stationery are all that we can give to correspondents. Postage in addition requires a U. S. Treasury to furnish a supply.

◆

NO LADIES' DRESSING-CASES.

We regret to say that we are out of ladies' dressing-cases as premiums, and, as they are imported, we can not get a supply for some weeks. The unexampled rush of the last few months has tested even our resources, and distributed premiums of all kinds with such velocity that, before we were aware, we found ourselves nearly destitute of some articles which it requires time to replenish. It will probably never occur again.

◆

PREMIUM SEWING-MACHINES.

We have been sending out a large number of sewing-machines as premiums since the 1st of January, a large proportion of which were of the Bartram & Fanton manufacture, and have heard nothing but praises of them in return.

Ladies who make the trial find it very easy to get a sewing-machine in this way, and we advise them to do so while they have the opportunity, and especially while they have a choice of machines at such unequaled rates as these that we offer.

◆

UNAPPROPRIATED MONEY.

We have several times called the attention of our readers to the carelessness with which money is sent to publication offices. We have now on hand upward of fifty letters, all of which contained more or less money, but none of which fulfilled the indispensable conditions required for the execution of orders. Most of them contain only the name of the town, without State or county; one, from New Orleans, has no name attached; and another letter, containing $10, has full address, but specifies nothing for which the ten dollars are to be used. Two letters have been addressed to this individual, but no answer returned, and no order received.

We beg persons, for their own sakes, to be careful. There are quite enough of difficulties in the way of financial correctness without adding to them by willful carelessness and stupidity.

◆

OUR PURCHASING BUREAU.

We receive many letters of inquiry concerning this department of our business, which we beg leave to answer for the benefit of our readers in general.

Most of our purchases are made for dealers in dry goods, fancy goods, milliners, and dressmakers in towns and villages, who do not find it convenient to visit the metropolis every time they wish to replenish their stock, or some portion of it. For this class of persons we frequently buy from five hundred to five thousand dollars' worth of goods at a time, of the most varied and multifarious character. In justice to ourselves we must say, we generally succeed not only in pleasing them, but in obtaining expressions of high satisfaction and approval. Very often they write: "Your selections are better than I could have made for myself;" and, after a few trials, they generally prefer to leave some things to our judgment and discretion, and thus obtain newer and more desirable articles in trimmings and other goods than they are acquainted with.

Many ladies send to us also for articles of dress, for special costumes, and for entire outfits, adapted for bridal and other purposes. Our great success in filling such orders is mainly due to the fact, that we conscientiously try to buy for them as we would buy for ourselves, or have others buy for us.

It is necessary in all cases to accompany the order with at least ten per cent. of the money required, the remainder to be paid on delivery by express—a very safe, speedy, and reliable method of transit, which renders it almost as easy for persons living remote from the metropolis to purchase desirable articles there, as if they were on the spot.

Our arrangements with the large millinery and dry goods importing houses give us unrivaled facilities for obtaining the best and latest styles and qualities at the most moderate prices; and it is our habit and intention to give our patrons the full benefit of our experience and resources. Persons may confidently rely on getting dry goods, bonnets, millinery goods of any description, jewelry, fancy wares, notions, trimmings, hosiery, laces, and the like, as cheaply, and in better assortment than if selected by themselves.

Outfits are supplied, in different grades, at low range of prices.

◆

We have arranged with a number of publishers, by which we are enabled to offer the following extraordinary inducements for clubbing their magazines with Demorest's Monthly; and either of the following, with Demorest's Monthly, will be sent for one year on receipt of the amount:

AGRICULTURIST,	3 50
CHILDREN'S HOUR,	3 50
WORKING FARMER,	3 50
HERALD OF HEALTH,	4 50
ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE,	4 00
YOUNG FOLKS,	4 00
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE,	4 00
DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA,	3 50
RIVERSIDE,	4 00
LADIES' FRIEND,	4 00
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,	4 50
GODEY'S LADIES' BOOK,	5 00
ATLANTIC MONTHLY,	5 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	6 00
" WEEKLY,	6 00
" BAZAR,	6 00
JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE,	3 00

We give no Premiums with the above arrangements of Clubbing.

◆

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS—SELF-EVIDENT FACTS.

The issue of our Magazine has steadily and rapidly increased, until it can now boast of a much larger circulation than any other magazine of the kind in America; and, besides, each copy will find more readers than ten or twenty newspapers, our whole edition certainly reaching a more extended circulation than can be secured by many times the amount spent in a more general way.

In order to secure an unexceptionable list of advertisements, only such will be admitted as are adapted to a Ladies' Magazine, and confined to a limited number, furnishing an extraordinary opportunity and the best possible medium for giving publicity to articles of taste, comfort, luxury, or utility. The price for advertising will be 75 cents per line.

One quarter column	$25 00
One half column	50 00
Whole column	100 00

All advertisements must be handed in by the 20th, to insure insertion in the second succeeding month.

POST OFFICE ORDERS.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a* REGISTERED *letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

◆

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers; to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

Advertisers will please understand that the crowded state of our columns renders it necessary that they should send in their advertisements by the twenty-first of the month to secure insertion in the following issue.

Our readers will also confer a favor on us personally if they will, when writing for articles, say they saw them advertised in Demorest's Monthly.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A GREAT OFFER.—Horace Waters, No. 481 Broadway, will dispose of 100 Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, at extremely low prices for cash, or will take from $5 to $20 monthly until paid; the same to let, and rent money applied if purchased.

Mme. Demorest's Combination Suspender and Shoulder Brace. Every lady should wear them, and no child should be without them. Ladies', $1; children's, 75 cents. Sent by mail, post free, on receipt of price. Emporium of Fashions, 838 Broadway.

The Great American Tea Co.'s French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee.—Owing to the fine flavor and great strength of this coffee, it requires a less quantity than is generally used of other coffees. Boil over a quick fire not exceeding one minute. It is much improved by breaking an egg into the pot. It will settle perfectly clear in five minutes. Serve with sugar and cream, or scalded milk. For a dinner coffee, serve without cream or milk. Napoleon, in preparing this coffee, never allowed it to be boiled, but filtered it through a percolator. That is the favorite French style of preparing it.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER: A New Illustrated Hand-Book of Phrenology and Physiognomy, for the use of Students and Examiners; with a Descriptive Chart and upwards of 170 Engravings. Price, post-paid, in muslin, $1.25: in paper, $1. S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

COLGATE & CO.'S
Aromatic Vegetable Soap
Is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of Ladies and Infants.
Sold by all dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

OPENING of our SPRING IMPORTATION,
March 1st, 1869.
BAMBERG & HILL,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STRAW & SILK GOODS
FLOWERS, FEATHERS, &c.,
441 BROADWAY, N. Y.

EDW. J. EVANS & CO.,

NURSERYMEN & SEEDSMEN,

YORK, Penn.

New and Choice Fruits and Seeds, Specialties.

Illustrated Descriptive Priced Catalogues of both the Nursery and Seed Departments mailed to any address on receipt of stamp.

DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS, Etc., Etc.,

Remember the Best Goods for your use
are Manufactured by

Brainerd & Armstrong,

Importers and Manufacturers in

Sewing Silk, Machine Twist, &c.

No. 469 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

Fresh Garden and Flower Seeds, prepaid by mail. For 10 cts. per oz., the best sorts Asparagus, Beet, Carrot, Parsnip, Radish, Spinach, and Turnip. For 15 and 25 cts. per oz., the best Cabbage, Celery, Chicory, Cucumber. Lettuce, Melon, Salsify, Squash, and Tomato. For 40 cts, Onion and Peppers. The above, also, in 5 ct. papers. 25 sorts Garden and Flower Seeds, $1. Catalogues gratis. Early Rose Potato 75 cts. per lb.; $3 for 5 lbs. Seeds on Commission, Agents wanted. B. M. WATSON, Plymouth, Mass.

THE MAGIC COMB

Will color Gray Hair a permanent black or brown. Sent by mail for $1.25. Address WM. PATTON, Treasurer Magic Comb Co., Springfield, Mass.

50 WAYS OF MAKING BREAD.
IN "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" FOR JANUARY.

50 WAYS OF MAKING SOUPS, SALADS, AND SIDE DISHES.

IN "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" FOR FEBRUARY.

50 WAYS OF COOKING FISH AND OYSTERS.

IN "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" FOR MARCH.

TERMS of Magazine, $2 a year. 3 copies for $5. *Either of the above numbers will be sent by mail on receipt of 20 cents.* Or the three numbers will be sent for 50 cents.

Address **T. S. ARTHUR & SONS,**
Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ The "Home Magazine" is for sale by Booksellers and News Dealers.

WANTED — AGENTS — To sell the **American Knitting Machine.** Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to Agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

Enlarged and Beautified.—That old favorite of the reading public, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, has been ENLARGED and BEAUTIFIED, and is now the *Cheapest*, and, as many think, the *Best* of our literary weeklies. Terms, $2.50 a year (with a beautiful Premium Engraving). Five copies (and one extra), $8. Address H. PETERSON & Co., 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. ☞ *Send at once for a Sample Number, which is furnished gratis.*

BOOKBINDING.

SUBSCRIBERS' NUMBERS of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE bound at the office of publication, 838 Broadway, New York, in Solferino red, full gilt cloth, gilt edges, $2.50 per volume; or in Turkey morocco, full gilt and gilt edges, a superb volume for the center-table, $5.50. Back numbers furnished to complete sets at twenty-five cents each.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED,

Is a First-class Monthly. SAMUEL R. WELLS, Editor.

Specially devoted to the "SCIENCE OF MAN;" his improvement Mentally, Morally, Physically, and Socially, by all the means indicated by Science. Containing PHRENOLOGY, the location and function of all the organs, with directions for cultivating and restraining the faculties, and PHYSIOGNOMY, with all the "SIGNS OF CHARACTER, and how to read them;" ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man, with all that is new in this interesting and now all-absorbing subject. Practical Articles on PHYSIOLOGY, DIET, SLEEP, EXERCISE, and the LAWS of LIFE and HEALTH. PORTRAITS, SKETCHES, and BIOGRAPHIES of the leading Men and Women of the World, are important features. Much general and useful information on the leading topics of the day is given. As a guide to *Parents* and *Teachers* in educating and training children, and in starting them on the right path in life, this Magazine has no superior, as it points out all their peculiarities of character and disposition, and it is intended to be the most interesting and instructive FAMILY JOURNAL published.

TERMS.—A New Volume, the 49th, commenced with the January number. Published Monthly, in quarto form, at $3.00 a year in advance. Clubs of ten or more, $2.00 each per copy, and an extra copy to Agents, or THE JOURNAL and DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE to one address for $5.00.

Inclose thirty cents for sample number, with new Pictorial Poster and Prospectus, and complete list of premiums. Address

S. R. WELLS, Publisher,
389 Broadway, N. Y.

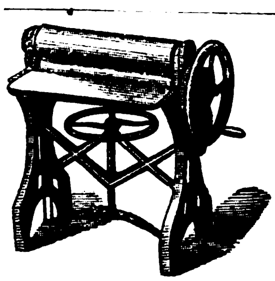
Large Vines AND *PLANTS* FOR Immediate Bearing.

With an increased interest in Small Fruit Culture, there has arisen a great demand for Vines and Plants of the largest size and best quality. Young America is impatient of delay, and those advanced in life do not wish to "plant for their heirs" entirely, but desire themselves to "EAT THE FRUIT of their doings." We regard this desire as praiseworthy. While there is enjoyment in planting, cultivating, and watching the progress of growth, there is certainly increased delight in the fruition of our labors.

At considerable expense, we have grown and are now prepared to furnish stock that can not fail to give entire satisfaction to those wanting the earliest and best results.

Our special Price List for Vines and Plants of the above character will be mailed to all applicants, and also, when desired, to those sending 10 cents for the Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue and general Price List.

J. KNOX,
Box 155, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Ward's American Mangles

FOR IRONING CLOTHES WITHOUT HEAT.

Suitable for families, Institutions and Hotels. More work can be done in an hour with a Mangle, than in half a day with the sadiron, and the clothes will look fresher and more glossy.

Also the celebrated **UNION WASHING MACHINE AND WRINGER**, acknowledged to be the best and most durable ever made. Warranted to *wash perfectly* without soaking, rubbing, or boiling—it gives unbounded satisfaction everywhere.

Fluting Machines of every style. Wringers of all kinds repaired. Send for Circular.

J. WARD & CO.,
No. 31 (formerly 23) Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Fresh Garden, Flower and Tree Seeds, and Small Fruits, Prepaid by Mail. A complete and judicious assortment. 25 sorts of either Seeds $1.00. True Cape Cod Cranberry with directions for culture on high or low land. New fragrant Everblooming Japan Honey-suckle charming new hardy vine. 50 cents each, $5.00 per doz., prepaid. New Early Rose Potato, 75 cents per lb., 5 lbs. $3.00, prepaid. Priced Catalogues to any address, also Trade lists. Seeds on Commission. Agents wanted.

B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Establishment, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842.

TILTON'S Initial Stationery.

DOLLAR BOXES.

Sent by Mail, Post Paid.

NEW DIES, NEW PRESSES,

And the Latest Styles of Note Paper,

Direct from Paris.

The favor with which our boxes have been received by our friends and the public generally, which is shown by our rapidly increasing business, has induced us to make still greater exertions to please our patrons, and we have added several new stamping presses, and are constantly having new styles of letters engraved, so that we may meet the demands of all. We have lately made arrangements with a House in Paris to send us

The Latest and Most Fashionable Styles of Ladies' Note and Wedding Paper and Envelopes,

and hereafter every variety in Ladies' Note and Wedding Stationery may be found at our establishment.

We have also added two new dollar boxes to our former list—which will now comprise

THE PARISIAN BOX,

Containing Plain French Papers of the finest quality, with Envelopes to match, and stamped with any initial desired.

THE BISMARCK BOX,

Containing thick English Papers, with Envelopes to match, stamped with any initial desired.

THE HALF & HALF BOX,

Containing half Parisian and half Bismarck styles, stamped with any initial desired.

THE FRENCH FANCY BOX,

Containing the fancy styles of fine French Paper, with Envelopes to match, and stamped with any initial desired.

PRICE OF EACH BOX, $1.00,

and sent by mail, post paid, to any part of the country.

Either of the above styles may also be had, stamped in colors, but in colors will contain but half the quantity of paper which we put into the boxes stamped plain. We also have constantly on hand papers and envelopes of all sizes and qualities, by the quire and pack, initialed, plain, and in colors, in great variety of style of letter.

We furnish same as single letters, pet names, such as Lizzie, Mollie, Mary, Nellie, Hattie, Fannie, and Annie. The most fashionable style of stamping just now is in single letters, but we can, when so ordered, give two or more.

MONOGRAMS, for color or plain stamping, made to order.

Initial Stationery is the rage, and generally used in all fashionable correspondence, party and wedding invitations. Those at a distance from the large cities find it difficult to procure the latest styles in paper at once, or any variety of stylish letters, and to meet this want we have made arrangements with a leading house in Paris to send us all new styles as they appear, and we are constantly adding new forms of initials to our stock. The boxes which we mention in this circular, are made up of the best quality of fashionable note paper and envelopes, and initialed with the latest styles of letters. They can be sent to any part of the country by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price mentioned. This makes them very desirable, and a slight effort will always secure a large club.

We are receiving a great many club orders from all parts of the country, and to prevent all mistakes, we request those sending to write the initial and address plain, giving the State and county, and, if a particular style of initial is desired, stating it. We would also request those ordering to notify us at once of any delay in delivery, or of errors of any nature. Many persons order, inclosing money, but omit to mention State; and as nearly all the States have the same town names, it is impossible for us to fill such orders.

In remitting money, it is always best to send Post-office orders, and then there can be no loss We are daily receiving orders from all parts of the country, from those who have used our paper, and who write us that it gives perfect satisfaction. Address all orders to

J. E. TILTON & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

☞ Particular attention given to getting up PARTY INVITATIONS and WEDDING CARDS.
(Send for Club Circular.)

The Ladies' Pentagraph Tracing Wheel.

This little instrument is used for tracing patterns from any of Demorest's Pattern Supplements in the Monthly Magazine, thereby preserving the original for future use. Place a sheet of paper on a soft board, with the Pattern on the top, follow the lines of the Pattern with the wheel, which causes a neat punctured line, which can then be cut out. Price 25c., mailed free.

Mme. DEMOREST, 838 Broadway, N.Y.

HERALD OF HEALTH AND Journal of Physical Culture.

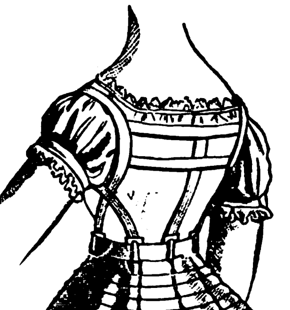
WORDS FROM OVER THE WATER.—"We are glad to welcome, among our budget of monthlies, an American magazine, *The Herald of Health*. Let its own heading express its object: '*The Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture* advocates a Higher Type of Manhood—physically, intellectually, and morally.' It has quite as much claim to the title of a woman's magazine as the 'Victoria Magazine,' and is full of thoughtful, practical papers, pleasantly written—most of them by authors and authoresses of note—among whom we may mention the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Horace Mann. Wives and housekeepers will find some very useful hints in the pages of *The Herald*, and we recommend it as an excellent domestic magazine."—*Cosmopolitan, London.*

So says one of our London exchanges. $2.00 a year; 20 cents a number. For $3.00 we send it a year with a copy of Physical Perfection—a large, illustrated work of great value, worth $2.00. For $3.35 we send the *Herald* and the New York *Weekly Tribune* one year. For $3.00 we send it and the *American Agriculturist* one year. For 30 subscribers and $60, we give a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth $55. Address MILLER, WOOD & CO., 15 Laight Street, New York.

MME. DEMOREST'S

IMPROVED COMBINATION

SUSPENDER AND SHOULDER-BRACE.



The simplicity of this invention, its neatness and accuracy of fit, recommend it as the best and most comfortable suspender and brace ever introduced. It transfers the weight of the skirts from the hips to the shoulders, keeps the shoulders back, prevents stooping, and contributes to that firm and dignified position of the body which is not only essential to a graceful carriage, but contributes to health and longevity.

The cut represents the Suspender and Shoulder-Brace exactly as it is worn upon the form.

Price 1.00.

EMPORIUM OF FASHIONS,
838 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK
WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Price Reduced.

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST.

The Paper for the People.

Now is the Time to Subscribe for

The Great Family Newspaper.

It is Cheap because its Circulation is larger than that of any other Newspaper.

NOW IS THE TIME TO FORM CLUBS.

HORACE GREELEY ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Greeley's History of the War.

MR. GREELEY purposes to write, during the year 1869, an elementary work on Political Economy, wherein the policy of Protection to Home Industry will be explained and vindicated. This work will first be given to the public through successive issues of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, and will appear in all its editions—DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, and WEEKLY. The work will contain the best results of the observations and study of a lifetime, and, as the question of Protection to American Industry concerns our entire people, it will be looked for with great interest. In addition to this work by Mr. Greeley, the TRIBUNE has engaged George Geddes, one of the best and most successful farmers in the country, and other able writers on Agricultural subjects, to write regularly for its columns. The American Institute Farmers' Club will continue to be reported in THE SEMI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY TRIBUNE. No farmer, who desires to till the soil with profit, and to know the progress constantly made in the science of his calling, can afford to neglect the advantages of a newspaper like THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE, especially when it unites with agriculture other features of interest and profit. THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE contains a summary of all that appears in THE DAILY and SEMI-WEEKLY editions, while in addition it is made to address itself to the wants of the great farming class. Reviews of new publications, and of what is new in music and the fine arts; letters from different parts of the world—some of them of rare interest to the farmer, as showing the progress of agriculture in other countries; editorial essays on all topics of home and foreign interest, together with full and carefully printed reports of the markets, will be furnished from week to week, and at a lower price than that of any other newspaper in America. By pursuing this policy THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE has attained its present commanding influence and circulation, and we enter upon the new year with an assurance to our readers that no pains and no expense will be spared to give it still greater usefulness and power, and to make it a yet more welcome visitor to every fireside in the land.

GREELEY'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE TRIBUNE also proposes to send "The American Conflict," by Horace Greeley, in 2 vols. of 648 and 782 pages respectively, to clubs on terms stated below. This history has received from all quarters the highest commendations for accuracy of statement and fullness of detail. It is substantially bound, and must be deemed a valuable addition to any library. These volumes should be placed in every School District library in the land, and each school contains scholars who can, with a few hours of attention, raise a Tribune Club and secure the history. Almost any one who wishes can now obtain it by giving a few hours to procuring subscriptions for THE TRIBUNE among his friends and neighbors, and we hope many will be incited to do so. The work will be promptly forwarded, prepaid, by express or by mail, on receipt of the required subscriptions.

TERMS OF THE TRIBUNE.

DAILY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, $10 per annum.

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Mail Subscribers, $4 per annum. Five copies or over, $3 each; 16 copies, $45. For $36, 10 copies *and Greeley's History*; for $63, 20 copies *and Greeley's History*; for $116, 40 copies *and Greeley's History*.

WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Mail Subscribers, $2 per annum; 5 copies, $9; 11 copies, *to one address*, $15; 10 copies *and Greeley's History, to one address*, $20; 21 copies *to one address*, $25; 20 copies and the History, *to one address*, $31; 50 copies, *to one address*, $50; 50 copies and the History, *to one address*, $56; 11 copies, *to names of subscribers*, $16; 10 copies, *to names*, with one copy of the History, $21; 21 copies, *to names*, $27; 20 copies, *to names*, with one copy of History, $33; 50 copies, *to names*, $55; 50 copies, *to names*, with one copy of History, $61.

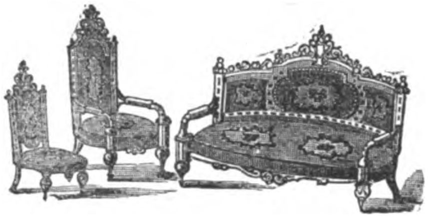
The money must, in *all cases*, be received at one time, and the papers be sent to ONE POST OFFICE.

Friends wishing to secure the History on these terms must send the Clubs precisely as we have stated them. SEMI-WEEKLY *and* WEEKLY *subscriptions must not be mixed in one Club, when made up to secure the History.*

Terms, cash in advance.

Address THE TRIBUNE, New York.

FURNITURE



AND

CARPETS

{ 2d & 3d Avenue R. R.
Cars pass our Store. }

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR'S,

87 & 89 BOWERY, 65 CHRYSTIE, and 130 & 132 HESTER STREET,

Entrance, 87 BOWERY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

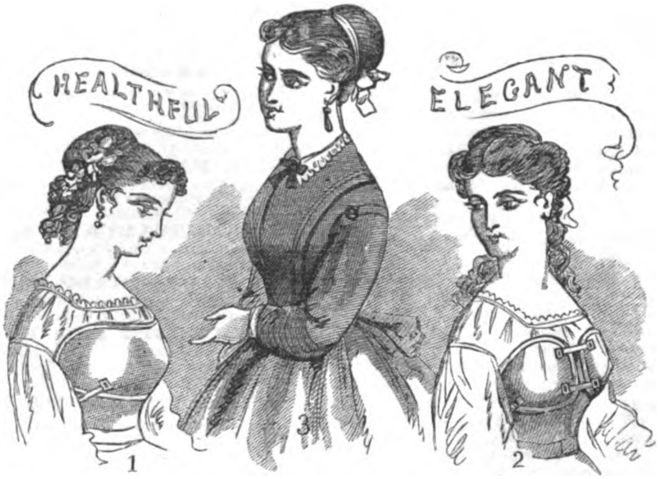
FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND BEDDING,

OF ALL STYLES, QUALITIES AND DESCRIPTIONS.

WILTONS, VELVETS, BODY BRUSSELS,
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY,
INGRAINS, AND ALL WIDTHS OIL-CLOTHS.

All Goods Guaranteed as represented. Hotels and Steamboats Furnished.

HENRY P. DEGRAAF—ROBERT M. TAYLOR—JOHN RICHARDS—GARRET V. DEGRAAF.



Improved Breast Protectors.

The three illustrations represent the Breast Protectors and Supporters, in the different styles made. Figure 1 is the "Single" style—that is, without a division in the center. Figure 2 is the "double" style, with hinges. Either style is excellent, and make the dress fit smoothly and elegantly, as seen in Figure 3, which gives the shape imparted by these new and convenient accessories to the perfection of a lady's *tournure*.

◆

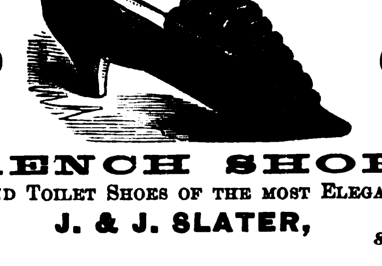
THIS new invention, patented in 1866 and 1867, has already won its way to the confidence of ladies, and supersedes Spring Pads, and all other Breast Protectors and Supporters, in

Its Natural Shape, its Perfect Adjustment to the Form, Its Lightness, and means of Ventilation.

It is secured by an elastic and clasp around the waist. It can not slip from its position. Ladies who require an improved bust will find this exactly what is needed. No lady who has had a dress fitted with one will do without it. Made in three sizes. Also, the Double Breast Protector, with Elastic hinges. Sold, wholesale and retail, by MME. DEMOREST, No. 838 Broadway, and all furnishing, skirt and corset stores. Price $1.50 each.

MARIE ANTOINETTE SLIPPER.

LADIES' AND



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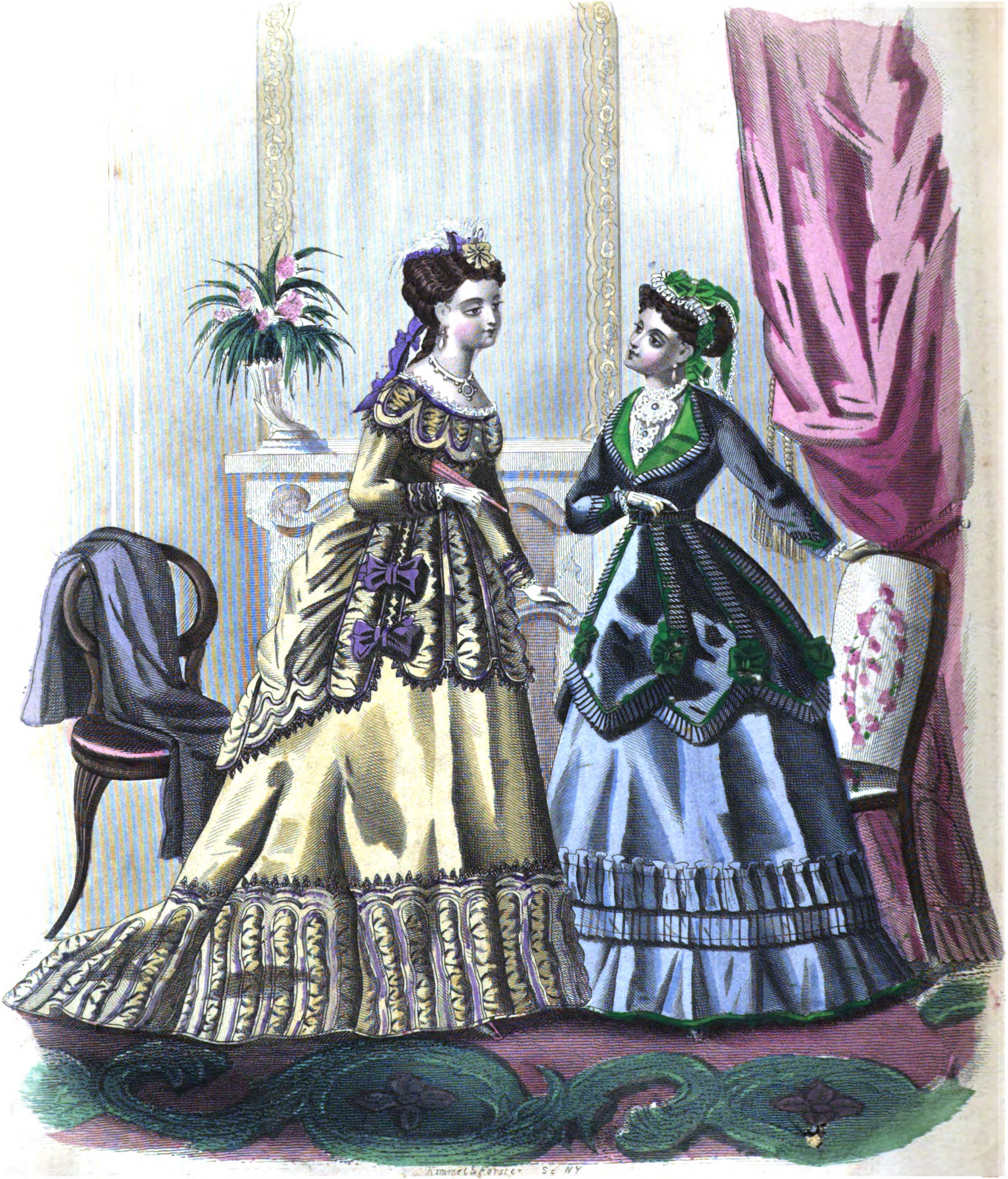

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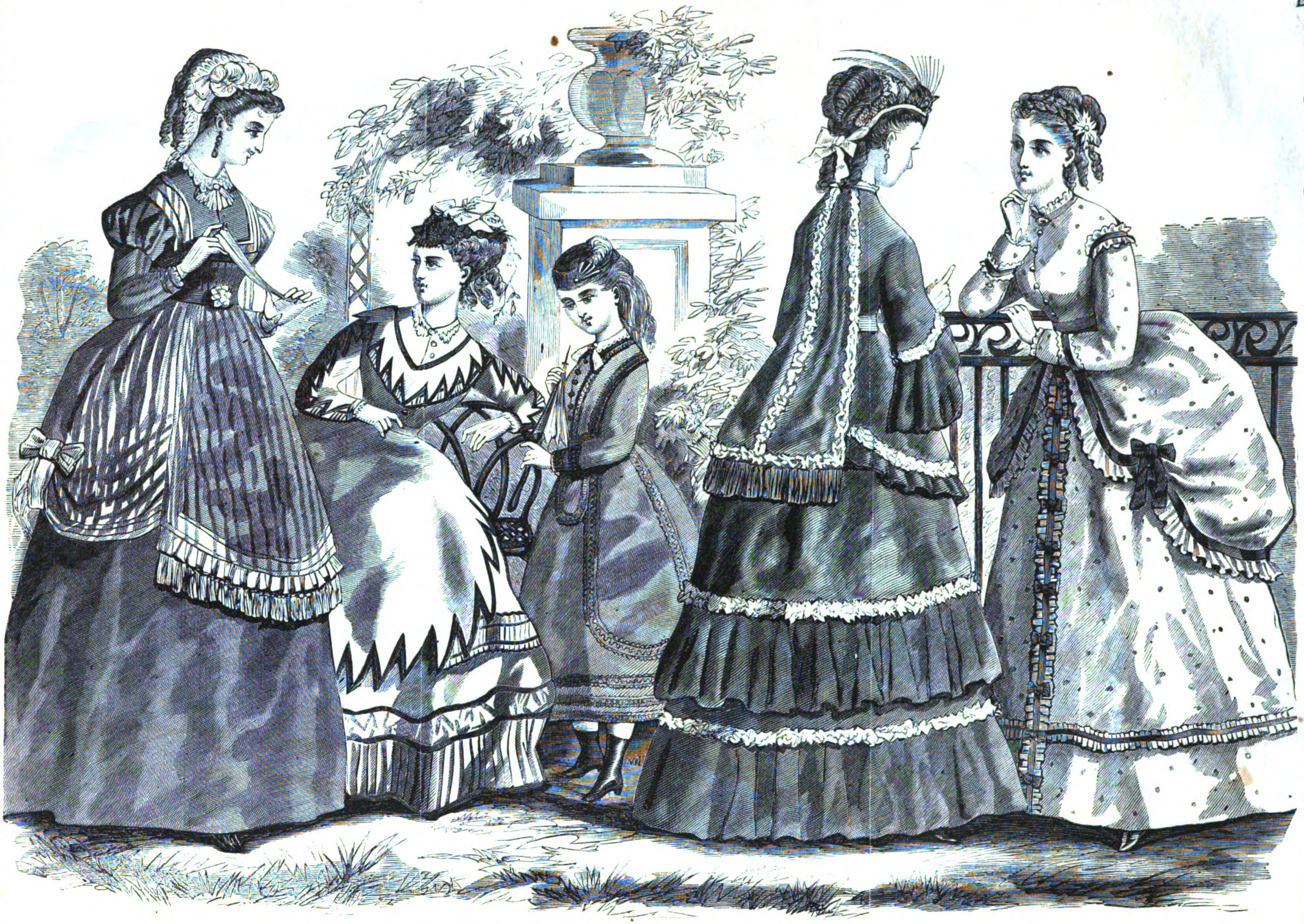
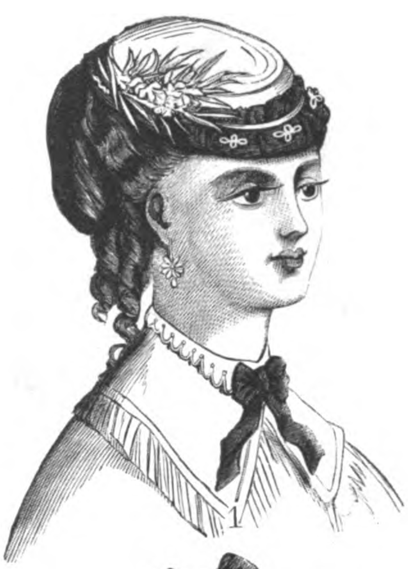


LATEST STYLES OF HOUSE AND WALKING-COSTUMES FOR MAY, 1869.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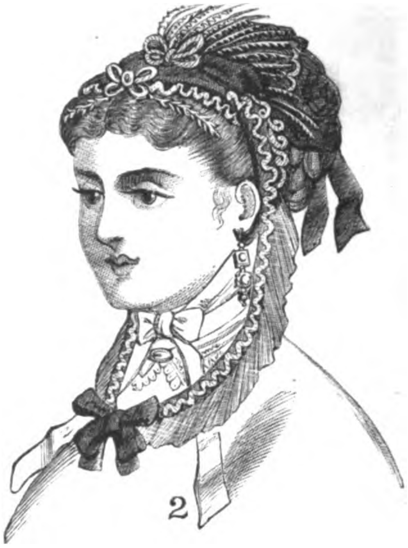
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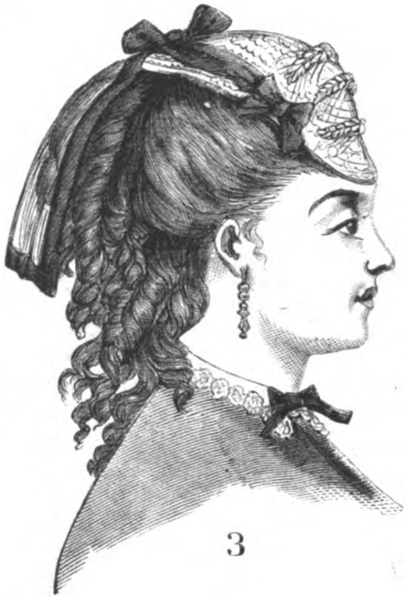
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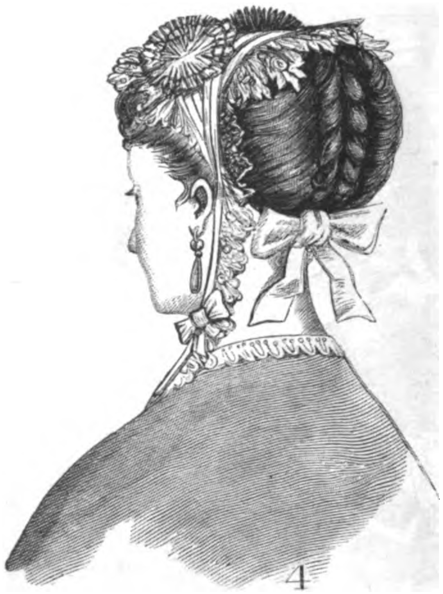
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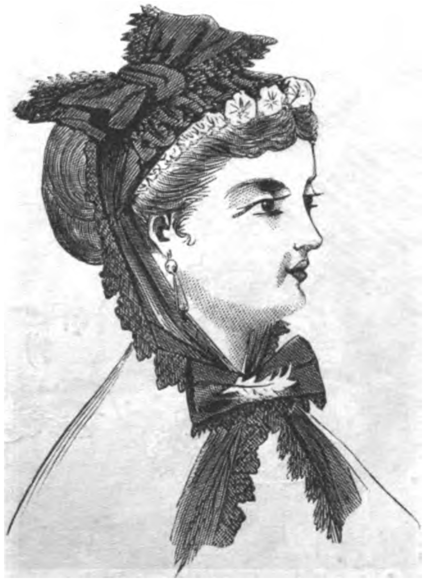
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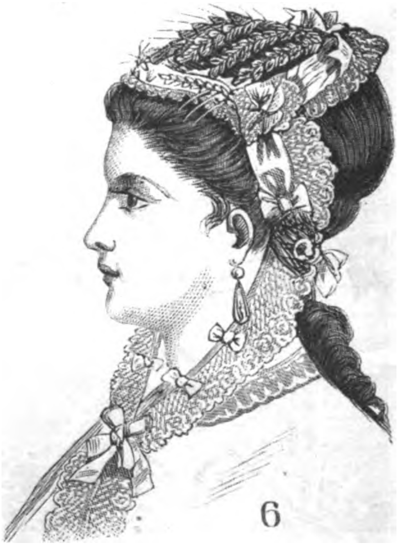
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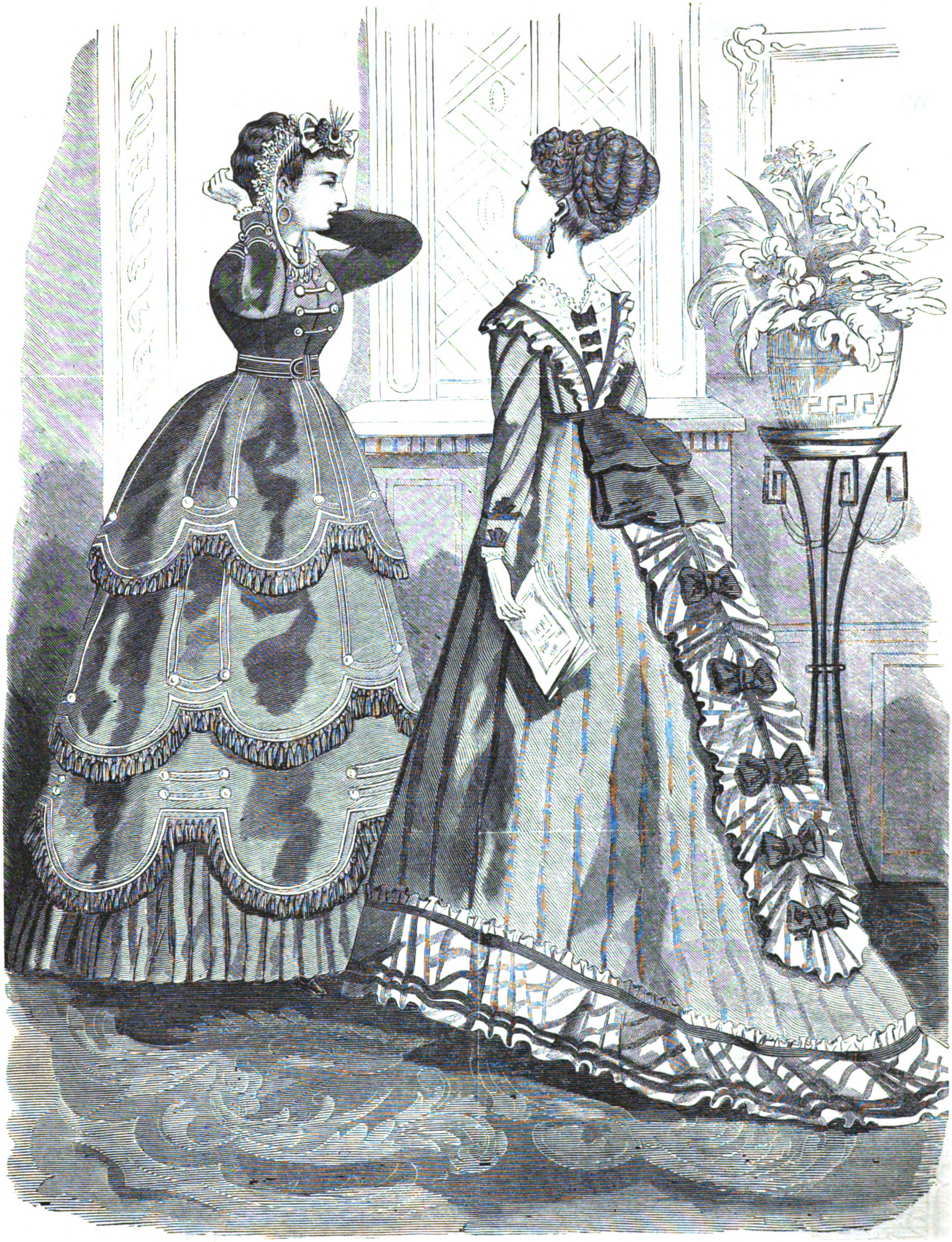
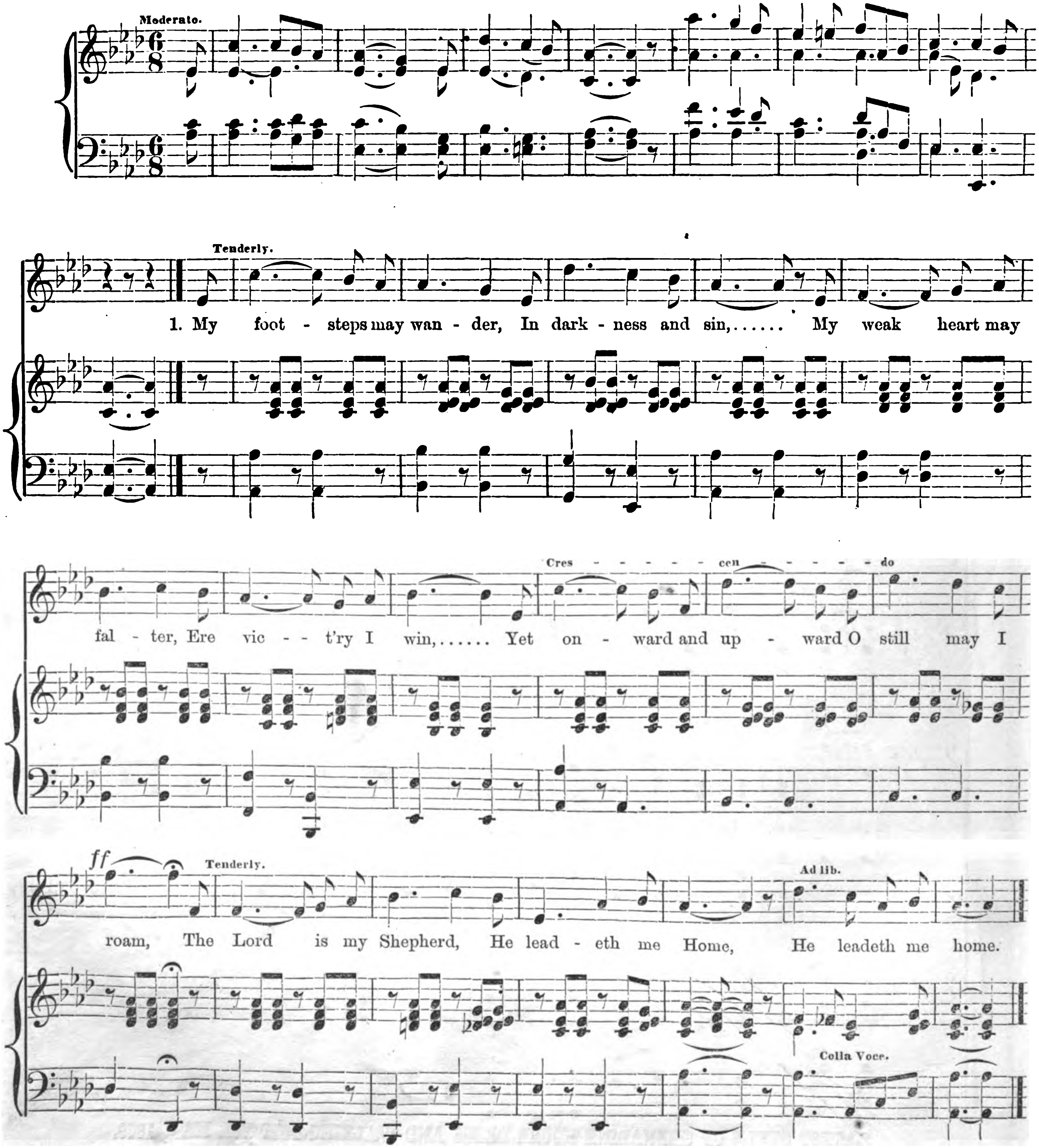
LATEST STYLES OF BONNETS AND ROUND HATS FOR MAY, 1869.



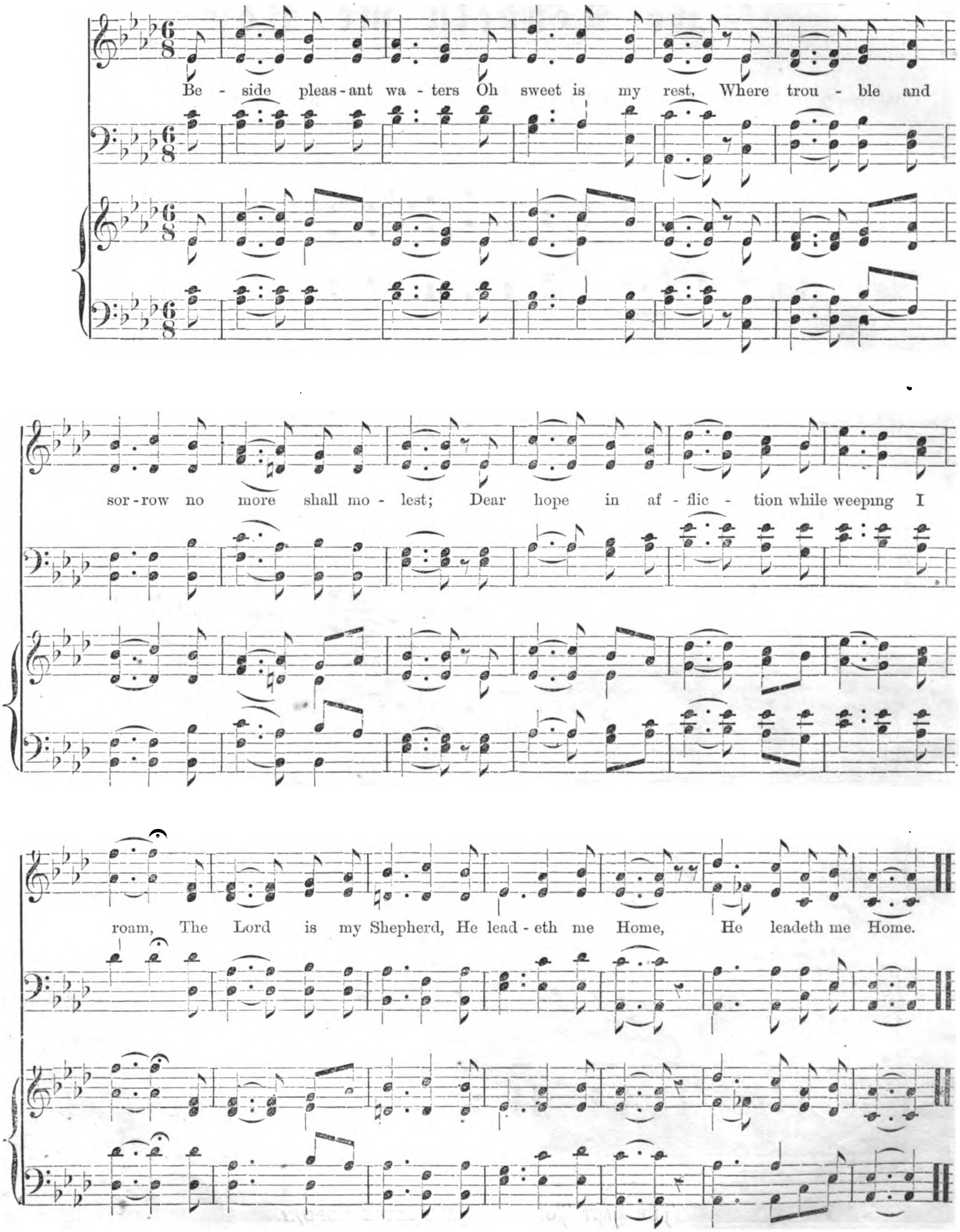
LATEST STYLE OF GRENADINE HOUSE DRESS AND WALKING-SUIT FOR MAY, 1869.

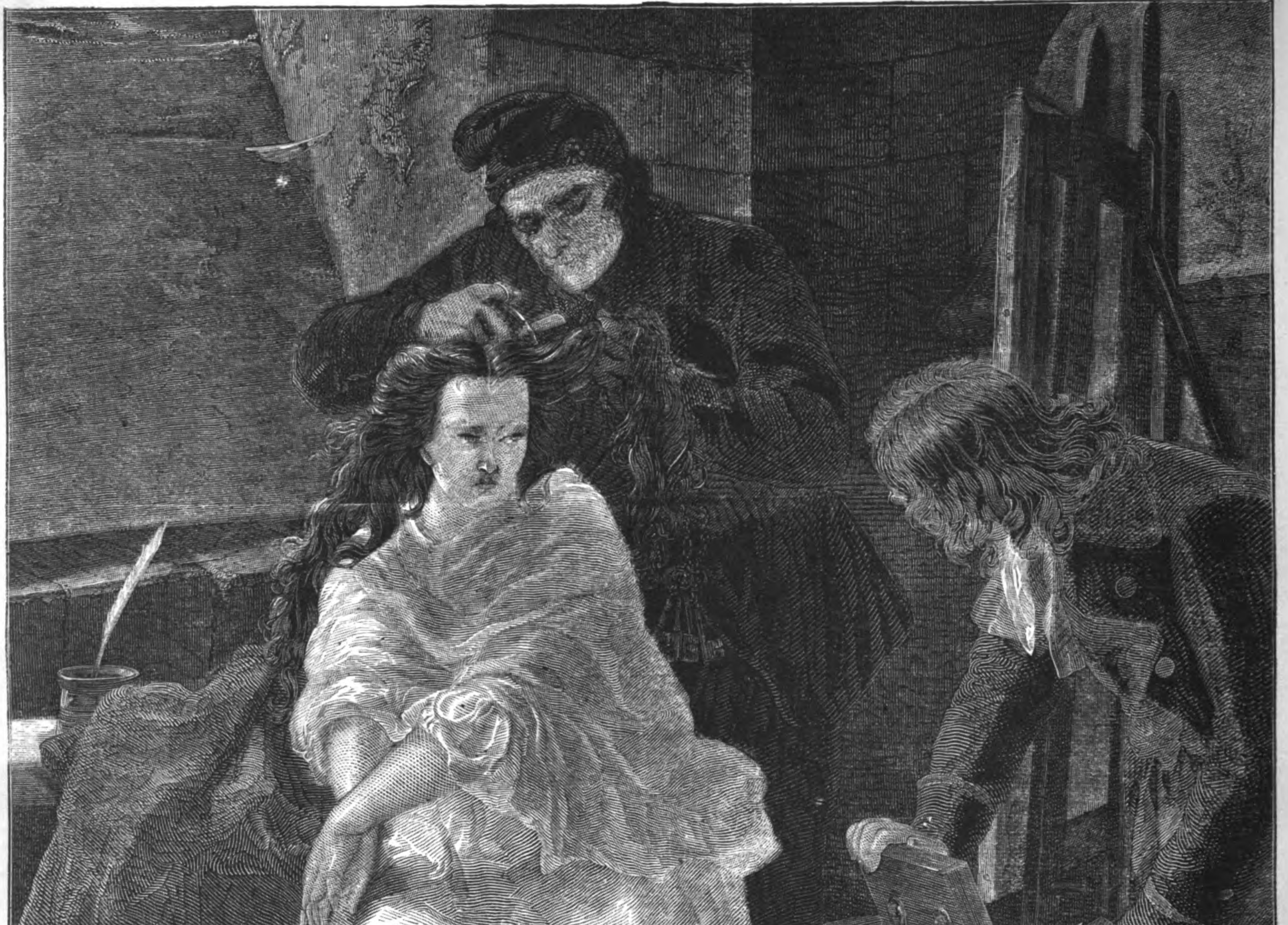
"He Leadeth me Home."

Written by GEORGE COOPER. Music by HENRY TUCKER.


Moderato.
Tenderly.
1. My foot - steps may wan - der, In dark - ness and sin,...... My weak heart may
fal - ter, Ere vic - - t'ry I win,...... Yet on - ward and up - ward O still may I
Cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do
ff
roam, The Lord is my Shepherd, He lead - eth me Home, He leadeth me home.
Tenderly.
Ad lib.
Colla Voce.

QUARTETTE.


Be - side pleas - ant wa - ters Oh sweet is my rest, Where trou - ble and
sor - row no more shall mo - lest; Dear hope in af - flic - tion while weeping I
roam, The Lord is my Shepherd, He lead - eth me Home, He leadeth me Home.



THE LAST TOILET OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

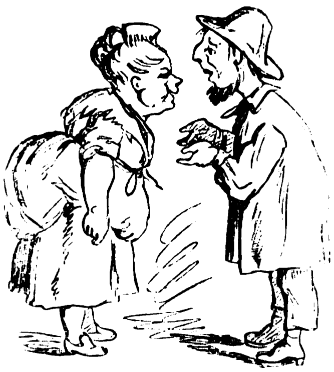
DEMOREST'S
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

GUDHAND AND HIS WIFE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

"NOW, Gudhand, have you sold the cow,
You took this morn to town?
And did you get the silver groats
In your hand, paid safely down?

"AND yet I hardly need to ask;
You hardly need to tell;
For I see, by the cheerful face you bring,
That you have done right well."



"WELL! I did not exactly sell her,
Nor give her away, of course;
But I'll tell you what I did, good wife,
I swapped her for a horse."

"A HORSE! Oh, Gudhand, you have done
Just what will please me best.
For now we can have a carriage,
And ride as well as the rest."

"NAY, not so fast, my good dame,
We shall not want a gig:
I had not ridden half a mile
Till I swapped my horse for a pig."

"THAT'S just the thing," she answered,
"I would have done myself:
We can have a flitch of bacon now,
To put upon the shelf.

"AND when our neighbors come to dine
With us, they'll have a treat:
There is no need that we should ride,
But there is that we should eat."

"ALACK! alack!" said Gudhand,
"I fear you'll change your note,
When I tell you I haven't got the pig—
I swapped him for a goat."

"NOW, bless us!" cried the good wife,
"You manage things so well;
What I should ever do with a pig
I'm sure I can not tell:

"IF I put my bacon on the shelf,
Or put it in the pot,
The folks would point at us and say
'They eat up all they've got!'

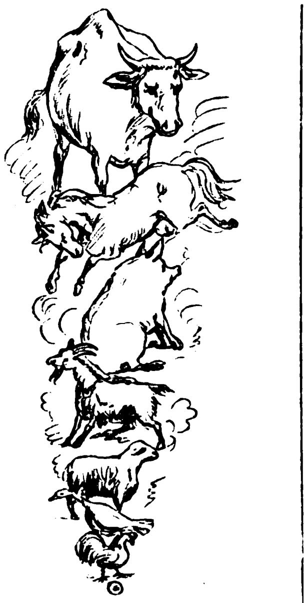
"BUT a good milch goat, ah! that's the thing
I've wanted all my life;
And now we'll have both milk and cheese,"
Cried the happy little wife.

"NAY, not so fast," said Gudhand,
"You make too long a leap;
When I found I couldn't drive my goat,
I swapped him for a sheep."

"A SHEEP, my dear! you must have tried,
To suit me all the time;
'Twould plague me so to have a goat,
Because the things will climb!

"BUT a sheep! the wool will make us clothes,
To keep us from the cold;
Run out, my dear, this very night,
And build for him a fold."

"NAY, wife, it isn't me that cares,
If he be penned or loose:
I do not own the sheep at all,
I swapped him for a goose."



"THERE, Gudhand, I am so relieved;
It almost made me sick,
To think that I should have the wool
To clip, and wash, and pick!

"'TIS cheaper, too, to buy our clothes,
Than make them up at home;
And I hav'n't got a spinning-wheel,
Nor got a carding-comb.

"BUT, a goose! I love the taste of goose,
When roasted nice and brown;
And then we want a feather bed,
And pillows stuffed with down."

"NOW stop a bit," cried Gudhand,
"Your tongue runs like a clock;
The goose is neither here nor there,
I swapped him for a cock."

"DEAR me, you manage everything
As I would have it done;
We'll know now when to stir our stumps,
And rise before the sun.

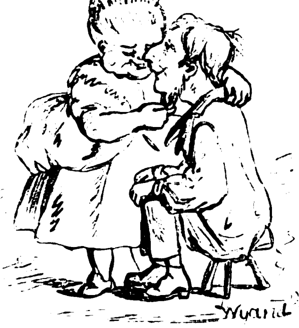
"A GOOSE would be quite troublesome
For me to roast and stuff:
And then our pillows and our beds,
You know, are soft enough."

"WELL, soft or hard," said Gudhand,
"I guess they'll have to do;
And that we'll have to wake at morn,
Without the crowing too!

"FOR you know I couldn't travel
All day with naught to eat;
So I took a shilling for my cock,
And bought myself some meat."

"THAT was the wisest thing of all,"
Said the good wife, fond and true;
"You do just after my own heart,
Whatever thing you do.

"WE do not want a cock to crow,
Nor want a clock to strike;
Thank God that we may lie in bed
As long now as we like!"



AND then she took him by the beard,
That fell about his throat
And said, "*While you are mine, I want*
Nor goose, nor swine, nor goat!"

AND so the wife kissed Gudhand,
And Gudhand kissed his wife;
And they promised to each other
To be all in all through life.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY MRS. FANNY BARROW.

ELEANOR LEE'S father was a retired sea-captain, rich and rough. He swore in conversation, but the oaths were only innocent execrations, such as "Thunder and Guns! Lightning and Squalls! Jupiter and Holystones!" and such like.

But this did not prevent him from having a beautiful daughter, full of spirit and pride and sensitiveness—a girl of true flesh and blood, not curds and whey—a hypocrite, as all women are in matters of the heart—as all women are forced to be, I should say, in this Grundyfied, Barnum-y world.

The sea-captain had just retired, after the manner of marine animals of his kind—that is, he bought a country-seat, and grew big turnips, and sauntered around the place all day long, and looked in the world's eye with devotion and tenderness, and kept a comely housekeeper—for his wife was dead, and he hated ugly women—and he let his beautiful daughter rule him, and gave capital dinners, and was always cheerful and benevolent, and, altogether, a good old boy.

It was early summer-time, the sky bright blue, the air glowing with sunshine, and Captain Lee's house was full of guests. One or two square-shouldered sea-captains and their wives; some young ladies, some young gentlemen; the mother of Mr. Charles Parker, and Mr. Charles Parker, a feather-brained, trivial young fellow, with a good heart and a good temper, but with no kind of sense or judgment. He had never distinguished himself in any way—unless losing a great deal of money at the gaming-table confers distinction; and as to making money, that was a faculty quite beyond his reach. He was, certainly, very handsome; but to prevent embarrassment on this head, his mother comforted him with—"Never mind *how handsome* you are, dear, if you are only good"—which was, without doubt, a new way of putting things.

All these people had come together to attend the wedding of Mr. Charles Parker and Miss Eleanor Lee, who moved among her guests prattling and laughing like a brook gurgling, and then—little cheat—shut herself up in her room, and cried bitterly.

This is how it all happened. A year before, Eleanor was at Saratoga Springs with her father. Among the guests at the same hotel were Charles Parker, who was an old friend, and Arthur Carroll, a fine-looking, manly young fellow, who had distinguished himself in the army, carrying away glorious wounds from Antietam and Gettysburg, and had retired with the rank of Major, to assume the practice of his profession—the law. Handsome, refined, poor and proud, he fell desperately in love with Eleanor Lee, and kept it to himself—that is, he did not venture to offer himself in words. She knew he loved her, and her mantling cheek, when he talked to her, thrilled him through and through. But she was an heiress, and he was poor.

Carroll and Parker had been officers in the same regiment, and had become attached to each other, as a weak and strong nature often will. Carroll had stood by Parker in all his foolish quarrels, lent him money, and nursed him through a terrible fever, saving his life. He was rejoiced to meet Carroll at Saratoga, and had introduced him at once to his friends, the Lees.

One evening the two young men were sitting on the piazza of the hotel, near a window, watching the crowd of brilliant and splendidly dressed women who were pacing up and down the immense drawing-room, chatting and laughing with lovers and friends.

"Look, Arthur," said Charlie, "is she not beautiful—graceful? See how her face flushes into animation. I do wonder what that old general is saying to her."

A faint color came and went on Arthur Carroll's face; he was miserably jealous, with or without reason, and, consequently, was quite drifting *away* from reason; he hated the brave old fellow—grandfather though he was—who was doing his best to entertain his old friend's daughter.

"I am a vain fool to think she will ever care much for me," he sighed to himself; then he ground his teeth and said, "Miss Lee charms all who approach her."

At that moment she had glided with her companion round by the window, where the friends were sitting. Suddenly catching sight of them, her sweet face took a new expression—half joyous, half irritated. "Why, where have you been hiding, Mr. Parker?" she cried; "here is this dear old general marching industriously with me, all enthusiasm and devotion outside, and *ennui* within, crazy to go away and smoke his pipe in peace, but not daring to say so. Come and relieve guard."

She only *spoke* to Parker, who, radiant and happy, hastened to take the general's place. He was not in love with her, at least not then. He had known her from childhood, when they had vowed eternal friendship for each other, which was to last till death. She only spoke to *Parker*, and Arthur Carroll would not see the tremulous eye-beam shot at him, which said, while her mellow, flexible voice invited only one—

"Can you not understand me?" Then she blushed high, and sighed a little sigh, and sailed proudly off with Charlie, while Arthur was left behind with a pale, drawn face and a tortured heart, jealous now of his good-looking, shallow-pated friend.

For Eleanor, piqued and wounded by the seeming indifference of the only man, who, to her, was "like nobody else;" despising herself for loving unasked, had begun, from that evening, an open flirtation with Charles. She danced with him only, gave him her gloves and fan to hold, sent him on errands, asked for his photograph for her book—in short, drove Arthur to that state of madness, that he too plunged head over ears into flirtation; and so it happened that Charlie Parker, intoxicated with Eleanor's manner, was convinced that this time (the thirty-ninth), he was madly in love, and he offered himself to her on the piazza, one evening, just at the moment when she thought she saw Arthur Carroll tenderly pressing the hand of Miss Gordon, the great Western belle. In her agitation, Eleanor scarcely knew what reply she made, but Charlie declared that she had accepted him, and had assured him that she loved him. And so she became his betrothed. No engagement was announced, but Carroll, in despair at her trifling, left the next morning, and from that time Eleanor had never seen him.

He hurried to New York, realized what little property he possessed, and went away, as he thought, for ever. But a relative, a bachelor uncle, leaving him, to his great astonishment, the larger part of a fine fortune, Carroll had been obliged to return to America, which event occurred just as the wedding of his friend was about to take place.

As deeply in love as ever, he fondly hoped that the charming girl might still be wooed and won. His very heart ached for her. It could not be, he thought, that she really loved such a jackanapes as Charlie Parker; all that must be over long ago; but then there were others—there were plenty after her no doubt—and his face worked, and he sighed like one recovering his breath after a blow. The next moment he was gasping from a real blow, for these thoughts were driving through his head at the same time that he was driving a pair of mettlesome, skittish horses, which his uncle had bequeathed to him. They took fright at an innocent log of wood lying by the side of the road, which, possibly, they thought was an alligator, and started off full gallop. Carroll, suddenly aroused, lost his wits and the reins, and the horses, leaving the main road, dashed over the fields in full career toward a dangerous precipice. Luckily, a young man, sauntering in the fields, lazily shooting at anything he happened to fancy, from a squirrel to a horse, saw what was about to occur, and deliberately shot down one of the horses; his fall entangling the other, they were both brought to a stand-still, and Arthur was thrown violently out of the carriage. Extricating himself, he turned to thank his deliverer, and exclaimed, astonished:

"You! Well done, Charlie!"

"Good gracious, Arthur! what part of the heavens did you drop from?—for I take it for granted you have left this world. You disappeared so suddenly from Saratoga, last summer, I was thinking of recording your virtues on an elegant tombstone, and putting it in Greenwood; but I am rejoiced to see you in the flesh, old fellow; and, as I have killed one of your horses, you must stop here and be present at my wedding."

"Your wedding?"

"Yes, I am going to be married to-morrow morning."

"But I am not prepared. Let me go back to my uncle's place and get some clothes—it is only thirty miles from here."

"Nonsense, I will lend you a suit. You won't come if I let you go—you will mysteriously disappear again. No, you must accept at once. My bride-elect lives in that large gray house on the hill, and, what is very lucky, she will be delighted to see you. It will really come off this time. I am, positively, to be married to-morrow."

"Why, how many times have you been on the point of marriage before?"

"Oh, half a dozen. I have had a most extraordinary series of mishaps; sometimes a rival has cut me out; but, oftener, the abominable parents wanted to know everything, and found out my little innocent peccadilloes. But, at last, I have hit upon a jewel of a father-in-law. He thinks that youth must have its follies, and I agree with him exactly. Luckily, the mother has gone to another and, I hope, a better world. She left only this lovely daughter; her father has ten thousand a year, and I love her —as I loved all the others; for, hang it! she has kept me dancing attendance so long, that I feel like an old husband already. I shall have to find some new place, after the marriage, at which to spend my evenings."

"Well, Charlie, you seem to have drawn a prize, and I congratulate you."

"Wait till to-morrow for congratulations, my dear fellow. I'm in a deuce of a predicament now, and there may be an unlucky discovery—you know I gamble sometimes."

"Say—always."

"Well—yes, from mere habit; for I really don't care much about it. It is only lately that my papa-in-law and I have persuaded my *fiancée* to name the happy day; and this made me so happy that I played wildly, as I always do, when I am very happy or very miserable."

"Well, go on."

"Well, can't you guess? I lost—lost everything. I didn't care much; but, confound it, I have ordered a set of diamonds from Ball & Black's, and I expect them here every moment. They have got a suspicion that I am rather a slippery customer, and, probably, will not leave the jewels without the money. Imagine the situation, my dear friend, for I am without a cent! I shall be kicked out of doors for the fifth time!" and he plunged his hands deep in his trowsers' pockets and uttered a prolonged sound, half groan, half roar.

"No, you shall not; I will help you, Charlie. Thank Heaven, my newly-acquired wealth will do some good."

"You rich!"

"Yes, or you would never have seen me back again. An old uncle, who lives thirty miles from here, left me the larger part of his property. Now, how much money will you require?"

"A thousand dollars will save me. Oh, thank you, dear old fellow! you are my preserver."

"Nonsense! have you not just saved my life? I am still in your debt. And now, tell me—what is your intended's name?"

"Oh, I think I introduced you to her, last summer, at Saratoga—Eleanor Lee."

"What? Eleanor Lee!" exclaimed Carroll, turning deadly pale.

"Yes; don't you remember her?"

"I think I did meet her at the Springs. Here, let me write you a check for the money," and he tore a leaf out of his pocket-book.

"Not here; come up to the house."

"No; here is the check; take it."

"But—what's the matter?"

"Nothing—only I was thinking that the house will be crowded with relations and friends, and I had better return."

"No, no, not at all. I must have you present; my wife-elect and her father will be glad to see you. To be sure, the house is as full as an egg; but there is a comical little building, on the lawn, fitted up with sailors' hammocks. You can sleep there."

As he spoke, a servant approached them from the house, announcing the arrival of a package for Mr. Parker.

"There, Arthur, the diamonds have come. Don't leave me now, or I shall think you regret your generous offer."

What could the poor fellow do? And, when he was noisily ushered into the parlor, you may imagine the pleased astonishment of the old sea-captain, and the anguish of Eleanor. And, when Charlie called his father-in-law out to inspect the diamonds, and left the two alone together, you must admit that the situation was peculiarly embarrassing.

Each thinking there was good cause to reproach the other, the conversation was a succession of inuendoes and implied reproaches.

"I am rejoiced," said Carroll, with a low bow, "that chance, and *chance alone*, has—"

"Yes, I can readily believe it," she interrupted. "I know there is no attraction for you here; your silence has told us so. I am only surprised that you have consented to come at all. My *father* will appreciate this sacrifice of your time."

Poor Arthur's heart took a chill, as if a bolt of ice had gone through it. In a broken voice, he wished her every happiness in the approaching great change in her life, and she answered something, while she meant something else a mile away. And then he, knowing Charlie's fickle disposition, prayed Heaven she might never know the torments of jealousy, or lose the object of her affections.

"Do you think such a thing possible?" asked Eleanor. "Charles loves me—loves me truly."

"May it always be so; may you find a fidelity that I have never been fortunate enough to meet with."

"Charles is not like you. He is neither suspicious nor jealous. He is faithful and true; he is *not at all* like you."

"Alas!" she whispered to herself, "my heart will betray me. Why do they not come back?" She arose, and looked sadly and silently out of the window, until the return of her father and Mr. Parker, who was just saying, "I have lodged Carroll in the summer-house—the queer little place you call the 'Sailors' Delight.' He will sleep like a top, and will be in clover there."

"I hope so," said the jolly old sea-captain. "You don't mind ghosts, do you, Carroll? We've got one here that haunts the 'Sailors' Delight.'"

"Ah? I should like, of all things, to encounter it. It would be an agreeable adventure."

Soon after, the parlors were filled with the company in the house. Carroll, unhappy and reserved, kept at a distance from the woman he loved and had lost; but not one sound of her clear and delicate voice did he lose; not one movement of her graceful and supple frame. He wanted to get away; he wished that fate had never sent him there, yet he had not the courage to leave.

It was midnight, and Arthur was sitting, in a despairing mood, in the summer-house. A young West Point cadet was sitting with him, afraid to go to bed, by himself, on account of the ghost.

I must describe the beautiful little building. The room in which they sat was richly decorated like a state-cabin. A door and two windows opened on one side, and gave egress to the lawn; the opposite side was painted in panels representing marine views. In front of one of the panels stood a large arm-chair, and not far from it a screen. Two other doors gave entrance to two little rooms, each hung, sailor-fashion, with hammocks.

Presently, Carroll, taking out his pocket-book, and drawing the shaded lamp close to him, began to write; and the cadet, after vainly attempting to induce him to go to bed, threw himself into a chair near the table, at which Carroll was writing, and fell fast asleep.

Carroll tore out the leaf and folded it up, with a bitter sigh. Then he sat, sadly reflecting on the loss which the morrow was to make certain. "Yes," he said to himself, "I have bid her adieu, in this note. I will leave without seeing her again."

A sudden noise startled him, like the snap of a spring. One of the painted panels slowly opened, and Eleanor, dressed in a simple white wrapper, with a lighted candle in one hand and a little book in the other, entered the room. She set the candlestick on the table, and stopped.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Arthur, "Eleanor!"

"I thought I was pursued. O father, do not ask me; I cannot, I cannot!"

"She is asleep!" said Carroll, in a terrified whisper. "What can trouble her? What is the meaning of this terrible agitation?"

"Oh, my father!" sighed the unconscious girl, "your daughter is wretched. Heaven forgive me my wicked wish! What can come of it but misery and remorse? Yes—yes; love—honor—and obey! It is done! I am married!"

She put her hand to her head, as if she wore a wreath, then withdrew it, with a shudder. "Yes, 'tis I who am the bride! See, see, they are coming to congratulate me! Thanks, thanks (curtseying graciously), thanks for your kind wishes." Then her face grew troubled and clouded, and wildly sad. "Oh!" she said, in soft, trembling tones, "they are not looking now; if I only dared to weep!"

"Oh, Eleanor!" murmured Carroll.

She looked around, with her beautiful, soft eyes—eyes that were open, while their "sense was shut," —and said, piteously: "They have brought me to a ball! Every one is here excepting him alone! (Then starting.) No, 'tis he! I see him! but he will not come to me; he will not dance with me; he has eyes only for Miss Gordon."

Carroll's face flushed at the name. She was thinking of that last fatal evening at Saratoga.

"Ah me, how my heart beats!" said Eleanor. "He is coming! (She bowed coldly, as if accepting an invitation). With pleasure. Ah! he has invited me to dance; it is what I longed for, yet I am sorry, now, that I accepted. He does not really prefer my society.'

She put her hand to her wrist, as if to tighten her glove, and presented her hand to an imaginary partner. Carroll, hardly knowing what he did, gently took it in his own

"He has pressed my hand! (she sighed). No matter; he shall never know what I feel! (Listening.) I beg your pardon; what did you observe? Ah, how well he talks! If he only knew how

happy he could make me! Oh, Arthur! why do you not speak the words I long to hear? You are not in love with Miss Gordon; that is singular! Wait, it is my turn to dance."

She danced an entire figure, then suddenly stopped; the dance appeared to her to have ended. She returned to her seat, arranged her dress to make room for Arthur beside her, and continued to talk, softly, in the same strain.

"You are sorry that you did not speak so to me before. Ah! how glad I am that we are friends. You did not know that they wanted to marry me against my will. I told my father that I did not love him, but he said it was too late to withdraw, without giving cause for scandal and offense. But see the little book you left; it would have been the cruelest blow to have been obliged to resign it."

"Poor Eleanor," sighed Arthur.

"Yes," she went on, "I should have been forced to give it away. Your name is in it. Take it yourself, Arthur: it is all I have of yours."

Arthur took the book—a little blue and gold volume of Tennyson—gently from her hand, his heart swelling with grief and despair, his eyes blinded with agonizing tears.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the dreaming girl, "the party is over. We must separate. I have never enjoyed a ball so much. My father is waiting. Good-by, Arthur; you will come and see us to-morrow. Good-by."

She took a few steps, then was stopped by the large arm-chair, into which she slowly sank. At this moment the young cadet opened his eyes, and, with an affrighted cry, slid from his chair to the floor, where he crouched, trembling, and entreating Arthur, in a quaking voice, to save him from the ghost. Alarmed, and not knowing what to do to save Eleanor from being discovered, he placed the screen before her, and, hustling the little coward into one of the smaller rooms, he ordered him to go to bed at once. Then, returning, he saw Eleanor slowly rise, walk a few steps, shake her head mournfully, then, opening the panel, she went slowly out, her sweet lips quivering, her hands clasped, and crying as she went.

Arthur followed until he saw her safe within the house, which she entered by a window opening down to the floor; then, closing it carefully, she disappeared.

More dead than alive with agitation and misery, Arthur went back, threw himself into a hammock, and let the vultures of disappointment and regret gnaw at his heart as they would.

With the bright morning sun streaming in at the windows, came Charlie Parker and Captain Lee.

"Hallo!" cried Charlie, "you look, both of you, as if you had seen the ghost."

"And so we have," put in the valorous West Point cadet.

"Thunder and guns!" ejaculated the captain. "What kind of a craft was it? I shall enter a description in my log. Was it a skipper or a lady?"

"Oh, he saw nothing whatever; he ate too many crabs for supper, and he has been dreaming," said Carroll.

"Dream!" cried the cadet indignantly. "I saw the ghost as plainly as I see you now, and she was a lady all in white, sitting in that chair, behind that screen."

"All a mistake," said Carroll, who, in his distress, had no more invention than a stone. He knew Eleanor was safe long since in her own room; but his heart sank with dismay, lest some keen inquirer should discover something to her injury.

"Look behind the screen, now," said the cadet, turning pale at the very recollection of the spectre.

"Here goes," cried the sea-captain, who was afraid of nothing. "I'll grapple her. Don't expect to keep your ghost to yourself. You stay at your moorings. Now, let go the painter, and overboard!" and down went the screen with a crash.

There was nothing behind it but the empty arm-chair; and Charlie burst into a laugh, while the cadet, who had shut his eyes, now straightened himself up, looking immensely relieved.

"Ah," cried Captain Lee, "now I know what you have seen, my fine young shoulder-straps. It is the old story, Benny Havens.* Come, it will soon be bells; hurry and dress yourself for breakfast."

As Carroll was already dressed, the three went out, Charlie catching up the little book as he passed the table.

"Whew!" he whistled. "The ghost left something. You *did* have a visitor after all."

"That is mine," said Carroll, in great and sudden agitation; "give it to me!"

"No you don't. I have seen this book in Eleanor's hands!"

"It is mine, I tell you!"

"We'll see," cried Charlie, perfectly unsuspicious, and only supposing that Eleanor had left it by accident the morning before. "Here comes my beautiful queen. I mean to tease her a little; I know she thinks all the world of this book."

"My dear Eleanor," he continued, as she approached them, "can you guess what I have in my hand?"

"Oh, have you found it? Have you found my Tennyson? I have been fretting about it. Where did you find it? I had it late last night."

Charlie started, turned crimson, and faced round upon Carroll, who was again ghastly pale.

"For heaven's sake, Charlie," he gasped, "hear me! I swear on my honor, on my friendship!—"

"Oh, by George! I don't want any explanation. I suppose it's all right," interrupted Charlie, and sulkily joined the captain, who had walked on, Carroll following him for a few steps, with contradictory and confused explanations.

"I am still so troubled," sighed Eleanor, left to herself. "I dreamed that he loved me still; I thought that I saw him again—his pale face, his agitation, convinced me of his love. His voice was so deep and tender—yet it trembled as he spoke. Alas! it was only a dream—and this morning I am to be married to another. Ah! what a cruel fate!"

At this moment Carroll retraced his steps. Eleanor bowed coldly to him. Every manly impulse in Arthur's soul admonished him to respect the secret he had unwittingly surprised.

"I have returned, Miss Lee," he said, "to bid you adieu. I did hope to have had the honor of assisting at your nuptials, but unexpected events—"

"What has happened?" asked the unhappy girl. "You look strangely."

"Nothing terrible. I had a very bad night," and in spite of his resolve, Carroll rushed on. "Oh, Eleanor! in vain I try to banish you from my thoughts; this very night you were with me!"

"This night?"

"Yes, at a ball, in my dream. We conversed together; we were happy; we loved each other!"

"Good heavens!" cried Eleanor. "I, too, dreamed the same!"

"It seemed to me," said Carroll, now utterly reckless, forgetting everything but the lovely, trembling girl at his side, "it seemed to me that you had forgotten my seeming coldness, which my pride forced upon me, for I have adored you all this time. You have at last learned the truth."

"My very dream!" gasped Eleanor.

"You knew, in my dream, that it was *you*, you only whom I had ever loved, and that I love, I adore you now!"

"*My* dream again, Arthur!"

"Oh, Eleanor, may God forgive me for wounding you now. It is too late. I feel that, after such a confession, I must fly from you. My honor, yourself, everything commands it—but your image will fill my heart forever! Good-by, good-by!" He tore himself from her, not daring even to press her hand, while the despairing girl, almost fainting, hid her agonized face against a grand old elm, vainly struggling to suppress her sobs and tears.

Carroll turned away, and met Charlie and the Captain coming toward him.

"What are you about?" cried the latter. "What's going on? What does it all mean? Why don't you come to breakfast?"

"Oh, Arthur, come back," entreated Eleanor, in a low tone, her face still hidden.

"What! What do I hear?" said Charlie, half to himself, looking utterly confounded.

The Captain, quite as much astonished, was hurrying toward his daughter, when Charles stopped him—saying in a whisper:

"This is getting interesting. Wait and listen, she may speak again. Stay here; I have my reasons."

"But that would be dishonorable," remonstrated Carroll; "let me speak to her, just one word."

"No, I say—listen," insisted the suspicious Parker.

Poor Eleanor, thinking herself alone, was now weeping bitterly. The velvet grasses of the lawn made the approach of her father and Charles inaudible.

"He is gone," she sighed; "my dream is over. Oh, if Charles only knew, as Arthur now does, only too well—that my heart is wholly Arthur's, he would not, he could not insist on this hateful marriage."

Charlie heard every word. A sudden gush of rage and bitterness came over him. He was horribly disappointed—not so much at the loss of Eleanor, as at feeling that with her he must forego the comfortable quarters of which he had been so sure. But, with a frightful gulp, as if he had swallowed that toad ugly and venomous, yet which wears a "precious jewel in its head," the really good-hearted fellow accepted this adverse fortune which had sprung so suddenly upon him. Taking Carroll's hand, he led him up to Eleanor, and put the imprisoned hand in hers—saying with a pitiful effort at gayety: "My children, I unite you."

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* The cadets sometimes make requisitions for hats and shoes, which a benevolent old cove, named Benny Havens, takes in exchange for—ahem! I don't like to mention what!

Eleanor looked up quickly, and flushed scarlet. "Charles!" she stammered, "Mr. Carroll!"

"Yes, I mean it," said Charles, now speaking nobly; "I have promised your father to make you happy, and I will keep my word. You love my friend; and I see that he returns your love. I did not know of this affection. Forgive me, and forget that I ever annoyed you with my unwelcome addresses. Now that I am giving you up, I feel what I am losing—God bless you! God bless—"

He rushed away, before the annoyed and grateful couple could thank him, or Eleanor, pale and panting with emotion, could understand to what miracle she owed this change in her prospects. Then Arthur tenderly disclosed her sleep-walking confessions, and entreated the good Captain, who had listened to everything, as if he too had been in a dream, to give him the sweet girl, whom he had loved from the first introduction at Saratoga. "I was poor then," he cried. "I thought that you, if not she, would despise my love; do not reject me, now! My fortune is equal to your own, and I will live only to make your daughter happy."

Hardly understanding it yet, the good old fellow gave his consent to this singular and unforeseen exchange of husbands.

Of course the people invited to the wedding the first, were civilly dismissed with explanations, which sent them off bursting with the singular news they had to tell

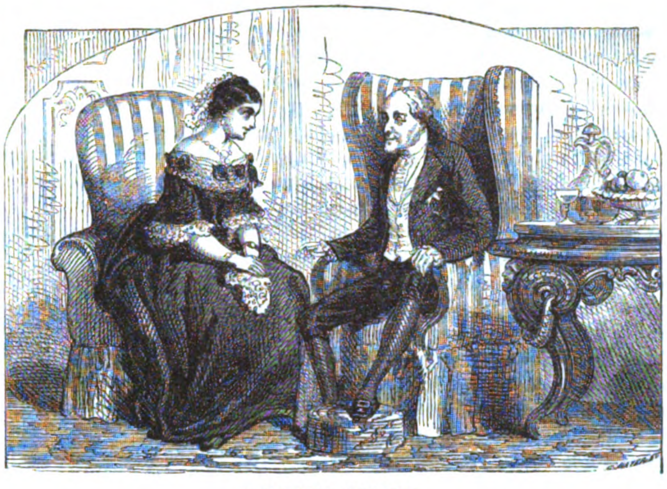
Six weeks after, they were all invited back again to wedding the second, at which our feather-brained friend, Charlie, utterly forgetting the tragical oration he had made, and his sentimental despair, joyfully enacted the part of first groomsman.

And Eleanor, happy as a bird in spring, gave up her somnambular visits to the 'sailor's delight,' but often since have Arthur and she blessed the sleep which took all the misery out of their future life.

And this is really HOW IT HAPPENED.

◆

MANHOOD in the Christian life is a better thing than boyhood, because it is a riper thing; and old age ought to be a brighter, and a calmer, and a more serene thing than manhood.



THE BARON PROPOSES.

THE MARRIAGES OF PARIS.

(*Concluded.*)

THE MOTHER OF A MARQUISE.

PART VI.

THE Marquis of Outreville, conscious of his rights, and sure of Lucille's love, did not fear being followed by his mother-in-law. The flight of this young couple was a lovers' excursion. They looked for lodgings; they would stop, like two connoisseurs, in a room of paintings; at every pretty landscape, they would get out of the carriage, and follow the paths in the woods. They often got lost, but soon found the way again. Lucille, as much a marquise as any woman could be, and recognized as such by all the hotel keepers along the route, took three weeks to travel, which with her mother she had hurried over in twenty-four hours; notwithstanding, the second journey seemed shorter than the first.

The arrival of the young couple was an occasion for great rejoicing at Arlange. Lucille was adored by her dependents. The old people of the country and the employes of the iron-works came to tell her, in their *patois*, they had *found the time long without her*. The companions of her childhood came bashfully to welcome her; she received them most affectionately. She fully returned the friendship they had for her. She inquired about the absent, she asked after the sick. She made the village happy from the joy which filled her own heart.

When she had gone through with these attentions to the companions of her youth, she hoped to shut herself up with Gaston, close the door to all visitors, and live on love. Children have all the improvidence of savages, who cut a tree down and eat all the fruit in one day. But the Marquis, since his marriage, had thought seriously, and guessed the secret of domestic life—how to *economize* happiness.

He knew that *just to be alone*, that dream of lovers, must soon drain the fullest hearts, and that if all was said and done in *one* day, one would soon have to repeat the same thing, or be silent. If all young people were not in the habit of wasting their happiness, the honeymoon, which every one accuses of being too short, would have more than four quarters. Gaston felt he had resources enough in himself, and affection enough in his heart, for his happiness to last all his life—but on the condition of his *managing* it. He persuaded Lucille to divide her time between love, work, and even *ennui*—that salutary neighbor, which adds so many charms to pleasure. He interested himself in her studies, and she in his researches; he induced her to make and receive visits. He had the heroism to take her to the Baroness of Sommerfogel! He joined her in persuading M. and Madame Jordy to come and pass the first leisure they could get at the Iron-Works. He dictated five or six letters designed to soften Madame Benoit's heart, and induce her to return.

These marks of filial submission only served to increase the widow's wrath. She was not far from thinking herself insulted by vain excuses, which had not the merit of opening the smallest drawing-room to her. If she had been able to have forgotten for one moment what she called her daughter's *treachery*, the Marquis of Croix Maquors' invitation, which she kept by her, must have recalled it. She became misanthropic, as all weak minds do when they think they have something to complain of. She took a hatred to the whole world—even to her ancient idol, the faubourg St. Germain. It seemed to her as if the aristocracy of Paris had conspired against her, and that the Marquis of Outreville was chief of the plot. If she did not bid an eternal farewell to the scene of her mistakes, it was because she would not allow herself to be conquered. She wished to tread on the carpets of the rue de Greville, as Diogenes wished to tread under foot Plato's luxury. She tried to defy the nobility.

She went no more to Madame Malessy, or any other of her debtors, excepting the Baron de Subressac. She expected nothing more from him; she crossed her arms, and waited for another turn in fortune's wheel. The Baron showed her good-will, and that was something. Lacking anything else, a baron's friendship was not to be despised.

M. de Subressac was very feeble at seventy-five years of age. At twenty he had been particularly youthful. He had spent, without reckoning, his life and his fortune, and his former adventures still furnished conversation for the dowagers of the faubourg. Unfortunately for his old age, he had forgotten to marry in time, and he was condemned to solitude, that cold companion of old men. Banished to a fourth story, with an annuity of six thousand francs, with only a valet and a cook, he hated his lodgings, and lived out of them as much as possible. Every day, after breakfast, he made his toilet with all the minute particularity of a woman that is becoming rather old. They did say he *rouged*, but I am not sure enough of it to say so here. Once dressed, he went with little steps to make five or six visits, kindly received everywhere, and invited to dine out seven times a week. He was loved for the care he took of himself and other people. He had for women of all ages those delicate attentions which the present generation knows nothing of. Independent of this merit, the fair sex thanked him for thirty years of loyal service, as the sovereign gives the *Invalides* to the old soldier still in harness. Thanks to the good sentiments he had strewed along his path, he was as happy as any one *can* be at seventy-five, when one is forced to go outside of one's own door for happiness.

He had no infirmities, but in the winter of 1845 his most intimate friends began to perceive he was failing. He was not so sprightly in his conversation, he was inattentive. His words were fewer, and he expressed himself with difficulty. At last, graver symptoms appeared: he could not resist the inclination to sleep. One evening, after dinner, at the Countess of Croix Maquors', he fell asleep in his chair. Madame de Malessy, who had been one of his fancies in the year 1815, perceiving it before any one else, gave utterance to this gloomy prophecy or common saying: "Youth which watches, old age which sleeps, are the forerunners of death."

In April, 1846, the Baron was taken with a vertigo, before the barracks in the rue de la Bellechasse. He would have fallen on the pavement if an officer had not held him up by the arm. This circumstance made him feel very much the want of a carriage. Every one was glad to see him at their houses, but they never came to see him in his own. Madame Benoit was the first one to have such delicate consideration for him; she placed at his disposal the best of her carriages, full of the gentlest springs. She showed him much more attention than his old friends, and do not be surprised at it. To her he was a *hope for the future*, to them a *recollection* of the *past*. The day when she expected no more from him, after Lucille's departure, she did not diminish her attentions. On the contrary, she felt a bitter pleasure in heaping favors on the only gentleman she had for a friend. She would say to herself, "You fools! see how I would have treated all of you!"

The Baron felt a true friendship for one who was so kind to him. Old people are like children; they attach themselves instinctively to those who take care of them in their weakness.

While the greater portion of the fashionable world went to the country to rest after the winter gayeties, he took up his quarters in the rue St. Dominique, and came every day to dine with the widow. The repast was ordered for him; dishes were served that he liked best. He ate slowly; Madame Benoit followed his example, so as not to seem *waiting* for him. He loved old wines—she gave him the best in her cellar. At dessert she would speak of her troubles—he would listen. He began seriously to pity her imaginary evils. She cried, and as tears are contagious, he would weep with her. Three months after Lucille's departure he was quite domesticated. He grew lazy from this easy, self-indulging life, and from these quiet pleasures which cost him nothing but a little compassion. One evening, toward the end of September, he said to Madame Benoit—"I am good for nothing, my dear—I am like an old carpet which shows the threads, and the pattern of which is almost worn out. But, such as I am, I can still give you what you have wished for all your life—would you like to be a baroness? I do not propose a husband to you, only a *name*. At your age, and such as you are, you deserve more; but I offer what I can. Something tells me I will not weary you long, and that my old age will soon come to an end; I now think that we should make haste if you wish to become Madame de Subressac. I have a good many relatives in the faubourg; they are all fond of me; I only hope I will live long enough to present you to my friends. After my death, they will continue to receive you, for love of me. Then, nothing will hinder you, if you wish it, from choosing a man of your own age, who will be your husband in truth, and not in effigy. Think over this proposal; take a week to decide on it—a fortnight, if you choose; I am good yet for that time. Write to your children; perhaps the fear of this marriage will make them decide to do what you wish them to. For myself, whenever the time comes, I shall die easier if I have the consolation of knowing I have contributed to your happiness."

Madame Benoit was not at all prepared for these overtures; however, she did not lose two days thinking about them. One hour after the Baron left, her determination was taken. She said to herself: "I have sworn never to marry again; but, at the same time, I have sworn I *will* enter the faubourg. *This* time, at least, I am sure of not being beaten by my husband. I will marry the Baron, do as I choose with my fortune, and disinherit the Marquise in all that I can." To work! She sent her answer to M. de Subressac, and the day after began preparing for her marriage, without writing to her children. An impassioned lover never tried harder to hasten his nuptials. The reason was, that Madame Benoit married something more than a *man*—she married the whole faubourg! A slight indisposition of M. de Subressac's warned her she had no time to lose. She took *wings* unto herself, and displayed more activity than at her daughter's marriage. Whilst the Baron was confined to his room, the *fiancée* went to the mayor, to the lawyer's office, and to the priest's sanctum. She found time, though, to go to visit her dear sick one, and talk with the physician. The ceremony was to take place on the 15th of October. On the 14th, M. de Subressac, who was getting better, complained of a heaviness in his head; the doctor talked of bleeding him. Madame Benoit stopped him; it was postponed to the next day. The heaviness went off, and the future couple dined heartily together.

I do not know if you remember the month of October, 1846; one would have imagined it was the finest part of September, and the sun told the almanac a shining lie. The vintage was good all over France, even in Lorraine. Whilst Madame Benoit was pursuing her baronetcy so ardently, her daughter and son-in-law were enjoying the autumn in the society of their friends. M. and Mme. Jordy had left their cares at Paris and came to pass three weeks at Arlange. Madame Molier kept them a week, and then allowed them to go to the Iron-Works—neither mothers nor husbands ever refuse anything to a young wife *enciente* four months. A firm friendship was soon established between the refiner and the manager of the Iron-Works. They hunted every day together, while their wives were sewing on baby-clothes fit for a prince. Robert called the Marquise Lucille, and Gaston said Celine to Mme. Jordy. The day that the Marquis was to get a step-father, and lose forty or fifty thousand francs a year, the two young couples got up early and went in a country wagon to a farm some distance from the Works. The rose-bushes were glistening with dew-drops, yellow leaves were falling and turning around in the air, and then settling themselves quietly at the foot of the trees. The robin red-breasts jumped from tree to tree, the little lap-dog ran along almost under the horses' feet, wagging its bushy tail. From time to time a frightened rabbit, with its ears drawn back, would dart like lightning along the road. The fresh morning air colored the young brides' faces. I know nothing more charming than these cool autumn days coming between the overpowering heat of summer and the fearful cold of winter. Heat enervates us, cold chills us; a moderate coolness invigorates both body and mind, stimulates our activity, and increases our happiness for this life.

After a long drive, which did not *seem* long to any one, the four friends alighted from the carriage; Lucille, who was at the head of the expedition, led them to a beautiful green spot, under a large oak, near a little stream bordered with water-cresses. Madame Jordy, obliged to be indolent, seated herself comfortably on the grass, softer and finer than the best furs; while her husband took the boxes and baskets out of the wagon, and the Marquis kindled a fire for breakfast. Lucille threw on it armfulls of dead leaves and dried branches of the trees. Then Robert cut up the cold partridges, and the Marquis used all his skill in making a magnificent omelet. Then they put the coffee at a respectable distance from the fire, and told the Marquis not to let it burn. Then they began, with an appetite which would have been considered ridiculous in the city, but which in the country no one should be without. When an acorn dropped in a glass they would laugh out loud; and the old oak was surrounded by merriment.

About twelve o'clock they left the table to the driver and footman. The two young wives, taking a path they had known for a long time, walked briskly to the end of the wood, and showed their husbands Madame Molier's vineyard, now in full perfection.

A soft sunshine illuminated the leaves of the grapes. These hardy vines stretched their knotty roots out into the rich soil like a strong child clinging to the nurse's bosom. The red earth, softened a little by the autumn rains, clung to the feet of the vintagers. Two carts, loaded with immense tubs, were waiting at the foot of the hill, and from time to time a grape-picker, bent under the weight of a huge basket, would empty his load into them. A little further off, two children, six years old, were watching with a famished eye the grape gatherers' meal. An enormous pot of cabbage soup threw out, in boiling, its succulent vapors. Potatoes were roasting in the ashes, and cottage cheese was awaiting its turn in blue stone jars. The two children's looks said plainly as words: "Oh! for some warm potatoes with cold cream cheese." The wives of the grape-pickers, with short dresses on, were singing with all their might some country ballad. This excess of gayety was very profitable to the owner of the vineyard—a mouth biting at songs can not bite the grapes too.

While Gaston and Robert were climbing the hill, and passing in review a line of vine-proppers, a strange discussion arose between the two friends near the cooking-place of the vintage gatherers.

"You are crazy!" said Madame Jordy—"that soup must be horrid."

"I only want a plate, and I will have some," said the Marquise.

"But you have just finished your breakfast."

"I am crazy for some of *that* soup."

"If you are so hungry, let us go back to the wagon and get something."

"No! I want nothing but that soup. Ask them to give me some, or I will *steal* some of it, I want it so much."

"What, tears! This is getting rather serious. I thought I was the *only* one who was allowed such peculiar wishes. But, never mind, eat away, eat away!"

The little Marquise devoured the contents of an immense wooden bowl. Madame Jordy was surprised at any one having such an ungovernable appetite—who did not eat for two. She took her friend to one side, asked her a thousand and one questions, and talked a long time with her. The conclusion was that she should see a physician.

"Do we disturb you?" said Gaston, who had returned unseen.

"Not at all," said Madame Jordy, "we were talking about our sewing."

"Oh! indeed."

"You know we are making some baby-clothes."

"Well! what of it?"

"We are very much afraid of something."

"What is it?"

"We are afraid we shall have to make two sets."

Gaston felt his knees shake, although he *was* a strong man. He proposed they should get in the wagon again and he would go for a physician.

"Oh! how happy I am!" said Lucille; "if the doctor says *yes*, I will write for mamma to-morrow."

That same day Madame Benoit got up at ten o'clock, dressed, and went in that famous carriage she had ordered so long ago, but which had just been finished; only the arms had been changed. Before stepping on the velvet footboard, she complacently regarded the tortoise and shield of the Subressac's on the door of it. Contrary to custom, the wife went for the husband. She went with a light step to the fourth story, knocked quickly, and found herself face to face with his servants, weeping bitterly.

The Baron had died suddenly during the night. The widow experienced the bitter grief of Calypso, when she heard of Ulysses' departure. She wished to see what remained of the Baron. She touched his cold hand, she sat near his bed, overwhelmed, stupefied, and tearless. On seeing her despair, the old *valet de chambre*, who knew by heart all his master's lady-loves, said to himself, that no one had loved him like Madame Benoit. It was *she* who provided for the Baron's funeral expenses, and gave something to the servants for their future support.

"I should pay all his debts," she said to herself, "for am I not his widow in the sight of God?" She determined to wear mourning. She followed the corpse to the cemetery. All the faubourg was there. When she saw the long file of carriages which followed slowly behind her own, she then found tears, and said in the midst of her sobs: "Oh! how unfortunate I am! All these people would have danced at my house."

When she entered her hotel, crushed under the weight of her grief, the following letter was handed to her:

"MY DEAR MAMMA—This is the sixth letter I have written you without getting a line in reply; but *this* time I am sure of success. I need not repeat that we love you, that we are sorry that we have displeased you, that we miss you so much; that we have commenced to have a fire of an evening, and that your empty arm-chair brings tears to our eyes; you have hitherto resisted all those good reasons, and we must use more *decided* ones to induce you to be good, and return to us. I will give you, as a reward, a little—boy! I can not describe our happiness. You must come and see it—and partake of it.

"LUCILLE D'OUTREVILLE."

'Really!" cried Madame Benoit. "A little boy! If it only will be a little girl!"

She ran to a mirror, and said, while looking at herself: "I am forty-two now; in sixteen years my little grand-daughter will enter the fashionable world. Her parents will never leave Arlange. Who will take her into the faubourg, if not I, myself? Dear little thing! I love *her* already! I will be fifty-eight years old then, but I will still be young enough for that! and I will not be foolish enough to die off like some old blockheads I know of! *En route* for Arlange!"

"Madame," interrupted Julia, "they have just brought the mourning goods for you to select from."

"Send them away. What do these people mean—are they laughing at me? The Baron was nothing to me! I do not wish to make myself ridiculous."

"But, Madame, you told"—

"Miss Julia! when your mistress speaks to you, you are *not* to say *but*. Because I have put up with your faults for fifteen years, I believe you may imagine I mean to keep you all your lifetime. You are just like Peter, your devoted friend, who follows your good example in always thinking for himself. You have not done your duty by me; and, what is still worse, you have both grossly offended my daughter, the Marquise of Outreville. Do not come again putting in your *buts* to what I have said. The fact is, my daughter will not wish to see either of you again—and as I intend returning to Arlange"—

"I understand, Madame, *you* intend to punish us for obeying you."

Thus Madame Benoit dismissed her allies before signing peace. Two days later, her smile illuminated Arlange. She never spoke of the past; she abstained from all recriminations; she reconciled herself with her daughter and son-in-law, and even acknowledged herself to have been mistaken!

"My children," said she, "you are doing well here. Stay here for a long time—forever! Gaston was right in praising a country life. Here it is one is always well, and can raise fine families. Give me as many children as you choose! I will not complain of having too many. I will give portions to your daughters; govern yourself accordingly, Lucille. Can you understand the infatuation I had for Paris? It is an abominable place. I received nothing but mortifications and disappointments there; and I will never set my foot there again, until I introduce my grand-daughters into society."

Seven months afterward the Marquise was confined of twin sons. Madame Jordy stood god-mother to one.

Madame Benoit did not wish to stand for the other. "*I* will wait for the daughters," said she.

In the ten years which have passed rapidly since then, Lucille has given seven children to her husband, and so happy a fecundity does not appear to have injured her in any way.

She has gained a little in *embonpoint* without losing any of her beauty. Are cherry-trees any less pretty because they bear cherries every year? Gaston, faithful to the two passions of his youth, gives the greater part of his time to Lucille, and the rest to the Iron-Works. His manufactory prospers as well as his household. He has done all in his power to advance the progress of metallurgy; he has caused the price of iron to fall, thanks to him; rails have fallen from 360 francs to 285 a ton, and he does not despair of reducing them to 200, as he promised his friend, the engineer of the Salt Mines.

This master of the Iron-Works is a fine-looking man, and you would think he was only thirty years old—years make so little impression on a *happy* man. But Madame Benoit is a little old woman, disappointed, thin, wrinkled and cross; intolerable to others and to herself. She has waited in vain for the little, light-haired girl, upon whom her last hopes are centered.

The Marquis's seven children are seven chubby little wretches, who roll in the dirt from morning until night; who tear the sleeves out of their jackets, and make holes in the knees of their pantaloons; who have chilblains in winter, and red hands all the year round, and who will go alone to the faubourg St. Germain, if they ever have the curiosity to see the Paradise of their grandmother.

Gabrielle Augusta Eliane will die like Moses on Mount Nebo, without having put a foot on the promised land.

THE END

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RETURN OF SPRING.

BY ANNA DAYTON WALKER.

WINTER and Spring, each striving
to reign;
Slowly Spring will the victory
gain.
The Ice King has not relinquished his
sway,
But, here and there where his fair foot
has stept,
Winter away in tears has crept,
Wrapped about in his chill array,
And left the earth all bare and brown.
As a child, it has slept in snow-white
gown;
Spring will awaken and dress it anew
In robes of beautiful, brilliant hue.

WINTER is dying;
List! on the gale his sighing;
These howling winds are his fruit-
less cries,
These frozen drops from the clouds now
flying
He weeps, as to conquer Death he vainly
tries.
The streams he did forbid to flow
Are laughing all to see him go;
Though his jewels gay,
Which graced each shore,
Flee swiftly away,
To return no more.

THE brook is in a merry mood—
It murmurs forth its gratitude;
For Spring has brought it visions, I
ween,
Of banks decked gaily with verdure
green,
Carpeting so soft and vari-hued,
Fit for the feet of the fairy queen,
Who will list to its song in rural glades,
And linger away until sunlight fades.
O Winter, with thee we do not grieve
to part,
Thou hast so cold, so stern a heart;
Spring is light and warmth from above
A blessing from God—and God is love.

MY LAST SUBJECT.

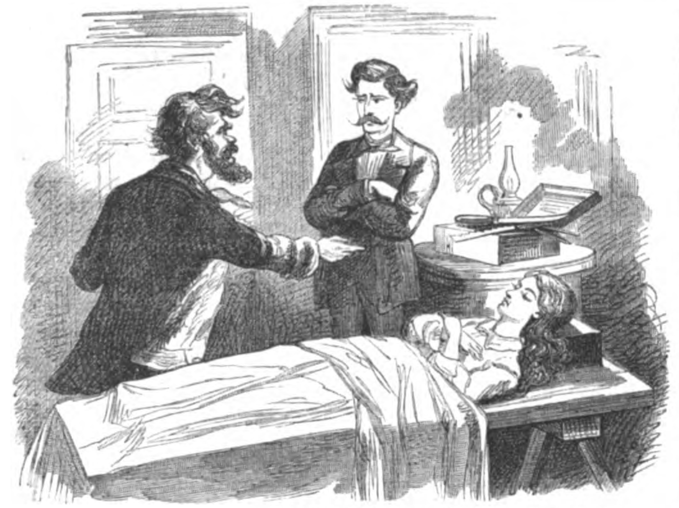
BY M. A.

I WAS a physician in the city of London, in good practice, and very enthusiastic in my profession; no longer young, sober and thoughtful by nature, giving little heed to the gayeties of the world, and wholly absorbed in the duties which engaged my time. A peculiar case had occupied my mind for some time—a very strange complication in a disease, to which I had given much attention, and the idea took possession of me that I could discover a remedy. Why should I not, and be myself a pioneer? I determined to avail myself of my privilege in Guy's Hospital, to prosecute my researches with greater ease.

I made known my wishes to the janitor, and one evening, quite late, I received a note from him, saying that the body of a young female had been brought in unexpectedly, and I had better come round at once, lest some student, in the early morning, should get ahead of me. I was smoking my meerschaum over a cosy fire, when the note reached me; yet, without a moment's hesitation, I left my pleasant room and went out into the bitter night. The wind howled fiercely, and the driving sleet dashed in my face as I struggled through it, in the direction of the Hospital.

The janitor had kindled a fire in a little private sanctum of mine, and the kettle hissed merrily on the hob as I entered. Hastily making a hot cup of tea, for I was thoroughly chilled by my walk, I drank it scalding, and then, getting myself into good working order, I took my lamp and went down to the dissecting-room, in a remote quarter of the building. In case my lamp should go out, I took the precaution to put matches and a piece of candle in my pocket. Gloomy enough by day, by night the room seemed to my mind like a charnel vault.

But I gave little heed to the gloom as I hastened to approach the table whereon lay my subject; for, although not naturally a hard-hearted man, I now felt but a momentary sensation of pity as I cut and carved lovely children, men, and women, in the service of science. A coarse sheet was thrown over the motionless figure on the table, and as I carelessly threw it off, I started with a sudden shiver at the sight of the lovely face before me. Never had I seen anything so perfect as the marble features, the long silken lashes lying on the pure clear skin, the masses of jetty curling hair clustering round the white forehead. Her hands were folded on her breast as though in a gentle slumber, and through the loose white robe, lightly tied with a ribbon, the perfect symmetry of her figure was defined in shadowy outline.



"I BROUGHT HER HERE TO BE CUT UP—HACKED ALL TO PIECES."

Lost in admiration, mingled with awe, I stood in silent contemplation. Never could I desecrate, with sacrilegious knife, so beautiful a casket of mortality.

A stealthy motion, a cat-like tread behind me, startled me from my reverie, and ere I could move I felt a hot breath on my neck. I turned round by a strong effort of will, and encountered a savage pair of eyes gleaming with triumphant malice. They seemed to literally burn and blaze, so that at first I realized nothing but eyes. A moment more, and I saw that a tall, powerful man, with massive head covered with shaggy hair and a matted beard, his clothes torn and disordered, stood behind me. He pointed to the lovely figure lying before us, and hissed in my ear:

"I did it; ha, ha! I murdered her; gave her poison, and then watched till they were all gone from the vault. Then I brought her here to be cut up—hacked all to pieces; so slash away, my fine fellow!" and he slapped me on the back.

"Poor Emily!" he continued, in a softened tone; "see what a little foot she has; but she wouldn't marry me, and her father was going to make her marry an old man. I saved her from it, but I had to kill her, the pretty darling!"

I stood paralyzed and speechless. Here was a maniac, with the frame and strength of a Hercules, capable of murder in any shape. How could I resist his will? Yet I was resolved that never would I plunge a knife into that beautiful form.

"Come, come!" he shrieked, "what are you staring at? Why don't you begin?"

With a sudden impulse I threw the lamp from me, and, breaking with a crash on the floor, it went out, leaving the room in utter darkness. Under cover of it, I slipped away from my dangerous neighbor, and stole into a corner, while I waited to see what he would do next.

In furious wrath he raged round the room, shrieking for my blood, and tumbling over chairs and benches in his search for me. A sudden thought, like an inspiration, flashed across me. Near by where I stood was a closet, which opened with a spring in the paneled wall. I touched it, and the door flew open noiselessly; then I coughed slightly to attract his attention, and waited. I heard him creeping along, and just as he was opposite the open door-way, I sprang upon him, hurling him into the closet. He fell headlong, so unexpected was my attack, and I fastened the door upon him as he lay there. For how long was he safe? He might be stunned for a few moments, but when his strength returned he might beat the door down.

As I cautiously felt my way to the door, I heard him thundering away on the frail panel like a battering-ram. What brutality might he not inflict on that beautiful body if he got out? I could not leave it, and, lighting the piece of candle I had in my pocket, I hastened to the table, rolled the corpse in the sheet, and, taking it in my arms, left the room; while the heavy blows of the madman made the very walls tremble. I locked the hall-door just as I heard the panel give way, and the man burst into the room with a roar. I sped away up the stairs as though the avenger of blood were at my heels, and, reaching my own private room, I bolted and locked the door, laid my burden on the sofa, and sank down exhausted. The agitation and horror of the scene I had passed through had overcome me entirely; and, extinguishing my light, I threw myself upon a little camp bed in the corner. As I watched and listened, I gradually sank into a heavy, dreamless slumber, and the chill gray light of morning was creeping in at the window when I opened my eyes. I arose, and once more looked at the lovely form of the dead girl; but, as I gazed, with the pale daylight streaming over the perfect face, it seemed as if a mysterious change had come over it—a *life-like* look.

My pulse quickened, my face flushed at the thought; could it be possible that life was not extinct?

I had a small galvanic battery in my room, and I carefully gave her a slight shock. "Good heavens!" She started a little, and the lips parted in a faint sigh. I administered a a tea-spoonful of brandy, with other remedies, and gradually color and warmth returned. She had evidently been in a state of syncope. Once she opened her eyes—eyes of liquid lustre and velvet blackness—then they closed wearily. I left her for a moment to go into the sick-ward, and returned with a cup of beef-tea, a few spoonfuls of which she swallowed; then leaving a trusty nurse with her, as she was sleeping quietly, I went forth to attend to a few imperative engagements. With the janitor, (to whom I briefly explained the events of the night, bidding him say nothing of the affair to any one, lest it should create a disturbance,) I went to the dissecting-room; but the madman had fled, an open window revealing his mode of exit.

After my most pressing professional duties were over, I took a cab, and hastened to a warehouse of ready-made clothing, where I selected various garments of the finest and most delicate fabric, together with a loose wrapper of quilted silk. As I drove to the Hospital my heart beat as it had never done before. I found my patient awake, and able to be moved. She said little, asked no questions, and expressed no surprise at her strange position. She gave me no information as to her friends, and I did not care to ask her for what she did not tell of her own accord. She acceded gratefully to my proposal of taking her to my mother's, at

Richmond, and I carried her down myself to the close carriage I had waiting. I felt a rapturous delight in the presence of this beautiful girl, and a kind of appropriation of her to myself, solely and entirely, which I could neither analyze nor describe. I had sent a trusty messenger to my mother, and a pleasant room, with a bright fire, was ready for my patient. Leaving her in such excellent hands, I returned without care to my duties; yet my mind continually dwelt upon the lovely girl I had rescued from the grave.

Health returned to Emily's cheek, and it bloomed like the rose. She always preserved silence as to her former life, and never went out of the grounds about the house, seeing no one but my mother and the servants. Every time I saw her added strength to the ardent passion which burned in my heart, absorbing every other interest and emotion. Innocence and purity breathed in every motion and look; her language was choice and elegant, and her whole appearance was high-bred and cultivated. I cared little what she might have been, if I could win her love. Beautiful flowers, choice fruit, and every dainty luxury I could find, I sent her daily, hoping that in time my devoted attention might awaken an interest in her listless and passive mind.

At last I spoke—I had received a legacy from an old uncle which rendered me forever independent of my profession, although I loved and never intended to abandon it. I poured forth my love for her in burning words—I would surround her with every luxury, not a wish should be ungratified—and she listened to me with downcast eyes, while a faint blush tinged her pure cheek.

"You saved my life," she murmured; "it is but right it should be yours; but are you willing, for my sake, to leave England? I can never be happy here."

"I will go anywhere, beloved," I eagerly cried; "any place on earth will be paradise with you."

A new light flashed in her glorious eyes as she looked up gratefully into mine.

I speedily made my arrangements, disposed of my practice to a brother physician, and made preparations for an indefinite stay in Italy. We were married in a quiet, obscure church, and the timid glance of fear with which Emily glanced around her, clinging to my arm, made me glad we were to be so soon away. She was still frail, and her nervous system had received a severe shock. We sailed at once for Marseilles, and she seemed to me a different person when we set foot on a foreign shore. We settled ourselves in a lovely villa on the blue Mediterranean, entirely out of the track of tourists, and I had the happiness of seeing my loved Emily buoyant and gay, rejoicing in life and its blessings. We passed our days in a dream of bliss in this lovely spot, where the sea spread itself out in changing hues of bright green, dark purple, and brilliant turquoise blue, and the clusters of orange and palm trees mingled with gray olive and dark cypress. We watched the red-capped fishermen as they dragged their nets to the shore, singing monotonously the while, and the halo of light melted over the outlines of the distant mountains.

Thus several years passed away in this lovely retreat; and, although I was happy with Emily, there were times when I felt my energies kindle, and I longed for the old excitement of my profession. Yet, when I gazed on my two beautiful children, and their lovely mother, so fresh and fair, I blamed myself for ever wishing a change. Several times we had traveled, but always gladly returned to our home.

One day I made a trip to the nearest post-town, and returned laden with papers, magazines and letters. Never shall I forget how beautiful my wife looked as she came toward me, attired in a simple robe of white muslin, and greeted me so lovingly after my day's absence. The sun was just setting, and the glorious tints of gold and crimson enveloped her in a flood of light, which shone on the emerald sward on which she stood, and illuminated the distant Alps beyond. I threw myself in a low garden seat, enjoying the charming picture; while Emily, standing near me, opened one of the home papers. She startled me with a sudden cry—

"Oh, my poor father! have I done wrong all these years?"

She flew to me with the paper, pointing to a paragraph, and burst into tears. I read—

"On the morning of the 10th, at Davenant Hall, Sir William Davenant, of paralysis, aged seventy-six years."

There was a comment lower down by the editor—

"It is supposed that this fine estate will revert to the crown, as the only daughter and heiress died suddenly some years since."

It may seem strange, yet such was the fact, that I was but imperfectly acquainted with my wife's life previous to her marriage with me. It had given her so much pain to revert to it, that I had forborne asking any questions, and I had never conquered my reluctance to asking a full explanation. She now broke into the subject, and seemed to find a relief in pouring out all her feelings. She told me of her cousin's infatuated love for her, leading to endless persecution; of his miserable, dissipated life, ending in an insane asylum. Then her father, cold and unfeeling, had insisted on her marrying a man as old as himself, to unite the two estates—paying little heed to her prayers and tears. On the very morning of her wedding-day her cousin had escaped, and, finding her in a favorite retreat, a remote summer-house, had forced her to drink from a vial, containing poison, he said. She remembered no more until her recovery, under my care, and, remembering her father's unkindness, she had dreaded revealing his name, lest she should be obliged to return to him. A deadly fear of her cousin had haunted her while she remained in England, and, remembering what I did of him, I could not but acknowledge that she had ample ground for her fear.

"But what would you do *now*, Emily?" I asked, pointing to our eldest boy as he approached us. "Would Percy not do honor to the high position of Lord of Davenant Hall? It seems to me it would be injustice to him to ignore his rights, for which he might bitterly reproach us in the future."

Emily sighed, and shook her head in a troubled, distressed manner, although I could see that the mother's pride was aroused when I spoke of our boy.

"I shudder to think of England," she said appealingly, clinging to my arm; "we have been so happy here."

"Then we will not think of it, my darling," I said, cheerfully; "but go into our social cup of tea."

For several days I made no allusion to the subject, which pressed heavily on my mind. All my old ambition seemed to spring into life again, and I longed for contact with men and things—for minds to jostle in the pathway of life; mine seemed to have grown so rusty with disuse. I thought of little else, by day or night, although I was resolved that Emily should decide herself. At last she reverted to the subject, which I knew had been as continually present to her mind as it had to my own, and announced, that, painful as it might be to her to return to life as her father's daughter, she believed it her duty, in justice to her children, to claim her rights as heiress of Davenant Hall. She had still a great aversion to returning to England; but when I appealed to her good sense, showing how improbable it was that she would ever have anything to fear from her mad cousin again, and also how much better it would be for us to make our home on the estate where Percy would one day reign, she became reconciled.

Still it was a sad day when we left our beautiful Italian home, so many happy associations were connected with the lovely spot where we had passed our wedded life. I promised Emily that she should return to it every year if she wished, and with many a lingering look at the blue, changing water, the orange-trees, freighted with golden fruit, and the distant mountains, we entered the carriage which bore us away.

We reached England, and my wife establishing her identity without difficulty, although the subject was a nine day's wonder to the world, we took possession of the grand old Hall—the home of Emily's childhood and youth, where so many generations of Davenants had lived and died. Our boy took formal possession of the title of his grandfather, and the little Sir Percy was soon a great favorite among all the tenantry. He was to take the name of Davenant when he came of age.

At first the painful associations connected with the place seemed to prey on Emily's spirits; but soon the happiness of the children, and the cheerful influences with which she was surrounded, had their effect.

I made the most strenuous efforts to discover the fate of her cousin; but, proving entirely unsuccessful, I persuaded both myself and my wife that he was dead. I could find no trace of him in any asylum to which I could obtain access.

Time brought entire tranquillity to Emily, and our life was a very happy one. We were surrounded by pleasant society, and I found that the life of a country gentleman suited me exactly. I had never resumed my practice; yet I made frequent trips up to London, and the contact with the great minds of the day was a great source of enjoyment to me. As for Emily, she became so contented that I could rarely induce her to leave home—the great city possessing little to attract her. But when I filled the house with my friends, she was always happy to receive and entertain them. I had several times proposed a trip to our Italian home, as we always called it; but Emily postponed it until some more convenient time, as there seemed to be ever some reason for remaining at home just then.

There was to be a grand celebration of the Faculty, which I was very desirous of attending, and I tried to induce Emily to go up to London with me, as I thought she would enjoy the speaking. But she declined, on plea of some ride with the children, and I left her, little thinking what was before me.

That morning still lives in my memory, when she bade me farewell. I could not help glancing back with a lover's admiration, as she stood on the broad piazza, looking so fresh and fair in her blue dress, and she waved her hand to me with a smile. My beautiful wife! how little I realized under what fearful circumstances I should next see her.

When I reached the city a strange uneasiness took possession of me, and I tried in vain to shake it off. Not even the most brilliant period of Sir Richard C—— could confine my wandering attention, and, weighed down by an unaccountable foreboding of evil, as soon as the exercises were over, I hastened to the railway, instead of going to lunch at the club, as I had intended, where a crowd of friends expected me. When I reached B—— the carriage was not there to meet me, as it was several hours before the time I was expected, so I took a short way through the fields and woods, which brought me home after a half-hour's walk.

All was still as I approached the noble old Hall; and as it stood so peacefully, bathed in the warm sunlight, while the soft summer wind played among the trees, I half reproached myself for my foolish anxiety. I hastened up to Emily's boudoir, but she was not there; then into her dressing-room, where I found Barton, the maid, who told me the children were out with their governess, and my wife had taken a book to the pine-tree summer-house. A shudder crept over me at the name; yet I tried to reason myself out of my fears as I hurried toward the summer-house. How Emily will laugh at me, I thought, running away from town in this way.

I heard no sound save my own footsteps, as I walked along, unless it were the chirp of a bird, or the humming of insects; and the powerful perfume of the flowers, as I passed down the long Italian walk, haunts me still, though long and weary years have passed since then. I could see my Emily's blue robe fluttering in the summer air, as she reclined in a low chair under the dark pine boughs, and my heart gave a great bound of relief as I saw her sitting so quietly there.

"Emily!" I called, "I am back early, you see." But she did not reply.

I called again, louder and louder, as I came nearer; but she never stirred. In an agony of terror I rushed to her side, and the appalling sight I beheld there froze my blood nnd paralyzed my tongue. Emily, my darling, my loved wife, lay stiff and cold in death, with a dagger plunged in her bosom—her dress, her book soaked with the life-blood which had ebbed from the wound; while, crouching in the corner, was the same fearful figure, the same awful face, which had loomed over my shoulder years before in the dissecting-room.

"Ah, ha!" he roared in my ear, "I've cut her up at last. *You* would not do it, and I've done it for you," and he plunged past me into the woods beyond, as I stood powerless and stunned.

Let me draw a curtain over the terrible tragedy which shattered my happiness at a blow—which left me desolate and prematurely old. Years have passed away since then, and I am now almost at my journey's end. Fair forms and happy faces of little children flit through the trees in merry play, but I see still my beautiful Emily as she waved me farewell, as she went forward, unconscious, to meet her doom; and I wait for the blessed hour when I shall rejoin her in the regions above.

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LOTTIE'S HOUSE-HUNTING.

BY MRS. J. C. NORTON.

"I AM completely discouraged," said Mrs. Denby, as she threw herself upon the sofa of her own parlor. "We might as well make up our minds to live in the street as to hunt houses any more."

"Oh, don't despair, my love," said Mr. Denby, blandly; "there's plenty of time yet, remember."

"More time than places," answered his wife sententiously.

"Don't you want me to find you a house, sister?" broke in Lottie Drey. "I think it would be fun."

"Yes, certainly, I wish you would; you're welcome to all the fun you'll find in it. Take a list and start to-morrow."

Lottie set out the next morning. The day was bright, and she was as buoyant as possible.

"I'll be sure to look out about the locality," she said to herself, "and the best arrangements for water, gas, and all that. A nice yard, too, for the children to play in. Brother says I mustn't go above —— dollars a year. Well, I shan't have to; that ought to get a mansion." She reached the first place on her list, and rang the bell. The servant informed her that "the lady" was out, and that callers were only admitted in the afternoon.

"Very well," said Lottie, a little chagrined, however.

Proceeding to the next place designated, and obtaining admittance, she noted that the chandeliers in the parlors were not handsome, that the rooms were small, and one less in number than her brother's family had been accustomed to. Therefore, bowing herself out of the front door, she crossed off this house from her cares as ineligible, doubting not, (unsophisticated maiden,) that in the long line of those remaining she should find one quite unexceptionable. Her directions now led her to a part of the town with which she was unacquainted. Upon reaching it, a miserable locality it was—the house indicated flanked on either side by a liquor saloon—she did not need to enter. She therefore continued that walking, about which there already began to seem a sameness. Hurrying toward the next place, which was about as far from the last as it could be, and be within city limits, it was finally gained, and she observed that its surroundings were respectable. That was a comfort. She entered the dwelling. 'Twas spacious, but gloomy, with an air of decay pervading it. While she was mentally questioning whether it could ever be made to seem home-like, if one had all that was dear and familiar to oneself in it, she was met by the inquiry:

"How many in the family, Miss?"

"Seven," replied Lottie.

"Too large, too large altogether," exclaimed Madam, in a horrified voice.

Lottie was reminded of the complying man, who offered to kill off one-half of his family to lighten the prospective labors of a new servant-girl. Not being ready to promise that as much would be done in this instance for the privilege of locating the remainder in this "tomb," as she secretly designated it, she precipitated her exit. Similar experiences awaited her at the next three places visited, for at each of them she was interrupted by the remark that families with children were ineligible—supplemented by the assurance that there were innumerable ones to be obtained who had none. A very discouraging statement this was to Lottie, though she could but reflect that it was suggestive of hope for the future, for so sparse a population as would shortly be inevitable from such a state of things would leave houses begging for tenants at a time not very far distant. Another long walk, made longer by little runs taken from one side of the street to the other, in the way of looking at bills, which mostly turned out to be worded "For Sale," brought her to a dwelling, which she found old, and damp, and desolate. The gas-pipes leaked, the water-pipes leaked, and the sewer leaked.

"Would any repairs be made by the landlord?" she inquired of the occupants. But they stood as if on the defensive, and were perfectly non-committal. He would do nothing for them, that was all they knew.

"Where did he live?"

They knew nothing about that either.

Our indefatigable house-hunter now left this miserable domicile, which she had gained so little by entering, and proceeded upon another, which she found more miserable still, with its inmates as miserable as itself. Altogether, she was in a nervous hurry to get out of it. She had an indefinite kind of feeling, almost as if she had supposed that it might be forced upon her, against her will, unless she hastened away. Not till she was in the open air again did she feel free and like herself. Another ring—and she is inspecting a house with which she is inclined to be pleased. She notices some drawbacks, to be sure; but she has grown wise since morning, and expects less than then. But she has "forgotten to inquire the price," she observes.

"Two thousand five hundred dollars."

"Excuse me, Madam," she answered quite blankly (for she knew that was twice as much as her brother had been accustomed to pay), "I should have asked this before giving you so much trouble. Good-morning."

Her stay at the next dwelling was short. She very soon discovered that its advertisement had been but a subterfuge for bringing the occupants to paying an advanced rent. Weary and disheartened, she dragged herself to the last place on her list. A gloomy-looking matron answered her ring at the door-bell. Proceeding to pilot Lottie through the house, my lady of the rueful countenance depreciated every room in it, declaring that the walls were so old that it would be at the risk of one's life to be under them; that the floors were so uneven 'twould be at the risk of carpets to be laid over them; and stating that the owner would "do nothing." She went on with such other statements as might lead one to suppose that the house would have been a ruined pile but for her own exertions to keep it in an upright position. Now, to Lottie, it seemed rather a comfortable place compared with others she had seen. She discovered at length that the lady herself had intended to remain in it, till increased rent was demanded. This enlightened her as to what inspired the good matron's disparaging account, and made her own ideas in favor of the place quite enthusiastic.

"Where could she find the owner?"

"In D—— street."

"Where was that?"

She was duly directed to a suburban locality some miles distant. By taking two different lines of cars she could reach it. Doing so, she was finally face to face with the arbiter of household destiny. He informed her that two "parties" (word well known by this time), had the "refusal" of the house, but "if they did not take it," etc. Discouraged at her small chance of success under these circumstances, she thought, as she returned homeward, of the place she had seen first in the morning and rejected so cavalierly. Its drawbacks, magnified then, seemed very slight now. She would go and secure it immediately.

"I have come to say that I will take this house," she said, as the door was opened to her.

"It is let," was replied.

She turned and went home. "I'm ready to cry," she exclaimed to her sister.

"Don't think of the thing," said that lady, laughing. "You have only *half begun* to experience the fun of house-hunting!"

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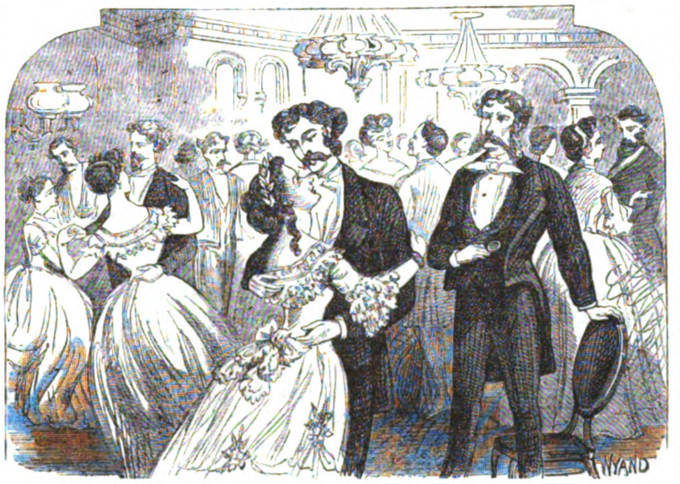
Sweet and Bitter.—Be not all sugar, or the world will swallow thee up; nor all wormwood, or it will spit thee out.

Suspicion.—The suspicious mind will always find something on which to rest its doubts.

AMONG THE DAISIES.

BY NEIL FORREST.

I WAS born and brought up in such an insignificant little place, that, upon my word, I do not believe its name is to be found in any geography book in the United States—at least I have never seen it, though I have hunted diligently for it many and many a time. It's not a bad little place, after all, nor in any way to be despised; and I have come to this conclusion after having seen the world. To be sure, it has its weaknesses, and doubtless the axis of the earth sticks out as visibly through its center, as it does—according to Holmes—through that of every town or city. Before aunt Fanny invited me to spend a winter in New York I was perfectly happy and contented; but just as soon as that came to pass, I was miserable. I picked up a book, about that time, wherein it was stated that the heroine had "unspeakable yearnings for a nobler, grander life." Of course, after that I had to yearn too, and I was quite pleased to see what an amount of yearning I could do on my own account for the nobler life, which, being interpreted, meant that to which I was invited by my aunt Fanny. I confided my aspirations to Tom, who said I was a goose, which took me down a little, but not much; for what did Tom know about it, to be sure? But mother said the grandest life was one that followed lowliest footsteps; and I did not dare say anything to that, for mother's eyes are so full of light when she says such things that I can not bring sadness into them by my saucy words. So I kept quiet, and only plagued Tom twice as hard as usual afterwards. But neither mother nor he could stop my yearnings.



"OH, TAKE ME HOME! TAKE ME HOME!"

"Say what you will," I argued, "I'm tired to death seeing the same sights, and hearing the same things, and I do truly believe I should be all the better for living awhile in New York."

"Let her go," said father; "I dare say the child is right."

"But she has no dresses that are fit for the city," said mother uneasily.

I was a little surprised at this, for mother never talked about my dress, and I did not know she ever noticed what I wore. Then she and father whispered together for a few minutes, and I heard mother say—

"I can not bear to have the child disappointed or mortified."

"No fear," was father's answer; "that's not Allie's style." But then I ran off, for I did not want to stand listening, when I knew they were talking about me. "Why should I be mortified?" I wondered. Was I not called the handsomest girl in the village, and had I not graduated head of my class from the academy? I really thought mother was a trifle too particular now and then. But I was astonished that evening to hear her say—

"We think it best to send you to your aunt's for the winter, Allie; and you may go to Miss Dorcas and ask her to come and see me."

Miss Dorcas was the dressmaker, and we all relied greatly on her, for she was quick and clever in any emergency, handy with her needle, and subscribed to a magazine of fashions, which was in great demand whenever any new dresses were to be made. I can not say that they ever resembled the pictures very closely when they were finished; but that was principally our own fault, for we never could bring our minds to go to the lengths proposed by the book, or to follow religiously its instructions; but we always came somewhere near the fashion, and were just as much pleased as though we had done better. Miss Dorcas appeared duly the next day, with her three little curls, brown gingham apron, crescent-shaped pin-cushion fastened to her waist, and, above all, the treasured magazine. Mother brought down her best black silk from the garret, and the brocade in which she had been married, and told Miss Dorcas that she must cut them over to fit me. Many and loud were the protestations I made against taking these splendid dresses, the handsomest in the whole village; but mother was decided—saying, in her gentle way, "I want you to have them, Allie; there is nothing too good for my darling." When I saw that she really wanted me to take them, I said no more. I knew I should feel as she did, were I in her place, and that she could have no greater pleasure than to see me happy. So I let Miss Dorcas cut them over for me, though I had to shut my eyes when the scissors went into the brocade, for I could not look on without a shudder at such sacrilege.

How we worked that week! Strong as I was, I got so tired standing up to be fitted, that I half wished the fuss had never been begun, and that I might stay at home after all; but when the two dresses were finished, and Miss Dorcas declared that I looked as though I were melted and run into them, I felt differently, and was conscious of elation and vainglory.

"There's something about the sit of the skirt that's not quite like the picture in the magazine," said she, turning me round and round. "I can't for the life of me tell how they do manage to make them run out so far behind, and lie so kinder queer at the sides. My mind misgives me a little about the sit of the skirts." But we all assured her that she had done marvelously well, and loud were the comments of admiration bestowed on my elegant apparel by all the ladies of the village, who came to see it, under pretext of bidding me good-by. Our minister's wife was sick, and could not come, but sent word for me to bring my dresses for her to see too, which I did, greatly to her delight and mine.

Tom said, "Well, thank goodness that's over; and now maybe you can go out for a walk once more."

I was glad enough to go, for I did not relish sitting still a bit better than he did. So we went off together, the evening before I was to leave, and strolled down to the river. The trees were just beginning to change color, and the first frost had nipped the heliotropes in my garden. There was a soft, hazy light over all things, but the sun was still powerful enough to set the hill-sides flaming, as it lit up the brilliant crimson and orange leaves of the maples. The river ran merrily along, sparkling and blue, under a cloudless sky, and the blackbirds were chattering noisely together on its banks, as they settled on the trees in numbers, preparatory to taking their flight to warmer lands.

"I'll come back when they do," said I to Tom.

"Not till then?" he asked, rather sadly.

"Of course not," I returned; "I'm to spend the whole winter in the city."

Tom said nothing, but laid about him with the willow switch he carried in his hand, as though the little ferns were his mortal enemies.

"I suppose you'll go to parties, and balls, and dinners, and theaters," said he at length.

"I presume so," said I.

"And you'll dance with those everlasting priggish, slim-legged city fellows too, I suppose!" said he.

"Of course," I replied loftily.

"Confound them!" said Tom with a sudden glow in his face; "I'd like to thrash them all!"

"Very pleasant little thing to do," I retorted with majesty.

"They'll be making love to you! I know them!" he continued savagely; "and they'll tell you a pack of nonsense and make you believe it!"

"Will they?" I inquired innocently; "what do you think they will say, Tom?'

"Why! that you're pretty, and clever, and they'll pretend to be in love with you, and tell you so."

"That will be very flat, certainly, for if they tell me they're pretending, what will be the use in doing it?"

"Oh! you know well enough what I mean; they will tell you they really do love you."

"Ah! indeed, Tom! That will be splendid! I do so hope they will!"

"But you must not believe them, Allie! They won't really mean it."

"Oh, how glad I am you told me! Now I'll be on my guard. Thank you, dear Tom," said I, looking up at him out of the corner of my eye. Oh, how he jumped! I had never called him "dear" before.

"Allie!" said he, stooping down to me—Tom was six feet high, and I was hardly five—"Allie! *I* love you."

"Now, Tom! If I were you I wouldn't try it! Really, it does not suit you! And I like you so much just as you are, *please* don't try to be like the everlasting, priggish, slim-legged city fellows!"

"What do you mean?" said he, starting up as though he had been stung.

"Why! didn't you tell me not to believe such things?" I questioned demurely.

Tom turned scarlet, and said no more, and I felt just a little bit sorry for having teased him, he was always so good to me. So we walked along together quietly by the river bank. But I never could keep quiet very long at a time, and had not then acquired the great talent of silence. I always felt the necessity of saying something, so I picked two daisies that grew in my path. "This is you, Tom," said I, holding up one before him, "and this is the New Yorker. Now we shall see who will get ahead." Then I picked off the little white leaves, repeating the words so well known to all country girls: "He loves me, he loves me not," till I came to the last leaf. There were two growing so closely together that they looked like one, but I saw two, though Tom did not. "He loves me not!" cried I, throwing both away quickly that he might not see the cheat. "Oh, Tom! you love me not!" said I sentimentally. "Now for the city fellow!" And I plucked the leaves from the second daisy: "He loves me, loves loves me not, loves me, loves me not! Tom, as sure as you're alive he loves me!" And I waved the stem triumphantly over my head. Not a word said Tom, but kept on walking steadily, and I never knew him so stupid before. In fact, he was so dull, that after I had tried my very, very best to plague him, unsuccessfully, I turned toward home, and soon came in sight of our garden-gate. Then we stopped.

"Good-by, child," said Tom; "you'll be older some day." And with that he stooped suddenly, and kissed me. I felt the hot blood rushing to my face.

"How dare you!" I cried; but Tom was gone. I sat down on the door-step and cried. Tom had no right to kiss me, and to call me *child*. Why, I was seventeen last June, and he was only four years older. Child, indeed! And the tears rolled down my cheeks faster and faster, albeit I was all unused to the melting mood. But I had to pack my trunk, and in the confusion of getting ready, I soon recovered my spirits. Besides, what was the use of getting angry? I had known Tom all my life; there was no great harm, after all, in his kissing me good-by. I did not see him again; for very early the next morning I left for New York, to begin the higher, nobler life.

There is no need to dwell upon my journey—the misgivings I had that my black silk dress and bonnet were much too fine for traveling; the secret terror I felt at entering the great city alone after dark that evening; the joy at meeting my uncle; the anxiety lest the trunk that held the precious brocade should be lost; the astonishment with which I entered my uncle's brilliantly lighted and wonderfully elegant house, and saw three of the pictures in Miss Dorcas's book advancing to meet me. All this whirled around me, and it was not until I recognized aunt Fanny's cheerful voice that I at all took in the idea that these elegant fashion-plates were my aunt and cousins.

"But, if this was the way that city ladies dressed, what was I to do?" I wondered, the next day, as I sat before my trunk, taking an inventory of its contents. Alas! Miss Dorcas's misgivings proved but too well founded. Why had we not followed the directions in the Magazine? It was too late now. I had an uneasy conviction that I had been, in a manner, hustled out of the parlor on the previous evening, on the entrance of visitors. Aunt Fanny had declared I was tired to death, and my vehement assurances to the contrary were quite useless and unheeded. Aunt Fanny had her own views on that subject, and I spent the evening with her in her bed-room. I never was slow in catching an idea, and I realized the fact that I was wholly unpresentable, and that it was about as hard for my aunt and cousins as it was for me, to have me appear so countrified and *queer*. I laughed hysterically at my own predicament. What was to be done? What *could* I do? The coward in me suggested precipitate flight; but when I looked at dear, blessed mother's flowered brocade, treasured for so many years, and sacrificed, alas! so vainly for me, I determined to bear any amount of mortification, rather than see her sweet face saddened by the knowledge that her darling Allie was not fit for the society of her city cousins; for, humble as mother was, she had one, and only one, weakness. I do believe if I had shaken hands with the Queen upon her throne, she would have thought it honor to her Majesty. How could I bear to let her know that I was ridiculous in the eyes of my cousins? Then Tom! After all my boasting, was I to acknowledge myself beaten at the very outset? No! That thought gave me courage. I would not beat a retreat. I remembered Lamb's statement that some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others have fashion thrust upon them. I would achieve fashion. So I set to work courageously, and toiled to attain this end. I delivered myself over, body and soul, to a magnificent, condescending, august French goddess, who presided over my toilet. Dear little Miss Dorcas's curls would have stood on end, could she but have witnessed her performances. But I concealed every emotion, and, had I been told to wear the coal-scuttle on my head, should have done so without the twitching of a muscle. My cousins' chattering parrot of a French maid undertook to patronize me, but I bent the whole force of my intellect to her subjugation, and achieved it. I soon saw that I had done well, for it was evident that those around me were pleased with what they called my sacrifice. But sadly did I put away the black silk and brocade, thinking of the tender love that would have shielded me from mortification. Soon the transformation was complete. Instead of the dowdy little country girl, there appeared an elegant young lady, who stood before her mirror, exclaiming, "Ah! *que c'est charmant!*" and inwardly ejaculating, "Goodness, gracious sakes alive, this surely can't be I?" In fact, I doubt if my little dog at home would have been one whit more intelligent on the subject of my identity than was that of the famous old lady of Mother Goose memory. But with the brocade I laid away my better self. The things of the past no longer had value in my eyes. Old-fashioned dresses and old-fashioned ideas were alike renounced, and, alas! for me, one old-fashioned practice, learned at my mother's knee, was forgotten! My robe of humility had never been a very ample garment, and I discarded it very quickly. Ah! well for me that I was, all unknowingly, clad in the strong armor of a loving mother's prayers. Little did I think or care about them at that time. How shall I describe my life for the next six months?—months that flew by so quickly, I hardly knew that they were passing, and yet that seemed to have years crowded into them. From morning till night, and from night till morning again, we were pursuing what our good old minister used to call "the hollowed-eyed phantom of pleasure." No phantom did it seem to me; but a real, substantial, all-engrossing delight. I was not one to do anything by halves, and, all unused as I was to excitement, I rushed into it and breathed its atmosphere as though it were my native air.

"One would think you were brought up in a ball-room," said my cousin Bertha to me, one day. "Harry Grey says there is a reckless elegancy and brilliant *naivete* about you that is irresistible."

I colored at this, for Harry Grey was supposed to be authority on such points. He was a handsome, well-informed, elegant man of the world. He was a constant visitor at aunt Fanny's, and his manner had been singularly haughty and repellant to me when I first arrived. He had no eyes for the unknown little country girl, and I had been secretly piqued and annoyed at his coldness. But there were many others who argued differently, and I had not lacked partners or attention at the balls, dinners, concerts, and operas, which I attended with an ever-increasing delight. How different all these partners were from Tom! So much more easy, refined, and elegant, I thought. I can not say, however, that I ever found any very tremendous display of intellect among them. In fact, I was bound to confess that their heels were much more sprightly than their heads. Mr. Grey, however, possessed a fund of conversation, and was certainly the most prepossessing of all the gentlemen who crowded my aunt's receptions. My triumph, therefore, was great, when I heard that he had been forced to acknowledge my merit. My heart was filled, wholly engrossed with vanity; an eager desire for admiration possessed me, and I determined to bring that nonchalant Harry Grey to my feet, and proclaim myself triumphant to the world.

Sometimes, on Sundays, as I sat in church, with the softened light of the dying day falling on me through the richly-stained windows, I would remember the crimson hillsides and quiet river, by which Tom and I used to stroll after church, and when Tom would talk and I would listen, for a wonder. But there were some subjects into which I never could bring my banter, and it was on these that Tom was eloquent. At such times I would listen, instead, to the thrilling tones of the organ, and would wonder vaguely if the life I was leading was indeed nobler or grander than that I had left, with its perfect simplicity and tranquillity, and narrowness, as I called it then. To be sure, I felt that I had gained greatly in some respects. A certain restless craving that I had felt for beauty, was satisfied, as I stood before glorious paintings or statuary, and the rush and roar of the great city seemed to drown the uneasy feeling I used to have for something more exhilarating than our village streets. I had seen and conversed with men whose names were famous, and whose noble sentiments had thrilled me when Tom and I read them together in our far-off home.

But was I much the better for all this? There were times when I even regretted that I had seen these honored prophets in their own country. And sometimes, when I saw the adulation bestowed on some hero of the war, I remembered how quietly Tom had periled his life in twenty battles for his well-beloved country, and I doubted if the man was living who could show more intrepidity, or a brighter, braver record of the four years' struggle than could Tom. But certainly his sunburnt face would be strangely out of place here, I thought.

Very little time did I consume, however, in reflections of any nature. To dance well, to dress well, to be ever graceful and elegant, this was the height of my ambition. And I succeeded beyond my fondest hopes. I soon began to see a marked change in Mr. Grey's manner toward me. At first I laughed at and with him, my irrepressible spirit of teasing standing me in good stead, but it was changed into more elegant badinage than that with which I had been accustomed to refresh Tom's wits. Then came delicate flattery, graceful compliments, then a softened tenderness of manner, a quiet deference to my opinion, an ever-increasing devotion, that made my silly heart throb with pride and pleasure. Ah! this indeed was a triumph! Not that I really cared for Mr. Grey, for indeed I think even then I knew there was something about him that I could not wholly respect; but his attentions pleased and excited me. I used to think about him more than half the time, and studied effects of dress and manner, with reference to him. I became absorbed in a regular first-class flirtation, in fact.

I had heard constantly from home, and I knew all that had transpired there, which was not much, and among other things I learned that Tom had gone to Boston soon after my departure, to study law in the office of an eminent lawyer. He had written frequently to me, but his letters lay unanswered in my writing-desk, waiting for a convenient season.

How the winter whirled away! How full it was of all that could gratify my instincts, that turned so naturally to all that was beautiful in art. But my keenest feelings were those of gratified pride, or rather vanity. Insensibly I wandered along the broad and easy road till the very remembrance of the narrow one became distasteful to me. I dared not look at my account-book, it told such fearful tales of extravagance; yet no word of censure came from my ever-indulgent father. I was another being from the simple girl who had come to the great city with her mother's old dresses for her best. I had altered physically, mentally, and spiritually, since I wandered among the daisies with Tom. But there was a certain freshness about me, Mr. Grey was pleased to say, that reminded him of the flowers of May. Much he knew about them, to be sure! I believe he thought that camellias grew wild in the hedges, wired on to straws like those in the bouquets he used to send me.

He used to call me Marguerite, which it seems is French for daisy. In consequence of this name, my subtle brain conceived the brilliant idea of personating this flower at a ball my aunt gave toward spring. Accordingly I dressed myself in zephyr-like gauze of purest white, and garlanded my head and dress with wreaths of the simple field-flower. Mr. Grey professed the wildest admiration of my appearance, and loaded me with compliments, all, of course, turning on the fact of my sweet simplicity. As we stood a little apart from the throng, he asked me if I knew the art of telling fortunes with the Marguerites, and proceeded to instruct me in the same; disengaging a flower from the bunch that looped my skirt, and plucking it to pieces, he murmured in tones meant to be thrilling:

"*Elle m'aime, beaucoup, passionement, pas dutant.*"

Instantly the little scene by the river flashed before me, and with it came a sickening longing for home, unfelt till that moment. How long ago it seemed since I had boasted to Tom that I should find a true, noble lover in the great unknown world to which I was going. What a contrast between the eager eyes, and honest, manly voice that had said, "Allie! *I* love you," and the soft, languishing eyes, and sentimental voice that whispered, "*Marguerite! je t'aime, passionement.*" In an instant I seemed to live over the last six months. A great light rushed into my soul, by which I read my heart. Before it the glitter of artificial light seemed to pale, and as I glanced at my flowers, artificial emblems of simplicity, I saw myself. Ah! I was no longer the guileless, merry girl, aspiring to unknown heights. What was I then? My heart made answer. A worldly woman—a poor, shallow creature, whose noblest aspirations were satisfied with the adulation given by the worldling at my side. I was seized with an unaccountable impulse, and, stretching out my hands, I cried, "Tom! Tom! Oh, take me home, take me home!"

"Allie, my darling!" I heard some one say, and, glancing up bewildered, I gazed into Tom's clear gray eyes, as radiant and yet as sad as those of my guardian angel. With an eager cry I sprang forward, but remember no more, as I fainted for the first time in my life.

The next morning aunt Fanny remembered to tell me that Tom had called on the previous day to see me; I was out, but she had given him an invitation to come again in the evening, and had completely forgotten the circumstance. Bertha added the information that he had been in the room an hour or more before I saw him; but he had merely watched me from a distance.

"His face was like a thunder-cloud, and his eye flashed lightning while you were dancing, Allie," said she; "and when you went off to the conservatory with Harry Grey, he fairly looked dangerous. For my part, I was afraid of him; but I never should have recognized the same face, as I saw it afterwards, bending over you when you fainted. Your own mother's could not have been more beautifully tender. Why have you never told us of him before?"

But I could not answer. I was as one struck dumb. What was the subtle influence that had mastered me as I stood listening to Harry Grey's passionate avowal of love? Had Tom's presence alone sufficed to recall my better self? Ah, Bertha and aunt Fanny might sympathize with me, and say I was overcome by fatigue and the heat of the room; *I* believe my angel stood before me, looking through Tom's eyes, and pointed to the path I must walk in if I would follow those footsteps that mother had said led to the grandest heights. Be that as it may, the cry of my heart was still, "Oh, Tom, take me home!" So he did, and ever since he and I have kept among the daisies, and found them growing in pleasant paths made bright by God's own wonderful sunlight.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

HOUSEHOLD NEEDS.

THE problem of living every day becomes more difficult of solution. Modern improvements on old-fashioned inconveniences, labor-saving machinery, with all the new scientific adaptations to the wants of common life, have failed to keep pace with the growth of luxury, the love of elaboration and display, which now absorbs the time, money, and strength of American women.

What shall we do? is the cry from every household. We want help, and we get hindrance; we want knowledge of work to be performed, and we get only the most lamentable ignorance. It is servants who are the plagues and nuisances of our lives. Let us mend the servants, or make new ones.

Now, it is undoubtedly true that a good deal of the trouble in families is caused by the ignorance and waste of servants; but whose fault is it? Is it theirs, or that of the mistress who yields to them the management of her domestic affairs, while she is dressing, visiting, receiving calls, or acting as directress of fashionable benevolent societies?

"We have five servants," said a gentleman, the other day; "one to every member of the family; and the house is not as clean, nor am I as well attended to, as when we kept but one, and my wife assisted in doing the work herself."

That "assisted in doing the work herself" told the whole story. What all houses need, is the aid and constant supervision of a competent mistress.

We are unfortunate in this country, in having no class of girls who are willing to be put in training for servants. American girls will wash, scrub, and bake at home, but they consider it a terrible degradation to do this for money; and the idea is fostered in them by the kind of labor that is employed, and the scorn with which women of every degree, especially in the large cities, treat the proposition, that they should understand household duties, or, in common parlance, "know how to do their own work."

Foreign labor might be trained, and institutes have been planned for that purpose; but that is not what it comes here for. It comes here to earn a good deal of money, and send at least a part of it home; and anything that would interfere with that praiseworthy object, or that would offer the suggestion of incompetency, would be treated with indignation and contempt. The Irish element, as we get it, does not value training, and it is not likely that it should, when, in its present low and utterly inefficient state, it is able to command three times the wages it receives at home.

Primarily, our household difficulties have their origin in the wretched aping of one class by another. Because Mrs. A——, who has a dozen servants, whose father was a millionaire, and whose husband is a rich merchant, never goes into her kitchen, Mrs. B——, who has only two servants, and whose husband keeps a retail dry-goods store, will not; and Mrs. B——'s example is followed by Mrs. C——, who has only one girl, and whose husband keeps a grocery, or a butcher-shop. The consequence is, that Mr. B—— fails, and that Mr. C——'s second floor is very untidy, and his children always in the street, or in the molasses-barrel.

Co-operative household schemes, or servants' training schools, are not either of them what we at present most want. Now, and for some time to come, women will generally do as they have done in the past—marry; become wives and mothers, responsible for the comfort and happiness of the homes over which they preside; and, to properly fulfill these duties, they require thorough and careful initiation into every department of household labor. Instead of training-schools for servants, we should have training-schools for mistresses; or, rather, every public and normal school should have its department of domestic instruction; and if it could not be made completely practical, it could, at any rate, be theoretical and suggestive, and the practice could be recommended and required at home.

An immense amount of money is spent on the education of children. Why not devote a small portion of it to teaching or inculcating that which is of more importance to girls than all besides?

Apart from this, making it a department of public instruction would give domestic work respectability. It is disgraceful to American women that it is scorned and sneered at at all. The labor that beautifies our homes, that makes them attractive, that prepares the food which is essential to life and health, should not be considered degrading; on the contrary, it should be looked upon as honorable as the labor and professions from which the household derives its support.

Cleanliness, system, accuracy, good judgment, and fine taste, are all required in a cook to produce perfect results: and these qualities can hardly be expected in ignorant persons of the most ordinary parentage. They are the growth of culture, and if exemplified in the habits of mistresses, and, in the customs and rules which regulate their households, would constitute a course of training superior to that of any educational institute.

Every housekeeper knows that, when the kitchen is left to servants, order and system, for the most part, are at an end—napkins are used for wiping-towels, towels are taken for dish-cloths, pots and pans are left unscoured, shelves and windows uncleaned; spoons, forks, and knives lose their handles, and are found in dust-heaps, and everything acquires a dingy, dilapidated appearance, which grieves the very soul of a neat housewife.

There is great beauty and pleasure in a clean, well-ordered kitchen, and in cooking, if one knows how to do it, and do it well. It is the almost universal dirt and disorder found in this department that makes it distasteful. I never go into my own kitchen, that I do not wish with all my heart and soul that I could do all the work of it myself; and I envy those women who have their clean, fragrant, sweet-smelling closets entirely under their own control—who can keep their porcelain saucepans for their proper uses, and their new tins from being burnt up, and the brightness of their ranges from being burnt out.

Servants will tear the fire out, they will let it go down to its last gasp, and then hurry it up with wood and powerful draughts.—They will cook dinner in one hour, instead of three—crisping meat to a cinder on the outside, leaving it raw within; and boiling soup or chickens, as the case may be, on a stiff gallop, that makes one's blood run cold to hear. They will soil every dish at once, fill every pan with potato-skins and refuse, and reduce the entire kitchen machinery to a chaotic heap before they commence "cleaning up." They will not understand that cooking can be better done, and with infinitely less trouble, upon a clean, clear range—with the dampers closed, the fire solid, and such as will need no replenishing until the various processes are completed.

They will not understand, when left to their own devices, that "clearing-up" can be done as one goes along—that cooking a dinner does not involve necessarily confusion and chaos; and they have no opportunity to learn all this; for, in addition to other evils, their right to reign in the kitchen has been admitted as supreme by the abdication of the natural sovereigns. Servants are mistresses, and resent with fierceness any interference in their department, while the owner and nominal proprietor is in a slavery so abject to their caprices as to hardly dare venture an opinion, or assert a right to a thought or idea of her own.

Schools for servants, however, will not change this state of things; the more they know, the more absolute will be their authority, unless their mistresses know something too. What households need, therefore, are women competent to preside over them, and able to command, by their absolute knowledge of every branch of domestic work, the respect and subordination of those in their employ.

If the ladies of a household regularly performed part of its duties, such labor would no longer be considered degrading, and a much better class of girls and women could be obtained for domestic service. Moreover, a less number of servants would be required; in cases where there are two or three daughters, none at all, or, at most, only one to do the drudgery of the house. In this way the work would be better performed, and families kept at half the expense; for, in addition to the high wages and the food they eat, there is the waste, the wear, and the tear of articles subjected to their rough or careless usage, and the cost of the space they occupy—not a small item in city housekeeping.

With the comforts and conveniences that modern skill and ingenuity have added to our homes, there is little to be dreaded by [illegible] fastidious women in doing all "their own work," and that little would be done away with if we had sensible houses constructed upon the French principle of complete floors; and, instead of keeping a tribe of expensive servants, put washing and ironing out, and reduce, as far as possible, the amount of work to be performed within the smaller area.

It is our pride of display that makes living so difficult, so full of anxiety and weariness. We must have large houses, expensively heated, lighted, and furnished; we must have servants to keep them clean; servants must have a domain of their own, entirely removed from the jurisdiction of the mistress, and then comes the tug of war.

All this and much more would be avoided, and greater comfort secured, if we were content to live in smaller space, have fewer servants, and exercise our faculties in the proper direction, in superintending, at least, the domestic affairs of our own houses, and promoting the health and happiness of husband and children.

Our principal household needs, then, resolve themselves into the following:

1st. Good and competent mistresses of households.

2d. Good wives and mothers, who are not willing to give the comfort, health and happiness of husband and children wholly over to the tender mercies of ignorant servants.

3d. Good women, who will conscientiously perform their part of instructors, helpers, comforters and consolers, and are willing to do it in just the way that lies open before them.

In one word, it is good and competent mistresses that households most need, and who alone can make good servants. Having these, all the rest would follow as a matter of course—fewer servants, better servants, a more sensible mode of living, less extravagance, less anxiety, and infinitely more domestic happiness.

I have, moreover, enough of faith in American women to believe that all this will come in time. They will soon learn that there are other uses for wealth than mere display, that work is one of the greatest sources of enjoyment; that idleness and neglect of one's faculties is a crime, and brings its punishment; and that cultivating them and putting them to the best use gives permanent satisfaction, and brings a blessing.

I subjoin three resolutions, which were written for presentation to *Sorosis*, in regard to the question of establishing in New York City an Institute for the training of servants:

Resolved, That one of the difficnlties in the way of training, or obtaining efficient household labor, is in the false idea of degradation attached to it.

Resolved, That there is no degradation in the labor that transforms into healthful, appetizing food the good things that God has given us; no degradation in labor that produces order and cleanliness in our homes, and renders them habitable and attracttve to our husbands and children; no degradation in the labor that it is in the province of every woman to perform, or know how to perform; and that we recommend, as the first step toward the fulfillment of household needs, the cultivation of a public opinion that shall make household labor respected and appreciated, and render American girls as willing to work in the kitchens and nurseries of our honses as in the public factories and workshops.

Resolved, That while the efforts of a single Institute, no matter how large or important, would be but as a drop in the vast ocean of family reqnirements, there is no reason why this great question of household training should not form a part of our public school system; and that we most earnestly recommend, as the best, most economical, and most comprehensive way of meeting the difficulty, the organization of departments in our Normal and public schools, where girls can be thoroughly instructed in the science of cooking and housekeeping—where they can be taught, not only how to cook a beefsteak, but also how much of the best that is in us depends on always having that, and everything else that we eat, prepared in the best manner, and with the grace that comes of love, knowledge, and experience.

◆

French and American Girls.

BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

PART FIRST.

NOW that the population of New York has become thoroughly saturated with the French element—now that French plays, French novels, and French songs have become familiar to the ear as "household words," and that you can hardly enter a parlor without meeting either the pure French *jeune homme* or *demoiselle*, or the half American, half French young gentleman or lady, the question of the respective merits of the French and American modes of bringing up young girls is often discussed—thrust, indeed, into one's face in a manner less agreeable than the nationality of those who bring it forward would lead one to suppose.

The *jeune Française* never loses an opportunity of informing you, with pursed-up lips, that this or that thing is not "permitted" to young France as represented by its girls—"Chloe, cast down your eyes!" being the first principle inculcated at the convent. "*Look* modest." But to *be* modest—ah! that is quite a different thing.

Even supposing that the confessional left the mind pure, which it does not; even supposing that the "unsunned snow" of innocent ignorance could endure and not melt away under the scorching fire of such a "catechism" as it is there subjected to, there are other things that would soon destroy it. It is quite enough for "Mademoiselle Laure," "Marthe," "Claire," or "Marie," to be upon confidential terms with "Florine," or "Justine," the *femme de chambre* of "Madame," the mother of Laure, Marthe, Claire, or Marie, to deprive her of all her holy illusions. Florine is invariably "rapid" beyond all belief of American minds. Examine into the origin of the Florines or Justines who are admitted into the hearts of French families, and you will not wonder at this. "Dregs of the populace" is a term which has a thousand times more meaning in Paris than here, and a grade above is not, morally speaking, any better.

Then again, Mademoiselle Laure will learn *inevitably* trickery and deception of all kinds under conventual discipline. While within the walls, this will serve her to enable her to shirk penances—do not be alarmed, that is a mere phrase—or to avoid lessons; but, outside of them, the same Jesuitism is what enables her so naturally and even "gracefully" to deceive her parents, and then—*her husband*.

To deceive her husband is to the Parisienne a science. She deceives him in matters so trivial that a child would smile at what seems at once so frivolous and so foolish. But Madame "keeps her hand in," as the phrase is, and, by the law of progression, arrives at those dramatic and much more important deceptions which furnish the material for hordes of evil novels and myriads of abominable plays, and which a late writer of romance calls *tromperies sublimes*—(*sublime* deceits!)

It is hard to credit, but—now, especially, that the second *Empire* has reduced morality in French to its lowest ebb and brought vice to high water—to love your husband, remain at home, to attend to your family and the duties it creates, to possess any home quality, any sterling virtue, is simply and utterly ridiculous. There is much said here about extravagance in dress; it is, after all, very limited. In Paris, the extravagance is really *mad*. I should not like to say *how* its indulgence proves the *madness* of the *Parisienne*.

To return to Mademoiselle Marthe—any example. You will be informed by Mademoiselle Marthe—suppose I call her Marthe, who is the *jeune demoiselle Française* whom I meet everywhere, and you, my reader, may meet to-morrow, if you have not encountered her already—that no young *Française* is allowed to walk out alone or go to the theater either with other young persons or with any gentleman. "It is not permitted in France," Mademoiselle Marthe will inform you, and, like Chloe, she will "cast down her eyes."

How modest! The person to whom this is new will begin, in good faith, to defend our system. Do not be so much troubled, or, as the French young lady will probably say, if she attempts to talk English, *apropos* to half a dozen other things in the course of the morning or evening visit during which you have met, "Give not yourself the trouble to *derange* yourself;" the American girl is not in peril. You need not defend her.

Allowed freedom because she is pure, she does not, because she is pure, abuse it.

Mr. Smith, Brown, or Robinson, admitted to the privilege, as we all know he is, of walking with Miss Mary, Jane, or Isabel, will not, as the *jeune demoiselle Française* supposes, or feigns that she supposes, *insult* the American young lady. He is perfectly well aware that, at the first free or impertinent word, the first attempt at anything like familiarity of manner, the same girl, whose own manner is so careless, independent, and, in the eyes of Mademoiselle Marthe, *so free*, will indignantly turn upon him, frown him down, decline his further acquaintance, *and inform her papa and mamma*. Smith, Brown, or Robinson may—in the eyes of Mademoiselle Marthe, accustomed to the grimace and affectation of respect, nay, of reverence from Frenchmen, not one of whom could be sincere in manner, and most of whom entertain little or no respect for women—seem free. But Smith as well as Brown, and Brown as well as Robinson, knows that he may go "thus far and no farther;" and, believe me, Mademoiselle Marthe's belief or assumed belief to "the contrary, notwithstanding," that familiarity does not extend further than mere gayety of manner.

But Mademoiselle Marthe fancies she has crushed you when she says:

"*Cela ne se voit pas chez nous.*" ("That is not the custom with us.")

Which is the best, however? I appeal to Smith, Brown, and Robinson, who, some fine morning, must inevitably choose among the Marys, Janes and Isabels his future wife, which is the best?—real purity, *purity of mind and intent*, or the sham, the well-acted comedy of modesty? Believe me, *though there are instances in which the French system has failed to deprave, these are exceptions.*

Contrast, if you have opportunities for doing so, the half-American French girl—that is, the French girl one of whose parents is American, or who has been brought up by American relatives, or who has lived always in America—with the *Parisienne pur sang* (the "pure-blooded" Parisian)—this is the phrase, or the entirely French or prejudiced *demoiselle*. The mother, or perhaps the father of the former, seeing—people must be candid *with themselves*—that our system does not lead to ruin, or, at least, that the failures are exceptions, not rules—has said to himself that *his* "Laure," or "Claire" or "Marie" shall not be taught to *ape* virtue and modesty, but to *possess* them. "Laure," "Claire" or "Marie," probably intimate with American girls, none of whose friends or advisers are either father-confessors or nuns, and who never dream of concealment as regards their father or mother, learns to *be* as she *seems*. She does not cast down her eyes when a young gentleman looks at her, never having dreamed of anything which it is necessary that her sweeping eyelashes should conceal. But believe me, she does not, when *Madame sa mère* looks away, take an opportunity of looking rapidly and deeply into the eyes of the same young gentleman with that particular kind of look which Mademoiselle Marthe, who is so severe upon the American system, bestows upon him at that moment.

Question, as I have done, French mothers who live here; converse, as I have done, with them in their moments of candor, and they will tell you, *la main sur le cœur*, a strange tale of what *they* saw in convents; of what the *femme de chamber* of *their* mother took every opportunity of instilling into their minds; namely: "The whole art and science of deceit;" and they will add: "*My* daughter shall be raised here and educated according to the American system."

I propose to return to this subject again, at a future time. It is very far from being exhausted. I add but a word to this: Keep your daughters—you can not, alas! keep your sons—from the influences of the Mademoiselle Marthes, whose eyes are not *always* cast down. You may think that her sinister influence will only fall upon your "Charles," your "Henry," or your "William;" it spreads much further—it branches out like the upas, whose odor is poison, and "Mary," "Jane," or "Isabel" will change, imperceptibly at first, but as surely as the flower in the heart of which the worm has nestled, and your girl will be yours no more; she will belong to evil.

Literary and Art Gossip.

THE LAST TOILET OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—If assassination may be under any circumstances justified, then the deed which brought the young and beautiful Girondist of Normandy to the scaffold, places her in the ranks of a true heroine, for she boldly rid the world of a man whose name is only another word for a monster in human shape. Marie Anne Charlotte Corday d'Armans, better known as Charlotte Corday, a descendant of a noble family—among whom were Corneille, the celebrated tragic writer, father of the French drama—was born at St. Saturnin, near Seez, Normandy, in 1768. The republican principles of the French revolutionists struck deep root into her enthusiastic mind, and her zeal for their establishment increased after the Jocobin party had overthrown the Girondists in 1793, and the chiefs of the latter had fled into Normandy in hope of arousing the people in their favor. Resolved to advance their cause by some extraordinary action, she proceeded to Paris, and selected Marat as her victim, one of the most violent and blood-thirsty of the Jacobins. After two unsuccessful attempts to gain an interview with him, she obtained admission on July 15th, 1793, to the chamber in which he was confined by a slight indisposition, and stabbed him to the heart. Being instantly arrested, and carried before the *Tribunal Revolutionnaire*, she avowed and justified the act. She heard with perfect calmness the sentence of death pronounced upon her, and maintained her composure to the last hour. Two days after Marat's assassination, her head was struck off by the guillotine, when she had only just reached the age of twenty-five.

Lamartine, in his "Histoire des Girondins," states that Charlotte Corday was induced, before proceeding to her death, to sit for her portrait to a painter of the name of Hauer. He had seen her in court, and began a sketch with her knowledge and approval; afterward she consented to sit to him in her dungeon, and at her request he made a small copy, which was presented to her father after her death. The incident, and its attendant circumstances, have furnished the artist with a subject which he has rendered with terrible fidelity and power. Hauer has completed his task—and, while gathering together his pigments, he watches the face of the young Norman girl, who sits with clasped hands, and calm, earnest gaze on the portrait, as the executioner remorselessly applies his scissors to her luxuriant hair, lest it should turn aside the edge of the guillotine. The action and the attitude of the heroine show what are her feelings at this dread moment, rather than the expression of her countenance; and in this negation of unobtrusive mental agony, the artist has made a stronger appeal to our sympathy than if he had represented the victim convulsed with horror.

We give to our readers, on page 174, this fine historic picture, which was exhibited under the title of "La Toilette des Morts," at the Royal Academy in London, in 1863.

FRENCH OPERA.—French Opera, or Opera *Bouffe*, is "played out," to use a vulgarism, in New York. Blonde hair and scant dress have lost their attraction, and people are returning to the legitimate, as found at Booth's beautiful new theatre, Wallack's, etc.

NILLSON will be the next musical sensation.

LADIES INVITED TO DINNERS.—The "Press" Club of this city, which includes nearly all the prominent working journalists, have inaugurated the custom of inviting ladies to their dinners, which take place once a month, at Delmonico's. Their latest invitations were sent to lady writers and journalists, as well as gentlemen; and the committee list, headed by Alice Cary, was composed of ladies and gentlemen indiscriminately. This is a move in the right direction worthy of the intelligence of leading journalists, and proves their object in meeting together to be something better than the gross indulgence and excess which usually characterize "men's" dinners.

NEW MUSIC.—From the publisher, L. Tripp, of Louisville, Kentucky, we have received the new "Velocipede" Waltz, composed by "Leon," and dedicated to Miss Rosa W. Green. From Whitney's "Paace of Music," 173 Summitt Street, Toledo, O., a song and chorus, "O sing the song I love to me"—the words by Charlie Howard, the music by C. L. Dondore, the dedication to Miss Luella Wagner, of Troy, N. Y. Also, the "Grape Vine Swing," words and music by Frank Howard; and "Waiting for Thee," a reply to Belle Mahone; words by Charlie Howard, music by C. L. Dondore.

"Howe's Musical Monthly" affords a fine opportunity for obtaining new music at small cost. Each is said to contain six dollars' worth of new music for thirty-five cents. The number before us contains eleven instrumental pieces, including galops, polkas, waltzes, and ten popular songs. It is certainly worth all the money asked for it.

THE "SILVER TONGUE" ORGANS.—E. P. Needham & Son (late Carhart & Needham) have christened their beautiful Parlor Organ the "Silver Tongue," and this is how it came about. A large party of ladies and gentlemen assembled, a few evenings since, at a private residence in Fifth Avenue, for the purpose of hearing one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs manipulated by a celebrated composer and performer. It was a delightful treat to all present, for few were aware how vast a stride has been made toward bringing these charming instruments to perfection. Among the guests was an English lady, who is well known in America and Europe as a writer of popular tales and sketches, but more particularly, on this side of the water, as a poetess of distinction. Her name will probably suggest itself to our readers; for, perhaps, it would not be in good taste to introduce it in this connection. After listening, in almost breathless attention, through several thrilling performances by the organist M——, and being carried from pathos and sadness to a depth of solemnity and grandeur at the will of the player—sometimes swaying to and fro to graceful measures of the music, and again seeming spell-bound by the enchanting strains which filled the lofty music-room—Madam S—— arose from her seat, and, approaching the organ, laid her hand on it caressingly, saying as she did so, "Sweet singer, thy name should be *The Silver Tongue*." Still later, in conversation, the same lady declared that, in all her travels, she had never listened to so charming an instrument. The host proclaimed his beautiful and incomparable parlor organ re-christened, and promised that henceforth it should be known only as "The Silver Tongue." When Messrs. Carhart & Needham, the manufacturers of the instrument in question, are made aware of the honor thus bestowed upon one of their inventions, they will doubtless adopt the name.—*Home Journal.*

Diamonds of Thought.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.—Think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of everything; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either. In heaven either, I say; for that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory, that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will, and do God's will, like the other angels. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so, when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found he had made a hell. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish.—*Kingsley.*

LEARN TO WAIT.—Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but, having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to loose hold or to relax effort—this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman, whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

Our Spice Box.

AT THE BALL.

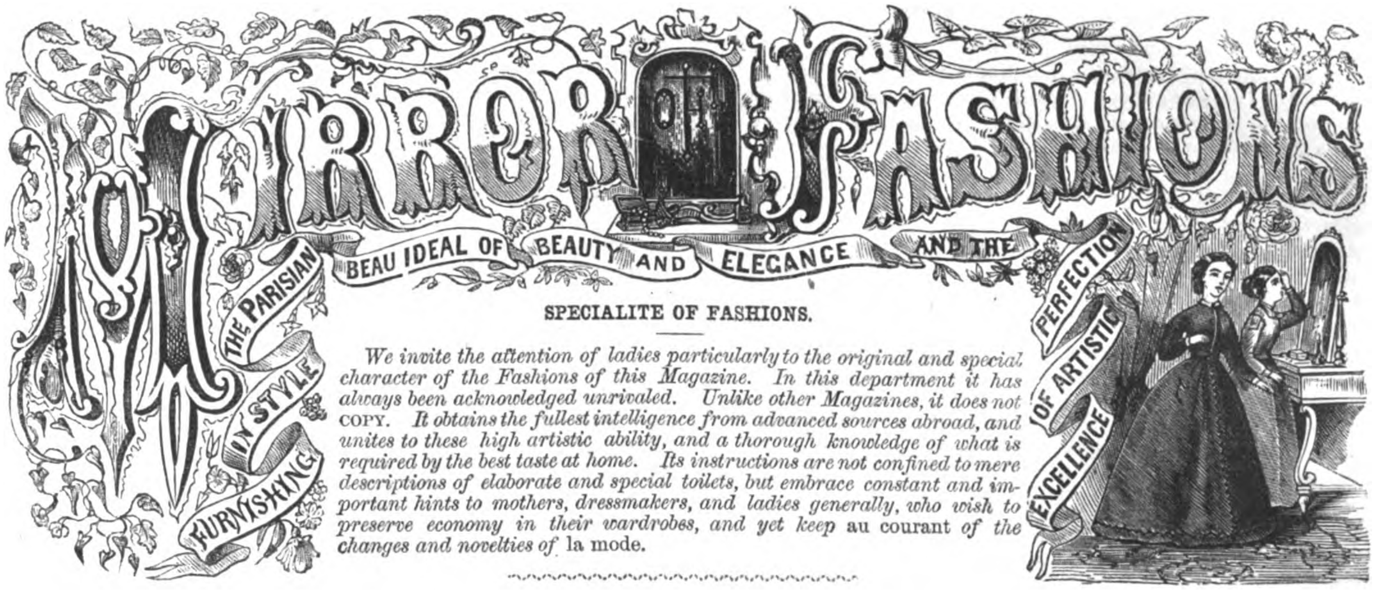
CHARLES (*loquitur*)—

Tell me, Laura, why that sadness?
  Tell me why that look of care?
Why has fled that look of gladness
  That thy face was wont to wear?

LAURA—

Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble;
  Well my face may wear a frown,
For I've lost my largest hair-pin,
  And my chignon's coming down!

POOR PREACHING.—A good story is told of the son of a country clergyman, who one Sunday had exchanged with a not very powerful preacher. The young man attended church in the morning; but not showing an inclination to go again, the preacher ventured to ask him "if he were not going to church in the afternoon?"—"Well, I think not," dryly responded the youth; "I hear poor preaching enough when father is at home."


MIRROR OF FASHIONS
THE PARISIAN IN STYLE FURNISHING
BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Fashions of this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by the best taste at home. Its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace constant and important hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, and yet keep* au courant *of the changes and novelties of* la mode.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE styles for spring are the styles for summer in this region, spring being only a poetic illusion, and the heat of the tropics frequently following close upon the "last" snow storm.

The new goods, as exhibited, however, seem as if made to woo the presence of summer. They are verg gay, very bright, very light, and altogether very rosy and Juney. Prominent among them are the new foulard *roles* for costumes, the China cloth fabrics, which make up into beautiful suits, and the Japanese silks, also expressly adapted for suits. There are also very pretty spring silks in small bright plaids, intended for suits and costumes, which compose charming dresses for the street, and are adapted for this and the coming month particularly.

The foulard *roles* are varied and quite novel. A few are simply dress patterns in one color, green or violet, which are to be made up into a short dress and casaque; the larger number of them, however, are composed of two parts, one intended for the skirt and the other for the upper dress. Some of these are striped, one-half in wide, the other in narrow stripes. Others have a plain skirt, green or brown, and an upper dress striped in narrow Algerine pattern—that is, in narrow stripes of various colors on a light ground. These are costumes better suited to the house than the street.

When the dress is composed of two stripes in different widths, the narrow is always used for the upper dress, and the wide stripe for skirt and sash. The prices of these complete dresses vary from twenty to thirty-five dollars.

In cambric, the same styles are exhibited at from four to seven dollars and a half the complete dress. These will make pretty suits for country ware, and would be especially useful for ladies who ride or walk much.

Linen suits and linen dresses are as popular as last year, or will be as the season advances; already the demand for them is large.

"Japanese silks," so called, are very much like summer poplins, or poplinettes; they are prettiest in small black and white checks, trimmed with plaited ruffles of the same, piped with black, green, or blue silk.

Plaid silks are made up generally with suits or costumes, comprising dress, upper skirt and cape. Sometimes the upper skirt is composed of plain silk, the color of the fringe or other trimming, but they are more effective made of plaid or checked silk throughout, and richly trimmed with knotted silk fringe of the dominant color.

The *Watteau* mantles are made to some extent in these plaid silks, but we do not admire them as outside garments in any material. They always look like morning wrappers, and can not be made to look like anything else. The feature of the *Watteau* style is simply a loose back, which is laid over in an immense double or single box-plait. Some fasten this plait down to the waist behind, but properly it should be allowed to flow loosely from the top. Silk, cashmere, or even muslin morning dresses may be made in this style, but *pique* is too stiff for grace; it looks awkward and ungainly.

Trains are not as long for the summer season as during the fashionable winter campaign, the lighter fabrics not being adapted to them. Skirts are quite long, however, *very* long at the back, and are flounced with numerous narrow flounces, or for more *negligé* toilets, with one wide one. Hooped skirts are found essential to spring and summer comfort, but they are small, as nearly straight down as they can be, and retain any shape, and have discarded the "train" altogether.

TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

"IRIS" SUIT of plaid silk, flounced upon the lower skirt; upper skirt and cape trimmed with fringe. Rather large cape caught up slightly in the back, not at all upon the shoulders. Loops, and wide sash ends, the latter edged with fringe.

WHITE EVENING-DRESS of India, or organdy muslin; lower skirt edged with a deep flounce; upper skirt, or tunic, cut long, and trimmed with fine narrow doubled bands, cross-cut and stitched on each edge. This tunic is raised high on the sides, and ornamented with large square bows of blue ribbon. The wide blue ribbon sash commences at the sides, and is tied low on the skirt, forming a kind of panier. Low body, with braces of blue ribbon, and bows on the shoulders.

PROMENADE DRESS of rich black silk, the skirt trimmed with two plaited flounces, headed with "shell" silk pipings, the upper dress forming a tunic skirt, and pelerine, trimmed with black knotted fringe, and headed with pipings to match the lower skirt. Black lace bonnet trimmed with fern leaves.

VISITING COSTUME of blue and black striped satin, with handsome tunic overdress of black silk, richly trimmed with fringe, and round bows of satin ribbon. The demi-trained skirt is of striped satin—the upper dress of silk, forming skirt, and basque belted in, and both edged with fringe.

AN ELEGANT EVENING DRESS is of bright blue chambery gauze, the skirt trimmed with a rather deep flounce, which is covered by another of *point applique* lace. The heading to the flounces consists of a plaited puffing, slightly festooned, and ornamented at the points with square bows of blue satin ribbon. The upper skirt is full at the back, looped high on the sides with round bows of blue satin ribbon, and edged with fringe. The body is a low basque, cut square, and trimmed with white *point applique*, as an edging to the basque, and in the form of *bretelles* upon the waist.

TRAVELING-SUIT of Japanese silk in small black and white check. Lower skirt trimmed with plaited flounce; upper skirt and "Bachelik," or cape with pointed hood, with black and white silk fringe, headed with narrow folds, stitched on, of the material. Ornaments for looping up consist of rosettes of the material also.

WATERPROOF SUIT for traveling. This is a new design, and consists of a long paletot which covers the dress, and is buttoned all the way down the front; it has sleeves to the wrist, and there is a round cape attached, which reaches just below the waist.

A linen traveling-suit may be made in the same way, but is simply used to cover up another dress.

LINEN TRAVELING-DRESS, No. 2, consists of a skirt, upper skirt, and basque, each edged with a plaited flounce. The upper skirt is caught up at the sides with linen bands. The basque is finished with a band at the neck, and worn with a round collar of black and white striped linen, and with cuffs at the wrists to match.

DESCRIPTION OF HOUSE AND WALKING COSTUMES FOR MAY.

(See full page Engraving.)

FIG. 1.—Walking-suit of mohair or summer poplin; dress of golden brown without trimming; brown and white striped overdress; the

skirt of the latter is made with a curved apron, two side gores, and a plain gore in the back, divided through the center so as to give the effect of sashes. The latter are trimmed round and across the entire length with box-plaited ruffles, headed with piping. The ruffles running across are separated about two inches from each other. The side gores are gathered into the belt and festooned to the front gore, and sashes in flat plaits extending about half the length of the seam from the bottom. The seam in the center is also shortened with small plaits, and a bow and strap set on for ornament. The lower edge is finished with two rows of piping, piping around the apron, and a box-plaited ruffle above a fall of fringe at the bottom. The striped body is cut low and square, coat sleeves with a puff at the top. The piping should be made of brown silk; if preferred, gimp will look as well. Bonnet of golden-brown silk, ornamented with salmon-colored feather flowers and black lace.

FIG. 2.—Walking-dress. Pearl-colored mozambique or mohair; double skirt, the under trimmed with a flounce laid in flat plaits and a reverse puff set on with silk piping. The overskirt is made with a round apron, wide at the top and quite separate from tbe back, the edge cut out in saw teeth, the balance of the skirt straight and bordered with flat plaiting, held down by two rows of piping; it is gathered into the belt; plain body; the sleeve is fitted to the shape of the arm, the under side plain, and the upper cut out in saw teeth, which project over a row of flat plaiting carried down in the direction of the seam. The cape, which is also cut out in saw teeth over a flat plaiting, describes a *berthe* in front, and descends to the belt in the back in the shape of *bretelles;* this is separate from the body, and can therefore be worn or not at will. The belt passes over the ends behind, and the junction is hidden with a large bow. The saw teeth require a silk binding; the color of the silk should make a good contrast with that of the material. Round hat of black Neapolitan, with lace frilled across the front, a bow of ribbon on the crown, from which depends a rose vine.

FIG. 3.—Miss's walking-dress of white *pique.* There are six gores required for the entire skirt; the top of the latter is sewn plain but easily into the belt; the bottom is encircled with three rows of trimming; the first side gore is outlined in the form of a round sash, the back gore outlined in the same way; but, as the width is double that of the side gore, there are two curves or scollops given at the lower part; a curve is also thrown across the second side gore to complete the effect of scollops above the straight trimming: plain waist and sleeves, two rows of trimming at the hand; the cape is cut out in one entire piece without seams, the front being simply a sash coming from each shoulder and passing under the belt; the back continues from these in the shape of a bib waist with a short pointed tab passing under the belt. The prettiest trimming for pique is either braiding, or, as in the present instance, broad Marseilles braid, which only requires to be run on like a gimp. Gray straw turban, with pearl ornament and short plume.

FIG. 4.—Walking-suit of black grenadine, trimmed with ruching of green or blue silk; it is made up over *taffetas*, the same color as the ruching; two wide box-plaited flounces on the skirt with ruching at the top. *Watteau* cloak, or overdress, ornamented with a narrow ruffle across the front and fringe across the back, the middle plait of the latter trimmed down with ruching, which, with the outer rows, produces the effect of sashes. Straw bonnet trimmed with lace ribbon and a bird with small Paradise plume.

FIG. 5.—House costume. White *barege*, or grenadine, spotted with violet; the skirt trimming is composed of box plaiting of the dress material, with a fold of violet silk or gimp through the center; the line down the front is broken with small bows. *Panier* tunic finished with a box-plaited ruffle like the dress, and a fold of silk; silk belt with large cluster of loops behind; plain body with trimming at the top and bottom of the sleeve.

* * *

DESCRIPTION OF GRENADINE HOUSE DRESS AND WALKING-SUIT.

(See full page Engraving.)

FIG. 1.—Walking-costume. Slate-colored grenadine trimmed with mixed "Carombier" and slate-colored gimp and slate-colored fringe. Gored under-petticoat of Carombier silk without trimming; the first grenadine skirt is cut out in curved blocks over a flounce laid in flat plaits; the overskirts are laid out in corresponding blocks, but the space between these is slightly rounded instead of being straight, as below; the upper skirt is divided in front like that of a basque, and attached to the ornamented belt. Plain body closed with double buttons and straps; epaulets formed of a double row of straps and a fall of fringe across the lower, which is set just above the seam; the first and second skirts are gored and hung plain across the front and sides, and gathered full in the back; the upper skirt is plain all around. Another style of trimming is to use, instead of gimp, bias bands of slate-colored silk three-quarters of an inch wide, corded on each edge with "Carombier" silk; the buttons require to be of the latter color. "Carombier" is a deep wine or garnet red. The bonnet is a combination of the colors employed in the suit with a finish of fine black thread-lace. The style of this suit is appropriate for mozambique, mohair or summer silk.

FIG. 2.—House dress of grenadine or chambery gauze striped in green and white; the skirt is gored at the front and sides and full in the back; bias flounce at the bottom bordered with two rows of green ribbon; it is set on in clusters of three box plaits with a wide space between; the heading is formed with a fold of ribbon and a narrow quilling made double in the material; the back width is trimmed with a bias flounce set on in the same way in two rows with a silk band between, broken up at intervals by silk bows; low French waist, sleeve trimmed at the bottom with bands and tufts of loops. Cape of dotted lace finished with a band and ruffle, three small bows one each side; the inner edge has a frill of narrow lace. Green belt and four large loops behind. If preferred, the body of the dress may be made to have the effect produced by the cape: for this make a French waist cut low in the neck with a point on both sides; trim with ruffles and bands in the shape of *bretelles*.

* * *

DESCRIPTION OF BONNETS AND ROUND HATS.

(See full page Engraving.)

No. 1.—Round hat of fine Milan braid with flat crown and straight brim; the latter is covered with a puff of silk finished with a pinked-out frill which sets up around the crown; it is held in place by a rope of straw; little knots of straw are set at intervals around the puff, and a cluster of field flowers with grasses is adjusted at the left side.

No. 2.—Fanchon bonnet of yellow fancy braid; a band of green satin ribbon is caught on the back with a large bow of straw cord; a fringe of delicate green crape oats spreads over the *chignon;* the band of ribbon is held down at each side with straw trimming, arranged in loops above the ear; thence the ends of ribbon are tied in a bow across the *chignon;* a fall of black tulle and straw ornamentation below the oats is hung with three satin rosettes; oats and straw trimming in front over a ruching of ribbon; the scarfs are composed of satin ribbon, straw cord and a box plaiting of black tulle; narrow ties under the chin.

No. 3.—Rosalind hat. Fancy Neapolitan ornamented with brown satin ribbon; a large cluster of loops upon the opposite side (not visible), from which three spears of wheat rise over the crown; a bow on the side below the tips, and a band carried to the back under a knot of ribbon and white tulle, with scarfs of tulle bordered with ribbon.

No. 4.—The foundation of this bonnet is composed of narrow folds of satin, one of Bismarck and one of maize-color alternating: flounce of black lace at the back which is continued around a piping of brown satin to form the bridle. Coronet front ornamented with black lace and satin fillets; the top is finished with two large chrysanthemums, one maize and the other black.

No. 5.—Bonnet of black tulle thrown over the frame in a box-plaited puff, large bow of black satin trimmed with black lace on the back, tulle scarfs finished with lace. Pink and white primroses upon a bandeau of white tulle over the face; the scarfs are fastened with a mother-of-pearl ornament.

No. 6.—Gray silk puffed over the tip; open crown with sprays of scarlet berries thrown across the space from the back toward the front; the back is finished with a puff of silk, a frill of wide black lace and a bow of satin; black lace ruching over the face and scarlet berries; satin scarfs frilled with lace and studded with small bows.

* * *

MOURNING FASHIONS.

THERE is nothing new in the fashions as displayed for mourning, except the change in the style of walking-dresses, which follows mourning as closely as ordinary dress.

Mourning, in fact, shows signs of great depression. The establishments which, a few years ago, flourished, and displayed mourning novelties with every recurring season, are now either closed altogether, or are doing an irregular trade—that is, selling more black goods to ladies not in mourning than to those who are.

"Black," that is to say, toilets of black silk, black lace, and black grenadine, have within a few years become very fashionable, and with the incoming of the fashion of wearing black upon ordinary occasions, black as mourning seems to have gone out. Mourning is rarely worn now, except in the case of the death of a very near relative, and even then it is optional, and not considered at all obligatory.

The truth is, it is a serious matter now-a-days to "go into mourning," as the technical phrase is. Most ladies possess wardrobes which they find it difficult and inconvenient to lay aside, particularly during the present reign of high prices, while the cost of handsome, or even respectable mourning throughout, would often cause serious embarrassment and trouble.

Under these circumstances, a great many people secure one entire suit for out-door wear, and as a concession to Mrs. Grundy, wearing their usual dress in the house, while others, more independent, act as they think best without reference to popular custom or prejudice, and possibly think that they best honor the dead by doing their duty to the living, and saving them from wasting money in a concession to popular tradition.

Certainly, now that black is so generally and commonly worn, it is almost an affectation to put it on as mourning, especially if made in the fanciful and coquettish style of modern costumes. To make it distinctive, a black dress should be invented, plain, simple, and severe, quite destitute of coquetry, and bearing some evidence of a mind absorbed by grief.

The small bonnet moreover should be set aside for one that will hold a vail; deep mourning at present is precluded by the impossibility of wearing the long, heavy crape vail, with any propriety at all, upon an inch of bonnet. Before deep mourning can be worn the bonnet must be sacrificed.

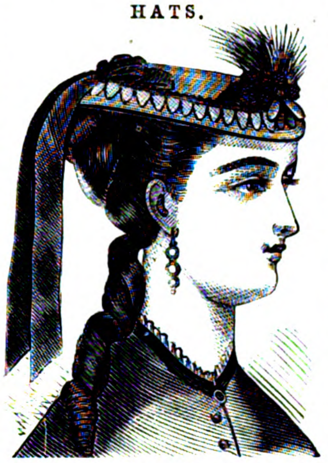
At present, mourning with a mite of a bonnet, a dainty little vail, a looped-up dress, and sets of bows, or deep rosettes, is a mockery, and the less there is said about it the better.

In materials there is nothing different from the *drap de soie*, a cross between bombazine and fine merino, tamise cloth, black serge, plain challis, and black barege, and grenadine Henrietta cloth is heavy, and not adapted for the present season. Tamise cloth is the prettiest material for mourning suits for late spring and early summer, and is very neatly and handsomely made with double skirt and basque, trimmed in very alternating folds of double English crape and the material; rosettes to match for side of skirt.

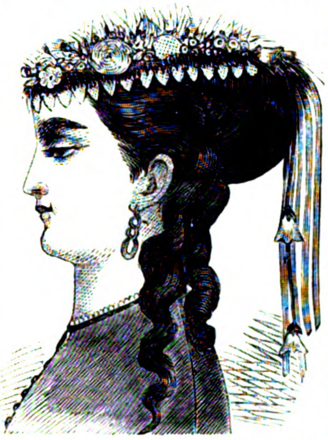
GLOVES.

Among the novelties of the season are new bright blue, green and cerise gloves—to wear with costumes whose trimmings or upper dresses match in color.

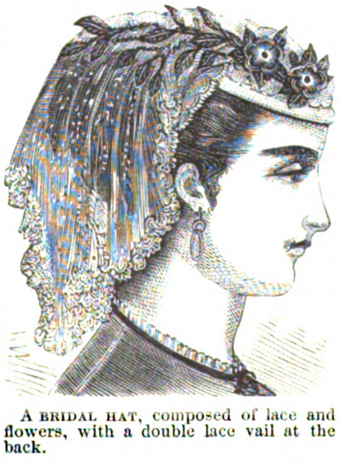
HATS.



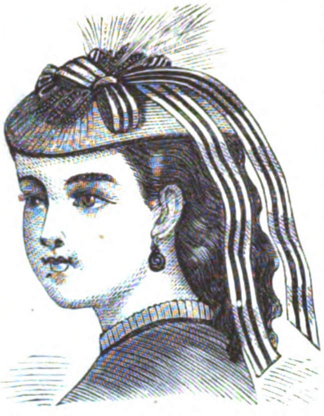
A lady's hat of white Pamilla, trimmed with black lace and ribbon streamers. A bug made from mother-of-pearl, and a winged *aigrette* ornament the front.



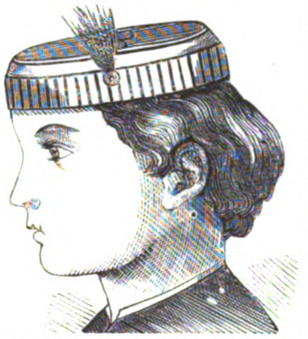
"A love of a hat," composed entirely of a choice collection of flowers interspersed with real lace; pendants of bluebells and ribbon grass give it a very stylish finish.



A bridal hat, composed of lace and flowers, with a double lace vail at the back.



A Miss's hat of fine English Dunstable. The trimming is of French wheat, lace and striped ribbon.



The Hussar Cap for boys—drab cloth with black and white corded silk band, and an *aigrette* pompon.

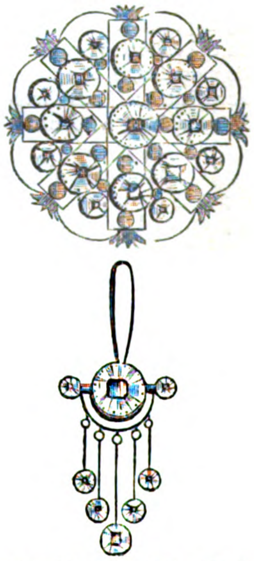
The above are a few of the many beautiful designs now on exhibition at John R. Terry's, No. 19 Union Square, New York.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Evening dress of straw-colored silk, ornamented with violet satin made into piping and bows, and black lace; the underskirt is surrounded by upright puffs set on with plain spaces between, piping around each puff, and above the whole a double row of piping following the direction of the top of the puffs; the upper row of piping has a border of black lace laid on plain; the upper skirt has five puffs across the apron, with spaces between; each puff is encircled with piping, and the entire apron, being disconnected from the remainder of the skirt, is surrounded with lace; the side begins with a puff deeper than the apron; following this is a wide gore puffed in, another narrow puff, and the back gore also puffed in; the opposite side corresponds; this makes four narrow puffs, and three puffed gores in this portion of the skirt; the latter are trimmed across the bottom with piping put on in scollops, and the entire edge has a border of lace; the side and apron are caught together with large bows. Half low body, with a *berthe* trimmed to correspond with the other portions of the dress; it is closed in front with buttons; a frill of white lace around the neck and wrists. The hair is decorated with a large yellow Iris, from which descends a scarf of violet satin and a Paradise plume.

Fig. 2.—Walking-costume of dove-colored poplin, trimmed with green silk; the underskirt has a wide flounce, bound with green, and shirred on with a cord around the bottom; the shirr is concealed by a flat plaiting sewn on a little ways from each edge, and again above this a box-plaited ruffle; the overskirt is composed of a series of gores, one overlapping the other; each is finished across the bottom, and along the prominent side by a flat-plaited ruffle, headed with piping; there are eight gores in all, as follows: the front gore or apron overlapping the nearest side gores, three gores upon each side and the back, over which the last side gores lap; the bottom describes as many points, and each joining is ornamented with a large rosette, composed of green silk loops; the body is tight-fitting, with *revers* faced with green, and edged with a flat-plaited ruffle; belt piped or bound with green; bottom of sleeve bound and trimmed above with piping, and a ruffle to simulate a cuff. Bonnet of green silk and white or dove-colored lace.

JEWELRY.



Cluster Diamond Set.—The illustration given above represents an elegant cluster diamond set, of the very finest water, with stones of the actual size set in the knife-blade pattern. Of course the whole beauty of diamonds lies in their brilliancy and refractory power, and this can not be transferred to an engraving. The cost, however, $3,500, will serve to denote their splendor and value. They are from the establishment of Ball & Black.

OPENING OF SPRING FASHIONS.

THE spring "opening" which took place in March, at our new house, 838 Broadway, was by far the most brilliant of any that has taken place for years.

The display of real and paper models of dresses, and ladies' and children's costumes, was very large and fine, and the exhibition, which took place by gaslight—daylight being perfectly excluded—won the highest expressions of approval and admiration.

During most of the day the rooms upon the upper and lower floors—four of which were thrown open—were thronged with a never-ceasing crowd, so much so that ingress or egress was difficult, and well nigh impossible.

Pattern paper bonnets, which have now become a specialty with us, attracted great attention, and many ladies thought them full as pretty as when made out of real materials. The illusion (of which they are not composed) is heightened by our new method, adopted for the first time this season, of trimming them with *real* artificial flowers.

French pattern bonnets are so expensive, and so often useless, excepting as models, that paper bonnets, furnishing equally correct indications of style, at about one-twentieth the cost, are providences which milliners, in search of ideas, highly appreciate. The frame upon which the delicate tissue and paper lace is mounted, is, of course, one of the usual kind, and can therefore be used for making a bonnet when it has served its purpose.

The dress-making department has greatly enlarged during the past year, and wins the highest praise for style and execution of work. The fitting, the highest authorities concede, can not be equaled out of Paris, and in the designing and making of trimmings we boast originality, as well as taste and perception.

Gentlemen visiting New York, and desirous of pleasing their wives by taking home an elegant dress, can have materials, trimmings, everything bought, and the dress made to exactly suit age and personal appearance, within twenty-four hours, by leaving their order and a part of the purchase money.

Ladies at a distance can also send their orders with the certainty of having them filled promptly, and the work executed with taste and judgment.

The following notice of the March opening is taken from the daily *World* of March 7th:

"The most important one of these openings was that of Mme. Demorest, at her new rooms, corner of Thirteenth street and Broadway. The day was bitterly cold, but the display of patterns and costumes was very fine, and the first and second floors—one used for paper models, the other for made-up dresses—were thronged from daylight till dark.

"Among the dresses were several ordered for the inauguration ball. A very rich black velvet, for instance, trimmed simply yet elegantly with black satin pipings. A bright pink moire, trimmed with exquisite point applique and cross-cut folds of pink satin. A white tulle dress covered with narrow pink and white flounces, alternating, and both notched out upon the edge. It should be remarked that the pink flounces were of thin silk, and the sash, tied in enormous bands, matched them. The low bodice was of tulle, with pink silk braces, notched out.

"A very handsome suit was of dark, changeable silk maroon, with Etruscan brown. It was trimmed with puffing of the same, piped with brown satin, and edged with brown satin fringe. The skirt was finished with a flounce.

"Another suit was of very rich 'scarabee' poplin (green and blue), trimmed with loops of green velvet and green knotted silk fringe.

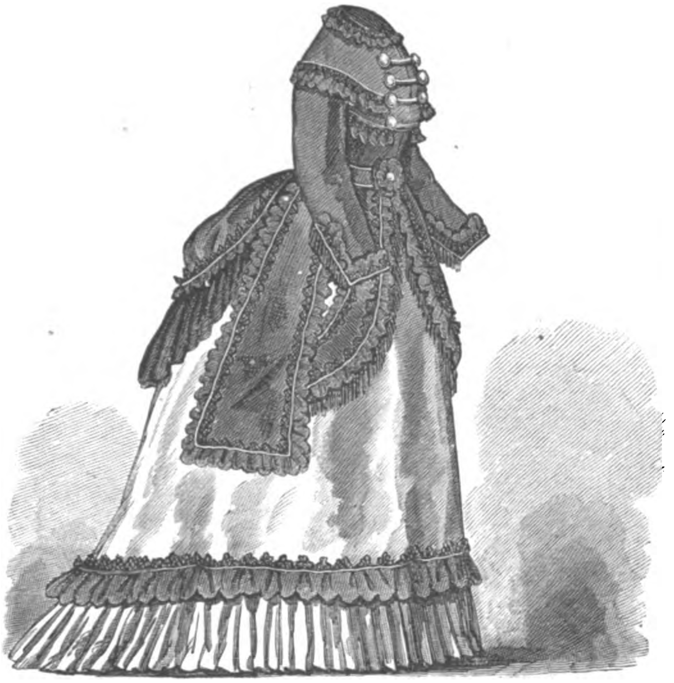
"A third suit was of drab poplin, elaborately trimmed with puffings and pipings of satin of the same shade put on in reversed plaits, and reproducing precisely the quaint little shell headings and pipings of satin fashionable thirty or forty years ago.

"The suits were generally made with an upper skirt, and with a cape looped high upon the shoulder; but it was remarked that the upper skirts were open in front instead of closed with an apron, and rounded off robe fashion. The style and design of the dresses exhibited were exceedingly good, and the workmanship admirable.

"Flounces will be used *con amore* this season in almost any style to suit the taste. Satin trimmings are higher in favor than ever, and used, to the exclusion of almost every other, upon Parisian dresses and outside garments."

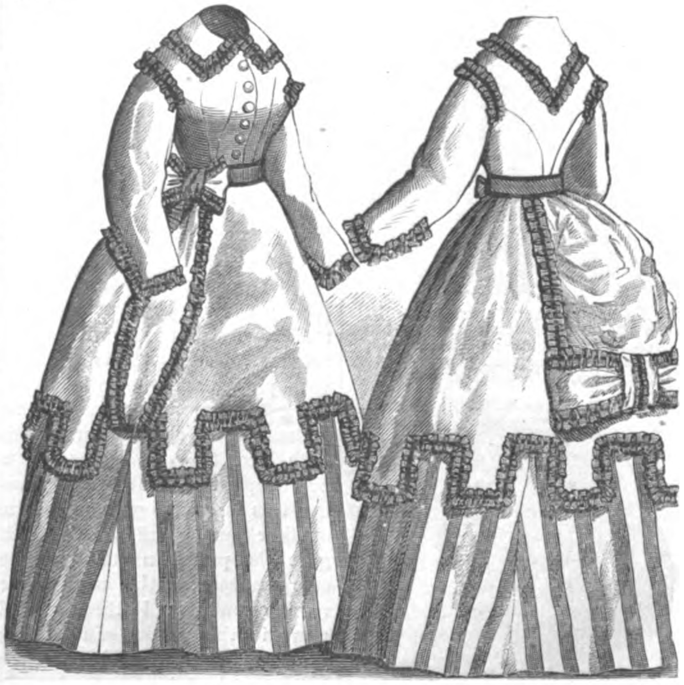
NECKLACES.

WE must not omit to notice the present very general fashion of wearing pearl chains with black dresses. Almost every young lady now has a pearl necklace strung in the manner of a chain, and it is twined round the neck as many times as may be desired. This has a very pretty effect when worn with a high corsage, and with a medallion suspended from the lowest row of the chain. Chains in the same style are made of small gold beads and of various kinds of fancy beads. The Empress Eugenie, in observance of the Spanish custom, frequently wears a narrow velvet ribbon round her throat. This has introduced the fashion of the velvet necklets now so generally seen, even in full evening dress. Rows of pearls sewed on a velvet ribbon, black or colored, make a very pretty necklet. All jeweled necklaces are mounted flat, and are fastened on bands of velvet. Even diamond necklaces are worn in this way. A velvet necklet, for demi-toilette, should be finished with a pendant locket in front.



FELICE DRESS.

DINNER-DRESS; train skirt of silk in one of the rich Roman tints, ornamented with a flounce of the same set on in flat plaits, and a narrow pinked-out ruffle of black grenadine set on with an orange-colored cord and a heading of narrow black lace. Overdress of black grenadine; *panier* in the back, bordered with a flat plaited frill widening around the lower part, and a ruffle, lace and cord, as described above; a curved sash depends across the front upon each side; the lower end is joined to a straight sash falling over the hip—these are finished with ruffles, lace and cording; tight-fitting body, made over silk like the underskirt, and ornamented to correspond with the rest; the body is strapped across with long loops and a double row of buttons; the cord and buttons orange-color; the upper row of trimming runs across the bust and around the top of the sleeve; the second is four and a half inches in length upon each side, and, like the other, begins under the button; large cluster of loops, trimmed like the sashes in the back, attached to the belt. If preferred, the overdress may be made of black silk, although this would be too heavy for warm weather.



GERTRUDE DRESS.—(*Front and back view.*)

STRIPED cashmere, poplin, or mohair underskirt—Carombier and gray; overdress of gray mozambique, or any of the above materials, trimmed with Carombier silk, box-plaiting set on with a cord, braid, or gimp; the bottom is cut out in blocks; a *panier* is set in across the middle back width with a large bow beneath; a bow at one side of the belt, with a sash descending over the seam and gathered up under the edge. The body is finished with a collar, or plaiting set on to describe it. The style of this overdress will answer for barege or grenadine.

A BALL TOILET.

At a ball, it is stated a lady present outshone every one with the magnificence of her diamonds; there was literally a profusion of these precious stones on her black toilet. Imagine the effect produced by enormous bouquets of diamonds looping up the tunic in five different places. The waistband was likewise fastened with a magnificent bouquet of diamonds; three rows of the same precious stones encircled the throat, and the head-dress was composed of a tuft of feathers issuing from an exquisite diamond flower.

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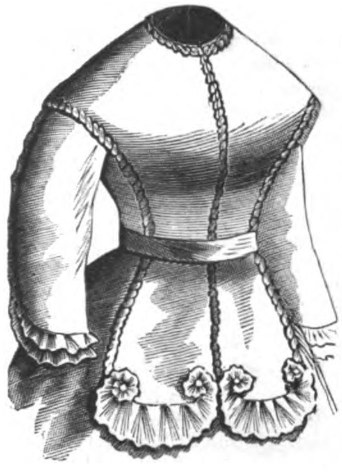

MANTLE FOR ARMANDE SUIT.
(*See Description.*)

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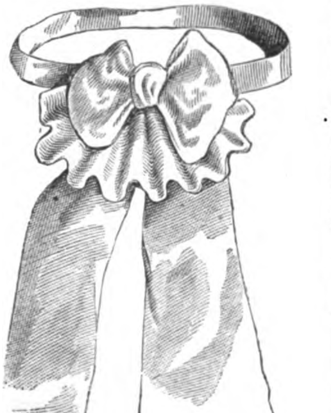
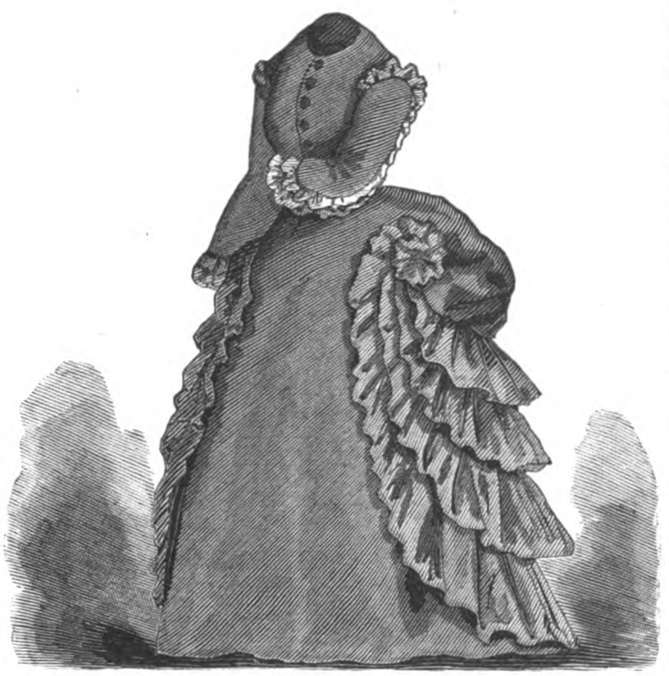


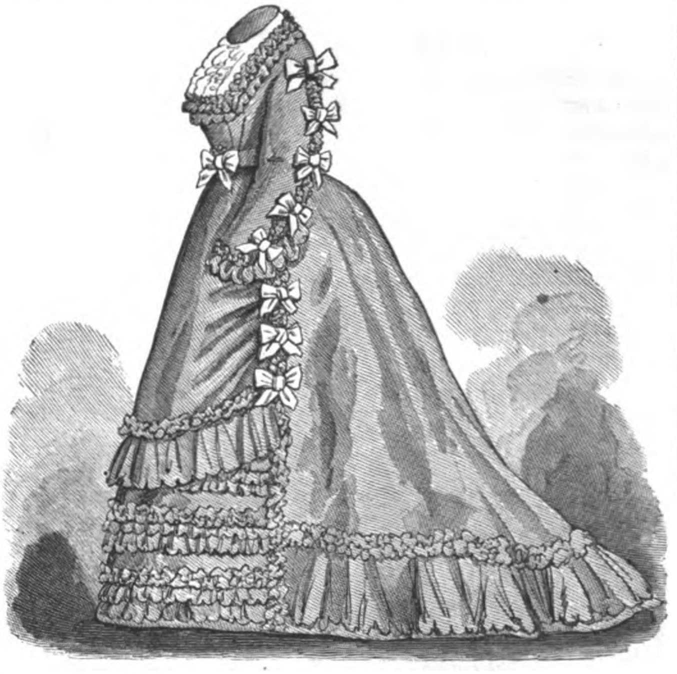
ORGANDY SASH.

A very pretty ornament for Misses of 14 to 17 years of age. The belt is made of three thicknesses of the material, and the sash is composed of two ends, each hemmed on all sides and finished across the bottom with a wide fluted ruffle; at the top a large ruffle, spreading out like a fan under a large bow; the edges of the bow and ruffles are hemmed three-quarters of an inch deep. Swiss, plain or dotted, may be used, if preferred to organdy, and one yard and a half of either will be sufficient. A narrow edging of embroidery or lace may be added to the hem all around, to render the sash yet more dressy. It is appropriate for wearing with a silk or grenadine, as well as a white dress, and, when soiled, will stand washing and ironing.



ARMANDE SUIT.

Walking-dress of black silk; *panier* skirt, trimmed with graduated ruffles; the lowest curves around a button in rosette form at the top; this rosette conceals the side gathers of the panier; the other ruffles are tapered off to a point beneath it: plain body; coat-sleeve, with two ruffles extending across the cuff and up to the elbow, where the outside one is tapered off and the inner ruffle is continued the remaining length of the sleeve and over the top, standing up around the shoulder. Silk ruffles require binding; the belt is made of narrow folds and fastens with a rosette at one side. Grenadine is a suitable material for making in this mode; the mantle necessary to complete this suit will be found elsewhere on this page; the back of it describes a round cape, cut sufficiently deep to admit of being taken up at the bottom of the shoulder-seam in four small, flat plaits, one above the other; a button is set upon each plait; the center is festooned in the same way; sash fronts passing under the belt and trimmed across the ends with a graduated ruffle curled around in the corners to produce rosettes similar to those upon the skirt; the edge of the mantle is finished with arrow piping made of silk.



DINNER-DRESS.

Salmon-colored silk, ornamented with trimming of the same, and white bows; the front of the skirt is made double, the under part being finished with three rows of trimming; each row consists of two ruffles about an inch and a half wide, pinked out in scollops and headed with ruching; the top row is only visible at the corners; the upper part of the skirt is gathered into the seams and bordered with a flounce four inches wide set on with ruching; the seam is trimmed with ruching and bows, the latter extending from the belt to the top of the flounce; a flounce nine inches wide passes around the train. Pompadour body, neck encircled by a narrow ruffle and ruching, coat-sleeve with trimming carried up the outer side against but not over the seam; the ruffle begins at the lower part near the second bow. Blue silk, ornamented with white bows, is very *distingué*; the bows should be made of satin.

ARE HOOPED-SKIRTS WORN?

This is a very general inquiry. The small size of the present hooped-skirt, compared with those worn a few seasons ago, has caused such a diminution in apparent rotundity that gentlemen very naturally come to the conclusion that hooped-skirts have gone out at last; and even ladies, coming in from the country, and accustomed to the somewhat more apparent crinoline of the rural district, see with surprise the scantiness of the short dresses, and ask also if hooped-skirts have been entirely discarded?

As yet, we are happy to say, most decidedly NO, and we do not think it at all likely that they will be. There are always a few persons, principally the sort of young ladies who affect the "Grecian Bend," who will push any idea to an extreme; they wore the largest "tilts," and the longest "trails," and now when tilts and trails are both discarded, and a modest, moderate size of hooped-skirt has been universally adopted, they sink for a moment the object of their long regard altogether, and rejoice in the attention which street idlers give to the Shaker-like singularity of their costume.

A street-dress, however, or dress of any kind, worn entirely without hoops, is exceedingly uncomfortable; it flaps about the ankles most forlornly, clings ungracefully to the lower part of the body, and absolutely demands a little distension to make it endurable. Several ladies who abandoned crinolines early in the season have returned to it, and expressed the determination of never again discarding it utterly.

In Paris there is a tendency to increase the size of hoops rather than relinquish them. In America, ladies seem to have settled down on a skirt that promotes health and comfort, while it gives them not the slightest inconvenience. A little expansion of the drapery of the dress they know is necessary to comfort in walking, and if hooped-skirts were abandoned, it would not be three months before we should feel compelled to return to the old misery of grass-cloth, starched white skirts, and the like machinery, that cost infinitely more trouble and ten times the expense of the small, economical and healthful hooped-skirt, which, it seems to us, is just now arriving at perfection.

One thin white skirt and a flounced muslin dress clinging to a lady's heels would be anything but graceful.

The new styles of hooped skirts issued for the season meet with universal approbation. They range from very small to moderate in size, are nearly straight down, and allow only just sufficient distension of the skirt to be graceful in a short dress, the ruffles or flounces of the white skirts being sufficient for the more extensive drapery of full dress.

We advise our readers to discard at once the wide, old-fashioned hooped-skirt, and obtain one of the new small, straight ones. We are sure they will wish that, like the short dress, it may have a perpetual lease of life.

"LA COQUETTE," OR FAN-PARASOL.

WE give on this page three illustrations of this elegant novelty, which only requires to be known, to become a great and universal favorite.

The full figure, illustrated above, gives the interior of the fan used as a parasol.

The varied uses to which this new article of ladies' attire can be put render it indispensable to those who have once enjoyed the happiness of possessing one.

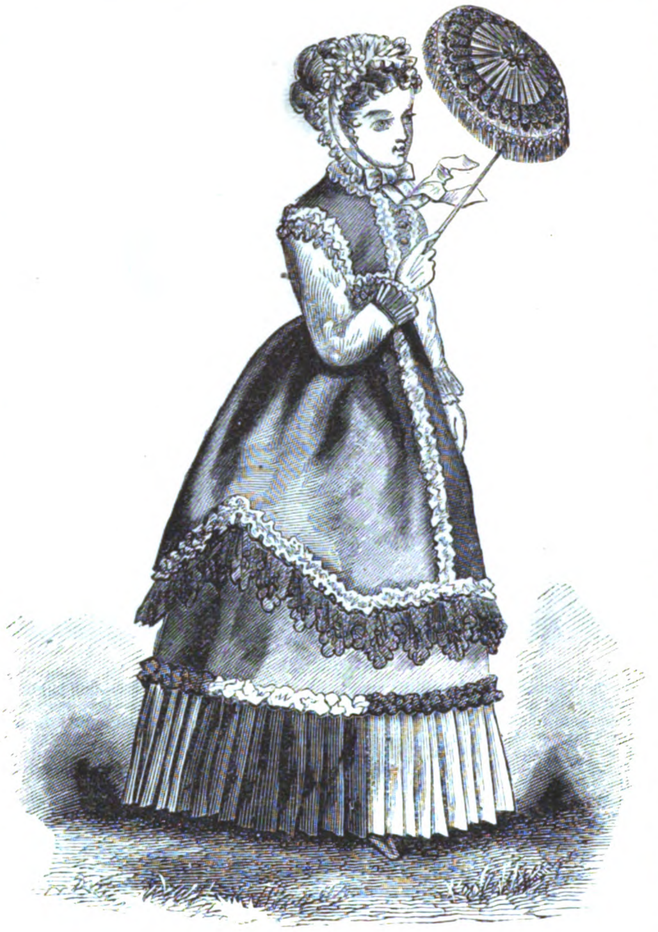
Parasols have heretofore been small umbrellas, and nothing else; the fan-parasol is at once a fan, a parasol, and a hand-screen. It can be used in the carriage, at the opera, and upon the promenade; and can be instantly adapted to any one of its different uses. All the mechanism consists of a spring, which, with a touch, transforms the elegant parasol into a handsome fan or an elaborate screen.

The fan-parasol, as will be seen by the illustration, is capable of great and varied ornamentation. It can be made in silk, or satin, and enriched with lace and fringe, in the prettiest and most graceful style. The handle is sometimes of carved coral, sometimes of onyx; or, less expensively, of gilt, ivory, or carved sandal-wood.

Plainer styles, which nevertheless have a very good effect, are made in less expensive materials; but it is not likely that an article of this description will ever become very cheap or common. It is entirely original and peculiar in its design and construction, and is adapted to lady-like uses, and to correct and handsome toilets.

POWDER FOR THE HAIR.

POWDER is worn more than ever. It is now seen almost universally in fashionable assemblages. Diamond powder, gold powder, and violet powder are all more or less in vogue, but have largely given place to gray powder, which is put on thick all over the head, and gives to youthful *belles* the appearance of venerable doctors. Diamond powder, as generally worn, is simply powdered isinglass, and can be obtained at any paint-shop; or at hair-dressers', for twenty-five cents a small box.

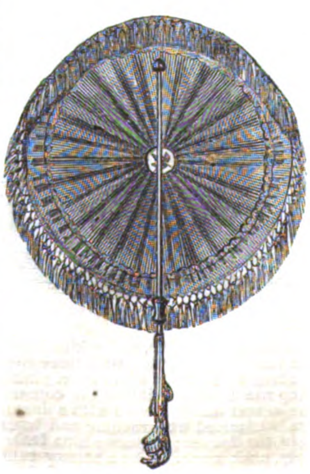


"LA COQUETTE," EN COSTUME.

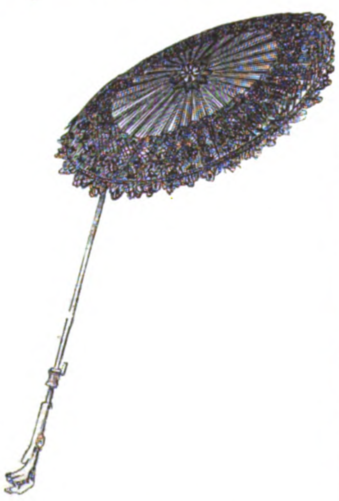
THE above illustration shows the fan-parasol in use as a parasol by a lady in walking-costume. Her dress consists of green and black silk, trimmed with green and black ruching and black lace. The flounce is a block of green and a block of black.

The fan-parasol is of green fluted silk, lined with white, and ornamented with black lace and rich green knotted fringe. The handle is gilt, with twisted top.

For matinees, picnics, and the varied requirements of a fashionable watering-place, the fan-parasol would be found invaluable.



"LA COQUETTE," AS A FAN.



"LA COQUETTE," AS A PARASOL.

HOW TO MAKE SUMMER HOUSE-DRESSES.

THE great desideratum for summer dresses is to have them fresh and clean—expense is thrown away upon them, and, therefore, it is better to have them numerous, rather than of costly quality.

White dresses are prettiest made with French waists without lining, and with sleeves puffed lengthwise and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, or puffed to the elbow (*à la Marie Antoinette*). The skirt may be demi-long, and finished with one flounce, plainly hemmed and set on with a heading, or it may be trimmed with a series of narrow flounces, the number only limited by the time or means of the owner. A sash of muslin, with immense loops or bows, may be worn; or a black or colored silk sash, belonging to some other dress.

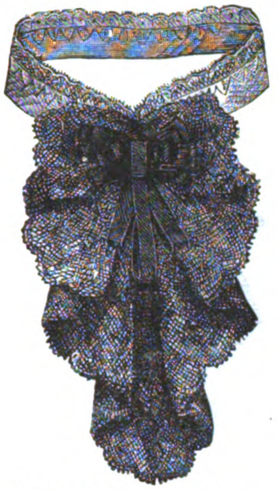
White organdy dresses are made with puffed or tucked waists, the puffings alternating with strips of Valenciennes, and forming a deep square yoke, outlined by a frill of wide Valenciennes or of the muslin, edged with a narrow Valenciennes edging. The lower part of the body is rather full, and set into a belt, but not lined. The skirt is trimmed with a series of two narrow flounces, and two puffings, through which ribbon is run. The sash is the color of this ribbon. Bright Scotch plaid ribbons are used this season with very good effect.

Another and new method of trimming white muslin dresses is to bar narrow green, blue or mauve ribbon with very narrow straps of white muslin, stitched on the machine. The straps, when made, are not more than half an inch wide, and are put on at intervals, making straight loops, through which the ribbon is run. This style is used in place of puffing, and is very pretty and effective.

The *Watteau* is another and very favorite method of making muslin house-dresses. It may be made either in the form of an upper dress, or a complete dress. It consists simply in a certain amount of fullness given to the back, which is laid over in a large double box-plait. This plait is left to flow loose from the top, and gives part of the fullness to the back of the skirt.

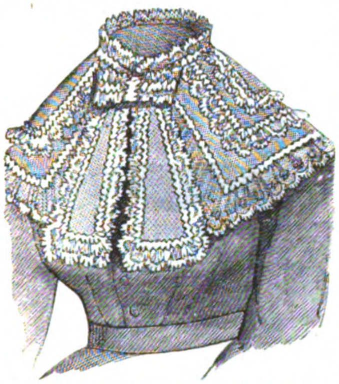
As an upper-dress, it may be frilled, looped up at the sides, and worn over a flounced skirt of the same material.

Still another style for summer dresses consists in a plain skirt, high body, opened heart-shape in front, and edged with narrow lace, and long sleeves puffed lightly to the wrists. A black velvet, with pendant locket, should be worn with this dress.



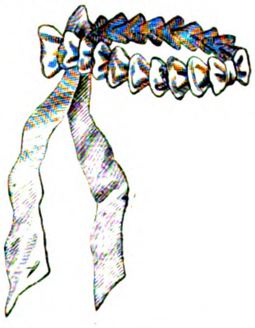
LACE COLLAR AND TIE.

The collar is composed of a band of sheer cambric bordered with embroidery, and a lace frill, and the tie of a half handkerchief of cambric finished with a fall of wide lace; this is taken up in plaits, the direction of which is clearly indicated by our illustration, under a bow of satin ribbon made of several loops of various lengths. Thread, Mechlin or Valenciennes lace is suitable.



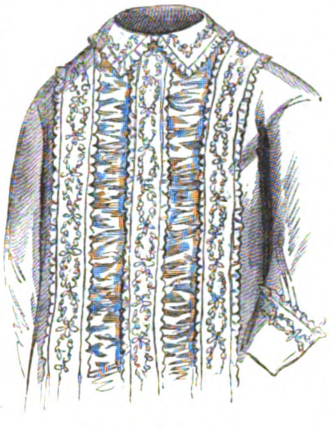
BERTHE FOR A YOUNG LADY'S HOUSE COSTUME.

A **round** cape cut out in a V over the bosom; it is made of three sections of organdy joined together with narrow embroidered insertion, the latter having in turn a finish of lace set upon the surface of the organdy like ruffles; the effect, when completed, is like that of three capes; the neck is bordered with insertion and lace; a bow with long ends made in corresponding style at the throat. We can furnish *berthes* of this description at the following rates:—made with real thread or Valenciennes lace, $20.00. Woven thread or Valenciennes, $12.00. They are exceedingly pretty to wear with either a high or low necked dress.



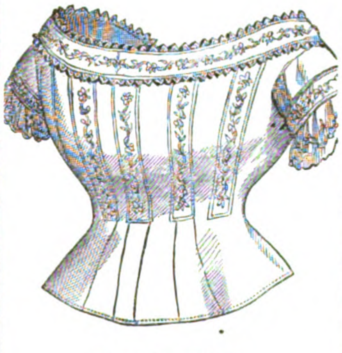
NECKLACE OF RIBBON.

A **graceful** ornament for young ladies and Misses, made of satin or taffetas ribbon No. 7; it consists of a chain of loops fastened upon a narrow band which serves as the foundation; the loops, beginning under a cross band in the center, which forms a bow with the two nearest, turn in opposite directions; the necklace is fastened in the back with long ends tied up in a large bow; the color of the ribbon should match the material or trimming of the dress. With white, any color is suitable. We can furnish necklaces of this description for $3 apiece.



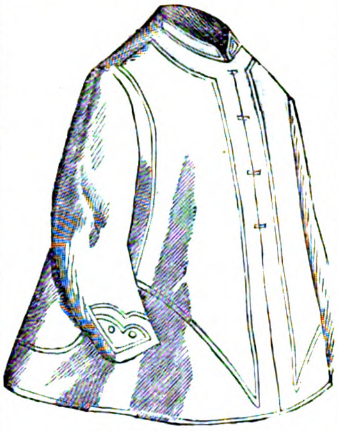
LINEN NIGHT-DRESS.

The garment is cut in the form of a long gored sack, and finished at the bottom with a hem an inch and a half deep, and four quarter-inch tucks; the front is composed of two cambric or jaconet puffs bordered with needlework insertion, the same width, edged with ruffles half an inch wide, or needlework edge; this trimming is set in the back as broad as it is made in front, and cut off at the bottom to a point about the depth between the shoulders of a graceful yoke; the collar turns down wide in front and narrow behind; the sleeve is cut short and finished out with the cuff; both cuff and collar bordered with embroidery and ruffling. The sleeve has no fullness at the top.



CORSET COVER.

This is made of linen, and ornamented with embroidered insertion and Valenciennes lace in two widths; the narrow, half to three-quarters of an inch, and the other an inch and a half in depth; the body is trimmed with inserting in upright bands, set in spaces cut out to admit them; a band of embroidery around the neck, with lace frills on each edge, the narrow being used for this purpose. Short round sleeve, finished with inserting with a narrow lace frill on the upper edge. and wide upon the lower; a facing is put on under the embroidered braid, running down the middle of the front, to form a foundation for the button-holes; the skirt is finished with a hem three-fourths of an inch wide.



DRESSING SACK.

White linen, nainsook or *brilliante*, cut in the form of a loose sack, with seams under the arms only; a narrow band or standing collar is added to the neck; plain fitted sleeve, loose enough to be comfortable; the bottom is finished with a hem; the garment is trimmed with Marseilles braid upon the fronts; one row around the back, branching from the front; two rows encircling the collar and a cuff upon the sleeve further ornamented with two buttons; three yards of material will be requisite. The same style is suitable for opera, flannel, or cashmere dressing-sacks, in which case mohair braid will trim nicely. In lieu of Marseilles braid upon white goods, Cluny lace inserting, laid on over flat bands of colored cambric, is an exceedingly effective mode of ornamenting garments of this kind or white aprons.

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THE "GRECIAN BEND."

The "Grecian Bend" and *panier* have almost disappeared. The former never achieved the dignity of becoming a fashion, but it was *affected* by a few silly girls, who chose to curve their spines into what would have been a horrible distortion had it been natural, and make themselves a laughing-stock to the boys whom they met in the street. There is, fortunately, an element of common-sense in America and among the American people which prevents such absurdities from obtaining popular sanction.

◆

LADIES' SCISSORS.

AN EXTRA QUALITY.

None of our readers will doubt our ability to judge of the quality of scissors.

Recently we had placed in our hands, by the manufacturers, Henry Seymour & Co., a style of scissors, which, upon trial, we have found as much superior to the ordinary kind, as a good pair of steel scissors could be to the cast-iron ones so commonly palmed off on the community. Continual use of these new scissors have given us so much satisfaction that we determined to afford an opportunity for our readers to enjoy the luxury of a pair of the same kind. We have accordingly made arrangements with the manufacturers, by which we propose to send a pair of these scissors through the mail. post free, on receipt of the price, as follows: Ladies' ordinary size, $1.00; large size, with large handles, $1.50. We will also furnish them as a premium to two and three subscribers.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.

There is no lack of pretty things for children, now that the new spring and summer styles are out—the cambrics, prints, *piques*, and other well-washing and well-wearing goods on exhibition, and the patterns announced by which they are to be put into proper form for their young wearers.

For all young children, *pique* suits seem to be "just the things" for summer wear. They are economical, durable, and wash to look as well as new. Buff *pique* is pretty; but white, braided with white, is now almost universally preferred.

Four and five years of age is early enough for boys to put on jacket and trowsers; and between that age and ten, Knickerbockers, plaited waists—cotton or linen—and a blouse, belted in for the street, constitute a simple and convenient summer costume, and one especially adapted to the country.

For more ceremonious wear, fashion allows boys, as soon as they have put on trowsers, to adopt the manly vest, the cut-away jacket, a narrow linen collar, and a brilliant necktie; and now they have, in all sizes, finished dog-skin gloves, made with the neatness and accuracy of their papas'.

Not to be behind, little girls have kid gloves also, finished in the most delicate tints, and with two buttons, exact counterparts of their mammas'.

One or more suits, in these days of suits, is, of course, a necessity with every little girl; and very pretty ones are made of all sorts of light, summery mixtures, trimmed with quilled ribbon, or with ruffles, or quilled ruches of the same, bound with a bright color.

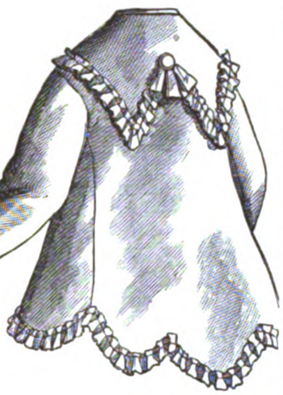
In addition, little black silk basquines are found useful for wear with a variety of dresses, and at least one high tunic of plain or dotted muslin, over thinner dresses of white muslin, barege, or grenadine.

There is no prettier way to trim these latter than with narrow flounces, or ruffles, put on in plaits or gathers, and bound with a contrasting color.

Fine striped or checked silk suits are prettily trimmed with narrow pinked-out ruffles. The skirts are gored in front, full at the back. *Pique* dresses are full-gored; but very thin dresses for children, or dresses of print, are not gored at all.

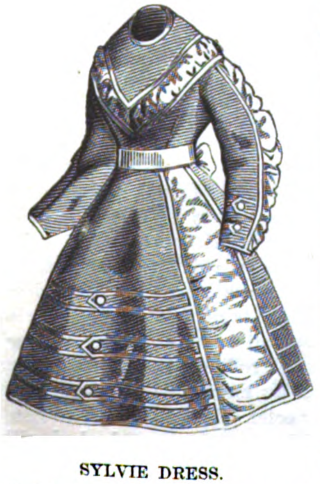
Straw toquets, with feather *aigrettes*, are very fashionable this season; and the "Andalusian," with a feather at the side, and a tuft of field-flowers or poppies and wheat in front.

Many persons object to the high boots, on the ground of cramping and injury to the feet, and are returning, for children's use, to the boot reaching only to the ankle.



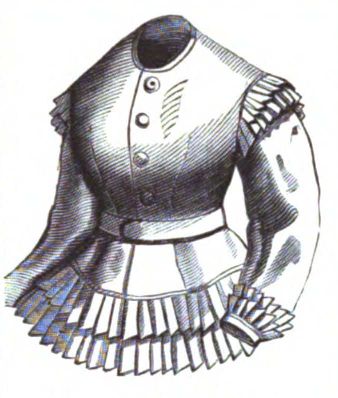
ETTIE SACK.

A STREET garment suitable in style for *pique* or jaconet; it is made with a side gore which inclines it into the shape of the figure at the waist, and produces a graceful flow at the bottom; the latter is cut out in broad curves; the collar is quite broad, and cut out in two points, both back and front; the trimming consists of one row of ruffling fluted; a cluster of three loops is set at the top of the notch on the back of the collar with a pearl button; the front is closed with pearl buttons. Coat sleeve; 2½ yards of *pique* will make a garment of this kind large enough for a child seven years of age. If made of *pique*, jaconet ruffling should be used. Cash's lace edged frilling is very pretty for this purpose.



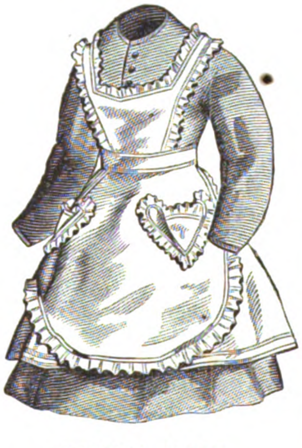
SYLVIE DRESS.

THIS is made of alpaca in two colors—gray and green; the body is gray, with a puff of green describing a pointed *berthe*; gray sleeve with a green puff running up the back, and green piping carried across the inside at the lower part in the shape of straps fastened with buttons. There are five puffs, and five plain gores in the skirt, the puffs being green, and the flat breadths gray; the front gore is an inch and twice the width of the others; the latter are about seven inches across the bottom; the gray gores are ornamented with piping arranged to imitate straps. Green belt with a large bow in the back.



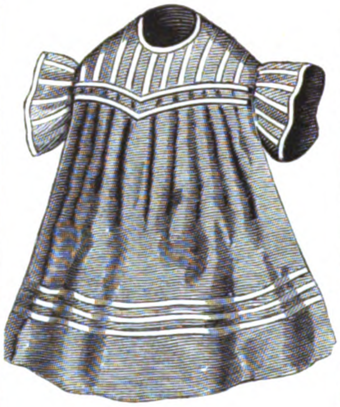
MISSES' STREET BASQUE.

THIS garment is appropriate for black silk; it is also pretty for the upper garment of a suit made of the dress material. It fits the figure easily without being strained about the waist; plain coat sleeve; ruffles—two in number—around the skirt, bottom of the sleeves, and across the shoulders; the ruffles are set on in flat plaits, with a piping at the top; plain belt and sash behind, tied in a large bow, with moderately long ends ruffled across. For a Miss of ten years, four yards of silk 24 inches wide will be a sufficient quantity of material; the ruffles on the skirt should be 3 inches wide, and on the body two inches.



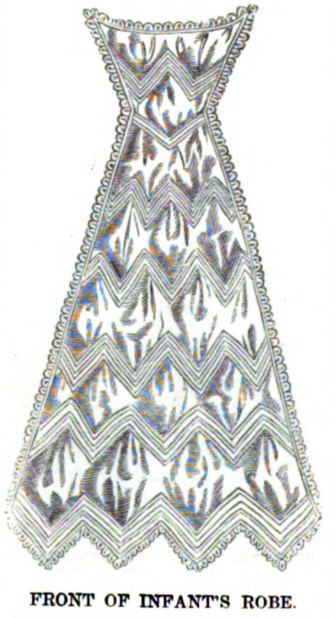
MARLITA APRON.

A PRETTY style for white fabrics, such as linen, *brilliante*, or nainsook; for a child seven years old, one yard and a half of material will be requisite; the trimming consists of Marseilles braid one-quarter of an inch wide, and ruffling three-quarters of an inch deep; the skirt is composed of three gores; the center gore is 17 inches wide at the bottom, without the seams, and 8 inches at the top; it is attached plain to the belt; the side gores are each 15½ inches wide at the bottom, without the hem, and 10½ at the top, where they are sewn to the belt plain for the space of three inches adjoining the front, and gathered the remaining distance; the length of the apron is 12 inches in front, and a trifle less than 14 inches in the back; the waist is made alike upon both sides; it is four inches broad at the belt, and 8 inches at the top, including the shoulder-straps, which are each 1½ inches across at the base, and widen to 2 inches upon the shoulder; each strap is 8 inches long, cut round upon the end, and the front lapped over the back and joined with a button and button-hole; the skirt-trimming begins just inside of the gathers, forming a continuous line around the front; the pockets are 3 inches deep in the center, and cut with little curved tabs at the top; they are sewn on so as to set loose or iron down with two folds diverging from the point; the braid is set on just along the upper edge of the ruffling; the back of the waist is closed with rice or pearl buttons.



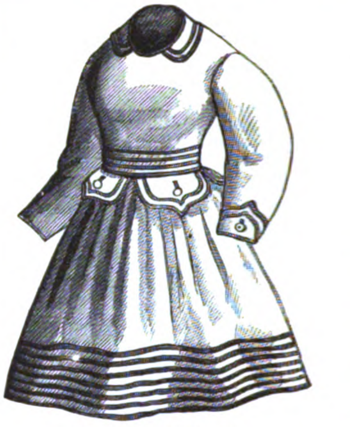
JESSIE SLIP.

CHILD'S loose dress or slip of chambery or *pique*, trimmed with cotton washing braid or bands of cambric stitched on; the skirt is attached to the yoke with small box-plaits; the yoke is plain, and inclines to a point on both sides; the lower row of trimming is carried across the plaits of the skirt; the slip closes in the back the entire length with buttons. Short full sleeves striped with the trimming; yoke ornamented to correspond, and three rows around the skirt.



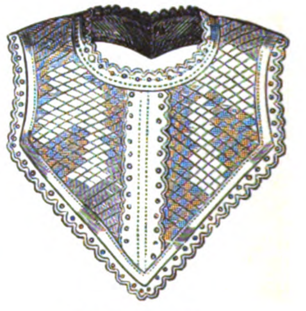
FRONT OF INFANT'S ROBE.

THE material for the dress should be fine sheer cambric or nainsook; the bottom of the skirt is cut out in points, and finished to correspond with the front, with four bands and an embroidered edge; the front is composed of puffs and narrow flat bands neatly stitched with a sewing-machine on each edge; the bands describe points, thus breaking up the puffs into diamond-shaped blocks; a flat band and needle-work on the edges; the bands should not be more than a quarter of an inch wide after the stitching, and the embroidery from half to three-quarters of an inch in depth.



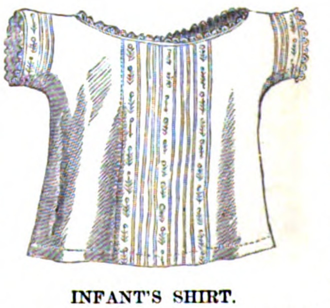
ALBERT BLOUSE.

BOY'S dress of *pique*, trimmed with mohair or Marseilles braid; plain body with a belt and full skirt set on in flat plaits, meeting in front; small lappets, cut to a point in the center along the lower edge, are set in the lower seam of the belt; there are five lappets, two in front and three around the back, the middle one, in the latter instance, being divided in half, as the garment is closed with buttons in the back, and the skirt opening necessarily passes through the lappet; a button is set in each point with a little dart of braid rising from it to simulate a button-hole; the sleeves are finished with cuffs: round collar, ornamental belt trimmed with three rows of braid and closed with buttons.



INFANT'S BIB.

Two thicknesses of white wadding, with a layer of white wadding between, quilted together; the edge is then bound with muslin, turned up on both sides to the depth of half an inch, and stitched through with a sewing-machine; to this is added a border of needlework; a flat band is stitched on both edges down the center and finished with needlework; the bib is closed with buttons in the back.



INFANT'S SHIRT.

LINEN or cambric; the neck is hemmed and frilled with Valenciennes lace; the front is tucked between bands of embroidery; sleeves tucked and bordered with embroidery and lace frills.

BEAUTIFUL PARADISE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

BEAUTIFUL Paradise! beautiful Paradise!
Home of the loved ones, when life shall be o'er.
Glorified angels wait, close by thy pearly gate,
Wait to convey them to Canaan's bright shore.

Beautiful Paradise! heavenly Paradise!
Glorified multitudes stand on thy shore,
Robed in the garments of peace and of holiness,
Joyously waiting, and weeping no more.

Beautiful Paradise! fair is thy heritage:
Blooming and bright are thy gardens of love;
Sweet home in Paradise, there all my treasure lies,
Oh! when shall I see those bright realms above?

Beautiful Paradise! etc.

Beautiful Paradise! oh, how I long for thee,
Land of no sorrow, no sighing, no pain,
Where, all my trials o'er, my soul shall never more
Wander in doubt or in darkness again.

Beautiful Paradise! etc.

[The above words are in the same meter, and are well adapted for the Melody given in April number, called "Beautiful Eveline."]

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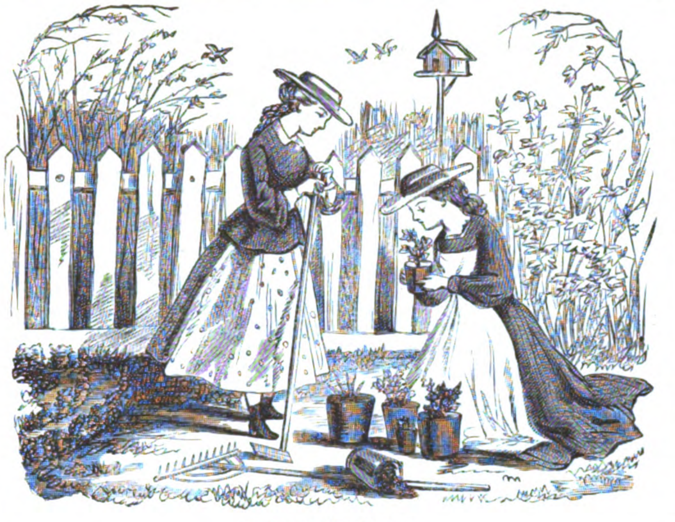


THE GARDEN IN MAY.

GARDENING FOR MAY.

> "The flowery May,
> That from her green lap throws,
> The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

MAY brings her own welcome; and all hearts greet her advent. Often she proves fickle and coy as April, and the trite line which many of us wrote in our copy-books in childhood,

> "Winter lingers in the lap of May,"

often springs to our lips. Our June answers better to the English May; and if we could institute a general holiday on the 1st of June, it would prove a public blessing. May is the Virgin's month; the Catholic faith has dedicated to her the blossoms and verdure of the fields and hedges. Chapels are decorated, and gardens adorned in her service. The wild flowers of our fields and woods—some of them unknown amongst the flora of her own Galilee—derive their names from the Virgin. The lady-grass, lady-slipper, lady's key, merigold, and maiden's hair, are among the number. But the rose and the lily are more especially the Virgin's own flowers—the rose for its bloom, the lily for its purity; and these flowers belong to the gardens of Middle Galilee and the country about Jerusalem, no less than to the flora of the Christian world. We hope all our readers will cultivate a garden during the ensuing season; and as they glory in its brilliancy and fragrance, they will add to the bloom of their cheeks and the lustre of their eyes. Ancient dogmas taught the maidens and matrons to gather the May-dew to enhance the purity and beauty of their complexions. We doubt the efficacy of the moisture, but we wish the same ideas prevailed now; for, in its pursuit, health and vigor were insured; the early rising and exercise produced the effects promised from the bewitching powers of the far-famed dew. Now, if our matrons and maidens desire purity of skin and healthful bloom, let them rise before the dew has vanished, and, furnished with rubber gloves, etc., try the effects of planting and transplanting—watering and high cultivation. Not much ground is required; a plot ten feet, or even six feet square, will supply flowers for the parlor and table all the summer months. A recent writer says: "I know not how it is with others; to me the spring's invitations are irresistible. I may be scholarly-inclined, and my task in-doors delightful, yet my garden claims me, monopolizes all my morning hours; and I know for me has come the season's summons which I shall not set aside—no, not for studies nor hospitalities, which become rivals for my time and attention. My garden waits—is the civiller host, the better entertainer. Then I have a religion in this business, and others must waive compliments. Would the sun but shine all night long for my work to continue!" Thus speaks a true lover of gardening, and all of us possessed with his spirit say "Amen!" The florists' catalogues, as plentiful as blackbirds in spring, present us with charming varieties. Many are very costly, but there are thousands of plants to be had for a trifle. Indeed, a five cent package of seeds may supply us with quantities of flowers to delight the senses. To be sure, "*novelties*" are expensive, but we must content ourselves with their more humble sisters; and those more highly favored than we are will often give us cuttings of their plants. Any one can raise a verbena, heliotrope, fuchsia, or geranium, from a tiny cutting. Sand is now considered the best preparation to "strike" a cutting, *i. e.*, to make it take root. A common box filled with sand, and the cuttings inserted in it to the depth of one inch or above an eye, *i. e.*, a leaf-shoot, will rarely fail to live, if kept well supplied with water and sunlight. Common red pots are better than boxes for starting cuttings. Set them close round the edge of the pot, pressing the wet sand tightly against them; place them in a cool, dark situation for two or three days; then give light and air. They will strike roots sooner under glass. Almost every kind of cutting will root in water; fill common vials with tepid rain-water, and immerse the slip an inch or two. Cotton wool, wet, and twisted round the inside of the vial's mouth, retards evaporation. Place these on a window-ledge, or tie a string round them, and suspend from the sash. If the night is chilly, remove near the fire till the next morning. Sometimes, in three days, the tiny rootlets will appear. When they are an inch or two long, transplant carefully; if the cutting is very precious, fill up the vial with good rich potting earth; let it stand a week till the roots are well settled, then break off the vial, and plant. Care must be taken not to pour off the water while adding the soil, until the roots are covered. This way of procedure is never known to fail. Of all our large lists of the so-called bedding-out plants, geraniums now rank the highest. Numerous are their colors and varieties, and most beautiful mounds are constructed with them. Place in the center of a mound, six feet in diameter, a large scarlet geranium—for instance, "Gen. Grant," who, like his namesake, is now pre-eminent. Then, in a circle, plant four or six of "Lady Mary" geraniums; these are pure white, the petals as snowy as a Camellia. Next in order, "Christine," a rosy pink; plant eight to ten of them. Then, on the outer edge of the mound, select some free-blooming Zonale geranium, scarlet flowering. If desired dwarf, take Tom Thumb, or one of the exquisite double varieties. "*Gloire de Nancy*" is a rich rosy scarlet, fully double. Arranged in this manner, a mound will be one blaze of beauty the whole season, and before frost comes we will tell you how to bestow them in winter quarters, where they can hibernate like bears, and live on their own juices. Residents of cities or towns can procure these geraniums by the dozen at a small cost. The double geraniums are the greatest addition to our *repertoire* of plants. This year the florists present us with seven or eight varieties; violet, rose, rosy carmine, pure rose, and three or four shades of scarlet. As yet, we believe, a double white geranium has not been produced, but we patiently await its arrival, knowing that the French florists, with their great assiduity, will eventually produce it. *Mme. Lemoine* is considered the best double variety ever sent out; $3 per plant is asked for this rare "*novelty;*" its leaves are finely marked with a dark brown zone; it is a free bloomer, and the flowers are very double, perfectly formed, and of a lovely rose-color. "*Mme. Rose Charmeux*" is of the Tom Thumb varieties, rich and rare, and $2 is charged for its possession. *Triomphe de Thumesnil* surpasses the *Gloire de Nancy* in form and richness of coloring; its trusses or flowers are enormous—from fifty to sixty blossoms on one stalk! $1 will purchase it. These geraniums are double, as small roses, and do not shed their petals like the single blooming varieties, making them much more desirable for bouquets or vases. Space would fail us to enumerate all their beauties. The new variegated geraniums are unequalled in beauty. As an ornament for the parlor or lawn, nothing can excel them. The new importations are rich and rare, and costly, too; far beyond the reach of most of us. *Titania* ranks highest in beauty and price. Only $5 is its cost! It has a dark brown zone, edged with a belt of golden yellow; and its center is blotched with vivid scarlet on a green ground! Gorgeous beyond belief is this rare gem—this fairy queen. *Lady Cullem* is very beautiful; its zone is a rich broad crimson, bordered by a brilliant flame-colored edge. Red Gauntlet is also very beautiful, mingling scarlet, chocolate, golden and green tints very perfectly; $3 is its equivalent. There are twelve or more of these rarities offered for our selections this year, and none less than $2. Of all the *fashionable* variegated foliaged plants, these are the most beautiful. Colocasia Esculentum is a striking ornamental foliaged plant for lawn culture. Its leaves are immense, sometimes four feet in length by two and a half in breadth; light green, variegated with a rich dark green. The root can be kept like a dahlia in sand during the winter; 50 cents to $2 a plant is asked, according to the size. *Cissus Discolor* is an ornamental foliaged climber, specially beautiful in rustic or hanging baskets during the summer, and in the parlor in winter. Centaurea Candida is a downy, white-leaved plant, which contrasts perfectly with the darker-leaved plants; also Centaurea Gymnacarpa, with silvery gray foliage; 50 cents each is asked for these plants. There is a large number of these variegated and ornamental-leaved plants in the market, and we must all of us have one or more of them. Achyrantheus and Colens are very pretty, and 20 cents will purchase either; $2 was asked for each tiny plant three or four years ago, and soon the "*novelties*" will come within the reach of all. Fuchsias are indispensable for our summer borders; their tiny bells of various hues, though scentless, are *so* graceful; we must have them. They require shade and moisture, and in hot weather need watering twice a day. Of the double varieties, *Elm City* is very perfect, handsomer in our eyes than the far-famed *Emperor of the Fuchsias.* Numerous are the varieties of this most lovely flower; space would fail us to mention them; 25 to 30 cents will purchase a good-sized plant. In another article we will have a longer *talk* about our summer darlings. Would that all our many readers would try for themselves the pleasures which floriculture will bestow. Very slight is the outlay required, and the income in renewed health, happiness, and vigor, is unlimited. Rousseau, in his *Lettres Elémentaires sur la Botanique,* says: "A tout âge l'étude do la nature émousse le goût des amusemens frivoles, prévient le tumulte des passions, et parte à l'âme une nourriture qui lui profite en la remplissant du plus digne objet de ses contemplations." Truer words were never spoken! We wish our sisters scattered all through the land would learn by the best teacher God has given us—*experience*—the truth of these statements. We should educate our children to love flowers. Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist, was the son of a poor clergyman, who had a little flower-garden, in which he cultivated all the flowers his means would permit. From childhood his little son was taught to love them, cultivate them, and rejoice in their rich and varied colorings. Hence was created the taste which afterward made him the first botanist and naturalist of his age. I. O. S.

SOROSIS POETRY.

The following was addressed by one member of *Sorosis* to another who had left a pocket-handkerchief at her house:

TO SHE KNOWS WHAT.

IF you had left your *nose*, my dear,
Who *knows* how sad a fate
That useful member might have met
By *turning up* so late!

But though your loss is less severe,
'Tis easy to suppose,
That, having left your handkerchief,
You'd wish you'd left your nose!

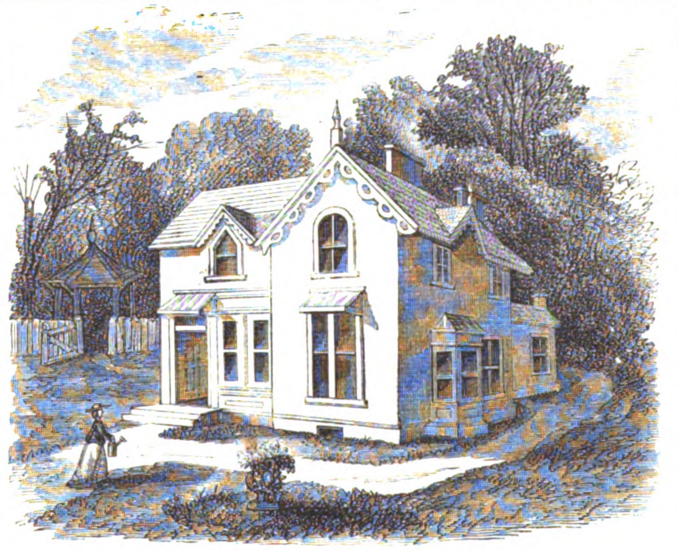
NEW YORK.

"TO SHE KNOWS WHO,"
IN ANSWER
TO SHE KNOWS WHAT.

WHILE handkerchiefs receive such *blows*,
And offer no resistance,
I bless the fate that kept my nose
At such a lucky distance.

For if handkerchiefs can *face* such *blows*,
They surely must be bolder,
Than the owner of the turn-up nose,
You rapped with your penholder.

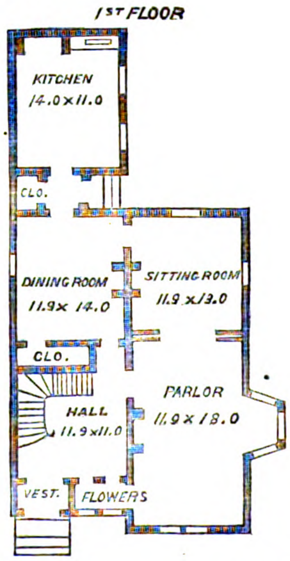
BROOKLYN.



DESIGN FOR A SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

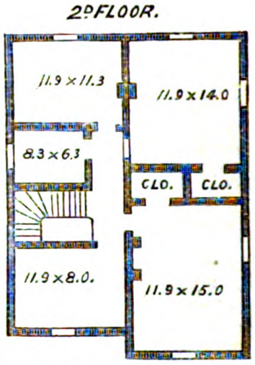
ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN No. 3.

THIS design for a suburban cottage residence is from the pencil of T. F. Thomas, architect, 341 Fulton street, Brooklyn. It is a study for a simple and commodious house, with a frontage of only twenty-five feet, the exact size of a full city lot. There are many persons who desire a house with a number of lots for garden purposes, where they can indulge their taste in the cultivation of plants, flowers, trees, etc. By purchasing three or five lots in some pleasant surburban locality that is on the improvement, and erecting this cottage on the center lot, they will have ample ground on either side for cultivation, which can be laid off and arranged in a neat and tasteful manner, according to the wishes of the owner. The investment will be a good one, for, in time, when the lots become valuable for this purpose, they can be built on without materially disturbing the incumbent of the central lot.



On examination of the plan it will be found to contain an amount of accommodation seldom obtained except in houses of much larger size. It is really a double-house on a twenty-five feet front.

On the first floor there is a parlor, sitting-room and dining-room, with broad, ample hall and staircase. Also, a vestibule, a small conservatory for flowers, with glass windows in front, and glass-doors opening in hall. This, when tastefully arranged with plants and flowers, will give a very pleasing effect to the hall and front of building. This floor also contains two large closets, and has a one-story extension, with kitchen, containing a sink and a fire-place, adapted to a range.



The second-story contains five rooms with ample closets. The room next to stairway will make an excellent bath-room if required for that purpose. There is a cellar under the whole.

This house can be built with a different style of exterior, and the gables done away with if required. Can be built for $2,000 to $3,000.

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"HE LEADETH ME HOME."

WE give in this number a beautiful piece of sacred music with the above title, which, we think, will be highly appreciated by our subscribers.

We have recently greatly enlarged our musical repertoire, and hereafter propose to give occasional pieces of sacred music, especially adapted by their pleasing character for parlor melodeon and sabbath use at home.

We give, also, on page 203 religious words, better suited to the air of the music given in our last issue than the song which accompanied it of "Beautiful Eveleen." Our lady friends will find no difficulty in adapting them for themselves.

Music adds so great a charm to the family circle that it can not be too assiduously cultivated. Sacred music especially has a charm all its own, far superior to the ordinary run of compositions for parlor use. Those of our readers who find the words too short, can adapt to it the popular words: "*Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!*

OUT OF HER SPHERE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Read on the occasion of the United Press Club dinner, given at Delmonico's, March 20th, 1869.

It is very queer, what we often hear
About a woman being "out of her sphere,"
And on the sure road to perdition;
But "out of her sphere" means out of place,
And how can she fall from a state of grace,
Before she attains the position?

If she wants to sport a masculine hat,
What harm?—You can surely laugh at that,
Or frown—if it suits you better;
And then if she thinks she appears the best,
When she promenades in your coat and vest,
'Tis surely your fault—if you let her!

Her narrow circle she longs to break,
And fly from the region of pies and cake,
To something that's more substantial,
And, pushing through the conventional crust,
She turns her thoughts to collecting dust
That yields a return financial.

'Tis the very same game that we used to play,
Of "follow my leader" that rules to-day;
And chivalry needs repeating;
Unless 'tis decided in every case,
That women may run, if they choose, in the race,
But the men must do all the *beating*.

To get ahead, they augment their speed,
And through the streets with velocipede
And *dexter-ous* manipulation,
They fly—and are much surprised to find
The weaker sex is not far behind
The wonderful lords of creation!

If intuition alone can teach
How far a woman may strive, to reach
The goal of her ambition,
Then who has a right to interfere,
And place a limit around her sphere,
Or try to define her position?

Just what she *is* may assure her place:
Of a loving home the crowning grace!
But who can tell what she *may be?*
She seems an enigma to herself
When she puts her husband upon the shelf,
And ostracizes the baby!

'Tis recognition alone she claims;
For her true position alone she aims;
And experience has taught her,
That as her "sphere" on this solid ball
Is only a hemi-"sphere" after all,
It isn't worth while to cry "*quarter.*"

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SEDAN-CHAIRS.

THE *France* says that sedan-chairs are coming into use again in Paris. Four of them have been seen in the old faubourg. One was observed at the hotel of the Princess de Metternich, a second at that of Madame de la Rochefoucault-Bisaccia, a third of the Princess de la Tremouille, and a fourth of the Marquise de Francenes. Up to this time, the chairs in question have only been used for going to church and for short morning visits. A special toilet has been invented for this sort of conveyance, consisting of a black mantilla, trimmed with guipure; and the costume is called a "sortie d'église."

THE HOUSEHOLD

WASHING DAY.

THIS is the dreaded event of every household, large and small; it is proverbially associated with wretchedness and discomfort, and many have been the plans, methods, and receipts, which have been imposed upon housekeepers, in their desire to relieve themselves of this constantly recurring source of trouble and annoyance.

Such efforts are mostly vain and useless, however, sometimes worse—positively injurious. Clean clothes are a luxury that must be paid for in some shape or other—and no substances have been discovered, and few machines invented to rival the stout arm and strong hand of the professional washwoman.

Never use soda to soften water; it rots the clothes in proportion to its strength; buy crude borax by the pound, and put in half an ounce for an ordinary washing; it whitens, and cleanses, and softens wonderfully, and injures nothing. The women of Holland, whose washing is proverbial, use borax.

Use a really good brand of soap well dried—not the soft, gelatinous, yellow bars, which melt away in a moment, and really stain rather than cleanse the clothes, and always destroy the hands.

Have the clothes soaked over night in warm water, rubbing all creased and soiled places with soap, and they will require only one washing, and that not a laborious one, before boiling. Boil quick, rinse thoroughly, wring through a first-rate clothes wringer, (the barbarism of wringing by hand is now happily at an end,) and bring them in, and fold them as soon as they are dry. Fine shirts, ruffles and linen, and cambric under-clothing, are much injured by being exposed an unnecessary length of time to frost, wind, or dust.

Table-cloths, napkins, etc.—These articles, and any others that are likely to be disfigured with fruit or coffee stains, should be kept back from the general soaking, in order to undergo special treatment. Put these in a small tub by themselves, and pour a kettle of *boiling* water on them—not hot, but boiling; hot water sets stains, boiling water takes them out clean. When the water has cooled a little, wash them thoroughly, and boil them; the stains will have probably all disappeared, but if they should prove very obstinate, lay them on the grass wet, when the sun is hot, and they will vanish.

White Flannels.—White flannel garments, such as petticoats, underskirts, and drawers, baby flannels and the like, require also to be put in boiling water. The very best way to wash white flannels is by machine. Put in the flannels, pour in boiling suds, mild, let them stand a few minutes, then grind them out. Pour the suds away, put the flannels in again, and pour over them a kettle of *clear* boiling water, with a pinch of crude borax in it, and grind them out of that. This finishes the process, and makes them beautifully soft and clean, with little labor, and no danger of shrinkage.

Zephyr goods and colored flannels.—Colored flannel dresses, sacks, Garibaldis and other articles of knitted wool, such as baby socks, knitted sacks and the like, should all be washed in cold water, in which a little crude borax and some white castile soap have been dissolved. The process will be found very easy and perfectly satisfactory; the dirt will come out in the cold water without any trouble; there will be no shrinking, and the color will remain bright in the colored woolens, or fancy borderings.

To wash Laces and Needlework.—Fine handkerchiefs, collars, undersleeves, chemisettes and edgings should never be put into the large "wash"; they should be kept till a sufficient number has accumulated, and then on a rainy day, when visitors are not expected, collect them, mend carefully every little hole, soap them and put them in a clean, bright tin pail that will cover down close, and fill up with cold water with a pinch of borax in it. Let them come to a slow boil, then squeeze them out; if they are very yellow, and very dirty, the operation may have to be repeated. Rinse and dry; in the mean time pour a little boiling water over a few lumps of loaf sugar, and if you wish a yellow tinge add a table-spoonful of clear liquid coffee, instead of starch; lay the articles straight out in clean, dry towels, and by the time the last one is folded up, the first will be ready to iron. Point lace can be washed in this way to look like new.

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HOW TO COOK SHAD.

SHAD should be baked, fried or broiled. For broiling, remove the roes, clean and dry thoroughly, cut into straight halves, and lay with the roes on a well-heated and well-greased gridiron, over a moderate fire; put the cover on so that it will cook through while it is browning, and only turn once; when it is done, remove it to a warm dish, spread over a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a little pepper and salt, and put it, for a moment, in the oven; garnish with sprigs of fresh parsley before serving.

Fried Shad.—Divide the two halves in pieces two or three inches wide, salt and pepper them and put them in a pan, in which the fat, to keep them from sticking, has already been made boiling hot; fry a rich brown on both sides, cooking the inside first, and serve hot. The roes may be fried in the same way.

Baked Shad does not require to be cut down the back, only cleaned, the roes removed, and the inside filled with a stuffing made of bread crumbs, salt pork, and onion, sage, thyme, parsley, and pepper and salt; chop all together fine, fill and sew up the shad, and place in a pan with three or four slices of the pork over it, and the roes at the side; bake one hour, and you will have a dish fit for an editor.

Shad Maître D'Hotel.—Butter a pan and lay the shad in it, with an onion sliced, a bay leaf, five cloves, the juice of half a lemon, a spoonful of vinegar, and two of gravy; make four or five incisions on both sides of the shad, cutting down to the bone, cover with buttered paper, and put into a rather slow oven; let it bake twenty minutes, then take it out, remove the paper, baste thoroughly and put it back; let it remain in the oven altogether about three quarters of an hour, or an hour if the fish is a large one, basting frequently with the liquor in the pan; then take it out, fill the incisions with chopped parsley and butter, and put back, while making a sauce of a little butter, flour, broth, and lemon-juice, into which pour all the liquid surrounding the shad; boil up once, dish the fish, and pour the sauce over it.

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PINE TAR SOAP.

WE recommend Constantine's Pine Tar soap to a "mother," as excellent for washing the heads of children.

THE LADIES' CLUB

WE have a full attendance of ladies at our Club this month, and much business to transact. We will not waste space therefore by a long preface, but let each one speak for herself:

"DEAR DEMOREST—I have taken your book but one year, and in that short time it has pleased so well that I could not now do without it. There are many families that are not wealthy, and do not pretend to live up to the extremes of fashion, that think your Magazine not adapted for their use; but, if they but tried it for one year, they would find that it supplied a great, grievous want. I am very much pleased with the music, and think *it alone* is worth the price of the book; but there is no use in praising what speaks for itself.

"And now I wish to have your taste and advice in (to me) a very important matter. I am a school-girl, expecting to graduate in June, have short black hair, and am 17. I wish to wear a white dress, with long sleeves and high in the neck, when I graduate.

"1st. What would be suitable material, and how should it be made and trimmed?

"2d. Should it be made with a train, or short, and should I wear white shoes?

"Please answer these questions in the May number of your Magazine.

"My subscription ended with the March number. Beginning with the April number, send your Magazine, with the prizes mentioned, to the two following addresses, for which please find inclosed a postal order for $6, the amount. EMMIE."

Ans. Wear your hair waved or crimped, and loose.

Have your dress made of fine striped nainsook, dotted Swiss, or plain, clear, book muslin—the latter will be the most dressy. Trim your dress very low, and square, with a frill of the muslin edged with Valenciennes, and puff your sleeves either all the way down or to the elbow (*à la Marie Antoinette*), finishing with a frill edged with lace. Make your skirt long, but not *trained;* finish with a flounce five inches deep, or with a series of narrow flounces, simply hemmed. Add an upper-skirt, open in front (without the apron), rounded off, trimmed with frills, and caught up in the back; over this a sash the color of the ribbon in your hair.

White shoes, by all means. Nothing looks worse than black shoes with a white dress or with a light evening dress.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I am a great admirer of your Magazine, and always notice your kind answers to correspondents.

"1st. What would be a suitable, yet inexpensive wedding-dress for a bride in the months of May or June? Wedding at home, and only relations invited.

"2d. I have a dove-colored silk poplin, a brown corded silk, and a blue and white summer silk dress; also, a black silk not made up. How should the black silk be made and trimmed?

"3d. I would want a stylish walking-suit and a traveling-dress. How should they be made and trimmed?

"4th. Besides these I would need other dresses for morning and evening wear. What would be most suitable?

"5th. Would I need some kind of a wrap or outside garment to wear over long dresses to church, etc., and what should it be?"

Ans. 1st. White organdy or white

grenadine would make a pretty, and not expensive dress; or, you could wear a handsome traveling-suit.

2d. Make your black silk long, with an overdress, if you have enough, trimmed with fringe or ruffles and satin piping. A black silk overdress is useful to wear with so many other dresses. Cut your overdress out square front and back, trim to match the skirt. Puff the sleeves, and finish with ruffles or fringe.

3d. A walking-suit of fine striped silk would be appropriate trimmed with pinked-out frills or ruchings of the same. It should be made with an upper-skirt and a basque.

Pongee or checked Japanese silk would make a handsome traveling-dress, trimmed with a box-plaited flounce upon the lower skirt and with ruched quillings bound upon either edge upon the upper. A cape should accompany this, caught up on the back and upon the shoulders, or upon the shoulders alone, and ornamented with loops, bows, or rosettes of the material, silk or satin, that binds the quillings.

4th. Have one morning-dress of *pique*, skirt and basque, one of white dotted muslin, made *à la Watteau*, and two others of cambric or chambery, buff and pink, or buff and blue.

5th. A black silk casaque or *Watteau* would be most suitable. You will need a "wrap" of waterproof besides for traveling purposes.

"Dear Demorest—Will you, in your May number, tell me what would be a suitable and pretty trimming for waist and sleeves of inclosed silk, also how to trim, etc.? What would you advise for summer cloak and hat for a little baby boy five months old? His mamma wishes to take him East, and would like to see him properly dressed."

Ans. 1st. Handsome fringe to match, with folds of the same and satin pipings. Trim it low, square, or to simulate a small pointed pelerine, or to form bretelles.

2d. A cloak of blue silk, faced velveteen, and little round hat of white straw or felt, bound with blue, would be pretty. Or he could have a complete suit of white *pique*, and a pretty straw hat.

"Dear Demorest—You are my greatest comfort. I could not do without your charming Magazine. I am always enthusiastic in your praises. (Mamma says that I write school-girl fashion.) Don't mind my writing and composition, for, if they are poor, my heart is all right. (Late hours, reading love stories, do not improve one's hand-writing.)

"Will you be kind enough to answer these questions in your next, I am so anxious to get an answer. My sister wrote you four weeks ago—a married sister of mine—she loves your Magazine as dearly as I do, only she is more dignified, and expresses herself not so rapturously, as my French teacher says.

"Will you tell me the price of the paniered crinolines? Papa is going to get me a new dress. I have got to stay at home this summer, and this is a country place. I shall want to wear it to church, or to socials, etc. Shall I get a black alpaca or same color silk? How shall I cut and trim it?

"I have a splendid brown silk. How shall I cut and trim over for this season? It is not gored at all, and has got nine breadths in the skirt.

"I am going to have an English waterproof suit. How cut and trim that?

"How do you think a nice brown linen suit would look this summer? How should I make it?

"Do you think that white *pique* suits will be worn next summer? Please tell me how to make and trim?

"How much will a pretty summer Boulevard cost?

"What is the price of water-proof cloth (English), and how many yards will it take?

"Should I wear a walking-dress to church? Please to tell me how I should dress going to church?

"What color kids wear with my different suits?

"I wear the fashionable broad collar at home—what kind of a collar should I wear going to church or to a party?

"My hair is not very long, but is quite thick. I wear it at present thrusted up high on my head with some that I have had cut off; a mohair braid around it; two or three curls at the side; hair frizzed in front. How should I wear it?

"What is the price of the tortoise-shell combs?

"Last, but not least, I am but eighteen, and I ought to be fair and youthful, and I used to have clear, good complexion, but now I am decidedly dark and sallow. I think that reading until 12 o'clock nights has done it. But how repair the injury done? Does your Lily Bloom improve a person's looks and make them look white, and does it injure the complexion? Does it make a person look old when through using it? I have seen the effects of Lily White, but have not used it.

"Inquiry."

Ans. From two to three dollars.

2d. A fine striped summer silk would answer all your purposes. Make it with an overskirt, and trim it with pinked-out ruffles.

3d. Gore your brown silk, and trim it with a plaited ruffling, bound on either edge with satin of the same shade.

4th. Cut the water-proof suit into a short dress, an upper skirit, open in front and looped up at the sides, and a round pelerine cape, to be looped up on the shoulders. Finish the short dress with a box-plaited flounce; trim the upper skirt, cape and sleeves with Hercules braid laid in loops upon the edge, and headed with a band of the same.

5th. A brown linen suit would be nice for summer, and could be made in the same way as the water-proof, only trimmed with ruffles.

6th. White *pique* suits will undoubtedly be fashionably worn. They should be made with a waist and tight-fitting basque, and trimmed with white Marseilles braid.

7th. $5.00.

8th. Two dollars per yard. Seven and a half yards.

9th. A complete walking-dress or suit is the most fashionable church-going dress.

10th. Either gloves to match, or delicate, light tints, pale buff, lilac, dove-color, cream-color, etc.

11th. For a girl of your age, collars or narrow ruffles made of a strip of thread insertion and an edging of *real* Valenciennes lace would be the most suitable.

12th. That will do, only you might puff it at the back, and insert a few curls here and there for a change. This is the present style.

13th. Five to ten dollars.

14th. Bathe in cold water, take all the sleep you can get. Nothing *ages* a person sooner than want of sleep. Eat no cake, hot biscuit, or salt meat; drink no coffee, eat no *fried* stuff of any kind. Keep the bowels open with fruit and exercise. Don't take medicine, and your complexion will improve. Lily bloom is very nice, especially in the summer. Hard, limey water, spoils the complexion. If the water you use is hard, dissolve crude borax in it; this will soften it.

"Dear Demorest—Will you have the kindness to give me information concerning the following questions, in the columns of your valuable Magazine:

"Are the partially close-fitting garments, worn with suits the past winter, to be fashionable this spring?

"What kind of a suit for spring would you advise for a girl of sixteen, dark complexion, who would prefer purple for a color, if that is suitable for spring?

"C. M. G."

Ans. Yes.

2d. We would advise a fine, striped silk, purple and white, trimmed with narrow ruffles of the same, pinked out, or a checked or striped poplinette, trimmed with ruffles bound with purple silk. The fine, line-striped summer silks are $1.85 per yard, poplinettes about $1.25.

"Editor Demorest's Monthly—Will you be so good as to inform me how to have a walking-dress made of heavy black silk, in some pretty and stylish way? Do you think the double skirt will remain long in fashion, or more than one season? Would the upper skirt look well trimmed with plaited satin ribbon; if so, of what width? This, I suppose, is always a heading to something else, and is there anything prettier than fringe? I would like something else, as I have several dresses trimmed with fringe already. Also, what color shall I get for a light evening dress of satin, and how trimmed, and ought it to be made with a *train* or can it be made short? One more question and I am done. What will be the most stylish way in which to cut a black silk *sac* or mantle to be worn with suit or other dresses, and how trimmed? Yours, and oblige,

"An Old Subscriber."

Ans. Your black silk would hardly look stylish now without an upper skirt. It should be made with a basque, open at the back and sides or forming tabs of unequal lengths, and trimmed with quillings of the same, bound with satin, and laid in reversed plaits. Under skirt trimmed with two narrow flounces, headed with the quilled ruching, the upper skirt with the quilling only, all bound with satin. A *panier* bow, composed of a square bow, three loops and two ends, finishes it at the back. The upper skirt should be rounded off from the front without an apron, and looped up at the back and sides with square bows.

Upper skirts have been fashionable some time, but we think they will remain so for one or more seasons, at least. They can be utilized afterward for children.

The material bound with satin is better worn than satin ribbon.

Get pearl-color and trim it with black lace; or green, and trim it with white lace; or "nasturtion" color, the most brilliant gas-light color known, and trim it with white lace. It should be made with a demi-train at least, not short. Cut it square, back and front, fill it in with lace, trim the square with lace and finish the *Marie Antoinette* sleeves with frills of lace. Rich *point applique* is the proper kind.

It should be cut as a basque, trimmed to simulate a square Pompadour, with rich lace, and finished with immense bow and ends at the back. The skirt should be open upon the back, the sleeves trimmed in a half square at the wrist.

"Dear Demorest—What would be a suitable spring bonnet for a lady that has been married six months?

"2d. What qualities and styles of dresses will be worn this spring, and how trimmed? What is a pretty way of making dresses for home wear, common ones such as calicos, etc.? I was so delighted with my needles I wish another package as my premium. With many good wishes for your constant success, I am,

"M. G. B."

Ans. White chip trimmed with black lace, ribbon and field flowers.

2d. Fine, striped summer silks, foulards, poplins, Japanese silks, pongees, and poplinettes.

3d. You will find plenty of hints as to trimming in answers to other subscribers.

4th. Calico dresses should be made with a French waist, put in a belt and attached to a skirt rather narrow in the front, but gathered in amply at the back. The skirt may be finished with a deep flounce or a plain hem.

At calico balls and parties, calico dresses are made with flounces, upper skirts, paniers, etc., etc.

"Dear Demorest—All of my club, that I have seen, are much pleased with the Magazine, and, for my own part, I consider it decidedly the best Fashion Journal published. The premiums, so far as I have heard, arrived safely. I like my satchel and dressing-case very much indeed, and feel amply repaid for the trouble of getting up the club. You will greatly oblige me, if you will answer a few questions in the May No. of your Magazine.

"What colored silk dress would you advise me to get, that would look well in May, June, or September, and that would remain in style several years? How shall it be made and trimmed? Couldn't it be changed from a house to a street-dress, if desired? If allowable for the street, should it have an outside wrap of the same material, and how made? What amount of silk will be required to complete the suit? How shall I have a walking-suit made of fifteen yards of goods like the inclosed sample? Should there be an upper skirt of the same material, and how should it be trimmed? What would make a pretty traveling-suit for the last of May? What would make a nice morning wrapper for the same season, and how should it be trimmed?

"Will black silk wraps of any shape be worn this summer with different colored dresses; or must one never appear on the street, or at church, except in full suit?"

Ans. Black, or one of the new changeable silks, would be the best.

Trim it with narrow folds of the silk, with satin pipings, or with fringe headed with satin pipings, or with quilled ruffles of the same, bound on either edge with satin. Make it long, and with a basque and upper skirt, loop up the under skirt for the street. 18 to 21 yards.

For your walking-suit make a short dress, upper skirt and cape, and trimmed with quilled ruffles of the same, bound with steel-colored silk.

English water-proof cloth, or serge, or pongee; a very long water-proof sack, reaching to the bottom of the dress, with sleeves and cape attached, will be a fashionable traveling-costume this spring.

Figured *pique*.

Black silk cloaks and basques are always more or less worn with colored dresses, though they look less complete now than the suits.

"Dear Demorest—I live in the country, and would like to ask your advice on certain topics.

"Would a white muslin dress be suitable for a wedding-dress, to be worn only a few minutes in the morning, before putting on a traveling dress?

"How would a dress of this material be best made? I am short and quite slender (5 feet exactly).

"Would a white tulle vail be suitable with the dress?

"How long a vail will be needed, and what price is the tulle? These will be required the last of May.

"Yours, NETTIE."

Ans. A white organdy muslin would be very suitable. It would be best made with a series of narrow flounces, and an upper skirt looped up at the back and sides. The body should be high, the sleeves puffed down. The dress should be a yard and three-quarters, or two yards, in length at the back.

A white tulle vail would be very pretty. It should be two yards long, and would cost about two dollars per yard.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I wish to ask you a few questions:

"1st. What way would be pretty to make a black silk dress? It is a very heavy and handsome silk, and would like to know a plain but handsome way to make it.

"2d. I have a blue check silk (blue and white) already made, very long and full. I wish to make it some way more stylish than it is.

"3d. What will be pretty for a young bride in May? What would be pretty for a traveling-suit at that time?

"CLARA S."

Ans. This question is answered under the queries of other correspondents.

2d. Make a short dress of it, and use the surplus for ruffles bound with blue, and pelerine cape.

White silk, white satin, white organdy, or white Chambery gauze.

Pongee, or light striped silk.

"DEAR DEMOREST—It gives me pleasure to return thanks for your promptness in responding to my club, the parties of which express themselves as *very* much pleased with your Magazine. Our premiums have all arrived, and we are highly delighted with them. I will endeavor, by the expiration of my present subscription, to get you a more numerous club. Wishing you entire success in your most worthy undertaking, I remain

"Yours with much respect,
"MRS. E. M. Q."

"DEAR DEMOREST—May I ask a few questions through your 'Ladies' Club?' I think it a perfect 'Institution.'

"1st. If the double skirt is made, is the under one closely gored, or full, like the single skirt, or is the upper one full likewise?

"2d. Is fluting still made, or fashionable?

"3d. Do you button the waists of dresses, or set the buttons on?

"4th. Are double-breasted waists more fashionable than those that open in front?

"5th. Is velvet ribbon used much for trimming?

"I am about to make up a very nice gray alpaca—am middle-aged, but like anything dressy. Please inform how to make it.

"By answering these questions you will greatly oblige me. Yours,

"MRS. C. G. Z.,
"An old subscriber."

Ans. Full. Can not make the upper skirt too *bouffant*.

2d. Much less so than formerly.

3d. Depends upon the material.

4th. No.

5th. Not much. Satin, or material the same as the dress, is fashionably employed for trimming.

6th. Make it with an upper skirt, a cape looped up, and trimmed with ruffles, bound with the same, or with satin.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I would like to have a plain set of jewelry for a school-girl. I am a blonde, round face. Do you think a 'garnet' set would be becoming? For what could you get a set? How should a school-girl arrange her hair?

"BEATRICE."

Ans. No. You should have white onyx set in gold, with pearls; price from fifteen to twenty-five dollars.

2d. Simply as possible. Best way is to wear it short, otherwise braided neatly at the back of her head.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I am late in acknowledging the receipt of the beautiful needles you sent, and in telling you how much I prize your dear Magazine; but you have my sincere thanks for both, all the same.

"I commenced taking your Monthly last November for the first time, and never intend to try to live without it again. My husband is as much pleased by it as myself. I made me a walking-dress of black alpaca from the full-sized pattern you sent with the November No., and he says *that* alone is worth the price of the subscription. We are all perfectly delighted with it in every respect; and now I am going to trespass on your kindness by asking you a few questions.

"Some of the first ladies in town here have laid aside their *hoops*, saying that they are out of style, that no fashionable lady in New York wears them now, and my first question is: *Are* hoops out of style?

"2d. Do young Misses under fourteen years of age wear them?

"3d. At what age should little boys first begin to wear pants?

"4th. Is a boy of eight too old to wear knee-band pants?

"5th. I wear my back hair twisted in a large coil. Is it worn that way *at all?*

"6th. Are nets for the hair out of date?

"7th. Which is the most suitable to wear to church—a short suit, or a long dress?

"8th. Are long dresses ever made with sacks or capes of the same material?"

Ans. Hoops are not out of style; they are worn small, and some with tapes instead of springs in front. A person here and there has left them off on occasions, but have been glad to return to them again. You will find an article on this subject in the present number.

2d. Yes.

3d. At about five years. Some put them on four years of age.

4th. No; unless he is unusually large for his age.

5th. Yes; but it would be more fashionably arranged in puffs and curls.

6th. Invisible nets are worn over the back hair.

7th. Either may be worn with propriety.

8th. Certainly.

"DEAR DEMOREST—You so often give advice to those who seek it that I am tempted to ask you some questions too. I hope you will please answer them, trifling as they are:

"What is the lowest price for a good 'glove-fitting' corset?

"Are those cambrics (Lancaster cambrics) as good as they are said to be—almost as good as French cambric? I want to get me a suit, and I see them spoken of so highly, and they are only twenty cents a yard, so I do not know about the quality—and what is the lowest price for the Lancaster cambric and Percale suits? I see them offered at 45 cts. per yard—is that the lowest?

"What is the price of linen suitable for collars and cuffs? and the price of patterns for collars and cuffs?

"The price of linen for dresses—suits?

"The cheapest of spring goods to make a common walking-suit, and how much per yard? and how many yards for a suit, and price of pattern for suit?

"It is hardly worth while for one to get expensive suits out here, for we have no side-walk, and you may imagine that it is agreeable in muddy weather, of which we have double our share. Besides, I could not afford expensive dresses, so I think it better to have three or four *cheap* ones in place of one *dear* one.

"Would it be pretty to make a Swiss dress shawl-waist? What is the price of the shawl-waist pattern?

"I have a gored silk that is somewhat soiled, but can be turned; also, a short gored black silk skirt. How can I fix the purple so that it will do to wear? and would the black do to help make out a suitable dress of the purple?

"I have a good deal of my own hair cut off, it is about eight inches long; could I have it made into a *chignon*, and how much would it cost me, and where must I send it to have it made?

"How shall I dress a baby eighteen months old? What is the price of *pique* suitable for a child's dress and *sacque?* What colors wash best of *pique?*

"What would I have to give for a lace collar, late style, not an expensive one, but still *real* lace?

"Oh, dear! how foolish the questions do seem to me! But still, of great importance. I am a young married lady, *very* gay, only one child, eighteen months old, and my husband desires to have me dress nicely and look "stylish;" he is not very well off, and I try to please him by looking nice and making what few clothes I get fashionable; making a $10 bill do as much for me now as a $20 did before marriage; and he, innocent soul that he is, never imagines how I worry over it—and then trying to get my baby boy's outfit nicely made too—sometimes I get out of patience fixing over things, and think I will do as my neighbors do, and not try to be anything but common; but, when I think of my husband's praise, I go on contriving. Well—here I am writing to you like you were an old friend—you are too, though you may not know it.

"MRS. M. H. C."

Ans. 1st. Five dollars.

2d. The colors are not as good, and they will neither wash nor wear like French cambrics. The price is much lower, however, and an equal quality should not be expected. They are very good of their kind.

3d. 75 cents per yard. The best plan would be to buy a set of linen collar and cuffs and take the pattern.

4th. Undressed linen for suits ranges from twenty-five to fifty cents per yard. Cheap spring goods, checks and mixtures, range at about the same prices.

5th. You will find the prices of paper patterns in the advertising columns. A French waist tucked would be prettier.

6th. Make your black silk into an over-dress, or overskirt, to wear with the purple.

7th. Yes. It could be made into a puffed chignon at a cost of about three to five dollars. Any hair-dresser can do it.

8th. Little gored *pique* dresses and suits. White, trimmed with white.

9th. $2.50.

When girls realize that they have, in very many cases, to make a $10 bill, after marriage, go as far as $20 before, they will be less anxious to marry.

You need not hurry to assure us of your happiness notwithstanding, and all that. We know all you would say; but the fact remains, that marriage is to woman a sacrifice which men can not appreciate, and never will, until women learn, as our fathers did, to consider independence better than protection.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I received my satchel the 17th inst. I am very much pleased with it and feel quite repaid for the trouble I incurred in getting up the club; please accept my thanks. The Magazines have all come right, with the premiums, with which *all* I seem pleased.

"MRS. D. S. J."

"DEAR DEMOREST—I received my album by mail a few days since. I am much pleased with it. You will please accept my thanks. I will try to get more subscribers for your Magazine, which is the best I know of. MRS. M. B. W."

Mrs. L. C.—We do not know where the "cheek-plumpers" are to be obtained; probably their use would be as inconvenient as the absence of teeth.

AN elderly lady sends the following, in acknowledgment of the receipt of her premium cooking-stove:

"KIND-HEARTED DEMOREST—
"May the path *you* have chosen to walk
in through life,
Be strewn with the choicest of flowers,
And *your joys* be as many as my *heart*
can wish
In this beautiful world of ours.

"The Peerless cooking-stove and all of the utensils I received the other day at my door, from Mr. S. H., which he brought from the Syracuse freight office in tip-top order. I am an old lady and worked hard for my premium, but am thankful for my success through your kind offering, and shall ever think of you with kindness as I work around my premium stove with all of its *quantity* of *durable* and *perfectly finished* utensils. Good-by."

WE have many letters which we are compelled to lay over.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I am delighted with your publication, especially your replies to correspondents—so much useful information is therein imparted. I have frequently been pained with the enmity, prejudice, and want of love and esteem which exists between *stepmothers* and children, which often causes the latter to leave the parental roof, and indulge in woe, sin and misery, and I have concluded to ask of you some advice by which it may be remedied, and homes made pleasant. Hoping you may comply with my request, and that your reply with this may be published in all the Magazines and periodicals in the land, and good be accomplished thereby,

"I remain yours,
"LOVE ALL."

Ans. Our advice to step-mothers is: Observe the golden rule, seek to win the love of your step-children, act toward them as you would wish others in the same position to act toward your motherless offspring, if God should call you hence. A little forbearance and kindness on your part may gain the children's love, make home pleasant, and lead souls to Christ. Remember your responsibility, and use your influence for good.

◆

CUSTOM OF THROWING AN OLD SHOE AT WEDDINGS.

IN Ben Johnson's time this seems to have been practiced as at present, for he alludes to it in "The Gypsies" (1640), and it is also mentioned by John Heywood (1598), "For good lucke cast an old shooe after mee." This practice, however, is derived from a still more ancient source. Among the Hebrews, in transferring property, a shoe was thrown upon it, and we find an allusion to this in the Book of Ruth, 4 : 7. "A man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel," of the transfer of possession being made. Now, when a lady is married, a transfer of property is made, and the parents throw a shoe at the bride, to signify that they henceforth resign to the bridegroom all right and claim to their child, who, with all her worldly goods, is henceforth to be the property of her husband.

CARELESS LETTER-WRITERS.

We have, on several occasions, called the attention of our readers to the necessity for sending their *full* address—Town, County and State—to every letter they write to a publication office. It is not too much to say that ten per cent. of the letters we receive have no State; some have no names, and others no Town or County.

To assist in obviating the difficulty, we have had blank forms printed for the use of subscribers and clubs, which only require filling up, which are so plain they can not be mistaken, and which we will mail to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp, to pay postage.

We have received the sums set opposite the following persons' names; but, either for want of proper address, or other omission, can not fill the order, or credit the party with the amount.

Smith, Cooper, Paul, Tharp, Watson, Bruce, Batt, Basset, Riggles, Carroll, Scott, Winter, Graham, Keerans, Knapp, $3 00 each; Francise, Kermany, Clary, Welpley, Gresham, Revere, $2 50 each; Clerk, $5.50; Chalmers, 6.00; Dixon, $2.00; Varney, $4.00; Jellison, $6.45; Choate, $7 50; Hurst, $3 10; Burdick, Cornish, Green, $1 50 each; Hacken, $11 00; Pease, $4 50; Leatherman, $10 00; Leidke, $7 25; Moore, $18 00.

Received without name from: New Orleans, $5 50; Susun City, Cal., $6 00; Vicksburgh, Miss, $1 50; Monticello, $1 75; Shawneetown, Ill., $4 50; Chicago, Ill., $18 00; Washington, $1 40; Due South, Minn., $1 25; and a number of small sums, from 5 cts. to 80 cts. each.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from the enterprising publisher, Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., the following new and excellent music: "To My Heart," from the German; Music written for Miss Sarah W. Adams, by E. B. Oliver. "The Dying Wife," a very touching ballad, music by W. T. Porter. Trios for female voices, with piano-forte accompaniment. "Childhood's Happy Home;" words by Geo. F. Sargent, music by Wm. T. Meir. Dance music from Chilperic, by Herve, arranged by J. S. Knight. A Galop Militaire, by Edward Hoffman. "Evening Rest," by Sidney Smith. "*Vale*," a farewell plaint, by Harry Sanderson, to Henry C. Watson, Esq. "When We Grow Old," solo and duet; words and music by Geo. F. Sargent. All the above music can be obtained also of C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.

THE FAN-PARASOL.

We call the attention of our lady readers to the new Fan-Parasol, illustrated and described on page 196. It is extremely elegant and ornamental, and doubly useful. It is manufactured by Doubleday & Dwight, 34 Walker and 213 Church streets, New York City.

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers; to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

Advertisers will please understand that the crowded state of our columns renders it necessary that they should send in their advertisements by the twenty-first of the month to secure insertion in the following issue.

Our readers will also confer a favor on us personally if they will, when writing for articles, say they saw them advertised in Demorest's Monthly.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of **Webster's Dictionary,** containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era.*

Interesting to Ladies.—My **WHEELER & WILSON** has been in almost daily use, Sabbaths excepted, for over ten years, doing the work, both coarse and fine, for a family, which, for seven years, consisted of more than forty persons. During the whole ten years it has needed *no* repairs of any kind, and its condition is so good now that I would not exchange it for a new machine. So perfect is its running order that it has not required a second needle in over three years.

Mrs. Wm. A. Obenton.

Union Point, Ga.

BACK NUMBERS of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1869 can still be furnished. Now is the time to subscribe for this popular Monthly, the FORTY-NINTH volume of which commenced with the January number. The subscription price is $3.00 a year, or, The Journal and Demorest's Magazine for $5.00. Sample numbers sent for 30 cents. The most **liberal** cash commission ever allowed for a STANDARD MAGAZINE is given to local canvassing agents. For terms address S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

A GREAT OFFER.—Horace Waters, No. 481 Broadway, will dispose of 100 Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, at extremely low prices for cash during this month, or will take from $5 to $20 monthly until paid. The same to let, and rent money applied if purchased.

The Great American Tea Co.'s French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee.—Owing to the fine flavor and great strength of this coffee, it requires a less quantity than is generally used of other coffees. Boil over a quick fire not exceeding one minute. It is much improved by breaking an egg into the pot. It will settle perfectly clear in five minutes. Serve with sugar and cream, or scalded milk. For a dinner coffee, serve without cream or milk. Napoleon, in preparing this coffee, never allowed it to be boiled, but filtered it through a percolator. That is the favorite French style of preparing it.

Wm. D. Baldwin, Esq., of Washington, D. C., says his wife has used a **GROVER & BAKER SEWING-MACHINE** for eleven years, during which time it has never needed a dollar's worth of repairs, except once when broken by an accident in moving, and that it has done *all sorts of work* in the most satisfactory manner.

Mme. Demorest's Combination Suspender and Shoulder Brace. Every lady should wear them, and no child should be without them. Ladies', $1; children's, 75 cents. Sent by mail, post free, on receipt of price. Emporium of Fashions, 838 Broadway.

COLGATE & CO.'S

Aromatic Vegetable Soap

Is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of Ladies and Infants.

Sold by all dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS, Etc., Etc.,

Remember the Best Goods for your use are Manufactured by

Brainerd & Armstrong,

Importers and Manufacturers in

Sewing Silk, Machine Twist, &c.

No. 469 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

OPENING of our SPRING IMPORTATION,

March 1st, 1869.

BAMBERG & HILL,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

STRAW & SILK GOODS

FLOWERS, FEATHERS, &c.,

441 BROADWAY, N. Y.

London and Paris Fashion Books.

World of Fashion, or Le Monde Elegant.

Beau Monde, or Les Modes Parisiennes.

Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.

Young Ladies' Journal.

All published monthly, arriving here about 15th of each month, and contain Splendid Colored Plates and Patterns, executed in Paris by the first artists. Supplied by all News Agents. WILLMER & ROGERS, 47 Nassau Street, N. Y. General Agents in U. S. for Foreign Periodicals. Send for Price List.

Fresh Garden, Flower and Tree Seeds, and Small Fruits, Prepaid by Mail. A complete and judicious assortment. 25 sorts of either Seeds $1.00. True Cape Cod Cranberry with directions for culture on high or low land. New fragrant Everblooming Japan Honey-suckle charming new hardy vine. 50 cents each, $5.00 per doz., prepaid. New Early Rose Potato, 75 cents per lb., 5 lbs. $3.00, prepaid. Priced Catalogues to any address, also Trade lists. Seeds on Commission. Agents wanted.

B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Establishment, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842.

THE MAGIC COMB

Will color Gray Hair a permanent black or brown. Sent by mail for $1.25. Address WM. PATTON, Treasurer Magic Comb Co., Springfield, Mass.

Enlarged and Beautified.—That old favorite of the reading public, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, has been Enlarged and Beautified, and is now the *Cheapest*, and, as many think, the *Best* of our literary weeklies. Terms, $2.50 a year (with a beautiful Premium Engraving). Five copies (and one extra), $8. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. ☞ *Send at once for a Sample Number, which is furnished gratis.*

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the **American Knitting Machine.** Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to Agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

EMPLOYMENT, pleasant and profitable. Send stamp for answer to S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

TILTON'S

Initial Stationery.

DOLLAR BOXES.

Sent by Mail, Post Paid.

NEW DIES, NEW PRESSES,

And the Latest Styles of Note Paper,

Direct from Paris.

The favor with which our boxes have been received by our friends and the public generally, which is shown by our rapidly increasing business, has induced us to make still greater exertions to please our patrons, and we have added several new stamping presses, and are constantly having new styles of letters engraved, so that we may meet the demands of all. We have lately made arrangements with a House in Paris to send us

The Latest and Most Fashionable Styles of Ladies' Note and Wedding Paper and Envelopes,

and hereafter every variety in Ladies' Note and Wedding Stationery may be found at our establishment.

We have also added two new dollar boxes to our former list—which will now comprise

THE PARISIAN BOX,

Containing Plain French Papers of the finest quality, with Envelopes to match, and stamped with any initial desired.

THE BISMARCK BOX,

Containing thick English Papers, with Envelopes to match, stamped with any initial desired.

THE HALF & HALF BOX,

Containing half Parisian and half Bismarck styles, stamped with any initial desired.

THE FRENCH FANCY BOX,

Containing the fancy styles of fine French Paper, with Envelopes to match, and stamped with any initial desired.

PRICE OF EACH BOX, $1.00,

and sent by mail, post paid, to any part of the country.

Either of the above styles may also be had, stamped in colors, but in colors will contain but half the quantity of paper which we put into the boxes stamped plain. We also have constantly on hand papers and envelopes of all sizes and qualities, by the quire and pack, initialed, plain, and in colors, in great variety of style of letter.

We furnish same as single letters, pet names, such as Lizzie, Mollie, Mary, Nellie, Hattie, Fannie, and Annie. The most fashionable style of stamping just now is in single letters, but we can, when so ordered, give two or more.

Monograms, for color or plain stamping, made to order.

Initial Stationery is the rage, and generally used in all fashionable correspondence, party and wedding invitations. Those at a distance from the large cities find it difficult to procure the latest styles in paper at once, or any variety of stylish letters, and to meet this want we have made arrangements with a leading house in Paris to send us all new styles as they appear, and we are constantly adding new forms of initials to our stock. The boxes which we mention in this circular, are made up of the best quality of fashionable note paper and envelopes, and initialed with the latest styles of letters. They can be sent to any part of the country by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price mentioned. This makes them very desirable, and a slight effort will always secure a large club.

We are receiving a great many club orders from all parts of the country, and to prevent all mistakes, we request those sending to write the initial and address plain, giving the State and county, and, if a particular style of initial is desired, stating it. We would also request those ordering to notify us at once of any delay in delivery, or of errors of any nature. Many persons order, inclosing money, but omit to mention State; and as nearly all the States have the same town names, it is impossible for us to fill such orders.

In remitting money, it is always best to send Post-office orders, and then there can be no loss. We are daily receiving orders from all parts of the country, from those who have used our paper, and who write us that it gives perfect satisfaction. Address all orders to

J. E. TILTON & CO.,

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☞ Particular attention given to getting up PARTY INVITATIONS and WEDDING CARDS.

(Send for Club Circular.)

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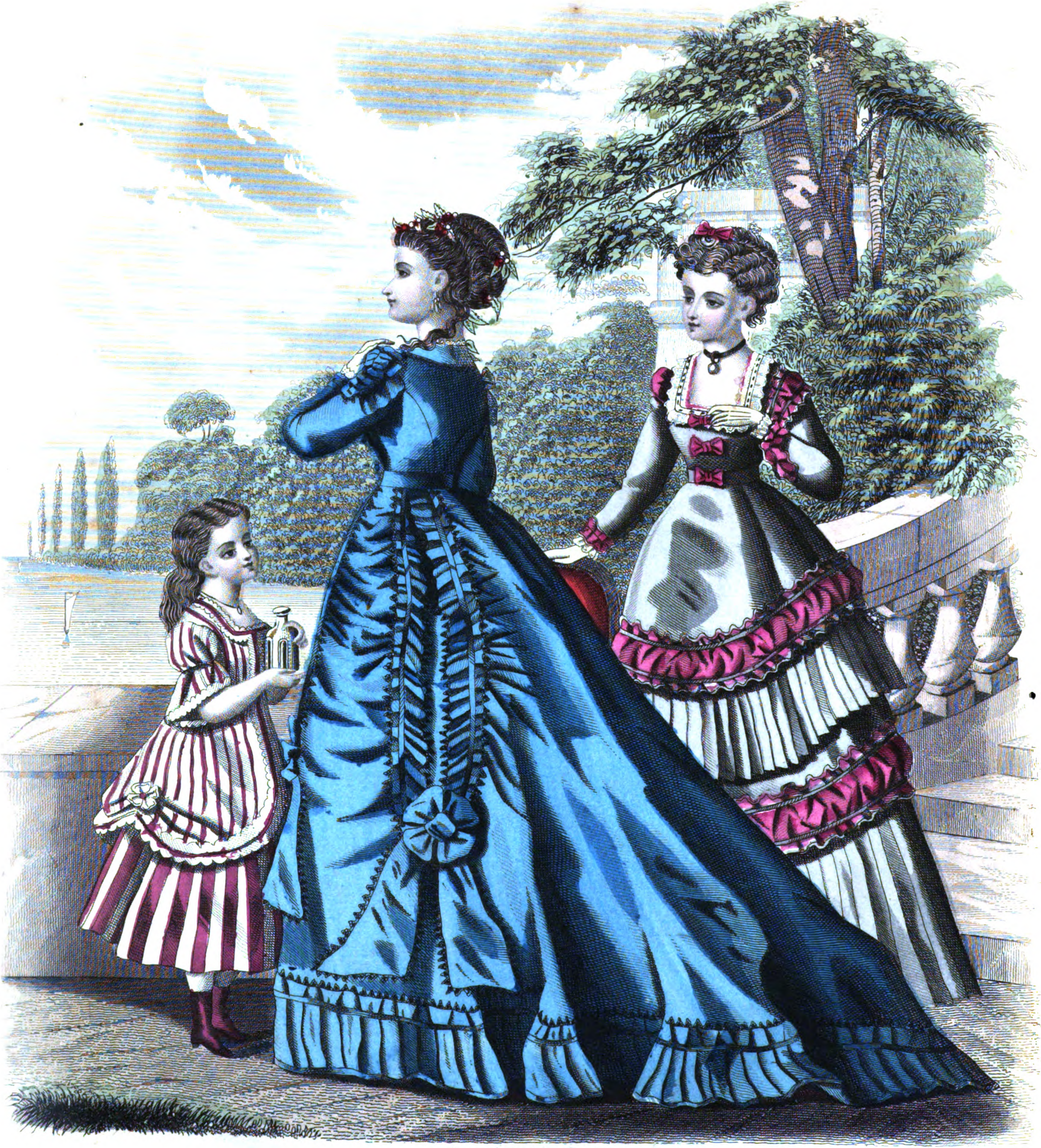

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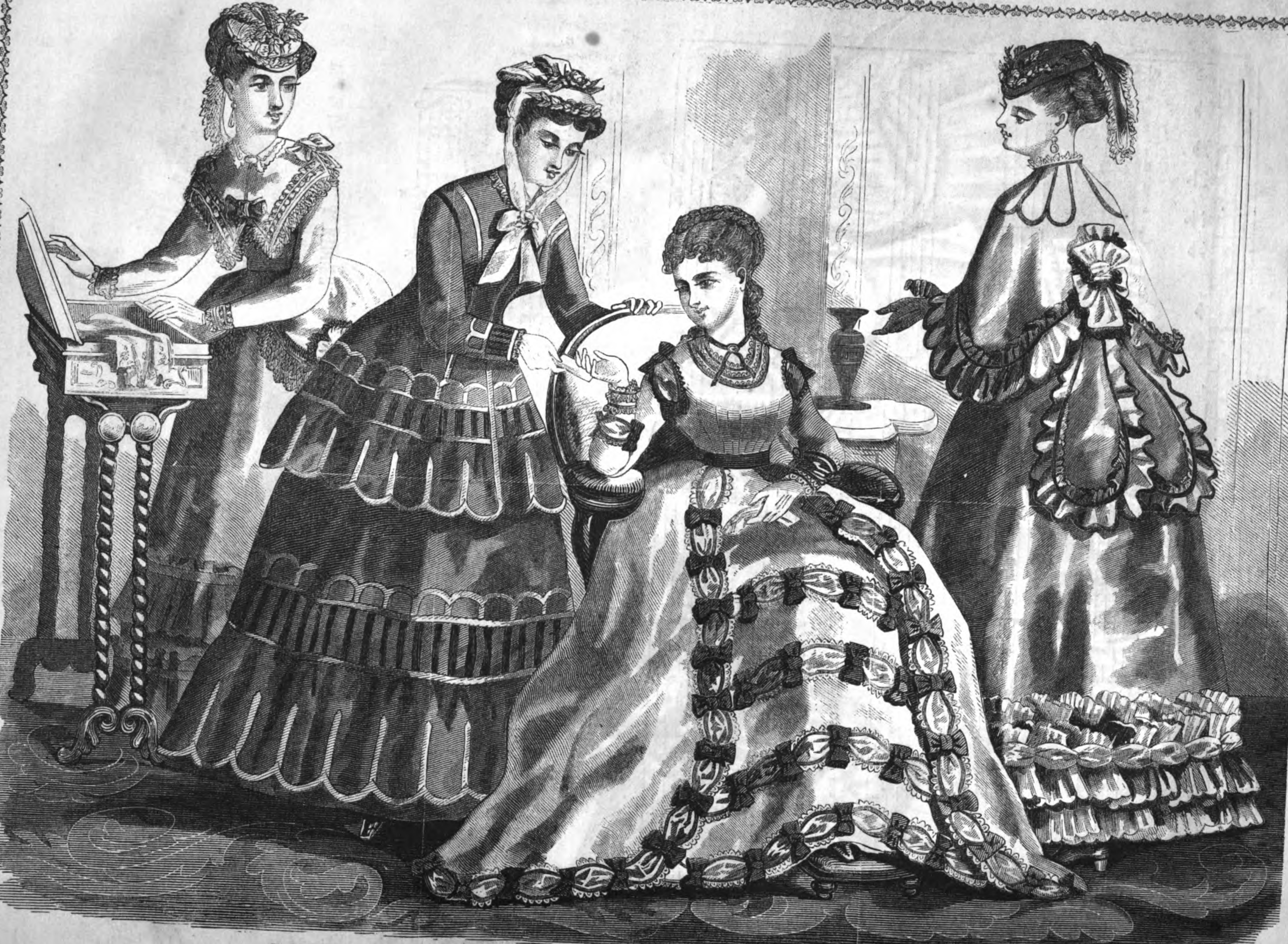
MME DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.

838 BROADWAY. N. Y.
JUNE 1869



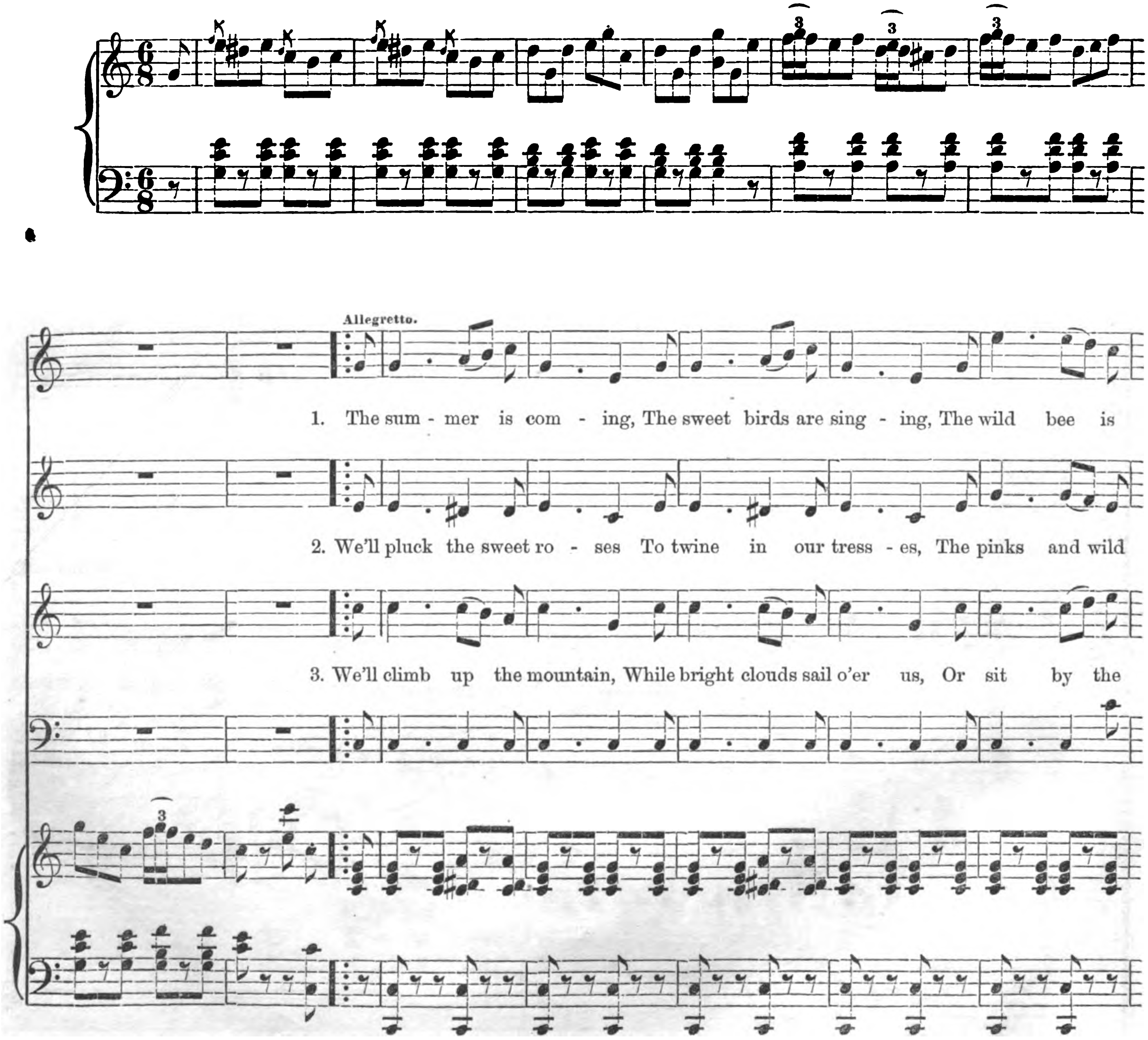
LATEST STYLES OF SUITS AND HOUSE COSTUME FOR JUNE, 1869.

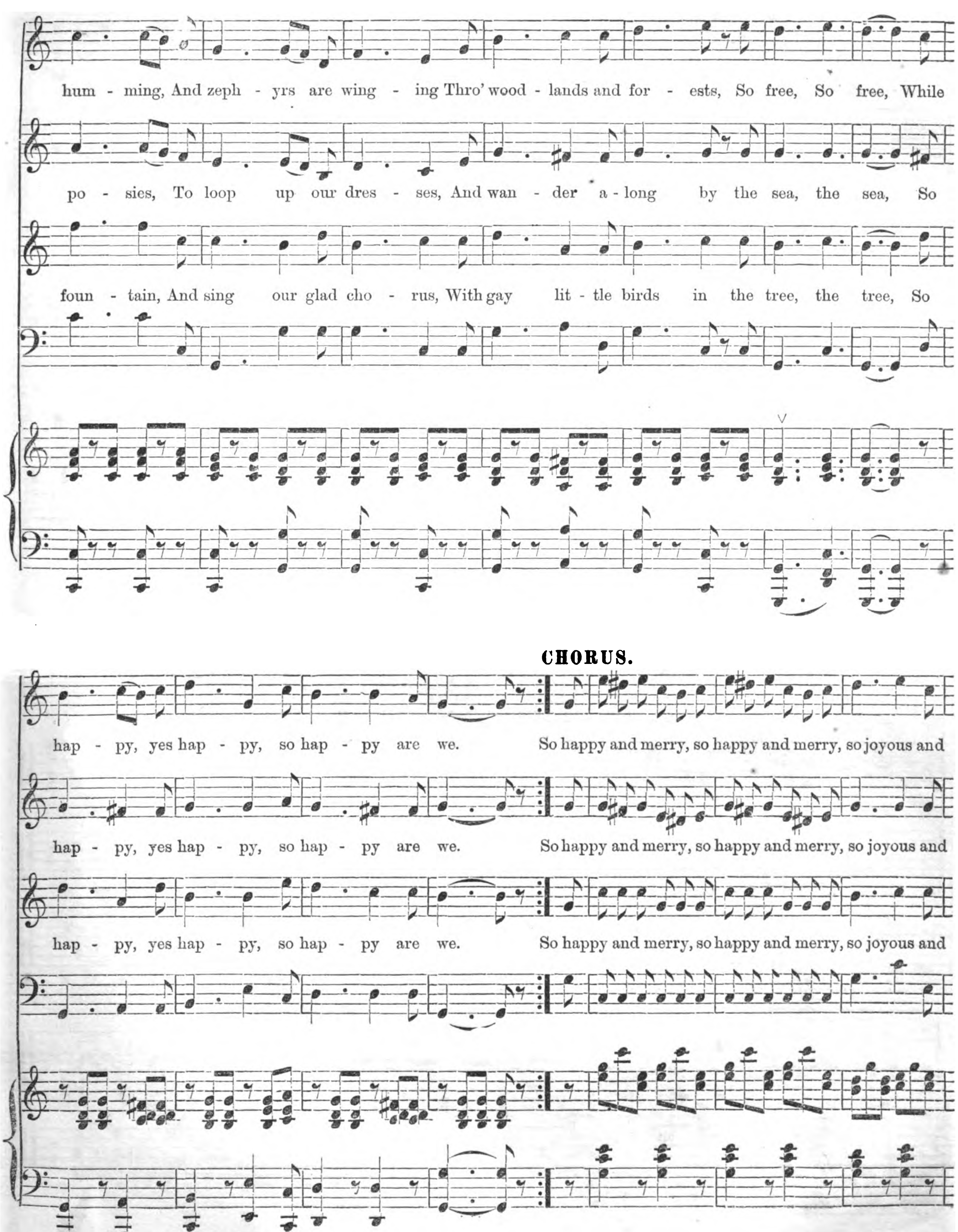
The Summer Glee.

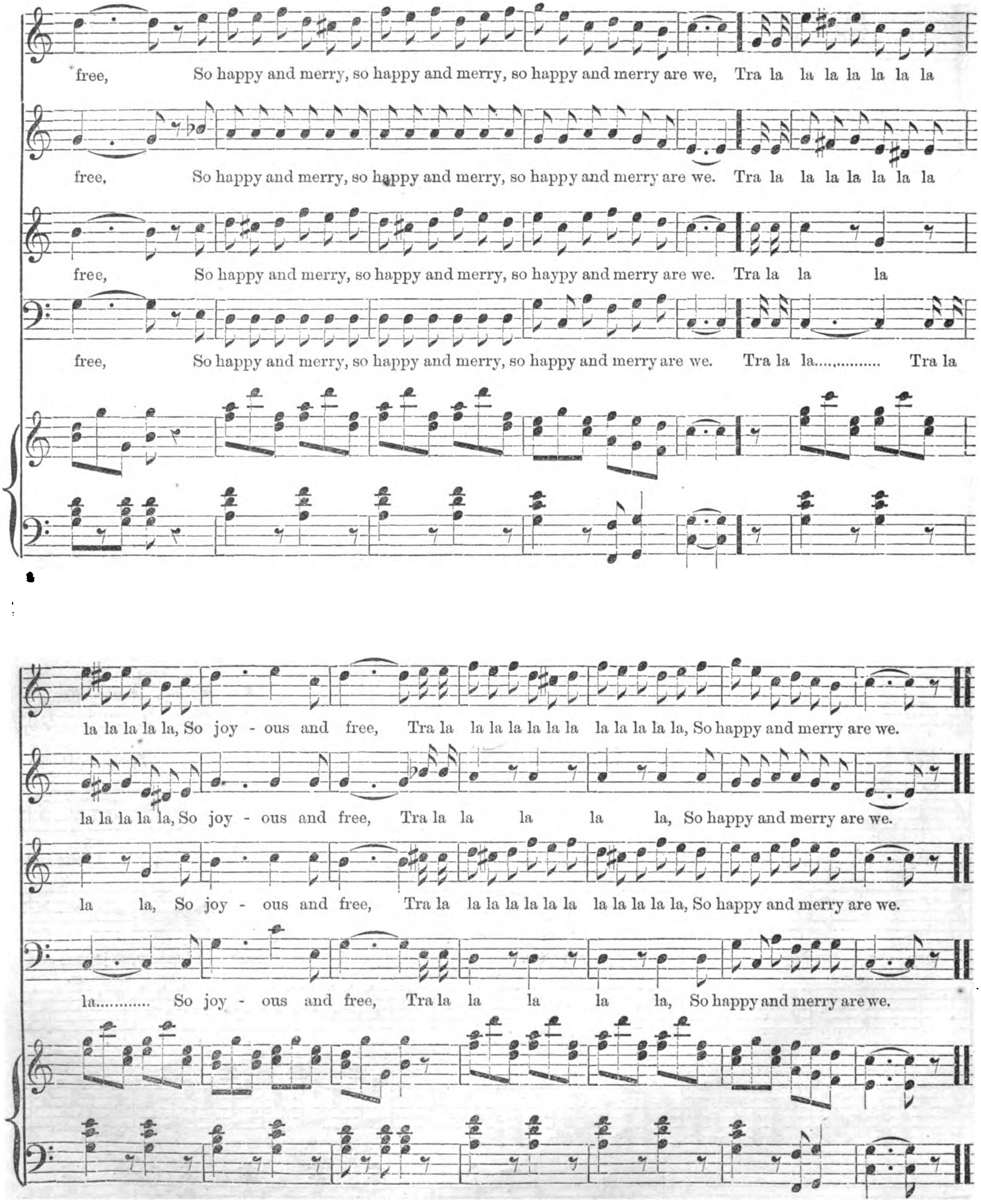
FOR SOLO, QUARTETTE, OR CHORUS. (ad lib.)

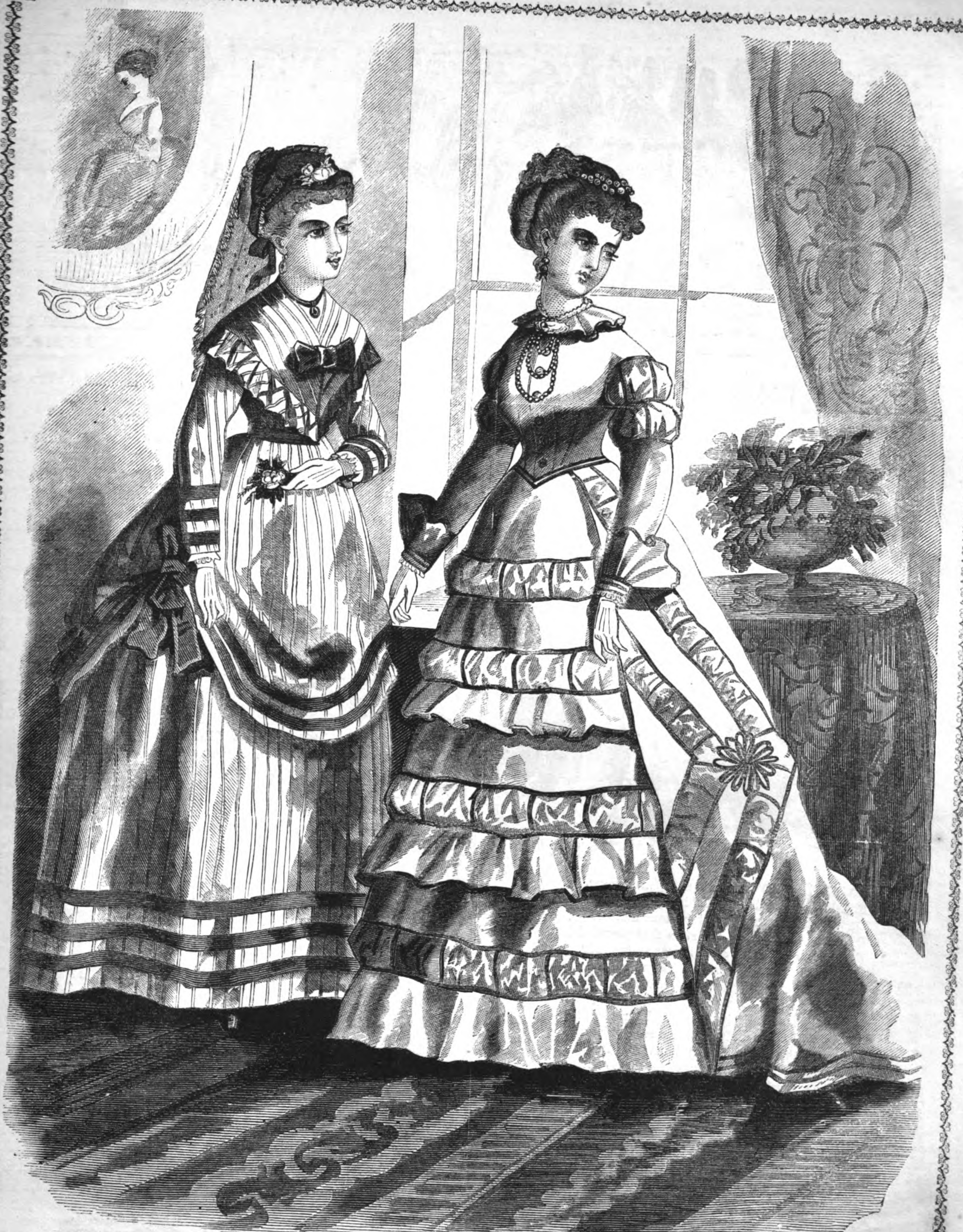
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.


Allegretto.
1. The sum - mer is com - ing, The sweet birds are sing - ing, The wild bee is
2. We'll pluck the sweet ro - ses To twine in our tress - es, The pinks and wild
3. We'll climb up the mountain, While bright clouds sail o'er us, Or sit by the


hum - ming, And zeph - yrs are wing - ing Thro' wood - lands and for - ests, So free, So free, While
po - sies, To loop up our dres - ses, And wan - der a - long by the sea, the sea, So
foun - tain, And sing our glad cho - rus, With gay lit - tle birds in the tree, the tree, So
CHORUS.
hap - py, yes hap - py, so hap - py are we. So happy and merry, so happy and merry, so joyous and
hap - py, yes hap - py, so hap - py are we. So happy and merry, so happy and merry, so joyous and
hap - py, yes hap - py, so hap - py are we. So happy and merry, so happy and merry, so joyous and


free, So happy and merry, so happy and merry, so happy and merry are we, Tra la la la la la la la
free, So happy and merry, so happy and merry, so happy and merry are we. Tra la la la la la la la
free, So happy and merry, so happy and merry, so haypy and merry are we. Tra la la la
free, So happy and merry, so happy and merry, so happy and merry are we. Tra la la.............. Tra la
la la la la la, So joy - ous and free, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la, So happy and merry are we.
la la la la la, So joy - ous and free, Tra la la la la la, So happy and merry are we.
la la, So joy - ous and free, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la, So happy and merry are we.
la............ So joy - ous and free, Tra la la la la la, So happy and merry are we.

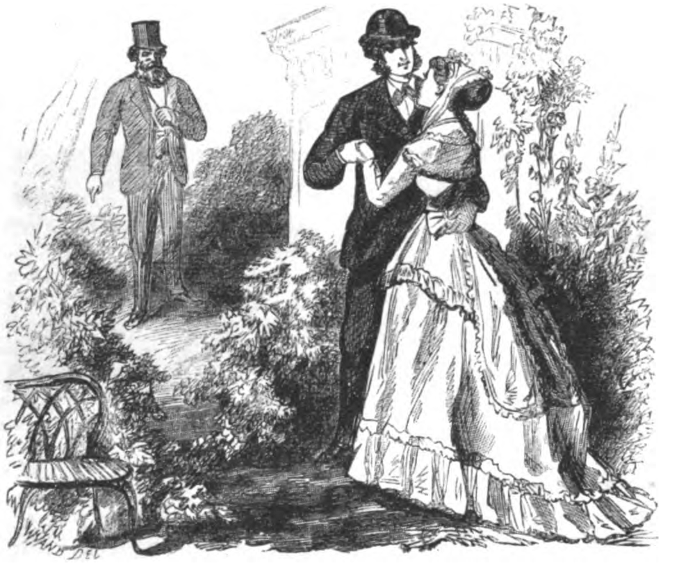


LATEST STYLES OF ORGANDY SUIT AND DINNER COSTUME FOR JUNE, 1869.

DEMOREST'S
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

ROSALINE REDOWA.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.



ROSALINE REDOWA, belle of Fifth Avenue,
Finished at Dresden's polishing Institute,
Dawned on her set like a luminous meteor,
Dimming the light of the stars that preceded her.
Fair as the roses she wove in her amber hair,
Pure as the heart of the spotless japonica,
Rich as Crœsus, that ancient inheriter,
Rosaline reigned for two seasons triumphantly.
Rare was her wardrobe, as any fair princess's,
Heavy with laces and matchless embroidery,
Cream of the choice importations from India.
London and Paris were ransacked for novelties
Unique and rare. Diamonds the costliest
Glittered from ears, arms, and bosom resplendently.
One sunny morn, when the sky was cerulean,
Like a fair queen trod sweet Rosaline Redowa
Over her carpet of elegant tapestry,
Over the clusters of lilies and eglantine—
Crushing them down with her footsteps impatiently—
Clasping her hands in an infinite agony,
As she cried, "Oh, for the blessings of poverty!
Oh, for the mendicant's untrammeled liberty!
What though my chains are of metal the costliest?
What though each link with a diamond be riveted?
Still are they fetters that bind me down helplessly!"

PALE, at her side, and regarding her earnestly—
All his whole soul in that glance pleading prayerfully—
Stood a fair youth; 'twas her lover, and penniless;
Chosen, in faith, from a host of her worshipers;
Chosen, as love ever chooses, unwittingly;
Drawn by the chords of a holy affinity,
Soul meeting soul in the sweetest of sympathy,
Such as is known to the angels in Paradise.

OFT had they met, till the eye of old Roderick—
Roderick Redowa, father of Rosaline—
Caught the rapt look of the twain, as, one eventide,
Hand clasped in hand, they returned from their trysting-place.
Then, like a stroke from the over-charged thunder-cloud,
Down came his wrath on the beautiful Rosaline,
Down came his wrath on the hapless Paul Penniless,
Crushing their hopes like the weight of an avalanche!

LONG, in his mind, had he wedded fair Rosaline;
Wedded his child to an opulent nobleman—
Grizzled and gray, it is true, but a *millionaire.*
Down came his wrath, as we said, like an avalanche;
Leaving them both, as they parted, in misery,
Stunned by the mandate they knew irrevocable!

ROSALINE REDOWA, belle of Fifth Avenue,
Buried her love in the grave of obedience;
Closing its eyes with a tremulous tenderness,
Ere she became the cold bride of the nobleman.
Now, though she moves in the gayest society,
Fair as the roses she wears in her amber hair,
Gone from her eye is the bright beam of happiness,
Gone is the love-light that made her so beautiful.
Rosaline reigns in her splendid establishment,
True, as a wife, but heart-broken and spiritless;
Wandering about, with pale ghosts ever following,
Ghosts of past joys from love's evergreen sepulchre.
Thus on the altar of Mammon was sacrificed
These two fond hearts that had loved so devotedly,
Ne'er to unite on this side of eternity!

OH! ye stern fathers! with hearts like a nether-stone,
Though ye be clothed with parental authority,
Strive not to quench that sweet spark of divinity,
Breathed in the soul by the breath of Omnipotence—

"Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder!"

R. I. G.

BY MARGARET LEE.

"WELL, the house is let or sold at last," said my sister Bessie, coming into the room where we were all collected. And then, as we looked up inquiringly, "Yes indeed, the bill is off; and as I passed, this minute, the front-door was open, and a gentleman was standing in the hall inspecting it."

"Dear me!" said mother, forgetting her pile of stockings for the second; "I hope he will have a nice family. Strangers would be welcome in this monotonous village. Let me see—that house has been empty these three years. I wonder has he bought it."

"Wait for a few days and we shall be able to tell by guessing," said my brother Walter from behind his weekly paper, wherein he was reading price-lists of various styles of goods that might be saleable in the store.

"I hope he is rich," remarked the youngest member of the family—our beauty and pet—Miss Rachel Lester. She sighed wearily as she spoke, and glanced at the worn dress that she was turning for the second time.

"I am sure I can't see of what benefit his wealth will be to us," answered Bessie, "unless he has some children, and will be kind enough to send them to our school."

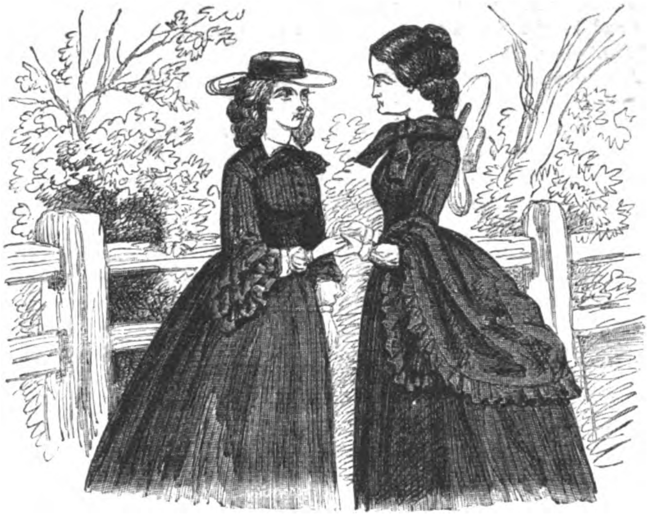
"Oh! you are always thinking of the school, Bessie, whereas I do my best to forget it during vacation. I am so tired of poor people, and people in middling, or rather comfortable circumstances, as they say in books. Just for once I would enjoy living near rich people, who did not know what it was to wish for anything in vain, or think with anxiety of where their quarter-rent was to come from—"

"As we often do," said Walter, smiling rather sadly. "Rache, I am afraid that, if our neighbor is wealthy, his money will only serve to prove to us still more keenly our own need of it."

"I don't know that I could realize the fact more bitterly than I do, if he were A. T. Stewart himself," was Rachel's answer, in a low tone of voice, anything but calculated to raise our spirits, or add cheerfulness to our list of virtues.

However, there was some excuse for Rachel. She was only seventeen, and she was very pretty. Bessie and I were older than Walter, and in our young days had enjoyed all the comforts that ample means procure. We had been our father's pets; so happy and so loved in our home that we had not cared to leave it. But, after all, troubles came thick and fast. The riches took wings and flew away—we never understood how, exactly—young girls not, as a general thing, knowing much about the intricacies of law and mortgages. We felt the changes, however, that resulted from failure in business and other losses. Our town house was sold; and we removed to a small, unpretending one in a country village, where father hoped to be able to live quietly on what could be saved from the wreck of his once flourishing business.

"Man proposes," says the old adage. It was so in our case. Father died, and mother found herself utterly unable to cope with the difficulties that he could have mastered. We discovered ourselves in the power of several unscrupulous lawyers, who threatened to swallow up in legal expenses the little that remained to us of all that we had once enjoyed—alas! so unconscious of our great blessings.


"HERE BESSIE TOOK OFF HER HAT AND LOOKED ME STRAIGHT IN THE FACE."

At this juncture an idea suddenly entered Bessie's head; and, having coaxed me out, one afternoon, for a walk, she disclosed it to me. We left mother reading a letter from our lawyer, telling her that the cottage, he thought, might be secured to us free of mortgage; but beyond that he could promise nothing. Walter and Rachel were eating their lunch, having just returned from the public school that they attended; and so, taking our straw hats, we started down the road, Bessie going so fast, in her impatience, that I could hardly keep up with her.

At last, however, we were out of sight of the cottage; and, stopping suddenly, she drew my arm through hers, and spoke decidedly and rapidly, as if the thoughts had long occupied her brain, and must have utterance given them.

"Madge, there must be an end to all this uncertainty. We must make up our minds to do something; and we must commence at once."

"Why!" I exclaimed, not comprehending her meaning. "What is the trouble now, Bessie?" I, having cried half the morning over Mr. Bassett's letter and our almost penniless condition, anticipated only some fresh disaster.

"Only the old one, that we shall keep forever if we don't exert ourselves to cast it off. We need money to live." Here Bessie took off her hat—it was a warm summer afternoon—and looked me straight in the face, her own flushed crimson, her eyes sparkling with excitement, her bright hazel curls tumbling in disorder over her shoulders.

"I know that," I said. "But, hush! here is Mr. Aubrey. Don't let him hear what we are saying."

"Then come this way, Madge," and Bessie slipped through an opening in the fence, drawing me after her, and, finding ourselves in farmer Mitchell's orchard, we sat down under an old apple-tree, and talked on safe from all interruption.

"You are eighteen and I am twenty," began Bessie, gravely. "Walter is only twelve; it will be years before he can possibly be able to help us. If he supports himself he will be doing wonders."

"Why, Walter must go to school, and be educated, as well at least as we have been, if not better," I interrupted.

"Go to school!" exclaimed Bessie, the tears starting into her eyes. "Madge, dear, it will be impossible. We must give up castle-building, and come down to realities. Father looked forward to giving our Walter a college education; you and I were to be ladies of leisure. My darling sister, that is all past and gone. Fretting will not bring back happiness. We must try and secure a little for the future by our own exertions."

"What are we to do? We never learned a trade, or anything of that kind," I said, beginning to see the drift of her conversation.

"I know all that. We have been the Misses Lester, with ample means and plenty of pride. We must put our pride in our empty pockets, Madge, and find if our reputation for being well-educated and accomplished has any real foundation. We must turn teachers—open a school in the village here, and try what success it will have."

"Open a school!" I exclaimed. "Where?"

"In one of our own rooms. The little parlor will just do."

"And where shall we sit in the evenings?"

"Why, anywhere. There, or in the dining-room, if we like it better. My dear, if we don't do something soon, we shall have no room of our own at all. Let me tell you what put the idea into my head. Yesterday I was in Mr. Aubrey's store, buying needles, and he was talking to Mrs. Green about the district-school—lamenting the fact that there was no private one in the whole village. He says it is so far, in winter, for the young children to walk; and then it is so overcrowded. Now we know by experience how Walt and Rache complain—how late they are home every afternoon, and how little they learn for all this outlay of time and strength. Suppose we have some circulars printed in the city, and let Walt take them to the best houses in the village. Mr. Marshall, the clergyman, will assist us with his advice, and perhaps find us some pupils. Oh, Madge!" here Bessie threw her arms about my neck and hid her face against mine—"If we only do it in a right spirit and in faith, nothing doubting, we shall be aided by a still higher Power!"

I returned her embrace, some of her bright hopefulness entering and nerving my heart; and that evening we communicated our plans to our mother. She thought that it would be a step in the right direction; and volunteered to see Mr. Marshall, and tell him what we had made up our minds to commence.

With his advice and assistance,

and the co-operation of several kind neighbors, the scheme was begun, and soon prospered. At the end of the first year we were free of debt, and quite broken to harness.

Ten years went over rapidly, and our fortunes, in the interval, fluctuated with the times. One quarter the school would be full, and the next, perhaps, half empty. On the whole, it did well; for we lived —plainly enough, it must be owned, but yet free of the heart-breaking anxiety that heavy, pressing debts occasion.

When Walter was thirteen he went into Mr. Aubrey's store, where they sold everything, from needles and silk dresses to sewing-machines and plows. Rache studied with us, as we intended fitting her to assist us, or take the place of either, if necessary. It was a struggling life, at the best—decidedly from hand to mouth; and yet we were very happy—happy in the enjoyment of good health, and love for each other. At times, however, when money was needed, and there was none beyond what would pay for our daily bread, a sickening sense of what we had lost would come over me, in spite of all efforts for faith and contentment.

It seemed so strange that others should be free from all care, all want; that they should revel in the pleasures and light-heartedness of youth, receiving and using carelessly what we would have prized so highly; that we should be spending our best days in ceaseless toil, almost neglected, while other girls, less beautiful, were objects of attention and admiration, their position giving them advantages that we might never expect to have. It was hard to feel that the whole scheme for Walter's life was scattered to the winds; and that pretty Rachel must grow up unnoticed, because of poor clothes and the pride that would not let us accept favors that we could not return. Bessie and I had long since put away from us all appearance of youthfulness. Even our brown curls we brushed out and twisted into bands, neatly and quietly, as became two maiden sisters that kept a seminary for young ladies. We gradually acquired old, staid ways and expressions; realizing year by year that we must resign all the hopes and aspirations that usually belong to women of our age, and take with patience the life assigned us in this world. I don't think that we had the fewer heart-aches because we bore them in silence; and I often looked at Bessie with almost the same feelings that I had for Rachel, being quite sure that, under other circumstances, her gayety and bright manner might yet return to her.

As the years went over, the village increased rapidly; and when Walter was twenty, just two years before Bessie announced that the house was taken, he had opened a small country store for himself—where, as yet, he performed all the duties alone, saying that he might as well be working for us as for Mr. Aubrey. So far, results had justified his words. Quick, and of pleasing manners, he won good opinions by just dealing, and was spoken of as one of the rising men of the place—a prophecy we received with pleasure.

On the day after Bessie's discovery, he came home to dinner and found us all talking of our new neighbor. It being vacation, Rachel had less than usual to occupy her time and mind, and made it convenient to carry her sewing to the window, that commanded the gate of the next house; and thus everything that occurred came under the notice of that observing young lady.

"What a noisy set! I heard you at the gate," he said.

"Dear me!" cried my mother, quite horrified. "Girls! don't talk so loud. The gentleman might hear."

"What gentleman?" asked Walter.

"Why, our neighbor. He has been in the house all day, going from room to room. When we are quiet we can hear the footfalls."

"He came this morning, just after you left," went on Rachel.

"What! an old man in a slouched hat and muddy boots?"

"No, indeed. We didn't see him with his hat off, but it don't droop at all; and his boots are as bright as yours."

"He had Wells, the carpenter, with him," said Bessie; "and they have been hammering and pounding all day—looking how sound the wood-work may be, probably."

"Yes; and this afternoon, Brown, the mason, was outside talking with him for ever so long," I remarked.

"And his trunk arrived about dusk," suddenly exclaimed Rachel; "and it has R. I. G. in great black letters on it. I guess he is going to take up his abode in that large, lonely house, and superintend the repairs himself. It was put in order for the last family that had it, and they only lived there a year. One would not think that there was much to be done to it."

"Houses are always in need of some improvement. I only wish that we could afford to have ours put in order throughout; but that is impossible. So let us eat our dinner and forget the necessity for a while," said Walter.

"Until some palpable trouble comes before our eyes," put in Bessie, taking her seat at the table.

All through the vacation we had a new subject for thought and conversation. Our neighbor's house was so close to us that the various noises incidental to plastering, painting, plumbing, and upholstering were quite audible; and many were the comments they drew from us.

I was delighted with the style in which he was having his front garden laid out. Trees, shrubs and plants, that I loved, yet had not possessed for many a long year, were put in with a lavishness that quite startled me, accustomed now to calculating the amount of work that every dollar was capable of performing. The wooden paling was removed, and a handsome iron railing of fanciful pattern substituted, making our old fence still more forlorn-looking.

Broad stone steps took the place of the wooden stoop; the whole exterior of the house was painted; a new summer-house, with rustic seats, rose beneath an immense elm in the garden. Occasional glimpses of the furniture, as it arrived in packing-cases and was uncovered on the lawn, told us that the internal arrangements would far surpass the external. Hardly a day passed that Rachel did not go into transports over some article, useful or ornamental, that came under her notice. Now it was a sideboard—and the next time a modern bureau, with marble top and large mirror, would call forth her admiration.

One night, about dusk, she came flying in—her eyes bright, her hair loosened:

"Oh, Bessie! such a piano-forte! They have just opened the case! Dear! how I should like to play upon it—ours is so old and thin in tone!"

"Confound that Rig, whoever he is!" exclaimed Walter, rather testily I thought; but the subject was becoming tiresome to him. "He does nothing but raise envy and discontent among us."

"Oh, no, Walter; not so bad as that," said mother. "The girls are neither envious nor unhappy. They could hardly be human, however, and not feel, at times, our very narrow circumstances. Still, we all know that we are trying our best to overcome difficulties; and who can tell but that a new piano may some day come home for Rachel?"

A quick, firm knock at the door interrupted the conversation; and Walter opened it, admitting no less a personage than the famous Rig himself, as we had commenced calling him, not being aware of his real name.

It was the first time that we had seen him without his hat and duster; and, to our surprise, he was a tall, handsome man of thirty-five—certainly no more—with black eyes and hair, and heavy moustache and beard. He handed Walter his card, and bowed gracefully to the group of women seated at the table working.

"Mr. Graham," said Walter, "will you be seated? You are our new neighbor, if I don't make a mistake."

Mr. Graham explained the motive of his visit: There were several old trees, with trunks on our side of the fence, and decayed branches hanging over on his property, and he would like our consent to having them chopped off. Mother had no objection—in fact, we had talked about cutting down the entire trees time and again, but had as yet neglected doing so. Mr. Graham had also many questions to ask: among others, if we owned the property that we occupied—because he had understood from several persons that it was for sale.

Bessie looked up with astonishment, and his eyes met hers. I noticed that, for the remainder of the visit, his gaze seldom left her unconscious face.

"You must have mistaken the house. We have no intention of leaving this," she said quietly, but with a certain independence in her manner, as if resenting the implication that, we being poor, and he rich, it might be to our interest to part with our old home.

"Excuse me," he said, reading her expressive face like an open book. "Perhaps I was not listening attentively to what Mr. Aubrey was saying. It seemed to me, however, that he spoke of this cottage."

"Impossible!" said Walter. "He knows better. We have lived here ten years, and it is our interest to stay here."

"In fact, we keep a private school," spoke up Bessie; "and the situation of the place could not be better. We have never even taken the subject into consideration."

"If you ever should find it convenient to move, I hope that you will let me know of it. If I buy more ground, I should prefer having it connected with my property, as this is."

Bessie flushed, and bent over her work—a new muslin dress for church and state occasions. Mr.

Graham went on to other topics—the natural beauty of the scenery surrounding the village; its salubrity—the manners of its inhabitants, their religious views and social habits. I listened, hoping that he would touch upon his own affairs soon, and at length he did.

"I expect Mrs. Graham and my little girl next week. The house is now quite ready for them, and I hope that they will like the change of residence. I am delighted with it myself."

"They ought to be satisfied," thought I, in my own mind contrasting the house they were coming to, and the one that we thought very comfortable. After an unusually long visit, considering its ostensible motive, Mr. Graham rose, and, having invited us to call on Mrs. Graham, and wished us good evening, he went home.

We all looked at each other as soon as the door closed after him, and Walter burst out with—

"Well! if he isn't the coolest individual that I ever saw. Does he suppose that he can deceive us? Aubrey never could have given him to understand that we want to sell; he was just hazarding a guess to see if we would catch at his bait. The place, certainly, is dilapidated-looking, and he may think that we are unable to keep it, and would gladly entertain a good offer for it. However, things are not quite so bad with us as that. If I can clear two or three hundred next year, I shall lay it out in repairs on the house."

"I thought he would never go," said Bessie, shaking out her work. "He talked so much about those unoffending old apple-trees, that I began to hope that they might stay there, just to tantalize him; he has evidently made up his mind to carry out his plans in spite of all opposition. His taste is so old-bachelor-like, everything neat and trim—not even a bramble or vine can interfere in the general orderliness. For my part, I like a little artistic wildness, especially in the country."

"Yes; but, indeed, Bessie, those ancient trees are useless, and they would have gone ages ago if we could have spared the money that it takes to remove them," said Rachel. "So don't grow angry with Mr. Graham for only observing the defect that we have long been aware of ourselves."

"It is bad enough to know our own defects, I think, without having them pointed out to us. The next thing he will discover is that our blackberry bushes are running over the fence, and he will send us a polite note requesting us to have them trained."

We all laughed at Bessie's imagination; and certainly Mr. Graham's ears ought to have been hot, for he was discussed from head to foot before the evening was over.

We saw no more of him for a week, and were wondering what had become of him, when, one afternoon, a close carriage, drawn by a pair of stylish horses, stopped at the next gate, and, Mr. Graham stepping out, lifted a slight little girl to the ground, and then offered his arm to a tall lady in mourning, whose face was not visible through her thick crape vail.

"Mrs. Graham walks like an invalid; see how she leans on her husband's arm," said Rachel. "After all, what is money, without health to enjoy it?"

"That may be," replied Bessie. "But, if one is in poor health, the fact of being above want or anxiety must be quite satisfactory."

The weeks went by; we were preparing to re-open school, and had no time for making formal calls, nor even for social visiting, so that our knowledge of the Grahams was very limited. Every fine afternoon they went riding, and very often little Miss Graham was to be seen going quietly among the flower-beds in her father's garden, as if afraid to run or jump, for fear of injuring something.

"A regular little woman, as precise and orderly as the plants themselves," remarked Rachel.

We were quite pleased, however, when, on the day we commenced school, Mr. Graham came in with his "little woman," and placed her under our charge, simply telling us that her name was Dora; that she was ten years of age, and that he trusted that we would make an accomplished young lady of her.

He flattered us by the implicit confidence he placed in us, asking no questions, neither demanding references, evidently judging of us by his own powers of observation rather than by the opinions of others. Shortly afterward, Bessie and I took advantage of a fine afternoon, and, donning our best dresses and bonnets, went to call on Mrs. Graham. The trim maid-servant who opened the door ushered us without ceremony into a large parlor, where several surprises were in store for us. The room itself bore no traces of the stiffness pervading the exterior of the house; on the contrary, it was as attractive and enjoyable as wealth and refined taste could render it. Easy-chairs abounded; ornaments, books, and pictures, adorned the tables and *étagères*. The wide bow-windows were filled with blossoming plants of rare kinds, their rich perfumes permeating the apartment. Soon, slow steps came along the hall, and the door opened to admit a tall old lady, with straight, handsome features and white hair, arranged becomingly under a most graceful cap. We probably looked surprised, and she answered our glances.

"My son, I suppose, has never informed you of what an invalid I am. Yesterday, I was unable to leave my sofa, but to-day I am much better. For a long time I have wished to meet you; Dot speaks so warmly of you all. My son appreciates your kindness to her thoroughly. Being an only child, Dot has grown up, so far, with only her grandmother for companion, and, no doubt, has missed the society of children of her own age. She is fast changing into a light-hearted little body, for which we have to thank you."

Having judged by this time that Mr. Graham was a widower, we were able to take our part in the conversation, and several times Mrs. Graham referred to Dot's mother, and the circumstances of her death. We gathered from what she said that the event had taken place four years before in New York, where they then resided. Before we left, Mrs. Graham spoke of hearing music very often during the evening, and asked if we could not come in at times and play for her, as she was very fond of it, and Richard had purchased a fine piano, hoping that Dot would develop a taste for learning to play and sing.

"He is a great admirer of music, particularly the style that you perform," she concluded, "and sits out on the piazza night after night, listening to you. Before his wife's death, he used to accompany her with his flute; but, since that, he has never touched the instrument."

It did not surprise me much, therefore, when, a few days afterward, as I came home from giving some music-lessons at the other end of the village, I heard sweet sounds issuing from Mr. Graham's open windows, and recognized a merry polka dashed off in Rachel's spirited manner. Half an hour after, she came in, escorted by Mr. Graham, carrying a bunch of exquisite flowers, which he presented to mother with a kind speech, in which he hoped that we would always feel welcome to anything in his greenhouse or garden.

When he was gone, Rachel spoke in the highest terms of his conversation and good-nature, and it is needless to say that we were equally pleased with him. Walter, even, gave up calling him Rig, and commenced speaking of him quite familiarly as "Graham." The two gentlemen became friendly and colloquial, nodding to each other over the palings, and discussing business affairs as they enjoyed their cigars in the evenings. The time came when Rachel was constantly running into the next house. Dot wanted to play duets with her, or Mrs. Graham would send for her to help with her opinion whatever was going on in the preserving, pickling, or dress-making line. At length, even Bessy came within the spell of the Graham fascinations, and, under pretence of seeing a new picture, or a rare blossom, Rachel often lured her into the pleasant rooms, where, as it always happened, Mr. Graham was sure to be found reading, and then there were endless topics of interest called forth by the surrounding treasures; and it was not unusual for Rachel to wander off in search of Dot, leaving the learned people, as she called them, to themselves. Then, of course, Mr. Graham would bring Bessie home, and remain still absorbed in conversation, until Rachel would come in, quite bewildered at the lateness of the hour and her own forgetfulness, with Dot holding her dress; and then father and daughter would take leave together.

During the months that succeeded that pleasant summer, I was unusually busy with pupils, who took lessons at home after school-hours, and for that reason was far less observant of what passed around me than usual. Two things, however, did make a serious impression on my mind; one was, that Bessie was still graver than formerly, and less communicative; and the other, that Rachel looked brighter and happier, and was more contented than I had ever seen her since her childish days were over. Very often I had found myself watching her and Mr. Graham, when they were in the room together, and wondering if there could be any meaning in the kind attentions he showed her, or whether, she being so young and girlish, in size and manner, he merely sought her society for the pleasure of the hour.

They were certainly the best friends imaginable, but she treated him very much as she did his little Dot—in a gay, capricious style, quite suitable to her age; but it would have ill become Bessie or me. She laughed with him, and at him, openly ridiculing any opinion of his that disagreed with her own; and he listened patiently, as he did with Dot, and seemed to enjoy the opposition. And all this time Bessie noticed the by-play, and never made a comment, and mother, I could see, looked on nervously, as if doubtful of the results.

One morning, in January, came an invitation to a party at Mr. Graham's, and, school over, we held a council of four on the question, who would go. It was to be a large affair; we had known of the preparation for some weeks. The best people of the village and surrounding country would be there. It was utterly impossible for all three of us to attend it. Pride demanded that we should be dressed in accordance with the prevailing fashion, and to provide complete costumes for three was beyond the reach of our purses. Here was a dilemma. Rachel solved it at once.

"Bessie, you and Madge are going, and there is an end of the matter. When Walter comes home, decide on what you will wear, and let him bring it to you to-morrow. There is no time to lose. Mrs. Graham's dressmaker can come in one or two days, and cut and fit, while mother and I do the stitching."

"That will never do," said Bessie. "Madge and I have been to many a party, and you have never enjoyed one. We will dress you handsomely, and Walter can escort you. Once there, you will have all the attention you can desire; for you are young and pretty, whereas Madge and I would only be wall-flowers, and would feel in the end that the affair was a failure, as far as our pleasure was concerned."

"All right," said Rachel, throwing herself into the rocking-chair. "Then I shall not go one step. Dot is sure that you will be there, and Mrs. Graham remarked, only last night, that her son would be very much disappointed if we were not all present. That, however, is simply impossible; but you and Madge are not going to be put aside for me, I can assure you."

After interminable arguments, pro and con, it was at last decided that Bessie should go with Walter, and forthwith Rachel proceeded to arrange what she should wear. The eventful night came, and at eight o'clock we brought Bessie down to the sitting-room for Walter to admire. The transformation was complete; the quiet, serious Miss Lester had disappeared, and our Bessie stood before us as she had often done in former years; with rich blue silk, fitting perfectly her graceful figure, and tulle puffings revealing the delicacy of her complexion, the rounded arms, and small, white hands. In her hair, which Rachel had dressed exquisitely, gleamed a camellia from Mr. Graham's conservatory, and a choice bouquet lay ready beside her gloves and fan.

Walter gazed at her in undisguised admiration, and prophesied all manner of pleasant things for her. After they were gone, we sat and chatted about her and the other guests, until sleep overcame us, and, putting aside our work, we took possession of the easy-chairs, and dreamt of the brilliant scene progressing so close to us. It was three o'clock when steps sounded on the gravel path, and our absent ones came in, radiant with pleasure. Bessie had not enacted the part of wall-flower; she had danced time and again, twice with Mr. Graham, and the hours had flown unheeded as if on wings. Rachel listened with bright, eager eyes, smiles of delight flashing over her face.

For several weeks the party furnished the chief topic of conversation throughout the village, and then was succeeded by another still more interesting. The last should have been a secret, but Mrs. Graham confided it to one of her friends, who, in turn, entrusted it to half the town, and I discovered it for myself. One dark, snowy evening, I went round by the kitchen-door, afraid of slipping, and, finding the room deserted, I pushed open the one leading into the little parlor, expecting, as usual, to find the lamp burning, and mother, Bessie, Walt, and Rachel, sitting around the table.

The lamp was burning, but there were only two figures in the room—Mr. Graham's and Bessie's. They were standing by the cosy fire, the light shining on Bessie's bent face; but her hands were clasped in his, and he was talking in low, earnest tones, decidedly those of a lover. They did not hear me, so I went softly up-stairs, bewildered with joy. Half an hour after Bessie came up to us, very quiet, but, oh, how happy-looking! and told us what we had already suspected.

She had promised to be Mr. Graham's wife sometime in early spring. Rachel threw her arms around Bessie, crying for joy.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I was so afraid that you would misunderstand him, and think him indifferent. Months ago he told me that he would win you, and I have been waiting in vain for you to make some sign. You have been so quiet and reserved, how did he find courage to propose?"

Bessie blushed.

"You little traitor," she answered, "you told him that I kept his bouquet among my treasures, and—"

"And he thought that if you cared so much for the gift, you must care a little for the giver. Ah, Bessie, I read your secret before you had confessed it to yourself, so you may put away your serious looks and grave ways. Mr. Graham likes sunshine, and flowers, and smiles, and he says that your brown curls must come back on your wedding-day."

Rachel was irrepressible, and carried everything her own way; we all succumbed to her superior wisdom and energy, and, while she turned the house into a dress-making establishment, and flitted from it to Mr. Graham's, where she held solemn conclaves with his mother, Bessie and I went on with our teaching during the mornings, but in the evenings I saw very little of her, her lover monopolizing all her spare hours.

Before the June roses faded, I had officiated as first bridesmaid in our little church, and had directed numerous cards, on which was engraved, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Irving Graham, to our distant friends. And that was not the end of it. Mr. Graham has gone into partnership with Walter, and extended the business so as to make it quite profitable; a brother of his, some years younger, has appeared upon the scene, and he and Rachel are continually wandering off together, as if much pleased with each other's society.

Matters are reaching a climax; Walter has also fallen in love, and contemplates putting the house in order for his bride, and mother and I think seriously of emigrating to some land where embroidery, ruffling, and tulle, are unknown; but somehow I do not think we could leave little Dick Graham, and, as it is equally impossible to teach with any degree of system, why, we must adopt Walter's plan, and become ladies of leisure, devoting ourselves to the entertainment of new-comers in the family.

The other day, I noticed in one of Bessie's closets a trunk with R. I. G. in huge letters on the end of it, and it recalled the circumstances to my mind that I have written. Great results spring from little causes.

◆

SOME relaxation is necessary to people of every degree; the head that thinks and the hand that labors must have some little time to recruit their diminished powers.

THE TOILET OF BEAUTY.

WITHOUT WHOSE AID NO LADY CAN BE DRESSED WITH PROPRIETY AND GRACEFULNESS.

Otto of Rose, warranted to retain its fragrance in all climates—Virtue.

Beautifying Lotions—Tenderness and Constancy.

Best Lip-Salve—Smile of Benevolence.

Elixir to Preserve Memory—Gratitude.

Cream of Sweet Almonds—Kindness and Good-nature.

Sal-Volatile—Wit.

Cold Cream—Prudence.

Pomade Divine—Contentment.

Essence of Jessamine, apt to evaporate, therefore to be kept close—Friendship.

A Lotion to Prevent Wrinkles—Cheerfulness.

Best Court-Plaster—Faithfulness.

Simple Anodynes—Patience and Industry.

Best Patent Pins—Repartee.

Fine White Paint—Innocence.

Wash-ball for Preserving White Hands—Purity.

Best Rouge—Modesty.

Best Mirror—Reflection.

Drops to Remove all Stains—Honor and Rectitude.

Drops to Prevent Ennui—Employment.

Baume de Vie—Religion.

Essence of Roses, Poison, to be used with caution—Love.

◆

I STILL THINK OF THOSE HAPPY DAYS.

I STILL think of those happy days
That we lads used to know,
When rambling round our hills and bays,
But one short year ago.

I picture to myself the boat
We oft were used to row;
In fancy I still see her float
Where swift tides madly flow.

I've not forgot the one you sailed
To islets that we knew,
Where, from the dawn till sunlight failed,
The hours like moments flew.

Around those isles I loved so well,
Though waves must roar the same,
To me, where far from sea I dwell,
Ocean is but a name.

The rocks are still as bold, I know,
The waves are still as blue,
The breezes still as freshly blow
As then, on me and you.

The ships still sail, the tides still run,
The boats still dot each bay,
The waters gleam 'neath moon or sun;
But I am far away.

But now I am not on that shore,
Of other scenes in quest;
I look on isles and seas no more,
But forests of the West.

There's one dark shade flits through my mind:
Perchance all things at home
I may not as I left them find,
If e'er again I come.

For those I loved before I ranged
From home, across the deep,
Some will be old, all will be changed,
For some I'll have to weep.

I may be changed, as those I'll see,
As those for whom I fear;
But still unchanged, in that to me
My home will still be dear.

A BATCH OF WEDDINGS;

OR,

THE FIVE SPINSTERS.

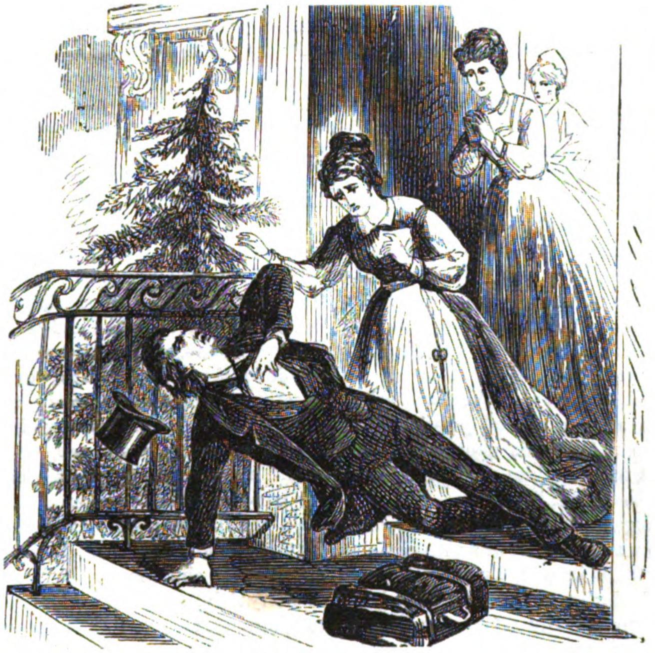
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

We were in terrible distress at Greenwood Lodge. John Glendower, our exiled brother, had just returned, and, while we were in the midst of our joyous welcomings, fell down in a swoon, and never spoke again. We had him carried to the east room, that had been called John's room ever since his childhood. A particularly beautiful little fellow he had been, with the brightest of golden curls and the softest of brown eyes; but he looked very little like John Glendower—that thin, sallow, haggard man, stretched out on the great, gloomy bed that father and grandfather had died on. For you see we had recently bought new furniture, and banished the old mahogany four-poster to John's room, it was so awfully black and cumbrous. But we knew, if John should ever come home, he wouldn't mind it, but rather like it, perhaps.

Hester and I were twins. Joanna was a middle-aged spinster. Joey and Kate were also supposed to be past the marriageable age; and Ada, our young, bright, beautiful, pet sister, was only fifteen. With five old maid sisters in the house, and an old mother, stiff with rheumatism, moving about, talking to herself from morning till night, it may be surmised that there was little in the square, ancient edifice and stiff gardens, and straight, narrow walks to interest a young girl. And yet we all tried our best.

She had been wild over the promised return of John, who was younger than Joanna, and older than Hester and I. "Forty," his coffin-lid said; that was not so very old. We twins were thirty-five. Joanna was forty-two. I don't think we, any of us, had ever had an offer of marriage. There were various reasons why. In the first place, we had been brought up in strict solitude; and, being timid, delicately constituted, and reserved, having, as they who knew us said, old-fashioned ways, and no beauty, why of course we did not take. I suppose we all dreamed our little love-dreams, but they were none of them prophetic, so far; and, as we were very fond of each other, we managed to be happy in our single blessedness, after a fashion.

Ada came when none of us anticipated such an event. We twins were twenty, and had forgotten what little babies looked like. To us she was very much like a frail and far brought curiosity, and we never wearied of admiring her. Our father was intensely disappointed, having hoped for a boy; for, a year before, John and he had had a fearful quarrel, which ended in John's kissing us all round and taking leave of us forever, as he said. There was a great deal of crying in solitary corners, for John was our one grand hero; and, besides, we girls all pitied and sympathized with him. It was so pleasant to have that straight, black-eyed, broad-shouldered young fellow among us. Hester and we twins were his confidants. We knew that he had given his heart irrevocably to Cressy Davidson, the daughter of a man who had once been our under-gardener. Nor did we wonder, for Cressy was the most beautiful creature that ever lived—a lady in her manners and acquirements, with a genius that put to shame all rules, and a gentle sweetness that spoke in every motion and melted in every smile. We were all in raptures with Cressy, and our father had always treated her with almost more than friendly kindness, so that we all thought he would not, at least, lay any great obstacles in the way of the young couple's happiness. But he was frightful in his opposition; insulted Cressy, quarrelled with her father, and it all ended, as I said above, in John's taking a final farewell.



"JOHN CAME, AND FELL UPON THE THRESHOLD BEFORE HE HAD SPOKEN A WORD."

Then Ada was born. Cressy and her father disappeared from the neighborhood, and John's name was seldom spoken, save in whispers among us girls. Father died, mother grew very infirm, and sometimes, we feared, a little erratic in her mind. Our darling Ada was both beautiful and intelligent. We often wondered why it was that nature had been so profuse in her gifts to the dear child. We took turns in combing out the long, golden curls, in dressing and adorning the idol of the household. We never wearied of petting her. She had no less loving teachers than we. Hetty was a fine pianist; Joanna was classical and learned enough to have taken the professorship of an academy; Joey and Kate were perfect wonders as mathematicians and seamstresses. We all knew something of geology and botany. Hester and I enjoyed the possession of a well-arranged cabinet of shells, stones and fossils; so, between us, our pet was in danger of being crammed to repletion with the joint stock of our available knowledge.

At fourteen, our darling went to a party, the first of her experience. When she was dressed in white, with long floating pink ribbons, we all assembled in the old drawing-room and took our fill of her beauty.

"Spoiling her, spoiling her," muttered mamma, under her breath, as she moved rapidly to and fro, rubbing her hands softly, and sighing between whiles, as was her habit.

"I am very pretty, am I not?" asked the child innocently; and the question was not prompted by vanity.

"You are an angel!" cried Hester, falling to and kissing her, while we all followed her lead till the child's cheeks and lips glowed again like carnations. The party brought tribulation upon us, however, for it was given at a very fashionable house, and the child had criticised place and people to some purpose. She seemed never weary of talking about it.

"What funny, musty old rooms these are!" she said, as she moved from one to the other with me. I was housekeeper for the week.

"I shouldn't like to give a party and have people come here, should you? Oh, Lotty! how nice it would be to have new furniture! it's *so* old and musty!" she repeated, with a sigh.

"I've been thinking about new furniture," I said.

"Oh, Lotty! you darling," cried our pet, clapping her hands—"red, won't you? red velvet, that's what they had at Mrs. Malcom's; and such nice, funny-looking easy-chairs, with queer faces on them—and you know you said that when I could play the 'Men of Arlick' all through you would get me a new piano; and I can," triumphantly; "I did it yesterday without missing a single note."

How beautiful she looked, standing there in the dim old drawing-room, while I plied the duster on the faded furniture. I could not keep my eyes from the gleam of her round, white arms, the soft brightness of her heavenly eyes—and though I dreaded the change, and loved the stiff old chairs and the puffy sofas, and the slim-legged piano, I would have turned the house upside-down to please my darling. And that, in fact, was done before the year was out, causing great wonder in the neighborhood as to what those old maids were after. Ada enjoyed it all. She was never weary of sitting in the velvet chairs and pressing her soft cheek against their silken surface. She poised herself in all kinds of graceful attitudes upon the great lily-cups in the rich carpet, and began to improve rapidly in her music as soon as her little white fingers elicited the sweetest of sweet sounds from the new piano

But, from that time forth, Mrs. Malcom was her model.

"Why are you all so very prim?" she asked one day; "and why do you wear those white handkerchiefs and little tiny curls? Mrs. Malcom and her sister wear such beautiful dresses—very, very long behind, and not cut up like yours—with pretty things fixed on the skirts, and their hair tied very nicely back, with the braids all spread out round their heads. Why don't you?"

"Perhaps we shall, when we go to parties," laughed Hester, a little pink flush in her cheeks.

"And are you all spinsters? Mrs. Malcom told a lady so; I heard her. What are spinsters? She said it was a pity."

Hetty leaned back in her great chair, and laughed till the tears came in her eyes.

"It *is* a pity; a very great pity and shame," she cried, still laughing; "five great, grown women, and not a man among them."

"Oh! I see," said Ada, wisely; "we haven't any brother at home, that's it. Will brother John ever come back, I wonder?"

Curiously enough, at that moment, and before I had time to answer our pet, our antique woman-servant brought us in a yellow letter with strange seals and marks upon it, and on opening it—for it was addressed to me—and reading, Hester looking over my shoulder, we both broke into a joyful cry:

"Brother John is coming!"

Yes, the letter had preceded him but a day or two—John was coming, the brother sixteen years absent—for in a few weeks darling little Ada would be fifteen, and he went one year before she was born, Oh, how happy we were! How our pet danced round, poising herself on the lily-leaves, and crying out every now and then:

"Ain't you glad we've got the new furniture?"

Poor mamma! it waked her up mentally. It was not her fault that he had gone away; and John, being an only son, was always her favorite. For the first time in years, she took an interest in her appearance; for the first time in years she answered questions naturally and cheerfully, and nearly gave up her monotonous walk from room to room.

John came—as I said in the beginning of this story—came an altered, haggard man—and fell upon the threshold before he had spoken a word.

"Oh! Lotta, dear, but it's awful!" cried poor little Ada, when some time in the course of the day I came down-stairs.

"Is he dead?" she asked, with a scared face.

"No, dear."

"Will he die?"

"Yes, darling, we are afraid so."

"My poor brother John!" and she burst into convulsive sobs.

"Will you see him, dear? I think he knows and understands us, though he can't speak. I told him of his little sister, whom he had never seen, and by the expression of his eyes, I think he is anxious to make your acquaintance, pet." She dried her tears at once, shook back her beautiful hair, held out her trembling hand, and we went to the east chamber together. Poor mamma, whose wits seemed wandering again, sat in a great easy-chair near the bed, moving her poor thin hands as if she was perpetually washing them, and shaking her poor head, from which the pretty purple ribbons of her new cap dangled helplessly from right to left. It had been a cruel shock to her in her old age. Ada lagged a little, for it was a ghastly sight to look upon (particularly to me, who had seen grandpa and papa lying there), that tall, powerful frame, with the glittering, deep-set, sunken eyes, the heavy beard, and the mass of black hair thrown back upon the pillow. Hester was there. She came forward quickly.

"If he could only say what he wants to, poor dear," she murmured, crying a little. "It's really heart-breaking to see him try. I know there's something he feels he must tell us before he can die in peace. Joanna asked him if he would write, and he signified yes; but he could form nothing but the letters I and M—that is all we could make out. We have asked him all manner of questions, but have not yet hit upon the subject that troubles him. I don't believe we ever shall."

I was still leading Ada forward. He watched us both as we came.

"This is our little sister—our little darling," I said, keeping back the tears. His effort to smile was a ghastly one; but we could see by his earnest look that he perfectly understood, and when we attempted to go he gave a moan of pain.

"He wants me to stay, dear Lottie; I can tell—I am sure." As she said this, he made another fearful effort to smile. So our dear, courageous little darling never left him from that time till midnight, when he died.

After the funeral, pet grew sad and drooping. With all her five elderly sisters about her, the child was lonesome. She wandered about from the rooms into the stiff garden, through the long, ungainly, flower-scented walks, unquiet—at times, I feared, unhappy. She, without, so unchildish, and the old mother within, so childish, made the place seem uncanny.

One day, the darling came in breathless.

"My dear Lottie, only come and look! There's a handsome carriage stopped at the gate, and there's a beautiful lady, and a lovely girl of my own age, coming up the walk. Here they are." The bell sounded; with the air of an intruder, and yet with something of familiarity in her manner, the lady came forward, announced by the servant as—

"Mrs. Glendower!"

In a moment we were in each other's arms, and she smothered the cry of "Cressy Davidson!" upon my lips with kisses.

"Oh, my dear, dear John!" she cried, pale and faint. "I heard at the village. And I am too late! Why did I let him come without me?"

"You did marry him, then, Cressy!" I cried, full of wonder.

"We have been married almost sixteen years, dear, and this is our only daughter."

Then stepped forward into the light the very counterpart of our blessed Ada—far more like her than my twin sister was like me. The same wealth of shining hair, the same lovely eyes. No wonder he wanted to look on our darling till the last.

"My blessed husband," said Cressy, when I had announced the facts, and she sat surrounded by the five sisters, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, looking, even in all her distress, scarcely ten years older than the Cressy we had known so many years ago,—"he would not give me up, you see, and we were married the month after papa and I left town. Papa was very fortunate after that in some speculation that made him immensely rich; and then we all went to England, and traveled over the Continent, and settled down at last in a pretty Italian city to spend our days. But, a few months ago, John became restless," she continued, "and longed to come back to the old home. So we returned, and I saw that he grew weak; but I never dreamed that anything serious would come of it—he had been so delicate for years. At N—— both Lilly and I were taken quite ill, but in a week's time were recovered, yet not sufficiently so to travel. So we sent papa on ahead, knowing how very anxious he was to see his family. Then both Lilly and I were taken ill again, and for days I feared my child would die. In the mean time, no letters came, and, fearing some accident had happened, I exerted all my feeble strength as soon as Lilly recovered, and traveled night and day. Then, as I said, I heard at the village beyond here that my dear John was dead. Did he tell you nothing about us?"

"That was what troubled him, poor dear," said Hester; and then she related his efforts to speak, his dying at last with his lips sealed.

We led our new-found sister to mamma, who embraced her, cried over her a little, and then went wandering around the house in her old distracted way. Poor mamma! The shock had been too much for her. In less than a month we laid her beside her husband and her son.

But the queerest part of my story is to come. Cressy settled down with us, and never were two little birds happier than Ada and Lilly. Ada had found her mate, and seemed supremely happy. No sighing and complaining now. Hand in hand, the two wandered over the quaint old gardens, coming in with their hands full of spice-roses, making bouquets, singing together, both happier than queens.

In the course of time, a cousin came to see Cressy, a large, handsome, bald-headed man of sixty, who was a widower with two sons. He was wealthy—a retired merchant—a man of extensive information; and, wonder of wonders! he had not been there, coming and going a month, before he fell passionately in love with Joanna, our eldest sister—she with the grimmest of curls, the noblest of faces, and the sweetest temper among us. How in the world the gentleman led my quiet, decorous sister to acknowledge her preference for him, we could never imagine; but in less than six months the two were established in a handsome cottage, not more than a mile from Greenway Lodge, as our home was called. We often exchanged visits, as a matter of course, and sometimes met Mr. Loxley's sons, men under forty, who had never married; and, to our intense astonishment, Hetty was asked in marriage by Mr. George, the eldest; while his brother Henry made protestations of love to me. So it came to pass that, long after we had given up all thoughts of marriage, we found ourselves settled near Greenwood Lodge, the mistresses of happy homes, and both rather bewildered by our new position.

Ada flew back and forth between her old home and her new, as she called our house, like a wild-bird. She made all manner of fun of us, in her childish way, and insisted on banishing the corkscrew curls, to which end she lent herself as our dressing-maid till we grew accustomed to the change. The rector of our parish now took heart—he had long been looking that way, I was well aware—and courted Kate, who had bonny eyes; and, almost before we knew it, she was presiding over the parsonage, and acting as Lady Bountiful to all the paupers in the village beyond. Joey went to live with her, and in less than a year was the staid wife of a demure old bachelor, who had practiced law for nearly thirty years, and who pretended that for nearly half that time he had been trying to get up courage to address our tallest and most dignified sister. And thus it happened that, a twelvemonth after Cressy came home to us, we five spinsters were all happily settled, leaving the old Lodge, with all its new furniture, to the tender mercies of Cressy and the two children. The latter had a good time of it—always on the wing, now stopping with one sister, now with another, flitting from home to home, brightening every room with their sweet presence, till it was decided that they should go to school for a few years, at which decision they were both very indignant at first, and afterward eager enough to comply with.

Well, three pleasant summers have happily fled. The five spinsters are, I dare to say, much more contented with their lot than when they were living in single blessedness at Greenwood Lodge. Cressy still presides, a widow, over that ancient establishment, and declares that she shall never leave it; and we are all preparing presents for our darlings, Ada and Lilly, who are both to be married in the fall. They have bloomed into beautiful women—indeed, can hardly be told apart; and we five sisters, no longer spinsters, are very fond and proud of them.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

ALL great men, like Franklin, advocate early marriages; and all great men, with rare exceptions, have been men who married young. Wordsworth had only £100 a year when he first married. Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare Market to buy spratts for support. Coleridge and Southey we can't find had any income at all when they got married. We question whether Luther at any time had more than £50 a year. Fathers, you say you teach your sons prudence—you do nothing of the kind; your wordly-wise and clever son is ruined for life. You will find him at the betting-lists and billiard saloons. Your wretched wordly wisdom taught him to avoid the snares of marrying young, and soon—if he is not involved in embarrassments which will last him a life—he is a *blase* fellow, heartless, false, without a single generous sentiment or manly air; he has "no God, no heaven, in the wide world!"

DOCTOR HIRAM.

BY MISS FRANCES SHAW.

"YOU see," said Tilly, "I've never knowed nothin' but work, work, work, since I was born, so it would be sort o' splendid, wouldn't it, to wake up some mornin,' the sun shining just the same; in the streets, omnibusses and people comin' and goin', and to have some one tell me all of a sudden that I was a gre-a-a-t heiress, an' wasn't to work no more. Tell ye, Miss Alice, I'd fly round; then I'd get through my chores in a hurry maybe, though I'd try not to slight 'em, but I wouldn't put on airs just as soon as I heard it."

"You never saw your father and mother, Tilly?"

"Saw 'em! Guess they never was. When I was a little bit of a baby, somebody brought me to the Island; nobody never knowed who they was," (with an air of mystery,) "an' they went off, and was never heard of again. But wouldn't it be pleasant, Miss Alice? Now just imagine, I'd say to Miss Staples, she that has abused me, as you know, an' ill-treated me, a poor work'us girl, as she considered, I'd say"—(slowly, as if to gather in one hugh sentence the wrongs of years)—"I'd say"—voice in the distance: "You, Tilly, what are you doing up there? Come down here this minute! What do you mean? work—mum—mum"—the words died away, as Tilly started from the little stool, and hurried down-stairs, closing the door with a bang.

It was an afternoon in spring. Oh, so pleasant the first week of my vacation. I was a school-teacher. I looked out the window, and thought I would put on my bonnet and walk out; but I felt so tired and languid, I gave it up, and took my seat again, trying to think, and dreaming maybe. Tilly, my landlady's "girl," had come in after her usual timid knock, and, finding me alone, ventured to stay just a minute. Poor Tilly! She had her dreams, too, and I was the only soul in the world who knew she had a thought beyond the dark prison Mrs. Staples called her kitchen.

A poor little cast-away was Tilly; but it was her dream, that, somewhere in the world, she had "folks" who would claim her—rich people, of course. It was her dream to pretend she did not believe in them, and then let the flood of hope rush into her heart, and, breaking down all the doubts, tangled masses of them, take possession. So she sang her little song, and was merry when she dared to be, for Mrs. Staples did not believe in nonsense, and lived as best she could her poor dwarfed life.

Only a few days, and then back to the old work again. I was an orphan. I had early known what it meant, to take care of myself. I rebelled against it at first; it seemed to me a cruel wrong. I thought of a lost home, with its thousand luxuries, and I looked at my humble little room. An unfortunate speculation had taken from my father his all, and left me at his death penniless. Oh, the agony of the first few months, the struggle with pride, the cold looks, the freezing words, and, worse than all, the knowledge of my own inefficiency. What could I do? The poorest sewing-girl who understood her work was my superior.

At last, when hope seemed dying, some one spoke of teaching, and bade me try. It seemed like coming into a new world, when I found I could take my place as a teacher, and I thanked Him for leading me out into the light. I was successful; the discipline necessary in my vocation taught me patience, and after a few years' work I was able to earn a good salary. I was independent, I could take care of myself.

"May I come in?" said a voice at the door. A dear friend, Leah Morton, entered my room.

"Dreaming, I suppose. I knocked two or three times, and you did not answer. Put on your bonnet and let us take a walk; I want the fresh air to talk in, on great occasions. You look a little pale and indifferent; so much the better for my proposal. You have heard me talk of my cousin Hiram. Well, this morning I received a letter from him. He is such an eccentric old bachelor, he never for a moment thought it necessary to ask if I could come; but I will read the letter. Here is a seat under this tree; never mind the gold-fish and the fountain, my dear, but, if you can be in the least interested, try and listen. Hear this: 'Come and spend a few weeks with me, and bring your friend. I remember her mother well.'"

"How did he happen to mention me?"

"Well, I wrote to him about you."

"You are very kind, Leah; I have heard my mother speak of Doctor Hiram Morton."

"Well, will you go? He is an old gentleman, so you won't fall in love with him. Stay, here is a word written particularly to your ladyship: 'Will Miss Langdon come with her friend? She will receive a most cordial welcome.'"

"He is very kind."

"That is not the word, my dear; he is a saint. I shall write tonight, that we will be there the day after to-morrow—yes?

"I will go for a day or two certainly. It was so kind of you, Leah, to think of me. How charming it will be to see the trees in blossom, and hear the wild birds singing!"

"Certainly, it will be delightful; good-by, and remember Wednesday morning, seven o'clock."

* * * * * * *

"Glenville!"

We gathered up our parcels and left the cars. A pleasant-smiling man, coming to meet us, asked if were to go to Dr. Morton's, and, being told that we were, conducted us to a carriage, and, seeing us comfortably seated, drove off.

"The doctor expected to be down himself," said the man; "but, at the last moment, he was called off; it isn't far."

"Now, Alice, confess that the country looks perfectly sweet." My eyes were filled with thankful tears.

"It's nothin' to what it will be a week from now—git up, Charlie," said the driver.

"I have not been here for five years," continued Leah; "I wonder if the old place is changed much. Your name is what?"

"John, mem, that's my name."

"You were not living with the doctor then?"

"Oh, no, I reckon I wasn't much account to nobody five years ago—I was a youngster then. The trees has grown, an' the doctor has fixed up the grounds some considerable. He's plantin' out a power of trees an' vines. Go 'long, sir, you, Charlie."

"No need of being in such a hurry," said Leah. "We won't find the doctor home when we get there, will we?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Miss, though it won't be long."

"There is the precious old house," said Leah, pointing to a cluster of trees, among which a cottage with a long piazza looked down upon the road.

"Yes'em, there it is," said John, "an' we are home before the doctor." Then he got down from his seat and opened the gate, and Leah drove in, on a smooth gravel road, bordered on either side with a fresh green lawn, trees here and there, vases made ready for summer flowers, and so on, to the door-way, where a huge dog came out and greeted us with a demonstrative welcome.

"Now, Lion, it is not possible that you remember me," said Leah, "so don't pretend, please," for the dog was licking her hand. Here a sober-looking old lady made her appearance. It was John's mother, the housekeeper, and we were shown to a cosy little room. Soon Leah heard a voice, and we went down to welcome the doctor. He came up the piazza-steps, his face beaming with goodness. He greeted us cordially. Leah chatted merrily; I could not talk. I was thankful to him that he did not seem to expect I would. But Leah, coming to me, said: "Rouse up, my dear, and live all you can."

We did live. We rode out, and sailed on the river; we received calls, went to church, and time went by on wings. My days glided into two weeks. Oh, if this could only last forever! "Leah," I said one day, "I must go back to the city."

"Home-sick?"

"No, but it is best."

"Is it?—well, we will see about it. Dr. Hiram, Alice thinks she must return to the city; it is too dull for her here."

Dr. Hiram came and looked me earnestly in the face. We were on the piazza; he stood beside me.

"Is it so?"

I turned away my face foolishly, and began to break off the vine-leaves.

"Let us take a walk and talk it over;" he put my hand gently on his arm; slowly we walked the length of the piazza. Then he said:

"How beautiful the sky looks, and the river, the distant hills, and the valley yonder. I think your mother would have enjoyed this."

"Poor mother! You knew her, sir?"

"We were school-children together; I think you look like her. So you really wish to return to the city, Alice?"

"Oh, sir, I am not weary staying here; I think I was never so happy, but—"

Leah looked up and kissed her hand to us from the garden where she was watching the progress of some vines just coming into leaf-hood.

"Your school will not begin for some time. Why should you hasten back?"

The dear, honest, earnest face! I was strongly tempted to kiss him for answer, but I knew that would not be proper; so, while I whispered in my heart "I love him," I answered calmly, "I came to stay only a few days." Then to myself: "If I should stay here another week, you would make the astonishing discovery that your guest was in love with you, or believed herself to be, and that is too simple to be thought of for a moment, in this practical world."

"I am trying to persuade Leah to remain and be my housekeeper; she thinks favorably of it. Now, if you could be contented, how would you like to have a little school here in the country?"

"Oh! it would be charming, I think," (as soon as I began to think, I doubted if it would be.)

"Leah and you are old friends; it would be pleasant for both, and for me; I have been rather a lonely man, and now, as the autumn of life is coming, I need kindly faces about me."

"Alice, you are the most stupid creature in all this world. Why don't you say something sensible?" (This to myself.)

I was silent, and thought I would like to tell him that he had made my life a prayer; that I should go back to my school a thousand-fold happier for the few days spent near him; that the sound of his voice was sweeter than music. I could not tell him this. So I thanked him for my pleasant visit, and said I should return to my duties with new strength and courage. Dr. Hiram bowed his head and did not speak, and Leah, coming up the path, joined us, and talked and sang till we parted for the night.

"Leah, I am going to the city to-morrow."

"No!" with a start.

"Think what a long visit I have made."

"Hiram wants me to stay and keep house for him. Did he tell you?"

"Yes, I am so glad."

"He told me he was going to say something to you about a school, did he?"

"Yes, but I must go to the city; it is best."

"Now, that is just like Hiram," she said.

"What?"

"Nothing—I am sorry you must go; if you must, good-night. Think about that school, won't you?"

I did; I thought all night. I heard the great clock in the hall strike many times before I slept. I awoke feeling half-ill, but I roused myself to the fact that I must not make a simpleton of myself, and laughed and talked as women will when they are very nervous. I would not see Leah's solemn, disappointed face as I merrily kissed her good-by, and turned to Dr. Hiram, who was standing near the horse, putting on his gloves.

"I will drive down to the cars with you," he said, never looking up.

I turned to take one parting look at the old house, and Leah standing on the porch, as we drove away.

"Alice," said the doctor, "I shall miss you very much."

"I am pleased to hear you say so; I have been very happy the past two weeks."

"I am very glad. Would you like to be near Leah?"

"The depot is not far, is it?" It was very impolite in me to change the subject so abruptly, but I couldn't help it. I knew if he talked so kindly to me I should cry like a great baby in two minutes.

It was something altogether new to hear a gentle voice speak so earnestly. Leah sympathized with me in all my pet troubles, but it was in her own fashion, rough and homespun.

Not another word till we came to the depot; then, as he bade me adieu—"Come and see me again; try and think of my little home as yours, and—God bless you."

The summer passed, and autumn came; I spent my long vacation in town, trying to prepare for my winter's work, and growing ill.

One morning I awoke to find the room darkened, and, hearing footsteps, saw Tilly coming in with a learned face, bent over a bowl of gruel; the latter she deposited on the table, then, looking up, came and threw her arms about me.

"Oh, Miss Alice, it's me! Do you know who I am?"

"Why, yes, of course—why not?"

"Well, no matter; it's what I shouldn't have asked you, if I'd thought you would have knowed, bein' as I have said them same words to you for a week, an' you doin' nothin' but stare at me. They have come in from the country, your folks out there, and he's down-stairs this minute. It was the doctor's man who brought you a basket of apples, not knowin' you was sick, he told 'em, or you might have died, if it hadn't been for John—"

Voice at the door in a half-whisper: "You, Tilly!"

"Yes'em."

Mrs. Staples came and said some pleasant words to welcome me back to life again; then she left the room, with Tilly following on tip-toe.

Oh! the glorious privilege of feeling that you are gaining strength day by day—to see a dear face near, and listen to words spoken with the old-remembered tenderness!

"I shall take you home with me," he said; and I answered "yes," and, listening, heard sobs, stifled by funny little coughs, coming from the corner where Tilly was putting away my clothing. I called her, and she came and stood before me, with pale face, and eyes that had been given up freely to tears.

"What is the matter?" Her eyes looked far away, never meeting mine, and her lips quivered.

"Miss Staples says I ain't no account, an' I'm to be sent off; she has another work'us girl as is doin' my chores this minute." Bump, bump, bump, went something falling down-stairs.

Tilly's eyes sparkled.

Dr. Hiram came, and, leaning over my chair, whispered:

"Suppose we take her with us?"

I looked up into the dear face.

"Tilly," said the doctor, "would you like to go with us?"

She looked perplexed, smiled, then instantly checked herself, and nodded her head vigorously.

Mrs. Staple's consent was asked.

"She isn't of no good," said that worthy lady, "but you are welcome to her; perhaps you can make her mind; I never could."

"No, ma'am, she never could," said Tilly, referring to her late mistress, as we left the cars at Glenville; then, looking up suddenly, exclaimed, "Why, there's John."

Yes, there he was sure enough, and at the old home-porch stood Leah. Before I had time to come to myself I was put in possession of a hugh arm-chair, and told to make myself at home.

I sat on the piazza looking out at the glory of sunset. Dr. Hiram, walking slowly, with head bent down and folded arms, seemed suddenly to have made up his mind, and, coming toward me, said: "I would like to talk with you." So I took his arm, and we walked together.

"I said something to you once about a school?"

"Yes, thank you for speaking of it; you have been so kind. Leah tells me the school at the village is to have a new teacher. Why can not I have the place?"

"Yes; but, Alice, the school I mean has but one pupil, and the place is to be kept for life. This is the school-house, Alice, and I am the scholar. Could you be happy here with me as my wife?"

We were married in the village church. Leah lives with us, friend and companion. Tilly is a household treasure, and we are beginning to suspect that John thinks so, too. We live in the vine-covered cottage, and the sunlight and moonlight comes in through masses of leaves and flowers, and weaves a fantastic carpet over the long piazza, made sacred by so many pleasant memories. This is our home.

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TO A HONEY-BEE.

BY ALICE CARY.

BUSY-BODY, busy-body,
Always on the wing,
Wait a bit, where you have lit,
And tell me why you sing.

UP, and in the air again,
Flap, flap, flap!
And now she stops, and now she drops
Into the rose's lap.

COME, just a minute come,
From your rose so red:
Hum, hum, hum, hum—
That was all she said.

BUSY-BODY, busy-body,
Always light and gay,
It seems to me, for all I see,
Your work is only play.

AND now the day is sinking to
The goldenest of eves,
And she doth creep for quiet sleep
Among the lily-leaves.

COME, just a moment come,
From your snowy bed:
Hum, hum, hum, hum—
That was all she said.

BUT, the while I mused, I learned
The secret of her way:
Do my part with cheerful heart,
And turn my work to play.

◆

THE PAINTER'S SECRET.

BY J. C. WELDON, M. D.

IN the days of old, in days when painters lived to paint, not painted to live—when they were the missionaries of art, and not its tradesmen, sacrificing for its sake fortune, friends, country; braving for its sake the curse of parents, the tyranny of despots;—in such days Domenico, a pupil of Van Eyck, opened a school of painting in one of the large towns of Italy.

Though deficient in the truth, originality, and simplicity of thought that characterized the earlier masters, yet the secret of giving permanency and durability to his coloring had raised him far above all his contemporaries. He alone knew that mixing *oils* with his colors fixed them upon the canvas, and preserved them for posterity; while those of every other painter, from their want of consistency, either fell off in drops while wet, or in scales when dry. Consequently he was the painter most in vogue.

This secret Domenico had learned from his master, Van Eyck, who had bequeathed it to him on his death-bed; and he had resolved to do the same to his young and brilliant pupil, Castano, when called away from earth. The young Castano possessed a wonderful strength and freedom of pencil; and already he needed nothing but his master's secret to surpass him as well as his fellow-pupils. Often had he watched Domenico at work; often had he supplicated him fervently, and pledged to him the devotion of his whole life if he would but impart to him the talisman.

"At my death," the inexorable master would say, "and not till then."

One morning, when all Domenico's pupils were assembled, and discussing, as was their wont, their master's secret, Castano sat by himself in a corner of the painting-room, buried in deep thought. It needs must be some subject of deep and momentous import that could thus absorb the whole man. His pencil had dropped from his hand, and he heard not what was passing around him. Castano's thoughts were of himself and of all his comrades kept in obscurity, debarred from fame by the selfish reserve of one to whom they were, for the most part, superior. With his secret, what far nobler service than he would they be capable of rendering? Would not any means be lawful to wrest the secret from him and make it their own? Any means! The motion of his hand instinctively feeling for his dagger, and the convulsive contraction of his brow, awoke him to the consciousness of the full import of his meditations; and at that moment Domenico entered the room, with the already dry design of a new picture.

All the pupils gathered around him, Castano only excepted, who remained in his place motionless as a statue, with his eyes fixed on the master, while every one else was gazing on the picture.

"By the chin of St. Agatha," exclaimed Domenico, "I have surpassed myself! This rough draft is admirable in its coloring. Look! you may rub your hand over it—sponge it! See! I pour water on it, I spit on it, and it is only the more brilliant! Well, I was obliged to wait a long time for Van Eyck to die, and you must be patient, too. I have made my will, Castano, and there you will find the secret."

Was it the force of the electric thrill through his whole frame, at these words, that impelled Castano forward till he stood face to face with Domenico? He stood gazing sternly, fixedly upon his master, as if he would penetrate his inmost soul to drag thence the secret.

The next moment Castano was on his knees, with clasped hands and suppliant tones, pouring out tears and prayers, imploring him to have pity upon him and upon the others—nay, upon the art itself. He adjured him to have mercy upon him; not to press him too far; not to deliver him over to the fatality that he felt hurrying him along.

"Mercy!" again and again he cried. "Mercy on these men, on me, *on yourself!*"

This tempest of passion was utterly unintelligible to them all. The other pupils, who had been examining and testing the mysterious coloring with finger, and eye, and tongue, now gathered around him; while Domenico stared at him, half thinking he must have been seized with a sudden fit of insanity. The next moment he coldly repeated his unalterable determination never to reveal his secret during his lifetime.

That very night, under murky clouds and a starless sky, a man, wrapped in a dark mantle, made his way, with the stealthy steps of a lover, in the direction of Domenico's house, at the top of a long and narrow street. The slowest-paced clock in the city had struck the hour of twelve, but the man in the dark mantle was still waiting and watching.

At length the figure of a second man was seen approaching from the other end of the street. He was singing as he came along. It was too dark and too late not to sing.

At the sound, the first comer hastened forward, then stopped as the other drew nearer and nearer. When they were quite close to each other, the cloak was thrown back, and something flashed from under its folds.

Suddenly a cry was heard—"Murder! Help! help!" Then came the dull sound of a body falling heavily. There was a deep stillness for a few moments, and then was heard the distant echo of footsteps in rapid flight.

The first cries of the victim having roused the inhabitants of the street, a number of persons soon crowded about him, and recognized in the mortally-wounded man their neighbor, the celebrated painter, Domenico. A surgeon was soon on the spot; but the painter, feeling that he had received his death-stroke, refused to have his wounds dressed. Ordering some one of his servants who had arrived, to hasten to his house and bring a small casket containing his will and the unfinished picture, he insisted on being carried immediately to the house of his favorite pupil and only friend—Castano.

The sad convoy slowly made its way through the streets till it stopped in front of a house, the windows of which were all closed, with the exception of the two upper ones—those of Castano's room.

"He is not in bed, yet," said one of Domenico's servants.

"He is never idle," returned the other. "I believe he paints in his sleep."

"Haste! Let me but see him!" the dying man faintly uttered.

One of the attendants pushed forward before the rest, to give some little notice to Castano of the catastrophe. Had a presentiment of the fearful sight that awaited him preceded the announcement, so that, as the door opened, Castano appeared, panting as if after a long race, and gasping for breath, with laboring chest and dilated eyeballs, as if under the influence of some horrible nightmare? None doubted but that it was the sudden shock thus breaking in upon the late vigils of this devoted lover of his art that made him thus—with cheek pale with horror, and palsied limbs, and teeth gnashing together—stand gazing on the form of his murdered friend. The bearers now laid their sad burden on the bed, displacing a dark mantle as they did so.

Had the fresh blood-drops staining its folds been there previously—or had they fallen from the dying man as they lifted him to the couch?

And now Domenico took the cold and trembling hand of Castano, and, feebly but tenderly pressing it, said to him in broken accents—broken not by his own groans, but by those that every moment burst from his pupil:

"There is no hope. I know not whence came the blow. I had no enmity to any one, though I had no friendship for any one save you, dear Castano! I did not know that you loved me so much. But I must not waste breath. This box contains my will, and in it is my secret. I ask you only to finish this—my last picture. Pledge yourself that this shall be done to-morrow."

Castano spoke not, moved not. His whole attitude, his every feature told not of grief, but of desolation and despair. All night he sat by the couch of Domenico. It was a relief to turn from that ghastly face, and the glare of those tearless eyes, to the countenance of the dying man.

The old painter lingered until the middle of the next day, and then expired in the arms of his heir. That very day, to the surprise of all, Castano set to work with vehement energy; and the picture was finished with coloring of extraordinary richness and brilliancy, and of the same consistence and durability as that of the master. The longing desire of his soul was gratified, the one object of his life was attained; but how different was now the estimate of the object, and the price he had paid!

He had murdered his friend that he might put oil a few years sooner in his coloring.

The shout from the pupils, whom he had assembled, as they supposed, to exhibit to them the proof that he was indeed master of the secret for which they knew not that he had paid such a fearful price, was hushed into a dead silence as they gazed upon him. Instead of the triumphant glance of successful art, they met the despairing look of that sunken eye; instead of the cheerful accents of hope of future unchecked progress, they heard the hollow tones in which he told them his work was forever ended, his purpose forever broken off; and instead of proud self-gratulation and haughty consciousness of being their master, and henceforth unrivaled amid his contemporaries, there came confession of his wretchedness and guilt, and solemn warnings to beware of the sophistry that deludes into the belief of exceptionable exemption from keeping the universal and immutable law of God in fancied peculiarity of individual circumstances.

"I succeeded in deceiving myself; but God is not mocked, and this hand can never again hold a pencil or mix a color. But," he continued, "I will not tempt you as I was tempted. The secret shall be yours!"

And he instantly read for them Domenico's will. And thus it is that the artist's cherished secret—the secret of painting in oils, the art of staining indelibly—has, from palette to palette, been transmitted to us of later generations.

"THE GRECIAN BEND."

"DO you see the 'Grecian bend' yonder?" asked a friend of me, as we walked up the main street of our town together. An Irishman crossed our path at the moment, bowed underneath a hod of bricks, and I, suspecting a joke, and laughing, asked him if it was the man to whom he referred. "No," said he; "I mean the young lady opposite."

"What—that poor, deformed creature, a pitiable object, though dressed in regal finery? Now, really, my good fellow, I would not have thought you so heartless as to make the unfortunate girl a subject of raillery."

"But she isn't deformed," said my friend, almost convulsed with laughter. "That's the latest style of carriage among belles; you don't know how much trouble and painstaking that young woman has been at, to accomplish that result in her figure."

"You're not in earnest, surely?"

"Indeed I am. You show you were not at the watering-places this season by the ignorance you manifest. It was quite the rage there, I can assure you."

"Impossible!" said I, elevating my eye-glass to gaze at the spectacle again.

"It's queer, ain't it," said my friend, after a moment, "how the women all go in flocks after a thing, even to a particular gait or manner. Now these little trivialities of street customs have always been an interesting study to me. They change with the seasons as regularly as the cut of a coat or style of a bonnet. Sometimes it's the way of bowing to an aquaintance; now, every lady will greet you with a low salute, and a great deal of *empressement;* again, the style will be only a very conservative nod of the head; again, the mannerism will be in the walk. Some two or three years since, it was a certain way of carrying the parasol—a coquettish sticking out of the elbow and grasping the handle high. Every fashionable lady, from fifteen to thirty, affected this manner of holding the parasol or umbrella. Finally, I noticed the shop-girls and apprentices doing the same, and then the 'ultras' dropped it."

"But do you suppose," said I, "that such a custom as that (pointing to the shape opposite) can become general?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply. "Why, the thing is reduced to a regular science. There's some sort of machinery about it, I don't know what, exactly; you consult the papers, and you'll find out all about it."

So I bought a paper and went home, and sat down to read as follows:—

"The 'Grecian Bend,' is an S-like curvature of the upper figure, caused by thrusting out the chest, bending forward the head, contracting the stomach, and elevating the hips, the latter effect being aided by wearing very high-heeled shoes, and an arrangement upon the hips called a *panier*. The 'Grecian Bend' is quite painful and wearisome, and some girls adopt artificial contrivances to aid them in preserving the posture for several consecutive hours. A belt is fastened about the waist, under the skirts. From this belt, down either side of the hips, two straps, furnished with buckles, descend, and are attached to strong bands made fast around the lower thighs. As the buckles of the straps are tightened, the hips are drawn up and held in position. This is a relief, of course, to only one part of the frame. The construction of the upper part has to be preserved with no other aids than the stays, and those often render it the more difficult and tiresome."

I was trying to bring my scattered senses to believe the truth of what I had read, when my pretty niece, Nelly, danced into the room with a new dress on, and, after tapping me lightly on the shoulder, tripped up and down the room for the usual inspection, turning herself before the pier-glass, and saying—"How do you like *mes paniers, mon oncle?*"

"My dear," said I, with a tone of severity which made her look sober at once, "I have no longer any patience with these fashionable follies; as long as they were only ridiculous, I could laugh at them. Now they are positively criminal. I must say I am heartily disgusted with them."

"Why, what do you mean? What foible concerning the ladies, uncle?"

So I gave her the paper indicating the paragraph in question.

"Oh, nonsense," said she, when she had read. "I don't believe it, uncle. It's only a 'sensation' for the papers. I never have seen anything like it."

"Put out your foot," said I. She stuck out a little number two slipper, with a heel full two inches high, terminating in a point no larger than a sixpenny-piece. "Now turn around."

There was the bunchy skirt, or *panier*, at her back.

"Those things are rightly named," I said; "they make a donkey of every lady who wears them. And really, my dear, now my attention is called to the subject, I think you present an appearance quite similar to the 'Grecian bend.' Beware, lest unconsciously you fall into the extent of the fashion, which is not only absurd, it is positively wicked. I did think the ladies were growing sensible, now they had put on thick-soled boots, and taken their dresses up out of the mud, but—"

"Ay, there's the very trouble," interrupted Nelly; "now you've hit upon the cause of all the folly; these short dresses—they are the occasion for the French heels."

"How so?"

"Why, in former days a lady's feet might be as crooked, flat and ugly as she pleased; her long skirt hid them, and it was no matter. Now, the feet are so generally exposed, they must present a true appearance; and where they are not naturally shapely, why, the bootmaker's art must be called in to effect a remedy. Now the high heels make *instep*, whether you will or not. It is impossible for 'the hollow of the foot' to 'make a hole in ground' when it is lifted two inches from the ground, you see; and that is just how the fashion came about. As for the *paniers*, it would never do for ladies to get too sensible; then retired old sages like you would have nothing to scold about. We must have some little weakness, just to prevent us from becoming altogether angelic, spreading our wings and flying away."

"Well, I must say I think you are hurrying yourselves out of this wicked world just as fast as possible. What kind of mothers are these tortured, bent, strapped women going to make, I should like to know?"

"Just such mothers as our grandmothers were before us; those grandmothers whom I have so often heard you laud to the skies."

"They were not drawn out of shape as these women now-a-days."

"I don't know about the straps and buckles, but the high heels they certainly wore. I have a pair of blue satin slippers in which my grandmother walked, or I suppose you would say 'hobbled,' at sixteen—except that they are somewhat faded, the exact counterparts of a pair which came home from my shoemaker's this very morning. As to the *paniers*, I refer you to that very common engraving, which one meets with everywhere, of

Franklin at the court Versailles. I may not be a judge, but there one may see something which looks marvelously like the 'Grecian' to me.

"But really, uncle, if the grandmothers were, as you have often told me, the type of everything truly excellent, in dress as in everything else, I ought to please you vastly. My hair, fashionably arranged, is an exact copy of the old portrait of my maternal progenitor, which hangs in the garret. My dress is fashioned like hers as nearly as possible, and if I wore such a horrid bonnet and head-dress, I might be made to look as rediculous as my grandmother."

I had to confess that Nelly rather got the advantage of me on the grandmother's question. We talk with tender memories of those quaint old costumes of our forefathers, but we do not realize how very absurd and ridiculous they were until we see them reproduced, and they become again the extravagant follies of the day. Still I can not believe that any woman, with any true feeling in any age, could lend herself to such a horrid monstrosity as this "Grecian bend."

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French and American Girls.

BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

NUMBER II.

The promenade.—The ball.—The church.—The watering-place.

AS I stated in number one of my articles, with reference to French girls and American girls, when walking out the French girl is not allowed to have a gentleman with her as an escort. Indeed, except upon the free soil of America, and by parents who have become *Americanized*, she is not allowed to walk out alone at all.

But do you imagine that Lise, the *femme de chambre* (who, Mademoiselle Euphémie being now free from conventual rule, and quite sufficiently awake to the sense of her position as "marriageable," and "in the market," accompanies her), has that perfect integrity which should prevent her from accepting any portion of Mademoiselle Euphémie's allowance, for that little transaction which brings that young lady precisely at that portion of the *Bois* where Monsieur Henri, Alphonse, or Achille is waiting?

Bah! To bribe the *femme de chambre* is the first accomplishment acquired by a young Frenchman. He who does not bribe that important functionary is simply without a *sou* whereby to do so.

Mademoiselle Euphémie (or Marie, or Héléne) is probably a rich man's daughter. Monsieur Henri, Achille, or Alphonse is poor. The interview is pathetic. In it the interesting young gentleman, whose mustache is the strongest thing about him, and who has read Alphonse Karr, Eugène Sue, Edmond About, and Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, to excess, sets before Mademoiselle the melancholy position in which he finds himself. Ten to one, a goodly share of Mademoiselle Euphémie's spending-money, if a sufficiently large sum to be encroached upon without discovery, will henceforth find its way into the pockets of Monsieur Achille, Alphonse, or Henri, who is probably not in love with the young girl, and has but this aim.

Find me the young American who would work upon the feelings of a young girl, appeal to her pity, tax her compassion—to share her pocket-money! It must, indeed, be seen to be believed of the man of any country. Still, when one *has* seen it, the natural result is that one *does* believe it.

And perhaps the discovery, in after days, that her self-denial and generosity has but served to feed the vice of gaming, or the habit of gluttony, counts for something in that hardening of the heart and nature of Mademoiselle Euphémie, which is so apparent in after years.

The American girl (Lucy, Mary, or Julia), however, knows that if a young gentleman joins her in her walk, it will be (I am taking the *usual* Lucy, Mary, or Julia, as I have taken the usual Euphémie) because he is known to her parent, and because he is seeking a wife; or, at all events, if the word "wife" seems yet too bright a dream, and something too far off, has but the innocent aim of whiling away a leisure hour, as free to Miss Lucy, or Julia, as to himself.

He will be sure that Miss Lucy, or Julia, does not, in her own mind, set him down as meaning to propose the next day, or even the next year. Miss Lucy, or Julia, if at all good-looking, has probably many beaux (American girls always have many admirers); quite too many to be at all inclined to think seriously of every act or word on the part of each one.

She will probably talk of the last poem, review, or novel that she has read—he, of the last play he has witnessed; or of Dickens' readings, or Fanny Kemble's readings; or of the last operatic performance; or of the last editorial which has borne upon things passing from day to day. They will part as "children of larger growth" (by which phrase I desire to allude to their elders), quite heart-free—the intercourse having been anything but sentimental; for the American girl of to-day, like the American young man of to-day, is rather practical than sentimental—perhaps rather *too* practical, rather *too* unsentimental.

Go to the ball.

Euphémie—this is in Paris—is quite neglected. The attention of all the *beaux garçons* is fixed upon the galaxy of *married* stars. The *jeune fille à marier* (marriageable young lady) must wait till her turn comes. That will be when she, too, is married. Then you will see her laugh with, talk to, smile upon anybody *but her husband.*

With *Monsieur*, the husband of *Madame*, the case is precisely the same. Look for him anywhere throughout the ball-room *except near his wife.*

You, the unsophisticated observer, have probably, if you have not seen *Monsieur* and *Madame* enter together, mentally married *Monsieur* repeatedly to the wrong lady, and *Madame* to the wrong gentleman. You are quite surprised when accident, at some future time, reveals to you that the tall, pale gentleman is *not* the husband of the brunette in pink; and that the lady with pansies in her hair was not at all the wife of the fair young man with the straw-colored waistcoat.

The American girl, on the contrary, is a queen where Mademoiselle Euphémie is a cipher. *As should be the case*, her youth—the fresh and radiant hour that intervenes between the school and the bridal—the young-ladyhood of Miss Lucy or Julia, *is the period of her belledom.* When this brilliant season is over, the very girl who strikes you as "flirty," and seems a perfect butterfly, will, having become a wife, be turned into the most lovable of wives—the most loving of mothers. It will not have harmed her to have sung her little songs of joy and freedom, any more than it will have harmed the pretty canary which you daily feed. He likes his cage, too. He thinks the seed sweet, the water fresh, the chickweed savory.

The American girl is frequently called upon to fill very important and conspicuous positions while still single. More than once, owing to the fact that some of our Presidents have been bachelors, young unmarried ladies have been obliged to "receive" at the White House. How gracefully, with what dignity and elegance those ladies did so, belongs to the history of the American social world—a history which has been repeated on many an ambassador's lips, in many a foreign reception or courtly scene. Ask the Americans who go abroad.

Imagine a French girl, while single, "receiving" at a scene like a White House reception! Imagine a French girl returning the answer to the messenger of the Prince of Wales, who brought the invitation to a certain fair lady requesting Miss —— —— to repair to New York to dance with His Royal Highness at the ball given to that prince at the Academy of Music!

Miss —— returned the well-known reply:

"The niece of the President of the United States does not travel from one city to another *to dance with any gentleman.*"

Let us now repair to the church.

Miss Lucy, or Julia, who is free, whose parents do not believe that depriving her of pleasure is the way to make her scorn it, or think little of it, has, ten to one, been at a ball, a reception, or a concert—at the theater, the opera, or the masquerade—every night throughout the week; but this has not prevented her from being in her accustomed place at church.

Tired of pleasure—and what tires so soon?—her thoughts *rise.* The world, she thinks, is all very well; but she is very glad that there is a day for something higher, holier, and better. There is no deeper prayer, no truer *heart-lifting*, than that of the belle of last night's ball, whose soul will turn but the more sincerely, but the sooner from the "apples of ashes," because she has been left *free* to choose between them and those that can not perish—the "deathless fruit which to the core is sweet."

But Euphémie, who has not been a belle, but a wall-flower at the ball, is thinking very decidedly of earth.

The long denunciation of Protestantism by the occupant of the pulpit; the wrath which he expresses against the republican Italians; the question whether Pius the Ninth will or will not retain his temporal power, is, in the secret heart of Euphémie, pronounced an intolerable bore. She is wondering whether on Wednesday, a day on which Madame la Comtesse de Sarbiac or de Flavigneul has a ball, she will be again a wall-flower. She is pondering as to whether Monsieur Henri, Alphonse, or Achille, will be at the rendezvous of the following Thursday; or, ten to one, if, as is most likely, Mademoiselle Euphémie's parents are rich, she is wondering whether the atrociously ugly old *roué*, to whom her father and mother have recently introduced her, can be him whom they propose to make her husband—which it is more than likely they do.

For do not imagine that the French girl *chooses*. I have said that she does not.

You may say, my reader, that no woman *chooses*, not being free to say, should she love some one who may not be the man brought before her in the light of a future husband, that she does not love him.

But the American girl is rarely—I will not say she *never* is—is rarely, I repeat, *forced* to marry against her will. The base influencing of a young girl's mind for considerations of interest, though it occurs, is much less common in America than in any other country upon the face of the earth.

Let us go to the watering-place.

There, again, it is not possible to avoid observing the difference between foreign habits and our own.

Look at the young French girl in her muslin, standing beside her mother. She is probably not pretty, for it is very rarely that a French girl is pretty. Yet that face, if animated, would be full of meaning and expression. But she is quite unnoticed. *Madame*, her mother, a woman of forty, who is dressed in a style that would be youthful enough at twenty, is carrying on a lively flirtation with two or three Frenchmen, and will probably waltz at least once with each of them. But the *jeune fille à marier* is not asked, and will not be till the inevitable husband—they *will* marry her to something!—comes along. Then she will dance *into* matrimony—*and after!*

Miss Lucy, or Julia—a belle at the watering-place as in town—has by this time so many strings to her bow, that she, if any one does, may be said *to choose*. There is the young banker's son—for Lucy is probably pretty; the young student-at-law; the young man beginning commercial life. Miss Lucy's beauty, or intellect, or sweetness—and she may have *all* these—has captivated all three. So she thinks—and that little head is astoundingly wise—which it shall be.

She likes the banker's son. He is stylish—a dashing sort of fellow.

"It must be," thinks Lucy, "delightful to be rich. He is very good-looking. But does he love me," asks Miss Lucy of herself, "for anything but the pretty face that people tell me I possess? Will he not tire if that fades? and may not sickness fade it any day?"

She thinks, then, of the young student-at-law, or of the young commercial beginner. The latter, likely enough, is the rising son of a self-made man, who expects his son to "make himself," as he has done. This young man, probably reflecting that his wits will be of use to him, has taken every opportunity to cultivate, not his neck-tie and his hair, but his brains. He is less dashing than the banker's son; but something tells Lucy that the eyes which seek hers so tenderly yet so respectfully; the lips that never utter compliments but of which the accents are so full of feeling; the views so modestly yet so firmly expressed, belong to a man, a true man, a *real* man—one whose brains are a mine of wealth, and whose heart is a rock of safety.

And Lucy, the American girl, is not sold to the atrociously ugly old *roué*, like her unfortunate French friend, with whom she corresponds, likely enough, across the sea; but, after a long and careful consultation with "father" and "mother," decides in favor of the reliable son of the self-made man, who has his own way to make, but means to make and is able to make it.

Lucy marries, and the butterfly-belle becomes the staid wife and loving mother.

But Euphémie, who has passed from the condition of wall-flower to that of *femme mariée* (married woman), has found society (which means *flirtation*) to be all that can satisfy a wild love of excitement, such as can not excite surprise, though it may awaken compassion in the wife of the uncongenial, *blasé*, rich old husband, who has married because "every man ends by marrying, and his old age needs a companion."

Poor old soul! he has not found one. Euphémie is a perfect "journal of fashion for the use of the *beau monde*," as regards her changes of toilet; but as to any faculty for staying at home and being a companion to her old husband, that was not mentioned in the marriage-contract.

Indeed, the last words of *Madame*, the mother of Euphémie, as the carriage drove off with the happy or unhappy couple, were these: "You are married now, *ma fille*, and free to do as you please." *And she does so.*

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

WORK AND WAGES.

THE other day a lady came to me from quite a distance, to inquire if there were any such posts as those of editors and assistant editors vacant in New York City, and what amount of salary might be expected in such positions.

My reply not meeting her expectations, she proceeded to show me an article cut from a paper, which gave the number of women now employed as writers and editors in New York, and stated that, especially upon fashion journals and periodicals, women received high rates of compensation in an editorial capacity—not less than from fifty to a hundred dollars per week.

This article had influenced her imagination to such an extent, that she had determined to leave her country home and come to this new Eldorado of pleasant work and liberal compensation.

It is hardly necessary to say, that she did not find all she hoped and expected. But it is not of her, especially, that I propose to write; but only of her case as illustrating many others.

Thousands of girls and women sit in quiet country homes, and chafe and fret, and imagine that only the opportunity is wanting to enable them to achieve untold wealth and fame in successful authorship, a commanding position as journalists, or a modest independence in the useful but less brilliant career of the saleswoman or the *modiste*.

They can not realize and will not believe that there is no royal road to fortune; that a minor success is only the result of persevering effort; and that even genius must have its experiences, and prepare its materials, before it flashes out in the beauty and splendor that arrest the attention of the world.

Everybody knows that Mrs. Stowe realized a fortune by the sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Everybody wished that they could write a book that would have just such a sale, and put just so much money into their pockets. But no one did write such a book, although many made the attempt; and the reason was, simply, because they could not. They saw the achievement, but not the long, toilsome road that led to it; and they thought that a clever woman had nothing to do but sit down and write, to win fame and fortune perhaps equal to Mrs. Stowe's!

The desire for work is, with some women, the expression of a new necessity for earning their own livelihood; in others, only the wish for greater activity, and recognition in a different path in life than that which falls to the lot of most women. There is nothing wrong in these aspirations. There is only a mistake in thinking that anything can be obtained without cost.

It is true that women have opportunities now that they never had before; but it requires much hard work to obtain or profit by them. And if they intrench ever so little on what has been the province or privilege of the other sex, a woman must work cheaper, and do her work better than it would be done by a man, to retain her position.

A successful writer, it is generally supposed, is born ready made. No apprenticeship, no experience is necessary. Ideas flash upon the mind, and only require transcribing to strike the world with awe, and put abundance of money in the purse. But this is very far from being the truth, or all the truth.

Many of our best-known female writers—those whose productions command the largest number of readers, and win the highest price in the market—wrote for many years under the most discouraging and adverse circumstances, winning little fame, and only enough of money to keep the wolf from the door. Mrs. Stowe herself, as the wife of a poor minister, contributed for years to the columns of the *Independent* and *Congregationalist*, with her children in her arms or at her knee, and trivial domestic cares eternally calling her from her more cherished work.

Others have written in the intervals of arduous careers as teachers; and still others, in the midst of suffering and privation which wrung from them the bitterness and the intensity that the world applauded as genius. Would the women who sit at ease in their pleasant homes be willing to wear their cross for the sake of obtaining their crown?

It is not of special or exceptional cases, however, that I intended to write, but of literature as a profession—as one among many other means of obtaining a livelihood.

And first, let me say, that, to the ordinary or mediocre writer, its emoluments are by no means extraordinary—much less than the compensation to be obtained by a good bookkeeper, a clever designer, or a successful *modiste*.

A person of acknowledged ability

in an editorial position commands a fair salary; but it is no more than she can live respectably upon, and is the meed of natural aptitude, years of experience, and unremitting industry, which must be kept up, to the sacrifice of all social relations, family ties, and domestic pleasures.

Women who write for a livelihood earn from ten to forty or fifty dollars per week. The latter sum is very exceptional. For one who makes fifty, there are fifty who make ten.

The price of board ranges from five to thirty dollars per week, for a single person.

For example: Two young girls can get a hall bedroom on the third floor of a third-rate boarding-house, for five or six dollars per week each—no fire in winter, and no closet.

For nine or ten dollars, a lady can obtain a hall bedroom in a second-class house; and if she is not particular about the number of flights of stairs she ascends, and is willing to go up to the fourth or fifth story, she can sometimes secure a small attic-room for that price, in a nice house, in a very respectable locality; but these are chances which only sometimes occur.

A lady writer, whom I know, pays for a small room and bedroom, in a house two blocks from Broadway, twenty-five dollars per week; and another, in a house less pleasant, but nearer Broadway, eighteen dollars per week for a room on the fourth floor, heated by a grate fire, for which, in cold weather, she has to pay extra.

This is not exaggeration. It is the exact truth. There is no city in the world in which living is so high as in New York. And the reason is, that everything necessary to living is high. Rents are enormous; labor is dear; and every article of food has to be paid for at rates which will sustain the wholesale and retail dealer, as well as the producer.

On the prices mentioned, boarding-house keepers do not get rich. They can barely manage to pay their expenses; and generally content themselves with occupying some poor little room in their own house that they can not let, and is utterly destitute of comfort or convenience.

Of course the saleswoman, and the worker in any of the ordinary industrial occupations, is no better off than the professional writer. The pay, upon the average, is less; the incentive to exertion less; the hope of ultimate reward much less—in fact, it amounts to nothing at all.

Wages, in their case, average from five to twelve dollars per week. Out of this there is board, washing, clothing, and the contingencies consequent upon sickness, and delays in reaching the place of business, to be provided for. Not a trifle the latter, where ferries have to be crossed and street-cars depended upon—both of which, by the way, do their own small share toward reducing the contents of the working-girl's pocket-book.

But work, even at these rates, and subject to such conditions, is a a favor which can not always be obtained. A young widow, now earning, as saleswoman in a millinery store, ten dollars per week, waited three years and worked five, to obtain that position. She was left with two children to support; and the first situation she obtained was in a fancy store at three dollars per week. She soon rose from that to five; but it took her five years to reach the height of ten.

How do you suppose she lives—she and her two children? God knows! I know that it is in a little attic-room in a poor neighborhood, and that she washes and irons for herself and children on Sunday morning, and then cooks for their dinner the only bit of meat they will see through the week.

This is not a very attractive picture of labor for women, but it is true; and it will only be improved by the efforts of women themselves to raise the standard of their labor until it commands a premium—until, in what they *can* do, their work is considered more desirable than that of a man.

Women have yet to learn to express themselves in work—that is to say, in work that commands wages. As a rule, they undertake it as a temporary expedient, and neither think it necessary to acquire practice before, nor perfection after, in the business they have chosen.

The universal complaint is, of inefficiency in every department in which women are employed. As domestic servants, they are dirty, wasteful, and inattentive to rules and regulations; as seamstresses, they are ignorant and idle; as saleswomen, they are complained of for carelessness, and impoliteness to customers; and in the art of typesetting, to which they have only just been admitted, they are said to make proof so incorrect, or "dirty," as the technical phrase is, that it can hardly be read.

These complaints are too general not to have a foundation in truth; and they are not repeated here for the sake of being captious, or injuring the cause of working-women, but simply to show that one of their great troubles lies within themselves, and is in their own power to remedy. The secret of such inefficiency is simple enough and natural enough. Work of any kind has not been considered honorable for women; and women and girls, compelled to labor, have done so under a kind of perpetual protest, and with an idea, somehow, that doing it badly was an assertion of their independence, and reluctance to do it all.

But whatever may come about in the future, it is necessary now that women should work; and it would be infinitely more creditable to them to do it in the best way they can. Let them think for one moment that it is for that, and that only, we come into this world. God surely never intended that our business here should be to dress, drive, go on pic-nics, to the theater, or to parties, exclusively—be always cared for, never caring for others. In fact, He has arranged it so that we can not live for ourselves alone without doing great injustice, and creating great confusion and disorder.

Nature teaches us what we should do; and that is, work toward some end—for the attainment of some object—unceasingly, and find in our work our happiness. Happiness pursued is never attained; but it comes to us like an angel, in unexpected places and at unexpected times—very often when we had anticipated a cross, and courageously made up our minds to bear it.

There is something truly ennobling in work. It imparts a sense of power; and the more of different kinds of work we know, the more pleasure we have in doing. I really pity, more than I despise, silly girls and fine ladies, who languidly assert, and apparently pride themselves upon their ignorance. I think: Good heavens! do they know what they miss? What a wretchedly vacant life they must lead! I would not change places with any one of them for the money of the Rothschilds. For our happiness depends not at all upon the money we have, but upon what we are, and what we do.

We *know* that we live now—we do not know that we ever lived before—we hope that we shall live again. Let us try to make the best we can of ourselves here, while we are sure of the chance. Let everything we do be the expression of ourselves. And let us, above all things, remember that while it matters very little what we do, it is of the greatest possible importance *how* we do it.

If women would bring the conscience and natural aptitude to their work that they display in other things, they could soon take the lead of men in almost every department of labor that did not require the exercise of great physical strength.

As saleswomen, patience, politeness, quickness, and good taste, would render them invaluable. In newspaper offices, industry, reliability, and accuracy, command a higher salary than mere genius. As dressmakers, truth, honesty, and judgment, allied to willingness, thorough knowledge, and fine taste, should no longer be rare, but universal—the rule, instead of the exception.

At present, the best workers have to pay for the short-comings of the poorest, by lower rates of wages, and by being excluded from labor and departments of labor to which they have a natural and perfect right.

Good work commands good wages—but it must be done by a woman as well as if it were done by a man. No favors asked—no consideration claimed on account of sex—but the energy and ability devoted to it, no matter what it is, that would be given to the work of a life.

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NOTHING LOST.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* has some curious statements respecting the consumption of Paris. In the large lyceums and schools of Paris boys are generally very wasteful; they will throw away half the bread they get for lunch, tread upon it, kick it into the gutter, ink it, etc. None of these fragments are lost. The servants sell them to certain dealers who are called *boulangers en vieux*, and turn their acquisitions to good account. They first pick out all the tolerable pieces, which they heat in an oven and then rasp clean. Thus prepared, these bits re-appear in the market in the shape of toast for soup. Most of the *croutons*, cut into lozenges and served on the tables of the rich with spinach, have no other origin. As for the dirty crumbs and refuse left after the picking, they are pounded in a mortar and sold to butchers as *chapelure*, with which they cover their cutlets and knuckles of ham. The really filthy remainder, which is too bad even for *chapelure*, is blackened over a fire, pounded, and then mixed up with honey aromatised with a few drops of essence of peppermint. This is sold as an opiate for the toothache.

Diamonds of Thought.

Don't be a Lobster.—Your lobster, when left high and dry among the rocks, has not sense and energy enough to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come, he remains where he is, and dies, although the slightest exertion would enable him to reach the waves, which are perhaps tossing and tumbling within a yard of him. There is a tide in human affairs that casts men into "tight places," and leaves them there like stranded lobsters. If they choose to lie where the breakers have flung them, expecting some grand billow to take them on its big shoulder and carry them back to smooth water, the chances are that their hopes will never be realized.

Labor.—Many persons wonder why men of great fortune labor, instead of resting and enjoying themselves, and attribute it to mere love of gain. They do not remember that long habit becomes a second nature; that such men find rest in constant occupation, and that the enjoyment prescribed for them would be the severest punishment that could be inflicted.

Poverty is necessarily feeble, but it does not follow that riches afford strength. We may, if we please, make wings of them which will carry us to heaven; but we may also as certainly make them oppressive burdens, which would sink the most hopeful soul into the deepest perdition.

Politeness.—The best rule is to be polite to every one, and, unless rudeness amounts to positive and intentional insult, to take no heed of it. It is the only way to be happy, in a world where every second man is too obtuse, and every third one too ill-tempered, to be pleasantly and frankly courteous.

True Happiness.—There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These, united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

Worth Remembering.—It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them good.

Difficult Things.—A great philosopher says there are three things which are very difficult—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

Small Faults.—To reprove small faults with undue vehemence is as absurd as to seek to remove a fly from a friend's forehead with a sledge-hammer.

Hospitality.—The Hindoos extend their hospitality to their enemies, saying: —"The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the woodcutter."

Weakness and Wickedness.—It is much easier and much more common to over-estimate human wickedness than human weakness.

Affliction.—If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Those who know the world will not be bashful, and those who know themselves will never be impudent.

Literary and Art Gossip.

Women and Art.—The great increase in the number of illustrated books and papers, at the present time, is opening a new field for the skill and industry of women, which, we rejoice to see, is being filled, both in this country and in Europe, in a highly creditable manner. Many of the finest illustrations in the *Galaxy*, *Riverside*, and other of our illustrated magazines, are from the pencils of young women, among whom may be mentioned Miss Lucy Gibbons, Miss Mary L. Stone, Miss Mary Hallock, Miss C. W. Conant, Miss S. E. Fuller, all of whom draw with daring and freedom. A number of the pupils of the Cooper Art School have been very successful, both artistically and pecuniarily, in this specialty. Abroad, such English magazines as the *London Society* and *Belgravia* have long been supplied with designs by women, while some of the most amusing sketches in *Punch* are likewise of their production.

Sorosis.—"The New York Sorosis and the Boston Women's Club have each found critics within their own circle, who complain of things that ought to be changed. A writer in the New York *Mail* asserts that the introduction of questions of utility and reform has destroyed the pleasure there used to be in the monthly meetings of the Sorosis, and proposes to return to the original idea of having a good time. A woman, writing in the Boston *Commonwealth*, finds fault with the New England Women's Club, because it is cold and exclusive, and does not make itself attractive to young women, and those who might benefit most by such an institution. Whether well or ill-founded, these are very natural complaints, and ought not to dishearten or provoke the members of either club. Rome was not built in a day, and anything so novel as a club for women can not be expected to go on at first without a great deal of fault-finding. But the fact that this institution has sprung up simultaneously in Boston, New York, Chicago, London, and other cities, shows that there is a demand for it; and what its form and work shall be can only be determined by trial and partial failure."—*Springfield Republican.*

Lyceum for Women.—The "Victoria Lyceum for Women" was opened on the 14th of January in Berlin, in the presence of the Crown Princess. One hundred and eighty women have already entered their names as students. The instruction consists of lectures on classics and modern literature, history and the natural sciences. Some of the most eminent professors of the Berlin University are announced among the lecturers.

How to Read Character.—A new illustrated hand-book of Phrenology and Physiognomy, for the use of students and examiners; with a descriptive chart for marking, and upward of 170 engravings. Price, post-paid, in muslin, $1.25; in paper, $1. S. R. Wells, publisher, 389 Broadway, New York. One who wishes to get a practical knowledge of Phrenology and Physiognomy in the shortest possible time, and without burdening his mind with theoretical speculations, will find this just the work he needs. So far as any book can give him the instruction he requires, this will do it: and so clear are its explanations, and so full, complete, and effective its illustrations, that the lack of an oral teacher will seem but a slight drawback. It begins at the beginning; describes the brain and the skull; illustrates the temperaments; shows how the organs are grouped together in the cranium; points out the location and function of each organ, with the corresponding physiognomical signs; gives practical direction for the cultivation or restraint, as may be necessary, of each organ; explains fully the "Art of Character Reading," showing how to proceed in an examination, how to find the organs, how to distinguish the temperaments and other physiological conditions, and how to "take the measure" of each man, woman and child, so as to estimate correctly the mental and physical status of every subject examined. The practical application of the whole to the affairs of life—matrimony, education, business, etc.—is then pointed out; objections answered; and the mental organization required in each trade and profession described. A full Descriptive Chart for the marking of character is added. The work is thorough, methodical, carefully considered in every part; and at the same time simple, concise, popular in style, and adapted to the comprehension of everybody who can read the English language.

The Rural New Yorker.—This old and well-known journal, published for so many years in Rochester, and which has deservedly become so great a favorite in thousands of homes, has been removed by its proprietor, Mr. D. T. Moore, to New York City, and will hereafter be issued from the metropolis. In congratulating Mr. Moore and his readers upon this change, we are happy to announce that we have made arrangements by which we can send the *Rural New Yorker*, with Demorest's Monthly, for $5.00 per year. The subscription price of the *Rural New Yorker* is $3.00, and it is a weekly paper. We may add that it possesses the highest moral tone, and great literary excellence.

"My Ten Rod Farm."—This work has recently been published by Loring, the enterprising Boston publisher, and is uniform with his editions of Mrs. Warren's "Small Incomes," etc. It is written by Mrs. Maria Gilman, and tells how she learned to raise flowers for a livelihood, and finally became a successful florist. The book is full of practical hints and suggestions, which any one who loves flowers will find instructive—is written in pleasant, colloquial, though rather hurried style, and will repay perusal. Fifty cents will purchase it.

The Atlantic Monthly.—The reputation which the *Atlantic Monthly* has acquired is so universal, that it is quite unnecessary to say anything in its praise to our readers. As a literary magazine it stands first upon the list in the United States, with a corps of contributors, many of whom write exclusively for its pages, and whose names are familiar on both sides the water. As an educational influence in a family, it surpasses any other purely literary magazine published in this country, and is a credit both to its publishers and supporters. Those of our readers who desire to subscribe for it, can obtain it much cheaper by clubbing it with this Magazine.

"Truth Unvailing Falsehood."—This is the title of a picture recently finished by Mrs. Lily M. Spencer, the well-known artist, and is the most important work that has ever yet issued from her hand. This is probably less from want of conscious capacity than the power of untoward circumstances which have forced the woman to sacrifice the artist. Mrs. Spencer is the author of hundreds of beautiful fruit and flower pieces, of very many of the humorous pictures which have been so popular of late years, and of life scenes and groupings happily hit off by her facile brush. She also excels in portraits of children. Her first efforts consisted of charcoal sketches of her playmates, drawn on the walls of the kitchen and school-house, for which she received many a sound whipping. The works of her later years have enabled her to provide for a family of seven children and an invalid husband. The picture at present on exhibition has been painted in the intervals of arduous labor, and is as admirable in idea as it is charming in execution. The exquisite figure and lovely serene face of Truth occupies the foreground, the right hand uplifted in the act of exposing Falsehood, who, half beast, half fiend, cowers before her, vainly trying to shield himself in the robe of velvet and ermine, (emblem of wicked wealth,) which is falling from him. Leaning against Truth, with an air of the utmost trust and security, is Confidence, as a young mother, holding her baby, Innocence, in her arms. At the feet of Falsehood grovels Ignorance, who has given her child, a pallid, dying child, to its keeping.

The subject is full of thought and suggestion. We hope it will meet with the success which such an effort, executed under such circumstances, deserves, and bring the artist both fame and profit.

Our Spice Box.

1776 and 1869.

1776.

Farmer at the plow,
Wife milking cow,
Daughter spinning yarn,
Son threshing in the barn
All happy to a charm.

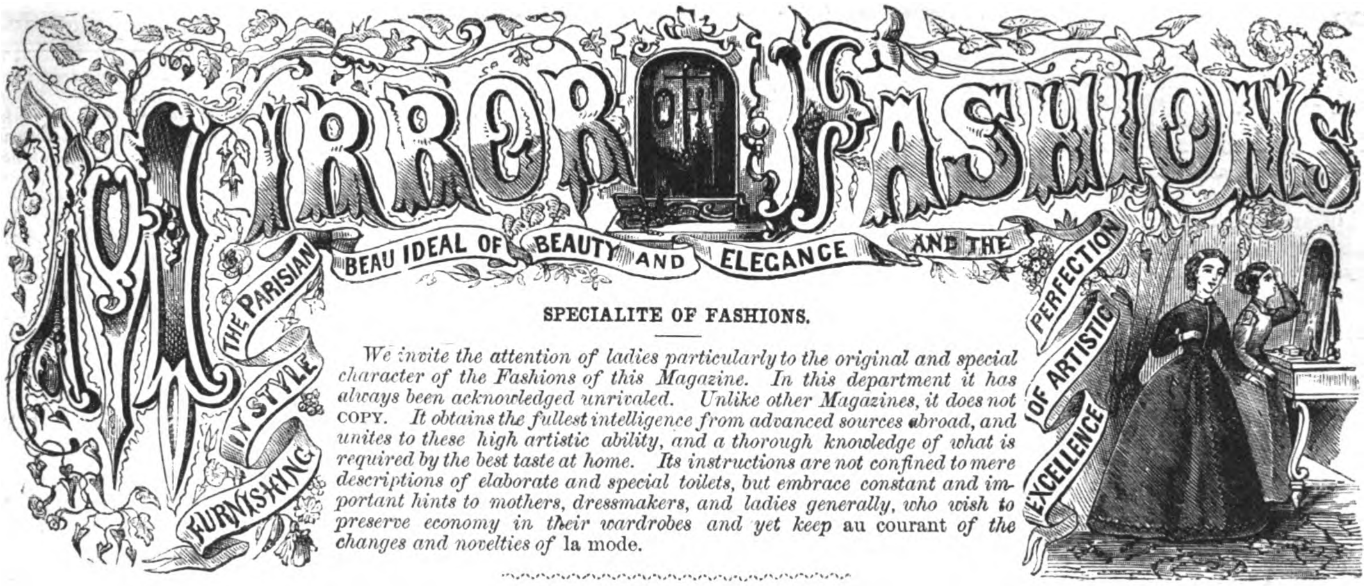
1869.

Farmer gone to see the show,
Daughter at the piano,
Madam gaily dressed in satin,
All the boys learning Latin,
With a mortgage on the farm.

The Hair of the Period.—A story is told of a young artist who was greatly attracted by the beauty of a lady who sat at a window in the house opposite his studio. He sent glances of admiration up to her window whenever he passed into or out of his room. At length, one day, seeing her in the street, his artistic tastes ran away with his good judgment, and reaching her, panting with the haste he had made, gasped out, "Oh, Miss, your lovely blonde hair. I am dying to paint it!" The lady, with a quick movement, put her hand to her head, and then holding it out with her hair at arm's length, exclaimed, "Take it! there it is! Send it back when you have done with it, and stop staring at my window. My husband is dreadfully jealous, and will thrash you for your impudence." The crestfallen artist has not been on a chase for "lovely blonde hair" since.

Parlor Pastime.—Pencil a little tale on paper, repeat it to your next neighbor, he in a whisper to his neighbor, and so on. The last man writes the story as he gets it, and, when it is finished, compares it with the first. The interpolations and additions create an immense amount of fun.

Which side of a horse invariably has the most hair on?—The outside.


MIRROR OF FASHIONS
THE PARISIAN
BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE
PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE
IN STYLE
FURNISHING

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Fashions of this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by the best taste at home. Its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace constant and important hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes and yet keep* au courant *of the changes and novelties of* la mode.

MME. DEMOREST'S BRANCHES.

THE easy and convenient arrangements for any enterprising lady to open a lucrative and pleasant business, offered by our terms for Branches, should be known and understood everywhere. No lady, who has opportunities or inclinations for a more active business life, would find a more fitting or promising field for her energies than is afforded in the practical development of the Pattern Business, in some neighborhood where the love of the beautiful or utilities of dress would be appreciated.

There are many thousand just such places now waiting to be occupied, and need only the wish and will to afford a splendid chance for a multitude of listless though capable women to start out in the world, to do something for themselves and others, and thus rise above the apathy and gloom that pervades their now useless or unprofitable lives.

No lady, even of ordinary ability, need complain of a want of opportunity while one neighborhood or community where patterns could be disposed of remains unoccupied. The details of the business are easily acquired, and success depends only on a skillful use of the models furnished. The almost universal demand for new and accurate designs for ladies' and children's dress being so general, no fear of failure need be entertained.

The terms offered by our arrangements are so easily complied with, the amount so inconsiderable, and extended over such a length of time, as to be within the reach of every one, however straitened may be their circumstances. The least possible attempt will secure all the real advantages that could be desired for a commencement, and with a diligent and persevering effort, together with a little skill and experience, can not fail to either afford a competence, or to pave the way for a more extended business, and perhaps a fortune.

To such as wish the particulars, we have prepared a circular which furnishes all the information desired, and can be secured by sending a stamp to prepay postage. Address

MME. DEMOREST,
838 Broadway, N. Y.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

THERE is nothing that is really novel in fashions this season, although they have the appearance of novelty. The truth is, the revolution in Fashion has been so complete that it can hardly be realized until we see the change that it makes in the appearance of ladies upon the promenade and in large assemblages.

Apart from the now universal custom of wearing costumes and short dresses, the noticeable feature is the prevalence of striped goods, and figures. There are scarcely any plain goods in the market; and this, of course, makes them all the more distinguished.

Last year, stripes were the rage abroad; and we are now flooded, probably, with the refuse of the foreign market.

Another noticeable feature is the absence of serviceable English goods. French people import English fabrics largely, of late, and admire them vastly for their durability and excellence. But American buyers prefer the more fanciful French manufactures, or the imitations of them which we find in this country; so that purchasers are absolutely restricted, and must confine themselves to French and American styles.

English waterproof cloth, for example, is now almost out of the market, although it sold readily and was highly prized. Of course it is provoking that Americans, who originated the article, should have to yield the palm of superiority to their copyists; but it is so. American waterproof cloth grows gray very soon;—English waterproof cloth retains its color to the last.

We are glad to be able to announce that the enormously long trains have gone out at last. Trains one yard long are now considered sufficient for dresses of ceremony; and half a yard longer than the point which touches the ground will answer for white muslins and very thin tissues.

A new style of visiting-dress is made somewhat longer than a walking-dress, but entirely without the train. It is called the "round" skirted dress, because it just about touches the floor, and is even all round. It is always trimmed with narrow flounces. It is fashionably finished with an upper skirt looped up in the back, and a basque open upon the back and cut in leaves at the sides. A square bow, with loops, and wide, short ends, is attached to the belt.

The *Watteau* is very fashionable as an overdress, as a cloak, and as a wrapper for morning wear. As a cloak, it is sometimes made plain in the back, the plait commencing at the waist, and the shape defined across the shoulders by fringe, ruffles, or lace. This is an elegant style in black silk, and useful, either *en suite* or for out-door wear, with other dresses.

Nearly all overdresses, including the *Watteau*, can be utilized as summer cloaks; and especially in black silk, or white, thin goods, can be worn over almost any other dresses.

A new trimming for white organdies has been introduced this season. It consists of narrow cross-cut folds of white linen-cambric, stitched on through the center. The effect is very good It looks like folds of white satin, yet has the advantage of washing.

TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

BLACK SILK TOILET.—Black silk dress. The "all round skirt" is bordered with three flounces, the highest of which is put on with a heading; a tunic of black silk cut up at the sides, and fastened there with a rosette. Black silk basquine, with mantelet ends. The trimmings are composed of satin *rouleaux* and fringe. Black lace hat ornamented with a pink rose with brown leaves in front, and lace lappets at the back.

COUNTRY WALKING-DRESS.—Suit of cambric, striped in brown and black upon white. Skirt walking-length, finished with a flounce six inches deep, put on with a heading. Casaque, forming an upper dress, caught up at the sides, belted in, and finished with a frill three inches deep, with a heading to match the lower skirt. The sash is taken off from the lower skirt, the stripes of which are wider than those of the upper. The neck is finished with a band, and a little double ruche of insertion and Valenciennes is worn with it, with a narrow black ribbon-velvet run through the center.

HANDSOME WHITE MORNING-DRESS.—This consists of two skirts and a basque, trimmed with fluted frills and wide Valenciennes lace. The basque and overskirt are open entirely down the back, and edged with a wide Valenciennes lace, and united together by square bows of violet or grass-green ribbon, which are attached at intervals to the pointed or scolloped edges of the lace.

CHALLIS MORNING-DRESS.—These are very pretty checked with blue, purple, green, violet, or mauve, upon a white ground. The waist and sleeves are plain; the skirt gored front and sides, but left full at the back; and the tops of the sleeves, pockets, and other parts of the dress, more or less, according to fancy, trimmed with ruchings of silk in the color of the check. The belt is made of the material, piped on either side with silk the color of the ruchings.

Morning-Wrapper.—This is made of barred French print, or English cambric, gored quite plain, and trimmed with a narrow border of chintz pattern trimming. They may have a deep flounce, or not, according to fancy.

Evening-Dress.—This consists of a blue satin overdress, worn over a white organdy muslin, and beautifully trimmed with ruchings and rich fringe. The skirt is caught up high at the back, and the bodice rounded down very low in front. The sleeves are of the coat shape, with a puffing over the elbow, and are finished with a fall of wide white lace at the wrists. The organdy skirt is finished with three narrow fluted flounces, headed with tucks, alternating with a puffing, and insertions.

An Overdress for a Dinner Toilet.—This new style of *Watteau* overdress has a plain waist, which is trimmed with rich lace to form a Pompadour. The fullness, laid over in a large double box-plait, commences at the waist instead of the neck; and the skirt, being looped up high, renders it very *bouffant* and stylish. There are no sleeves to this overdress, except those of the dress worn beneath, and which is otherwise only visible as an apron.

Traveling-Dress.—Suit of hair-striped Japanese silk, trimmed with gathered frills, cut crosswise, and bound with a plain silk to match. The upper frill (there being three on the skirt and two on the upper dress) is put on with a heading. A cape accompanies this suit, looped up on the shoulder, rounded at the back, and trimmed with frills to match.

Traveling-Dress, No. 2, of pine-apple poplin, speckled in brown and green upon white. The suit consists of a skirt, walking-length, and an overdress high in the neck, long-sleeved, and looped up at the sides. The trimming consists of bias frills of the same, bound with brown silk. This suit is pretty, convenient, and inexpensive. Of course a belt, with sash, bow and ends, is added.

Waterproof Suit.—This will do for the Rocky Mountains, or an overland journey to California. It consists of a long sack of waterproof cloth, buttoned all the way down the front, and completely covering the dress. Sleeves shaped to the arm, but somewhat loose, and drawn in with an elastic at the wrist; a coachman's cape is added, which can be removed at pleasure.

This suit made in linen is very useful for riding in a warm, dusty climate.

DESCRIPTION OF SUITS AND HOUSE COSTUME FOR JUNE.

(*See full page Engraving.*)

Fig. 1.—Walking-suit of changeable silk—blue and drab; the underskirt is surrounded by two flounces each seven inches deep, box-plaited, and sewn on a little below the top, so as to produce a frill above the broad piping; a little plain space is left between the flounces. Round tunic, festooned at each side in the curve, and likewise in the back, with rosettes made of four large loops joined under a little round puff; the edge of the tunic is finished with a narrow piping and black lace, the latter being turned up and carried around the upper part of each rosette; a large fan is attached to the back of the belt with a rosette; the shoulder cape is shaped alike on both sides; a small V is cut out upon the shoulder and a bow set at the top; the trimming consists of black lace about three-fourths the width of that upon the tunic, a piping to head it, and above, a box-plaiting of silk with piping through the center; the plaiting is not turned around the corners; the piping should be of blue or drab satin, whichever may be preferred, but either should match the shade used in the silk. Thread lace is requisite. Round hat of crape, drab, ornamented with blue satin piping, drab lace, and a knot of flowers composed of blue, drab, and a rich pink rose.

Fig. 2.—Walking-suit of black silk trimmed with satin piping striped in chintz colors; it is composed of a skirt and basque just loose enough to be graceful; the bottom of each is surrounded by a flounce set on with a slight fullness, the lower edge being cut out in scollops, which are piped or bound, and a bar of piping carried up from each point to divide the curves; above the flounce a box-plaiting with a space the width of the plait between each plait; this is bordered with piping, and again above the upper row a flat fold divided and scolloped to correspond with the flounce; the shoulders of the basque are braced with piping, which extends to the trimming of the skirt; one row over the top of the sleeve; the cuff is formed of a box-plaited band and a scolloped fold to match the heading of the flounce; lace collar and cuffs. White straw bonnet trimmed with rose-color.

Fig. 3.—Dinner-dress of white organdy for a young lady. Trained petticoat with sides and back tucked in clusters, front gore trimmed with bias folds of organdy, hemmed and bordered with narrow Valenciennes lace; the hem upon each side is covered with piping and the folds gathered up at regular distances with upright bows. The train is made separate and finished upon the edge with a row of the same trimming used upon the front of the petticoat; the train of the latter and the dress train should be of equal lengths; belt and sash of ribbon, the latter being very wide and tied in a large double bow. French waist closing behind; the neck trimmed with three rows of piping and Valenciennes; plain sleeve shaped to the arm; a fold broken with bows over the top and around the lower part; cuff finished with two rows of piping and lace; the piping and bows may be of any color the wearer prefers, and should be made so that all can be easily removed when the garment is to be laundered. The same style answers for white grenadine, in which case the front gore is made alone, without an under train. In either instance, when the dress is put on, the outer train must be secured in appropriate position upon each side, so that it can not become disarranged.

Fig. 4.—Walking-costume of black grenadine, consisting of a dress and cape; the skirt is trimmed with four ruffles, two setting up and two turning down; a fold of grenadine, gathered up at regular distances to form a chain of puffs, is set between the two styles of ruffling; the mode of putting on the latter is peculiar: a space about five inches broad is laid in small flat plaits, then a wide plait is folded in with the under edge setting up beyond the outer; this is continued around the skirt; the two ruffles above the fold require to be tacked down along the edge here and there to keep them in place; the cape describes two wings in the back; these are sloped off abruptly after turning the shoulder, nearly up to the arm-pits, from which point the front descends like bretelles, narrowing off to the width of two inches upon each side at the belt; the ends are fastened to the belt, which divides in front, and, when closed, is ornamented with a flat bow or a pointed end and cross strap like a buckle; two round sash ends are attached to the belt in the back; the cape is bordered with a scolloped ruffle bound and set on with a piping, beyond which is a narrow ruffle put on to match those upon the skirt; the shoulders are striped with piping connected with scollops; a large cluster of loops frilled with black lace is set upon the back between the wings. After the garment is put on, it should be pinned to the belt under this bow. Gimp will answer as well as piping. Round hat of black Neapolitan ornamented with scarlet roses, green foliage, and black lace around black streamers.

DESCRIPTION OF ORGANDY SUIT AND DINNER COSTUME.

(*See full page Illustration.*)

Fig. 1.—Walking-suit of striped organdy—green and white—ornamented with flat bands of plain green, matching the stripe in color. The underskirt is gored in the style fashionable for other materials, and the fullness behind gathered in; round overskirt, also gored, hung very nearly plain around the front and sides, and gathered across the back; the bottom is festooned at each side with a large green bow composed of ribbon or silk. French waist, half low in the neck, and sleeves shaped to the arm, with a little fullness across the top. Shoulder cape round across the back and closing to a point in front; the edge is bordered with a ruffle cut bias; the back is festooned with a green bow; green belt and sash with short ends; the neck of the dress and sleeves require a frill of Valenciennes or thread lace. Gipsy hat of Milan braid ornamented with green ribbon and pink roses; a long black tulle scarf or vail falls over the *chignon*. Pea-green kid gloves. This costume is exquisite for Misses of fourteen to fifteen, and young ladies. The style of making this suit is appropriate for *pique*, percale, lawns, or grenadines; the silk bows, in case of lawn or organdy, are very readily removed when the garment is to be laundered. In such goods its cost is small, and the effect girlish and graceful; the edges of both skirts and the ruffle are hemmed.

Fig. 2.—Dinner-dress of pearl-colored silk trimmed with pipings of "Carombier" satin; the effect of the skirt is that of a petticoat and court train, but it is, in reality, an ordinary gored skirt cut with a train and trimmed upon the front with four broad puffs, set apart at graduated distances; these are bordered and strapped across with small piping; a flounce is shirred on below each of the three lower puffs; these are graduated in size, and piped on the lower edge; the sides are faced with broad *revers* trimmed with puffs finished like

those upon the front, and in the point of each a large rosette composed of loops of piping; three rows of piping around the bottom of the train. Corsage tight-fitting and cut to a slight point in front; a wide collar or frill of silk, piped on the edge, is gathered in around the neck, which is finished with a cord; two puffs strapped with piping at the top of the sleeve, and at the bottom a broad gauntlet or frill gathered in with three rows of piping below it; the edge of the corsage has two rows of piping and the gauntlets one; the gauntlets and silk collar require braces or stiff interlining to keep them in place. Frill of *point appliqué* at the throat and wrists. Pearl ornaments consisting of buttons, comb, brooch with pendant chain, and ear-drops mounted with Etruscan gold.

FASHIONS.

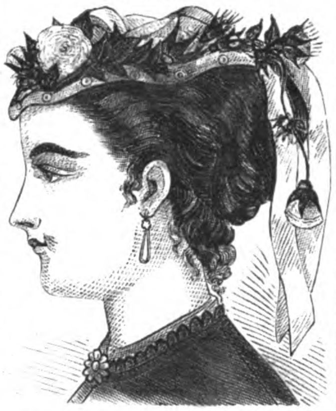
THE New York *Daily Times*, in a recent fashion article, says:

"Black silk suits are more strictly fashionable than ever. The common mind can hardly take in the quantity of silk necessary for the puffs, the flounces, the *bouffant* upper-skirt, and its finishing of basques and bows; moreover, the common purse is hardly equal to such a drain upon its resources, so that black silk suits, ranging all the way from $100 to $400, are necessarily confined to persons of enlarged comprehension and expansive pocket-books.

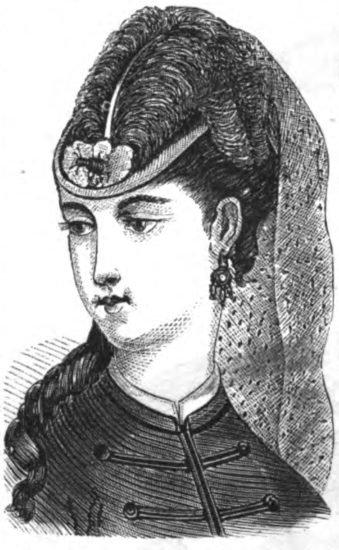
"The most elegant Easter toilettes, for married ladies, consist of rich black silk suits, black lace bonnets, trimmed with satin flowers and striped satin ribbon edged with black lace, and a 'Roman' necktie. For young ladies Mme. DEMOREST makes charming suits of fine line striped silk, in delicate neutral shades, trimmed with ruffles, pinked out, and with square bows and ends pinked out to match. She also displays elegant suits of changeable silks, trimmed with ruffles and quilled puffings, bound upon the edge with a sober, contrasting color, and finished with rich mottled fringe. These styles are accompanied, when desired, by bonnets or hats made by her own milliners, to harmonize with them in every particular.

"*En passant*, it may be remarked that Madame DEMOREST has curtailed the pattern bonnet business greatly within the past two years, by supplying bonnets modeled after the most approved styles in paper. They are prettily trimmed with artificial flowers, and furnished at a price which enables a country milliner to buy a dozen or more at the cost of one. They are also mounted on real frames, and represent, therefore, a certain amount of genuine value, which makes them all the more desirable."

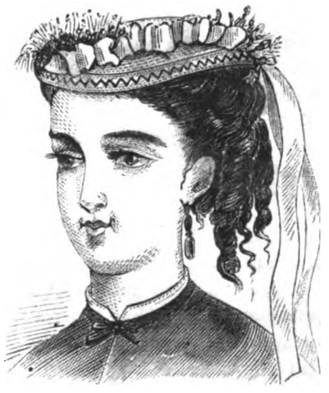
HATS.



THE ZENANA is a pearl straw dunstable vining with French flowers—trimmed with a bow and ends of ribbon to correspond.



THE AMAZON is a lady's riding-hat of fine English Milan, faced on the brim with velvet. A long ostrich plume and flowing vail completes the trimming.



THE CORA is a fine English straw, the brim pinked and turned. Knots of ribbon and flowing ends, together with flowers depending from the trimming. — Is very beautiful for Misses.

The above beautiful designs are now on exhibition at the establishment of JOHN R. TERRY, No. 19 Union Square, New York.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

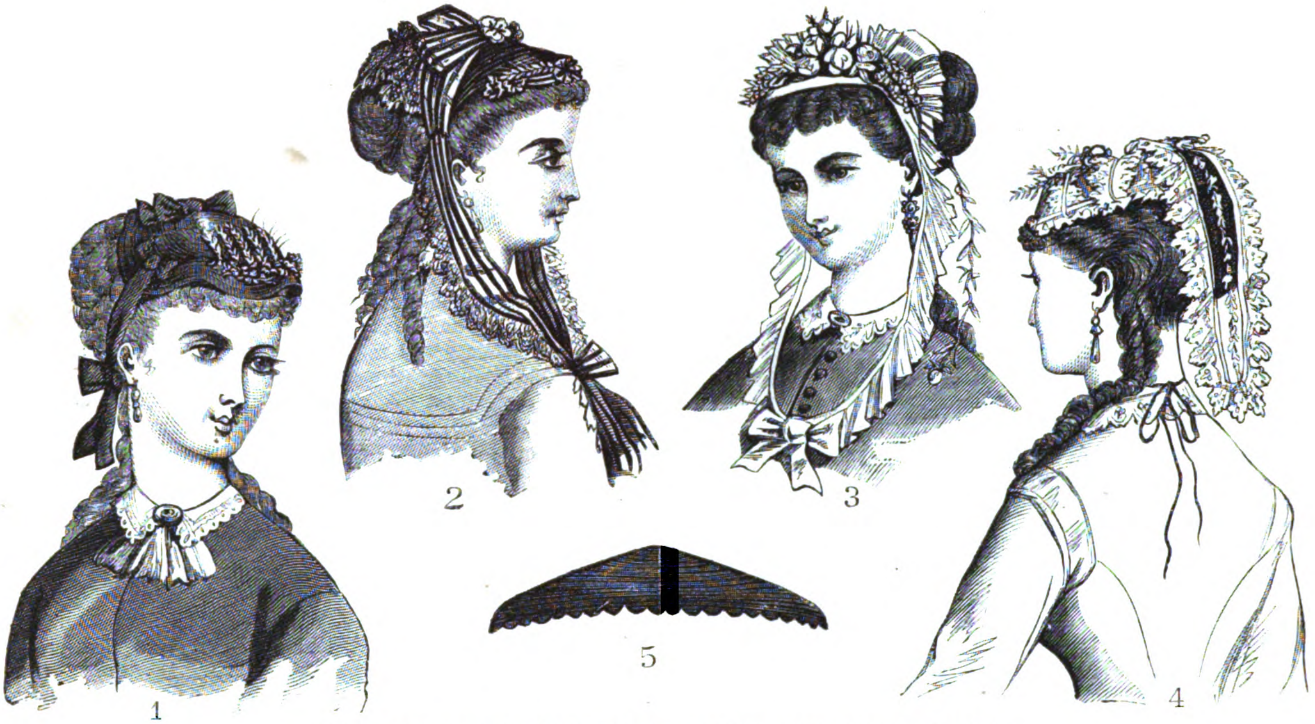
FIG. 1.—A Miss of twelve years. Underskirt and Gabrielle overdress of Japan poplin, striped in "Carombier" and white; underskirt gored in the usual style in front and at the sides, and full in the back; the Gabrielle opens in front and closes with hooks as far as the waist; the skirt describes a tunic, the corners cut off round. Puffed sleeve with a deep cap; the trimming consists of a bias band of white silk pinked out in large scollops and set on with only sufficient fullness through the center to make it set easy; the stitches are concealed by "Carombier" satin or silk piping, or, in lieu of this, narrow gimp. Another way of trimming would be two rows of Valenciennes edge, one turned up and the other below the poplin, with a piping or gimp to conceal the joining. The skirt is slightly festooned at each side.

FIG. 2.—Dinner dress of blue silk, train skirt, with side gore puffed in over the hip, the fullness extending from the belt to the rosettes; the back is also puffed into the same distance, but its width and length prevent it from having a bunchy appearance; it is gathered into the belt; the front gore is flat or plain, and the seams trimmed a little more than half way of the length, with a ruffle edged with narrow lace laid in small box plaits and set on with piping of blue satin; the side is ornamented with two ruffles made and put on in the same way; this trimming terminates under a large rosette made of four loops with a cross puff and tabs bordered with lace; the bottom of the skirt is finished with a box-plaited flounce, piped on the lower edge and set on with piping; upper edge bordered with lace; body faced with broad satin *revers* turning round the back like a collar; sleeve shaped to the arm; a puff is set at the top upon the upper surface divided through the center with box plaiting, and above this a rosette; plain belt finished in front with a pointed end and cross strap. Hair arranged in puffs lengthwise, and decorated with a vine of scarlet berries.

FIG. 3.—Young lady's house dress of dove-colored grenadine; the skirt is cut walking length and ornamented with two flounces laid in flat plaits and headed with puffs of rose-colored silk; the puffs are shirred on so that a frill occurs on both sides; these are bound with dove-color and dove-colored piping put on over the shirrs; the skirt trimming curves around the front and sides so that it is brought considerably higher in the back than the front; the lower flounce is increased in width toward the back, to correspond with the direction of the puff. Pompadour body made up over gray taffetas; plain sleeve shaped to the arm, puff of rose silk at the top, and a box plaiting at the hand carried half way up to the elbow over the seam. Frill of white blonde on the cuff, and around the neck a double frill with an inserting between, through which is run a narrow velvet; rose silk bows upon the front of the body, dove-colored belt, and a dove-colored and rose silk cluster of loops on the back. A slip of gray taffetas is required as an underskirt.

BLACK DIAMONDS.

A BALL is spoken of by a foreign paper as the most sumptuous one of the season. It goes on to say it was here that the famous rough black diamond was seen, of which so much has been said. It was on the finger of an American gentleman, and, although it looked very much like a large bit of coal, attracted much attention to his hand. A happy man he whose hand is thus an object of envy! A lady's pearl was no less coveted; it was pink, and pear-shaped, and said to be the first of the kind in Paris. A third treasure was also envied. It was a wreath of flowers, made of precious gems, in the natural hues. Bankers' balls are ever splendid, but it is of rare occurrence that one star is not outdone by another, and here were three that could not be eclipsed. A word about black diamonds will not be out of place here. They are more curious than the changeful chameleon, for they are mineral chameleons. The scientific say they are white diamonds in a state of interrupted formation, the crystallization of which has been stopped by some unknown cause. But whether this is so or not, they are very dazzling when polished, their rays being white, and still reflecting every color that strikes them. A set of white and black diamonds mixed forms the most brilliant *parure*, every black one multiplying the brightness of its neighbor, and *vice versa*. A peculiarity of the black diamond is that it can not be imitated It is inviolable, and—almost unattainable. After this, we fear our readers will know no rest until they possess an unique gem, but they may be assured that, however costly their ornaments, they would hear of others still costlier somewhere. Thus, in the Imperial Treasury of Constan-



LATEST STYLES OF BONNETS AND ROUND HATS FOR JUNE, 1869.

tinople, there is a dagger, for some favored sultana or houri, studded with black diamonds. A dagger! It is a sinister idea, but white hands care not oft what they touch if it glitters. Then there is an emerald which weighs 300 carats, and a brooch for silken tissue with 280 bright gems. The chemisette, destined to the finest throat, has in the center of a star of pearls a diamond of 50 carats; and there is a white snowy pearl, as large as a pigeon's egg, suspended from a chain of rubies, as pink and as rosy as the bride when a Pacha leads her to the harem.

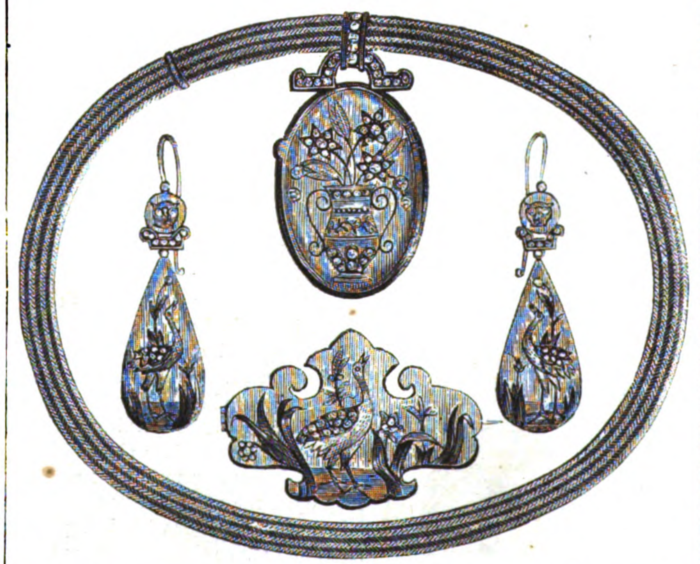
◆

DESCRIPTION OF BONNETS AND ROUND HATS.

No. 1.—Black straw Gipsy ornamented with jaunty bows of black ribbon and a half wreath of fine field flowers with spears of wheat springing up over the crown. We can furnish a hat of this description in white or black straw for $7 to $9, according to the fineness of flowers.

No. 2.—Fanchon of black Neapolitan trimmed with striped gold and black ribbon; a cluster of loops is fastened on the back with a bunch of scarlet and black poppies; the curtain is made with a peak of straw and a fall of black lace; a poppy with black grass hangs from the point; face trimming of ribbon, yellow wheat and poppies. Scarfs finished with black lace. Price $12.

JAPANESE JEWELRY.



Our illustration comprises a full set of this beautiful novelty, manufactured by Ball, Black & Co. It consists of a necklace, medallion, brooch, and ear-drops; the necklace being of fine gold, and the rest gold foundation enameled with delicate pink, and ornamented upon both sides; the reverse side with frogs and water-lilies in appropriate enameling, and the one represented as follows:—medallion, with gold loop and cross-bar studded with diamonds; Japanese vase wrought in blue enamel and diamonds; water-lilies with green leaves and sapphire blossoms; brooch and pear pendants, each decorated with an Ibis in blue; wings encrusted with diamonds and diamond eyes; water-lilies composed of sapphires; the pendants swing upon a diamond bar, and an owl's head with diamond eyes is worked upon the knobs of the ear-rings.

The price of the set is $650, and the cut shows one-third less than the actual size of each piece, except the necklace, the true size of which is of course large enough to suit the present style of wearing this ornament.

No. 3.—Bonnet of white tulle with upright box-plaiting around the back; the edge beyond this is finished with white satin piping, which is continued into a bridle, with a border of plaited tulle, white satin bow upon the bosom; coronet of pink moss roses and white lilac, with a rose-vine trailing at one side. Price $12 to $15, according to quality of flowers.

No. 4.—Bird's-nest of white tulle striped with white satin piping frilled with blonde; a bunch of delicate ferns, grasses and a moss-rose is massed in the center, with a bridle of satin piping and blonde and a long spray of mignonette falling over the back. The price of this style in white or black tulle is $10.

No. 5.—The "Ouida;" this represents a fashionable shape of straw hat; it descends from a slight peak into a curved brim, scolloped on the edge; the trimming is placed at the top; it may consist of ribbon only, or flowers with trailing sprays. Price, untrimmed, in white or black straw, $1.75 to $2.00; trimmed, $7. This shape, though odd, is stylish and generally becoming.

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CONFIRMATION DRESS.

This should be of plain white mull, or India muslin—not Swiss, as that has a blue tinge. It should be made high, and worn without flowers, a particle of jewelry, or colored ribbons.

SUMMER BONNETS.

THE great feature of the bonnets of the season are the flowers. Some are made entirely of flowers; all are trimmed with them profusely. In fact, on such small bonnets, it is a marvel how they get so much trimming; for it is not confined to flowers, by any means. It includes feathers, fruits, insects, and birds as well—not unfrequently all piled on one bonnet.

Of course, the bonnet, with the present height and size of the *chignon*, can only be a strip; and it matters very little whether it is composed of crape, or lace, or tiny brim of fluted straw, or chip, with crowns of lace, or flowers. One or the other they are sure to be; and the flowers, either as trimming or incorporated in the body of the bonnet, are inevitable.

The most distinguished styles are undoubtedly made of real black lace, variously ornamented, but principally with wild-flowers, and with narrow-striped satin ribbon, edged with black lace.

Very pretty bonnets are made of white lace, ornamented with blue forget-me-nots.

There are some other models:

A bonnet of black lace, forming a diadem-ruche above the forehead; sprays of pink oleander blossoms are thrown back as feathers over the ruche, and fastened with a small bunch of green foliage sparkling with dew. The lace forms a Benoiton necklace, fastened on one side with a few buds and leaves.

A bonnet of rose-colored tulle and blonde, arranged into a high puff, with a very small rose-colored marabou feather in the center. On one side there is a bow of rose-colored *gros-grain* ribbon, from which springs a white *aigrette*, tipped with black.

A *chapeau Russe*, entirely covered with Marguerites; in front, a diadem-ruche of black lace, with a white *aigrette*. At the side, a bunch of flowers and foliage, and a long, trailing spray of the same, falling over the *chignon*. The strings, formed of lace, are finished off with lace lappets, tied in a bow.

And a bonnet formed of flutings of white straw, edged with black lace and trimmed with field-flowers; lappets of white straw, edged with black lace and fastened with a bunch of field-flowers. At the back, a bow of black ribbon falling over the *chignon*.

The "Versailles" is a novelty of the season. It consists of a broad-brimmed chapeau of Leghorn, richly trimmed with black lace and bunch of wild-flowers. An imitation of them is found in common straw; but the real Leghorn, of the genuine style, costs eighty dollars. They are fine garden and croquet hats.

There are several new styles in round hats; among others, the "bee-hive" and the "Tyrolean." The latter is high-crowned; the former, something like the *fez*, only octagon-shaped. The "bee-hive" is trimmed with flowers, which hang in a cordon down the back, nearly to the waist. The "Tyrolean" is turned up at the side, and has a scarf of black netted silk, looped up with roses.

Then there are the white chip with binding of scarlet or sultan red velvet, and their beautiful trimmings of lace and field-flowers.

The self-colored crapes are the next in the list of dressy styles, and generally consist of two puffs of crape, narrow quillings of satin, and a tea rose, with buds and foliage.

The following are among the latest styles:

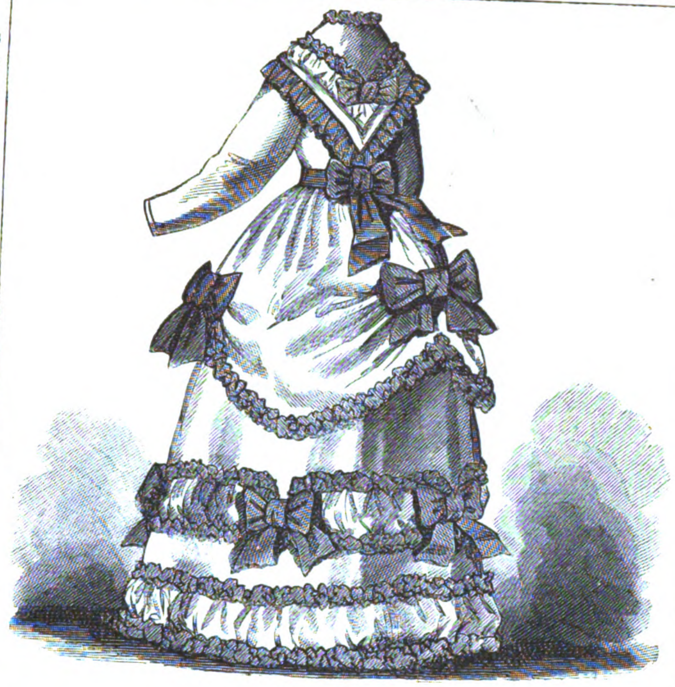
Diadem bonnet formed of a standing-up ruche of green satin; a beautiful white ostrich feather is turned back over the diadem, and a tiny humming-bird is placed in front. At the back, a fall of black lace, continued into lappets, fastened in front under a cravat bow of green satin.

Diadem bonnet of mauve crape, composed of a ruching of crape edged with satin of the same color. Just in front a garland of white roses completes the diadem; one large bunch of roses without foliage is placed at the side. Fall and lappets of white blonde, with a bow of mauve satin.

High Fanchon bonnet of white plaited tulle, with a coronet of white and pink azaleas with tinted foliage, and a bunch of the same flowers at the side. Fall and lappets of Mechlin lace, with a bunch of flowers to fasten them in front. A trailing spray of buds and foliage comes down on the outside, and falls on the neck. Narrow ribbon strings are tied at the back. In some of the small Fanchon or diadem bonnets, the narrow strings are replaced by an elastic.

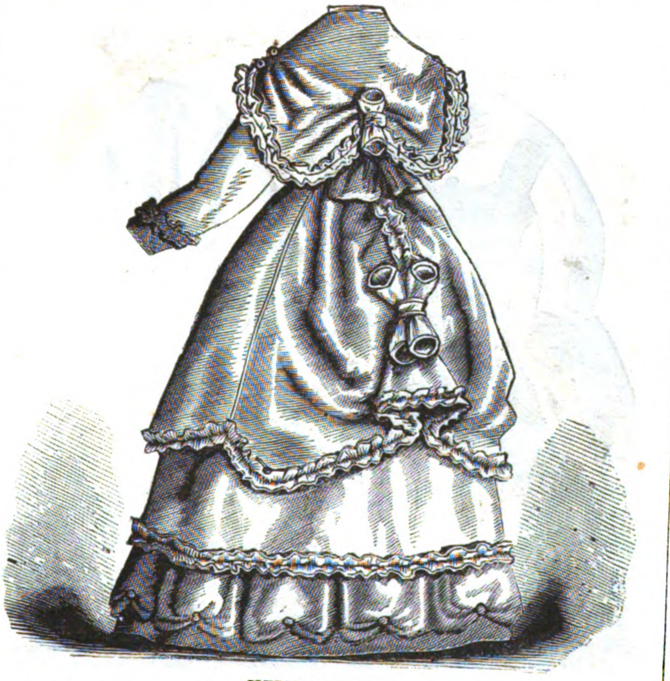
For a young lady, a *Watteau* hat of pearl-gray satin, flat oval crown, brim slightly turned up on either side, is trimmed with a narrow border of gray curled feathers. One large rose, with buds and foliage, is placed upon the crown; bow and lappets of gray satin at the back.

Brigand hat of gray straw, narrow oval crown, brim turned up on one side only, with a bow of gray satin, is trimmed with smooth gray



GRENADINE SUIT.

THIS is to be made of black or colored grenadine and trimmed with silk of some contrasting hue; the underskirt is encircled by two broad puffs set between silk ruching; the upper row broken up with large silk bows; the overskirt curves apart in front like a tunic; it is bordered with ruching and festooned with bows; plain coat-sleeve bound at the bottom. Small cape describing a point behind; the fronts are lengthened into short pointed lappets, which pass under the belt; it is finished with a box-plaited ruffle of silk on the edge. An inch above this, a puff headed with ruching.



HELENA SUIT.

WALKING-SUIT of changeable poplin, blue and dove-color; the underskirt is ornamented with a wide flounce, headed by a bias band sewn on through the center, with small, flat plaits all turned in one direction; the flounce is put on with two flat plaits, forming a box-plait underneath, alternating with a plain space; the latter is caught up with satin buttons. The overskirt describes a pointed apron; the side gores descend from this in points, occasioned by slanting off the bottom toward the corners farthest from the front; the edge is bordered with trimming like that heading the flounce; all the seams of the overskirt are piped; the back is festooned with a plaited strap descending from the belt to a cluster of four convolvuli or morning-glories joined under a cross-band; the skirt is folded in a box-plait under this cross-band; the cape is round across the back, and has sash fronts confined by the belt; it is festooned with satin buttons on the shoulders, and with an ornament in the back similar to, but smaller than that upon the skirt; the belt has two loops behind and an ornament at the side, like that upon the cape, set horizontally; the bias bands are piped or bound with satin, likewise the loops and belt; the convolvuli are lined with satin, which turns over the edge like a binding; blue satin, matching the shade used in the poplin, is requisite.

feathers laid back flat over the crown.

And a Régina hat of white straw is ornamented with a wide blue satin ribbon, arranged at the back into a large bow with short fringed lappets. In front, a bird of foreign plumage is placed as an *aigrette*. This hat has a rather high sloping crown and narrow pointed brim, coming down very much upon the forehead in front.

Puff bonnet of black lace and satin, ornamented with red roses and foliage, black lace lappets falling at the back.

The round hats are generally more admired than the bonnets.

An Andalusian hat, in black straw, is trimmed with a Roman scarf tied at the back, and the head of a bird arranged as an *aigrette* in front.

Little shepherdess hats have been worn in Paris during the past season for head-dresses, but they are giving place now to the Dubarry hat of straw, with wide indented brims, trimmed with a wreath of wild roses, primroses, or violets.

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A BLACK SILK COSTUME.

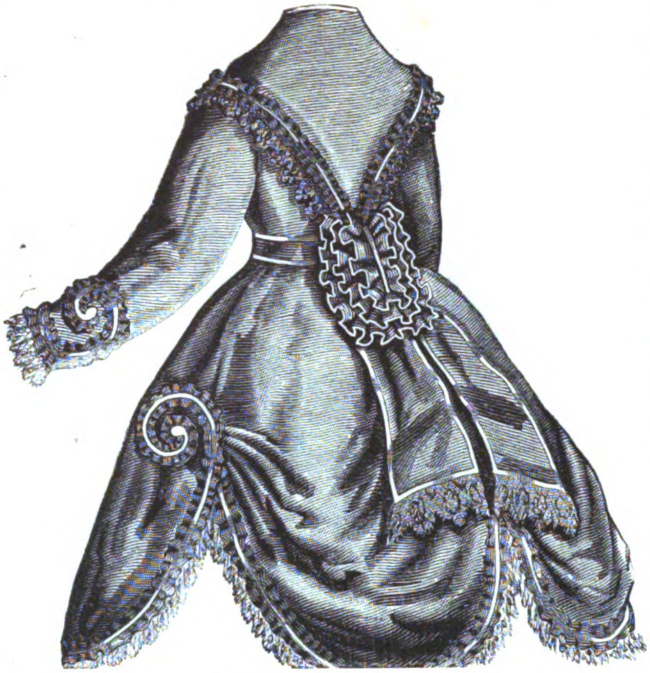
THE latest style of black silk suit is made in the following manner: The basque, which is divided into four parts, is festooned and gathered up in that peculiar manner impossible to describe with words. It looks very rich and graceful, and is trimmed all round with black guipure, headed with a ruche made partly of silk and partly of satin; above the ruche there is a second row of guipure sewn flat. The sash describes a double fan at the back, and the ends that fall on the basque consist entirely of guipure; the sleeves are likewise trimmed with guipure.

This costume may be made in China *crêpe*, or grenadine, trimmed with fringe. A Dauphin hat, made in black lace, and trimmed with shaded roses; boots with high Louis XVI. heels accompany the toilet.

◆

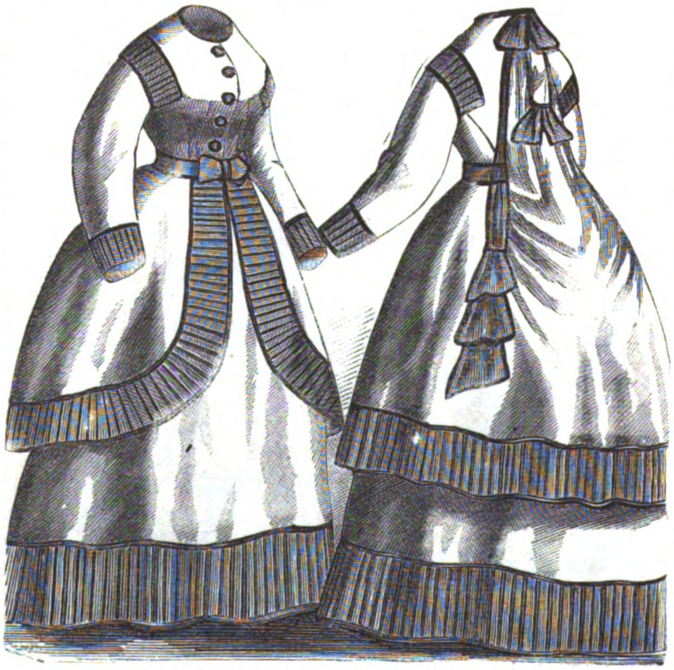
A SPRING TOILET.

AMONG the new spring toilets we have noticed one of pale maize-colored mohair. It is trimmed with three flutings of the same material, each headed with a cross-strip of mohair. A tight-fitting casaque has deep basques, slit open at the back and at the sides; one fluting and cross-strip goes round this casaque. Waistband ornamented with bows of the same color as the dress. Tight sleeves trimmed to correspond.



HELOISE POLONAISE.

THIS is suitable for black silk, or to be made *en suite* with a walking-dress. The front is plain, and rounded off toward the sides; the back is elevated in three festoons made by taking up the material in small flat plaits. The trimming consists of a box plaiting of the material, set on with a fine piping or gimp; it is carried around in curves on the side and bottom of the sleeve, each terminating with an ornamental button; the edge has a fall of black lace; *bretelles* are described upon the body; the belt is piped, and the ornament in the back formed of folds in three widths curved around the lower edge, finished with piping, and box plaited through the center with a piping over the stitches; sash ends piped and trimmed across with lace. The body of this garment closes in front with buttons. We can furnish a plain pattern of this garment for 75 cents.



JACINTHE SUIT—(FRONT AND BACK VIEW.)

Poplin trimmed with silk in a contrasting color; the underskirt is bordered with a broad silk fold, laid on in flat plaits, and bordered on each edge with piping. *Watteau* overdress trimmed around the bottom like the lower skirt; cuffs and epaulets of plaited silk; the piping may be made of the silk or of satin the same color; the back of the *Watteau* is taken in at the neck with a box-plait, and two plaits are on either side of this; the full width is also gathered up in little plaits in the skirt under a strap descending from the belt; the strap and broad loops are made of silk and piped on the edge; this taking up the skirt produces a slight puff; silk loops upon the box-plait and belt, closed with a loop, cross-strap, and pointed end. Japan poplin or *chene* poplin in gray, ornamented with green or a rich brown, would be very *distingué*.

COSTUMES FOR SUMMER.

THERE is such great variety in the styles for the present season, that no one can feel compelled to any special mode opposed to their taste or inclination. Toilets simple, as well as toilets elaborate, are worn by very fashionable women; and the simpler they are, the more effective they appear in many instances.

The summer season is so warm in this country, that rich silks, in most instances, give place to the lightest tissues that can be worn. Occasionally satins, and even moires are seen at the evening entertainments of some gay watering-place; but they look, especially the latter, very much out of place, and quite as if some economical person was determined to utilize their old clothes. Freshness is the great charm of summer attire; and so long as it possesses this beauty, it matters little whether it is costly or not.

Among the pretty, new costumes, is one of black grenadine. It is made with a round skirt, trimmed with five narrow flounces, put on with a heading. The body is made high, the sleeves are puffed, and a sash and scarf accompany the dress, striped in brilliant colors.

Another costume is of light *poil du chevre*, shade *café au lait*. The skirt is cut walking-length, and striped in the Algerine pattern; the basquine is of the plain, self-colored material, belted in with a sash of the stripe. The throat is finished by a band, a ruche, and striped silk neck-tie.

A very pretty costume is of changeable silk, colors blue and gold. It is made with a basque, and two skirts, the under one walking-length. It is trimmed with narrow flounces, and frills, headed by plaited ruffling of blue satin.

A fine organdy muslin, striped in blue, black, and gold, upon white, was made with a flounce round the bottom of the skirt, an overdress, and a simple scarf *à la Marie Antoinette*, ruffled, and tied at the back. It is a graceful style for any thin material.

A walking-dress in the country consists of blue and white striped *foulard* skirt, and Polonaise, with large, rounded *revers*, faced with white silk. The edge of the Polonaise is finished with white silk, cut in points, and piped with blue. There are three bands of white silk upon the skirt, pointed and piped to correspond. The sash has immense bows, set up high on the back, and ends which loop up the Polonaise on the sides; in the middle of the back there is another large bow and ends, which fall upon the lower skirt. Large Leghorn hat, trimmed with black lace, and bouquet of wild-flowers.

SUMMER MANTELETS AND FICHUS.

THESE are made in black silk, striped or plain grenadine, or in a material like the dress. They are generally very simple, but pretty and picturesque in style, and harmonize admirably with the present style of dress.

Sacks and paletots are now dispensed with nearly altogether, and capes, *fichus*, or scarfs used in their place. When basques are worn, they are small and very fanciful.

The Bertha *Fichu*, formed of a strip of lace insertion, edged on either side, first with a cross strip of colored satin, then round the top with a narrow, and round the bottom with a deep lace border. This *fichu* forms a *berthe*, which is lengthened into lapels crossed in front over the bodice, and fastened at the back under a large satin rosette. It can be made either in black or white lace. In the latter case, it is of course much more dressy.

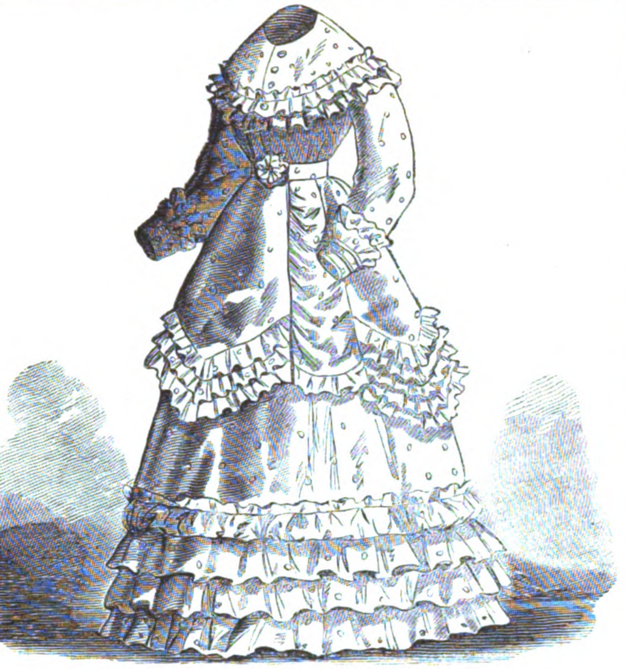
The *Watteau* is also a very fashionable style of *fichu*. It is a square *berthe* of satin, trimmed on either side with lace. At the back there is a square flowing tulle drapery, with a ruche of satin and lace border all round. A large bow of satin ribbon fastens this drapery on either side. It can be worn with any dress. In black lace, tulle and silk, it looks remarkably well for the theater.

A mantelet which is made both in black silk or in any material similar to the dress, forms a *fichu*, with two rounded lappets at the back and two in front; the front ones are passed under the waistband.

Another, again, is crossed in front like a *fichu*, with long pointed lappets at the back; there are shorter lappets in front. A round waistband is fastened behind with a bow formed of drooping loops without ends.

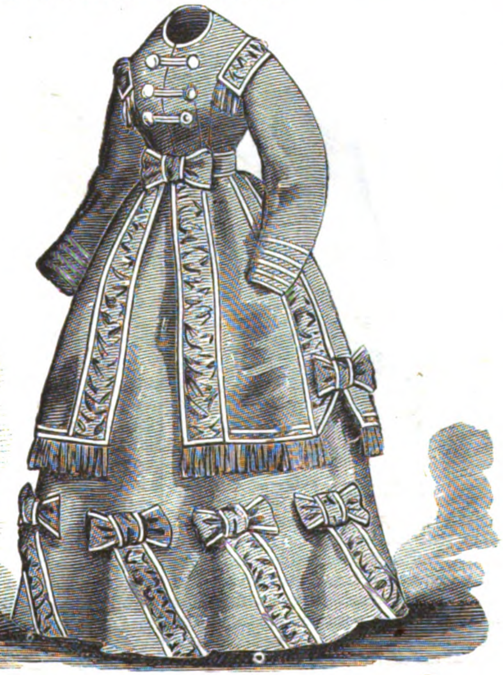
POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

THE pocket handkerchiefs are now made to match the dresses by having a band or waving pattern of the same color as the dress placed inside the hem. Thus, with a pretty lilac costume, your handkerchief must have a lilac border, and so on through the varied colors of the morning costumes. For evening, white *mouchoirs* alone are used.



HOUSE-DRESS OF LAWN OR ORGANDY.

SHORT skirt, finished with three ruffles, a puff, and narrow frill; overskirt composed of twelve gores, six being flat and cut out in a point at the bottom, and the remaining six puffed; these are joined in the following order: a flat gore and a puff alternately; the front or apron is wider than the other plain gores; it should be eighteen inches across in a straight line at the lower part, and seven inches at the top; the rest are six at the top and ten and a half inches at the bottom; the puffs are seven inches broad at the lowest point. French waist with low lining, and shoulders defined by a double ruffle; sleeves ruffled at the bottom and set in with a very trifling fullness at the top. All the seams of the overskirt should be corded; the ruffles hemmed and shirred on with a cord; the frill is a continuation of the puff, setting up like a diminutive ruffle hemmed on the edge.



COREA DRESS.

THIS mode is appropriate for a house-dress or walking-suit; the trimming is composed of piping or gimp and fringe; the puffs are of the dress material. Silk, grenadine, mohair or mozambique are suitable fabrics. Use grenadine in the first instance. The underskirt is trimmed around with diagonal puffs, terminating with large bows; a plain silk underskirt is necessary; plain body made over silk, and closed with loops of piping and two rows of buttons; shoulders ornamented with puffs, which are carried down the back to the belt, like *bretelles*; sleeve piped in five rows; the overskirt is composed of two plain gores, set between narrow puffs, and five puffed gores extending around the back; it is divided, and springs open in front; the gores are separated at the bottom by V shaped openings; outline all with piping, and trim the lower edges with fringe: the first V is headed with a bow, and the second with two, one four or five inches above the other; bow upon the front of the belt and another with short piped sash ends, fringed across, on the back. In the second instance either of the heavier materials mentioned would be more serviceable. Fine colored cambric could be used instead of silk under grenadine, but its effect is not so good.

BALL DRESSES.

SOME French houses have recently imported ball-dresses from Paris in the following manner: The boxes are high enough for the skirts to hang in them as in a wardrobe, and the folds of the delicate fabrics are kept in place by pieces of tape nailed in different places inside the box.

The following three dresses were received in this manner:

A dress of white tulle, with two skirts. The first skirt is trimmed round the bottom with two full bouillons; the second skirt is gathered up under double tulle ruches, edged with white blonde, coming down from the waistband upon every seam of the skirt, and each completed by a bow of pale blue satin ribbon. The bodice is trimmed in the shape of a *fichu*, with tulle ruches and blonde. Satin bows in front and on the shoulders. Puffed sleeves; blue satin sash arranged at the back in several long loops and lapels. Coiffure of blue forget-me-nots.

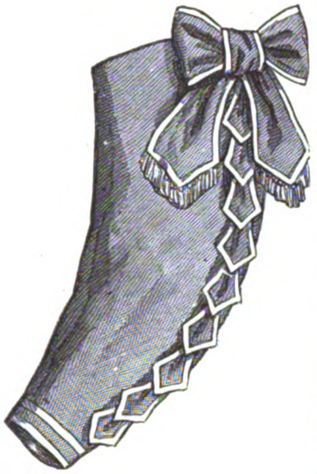
A dress of pink crape, also made with two skirts. The first skirt is edged round the bottom with a gathered flounce, trimmed with strips of pink satin. The second skirt is open in front, and forms a full puff at the back. It is very gracefully looped up at the sides with bunches of roses, and is edged all round with a deep fall of white blonde. Low bodice, with draperies of crape edged with blonde. Bows of pink satin in front and on the shoulders. Roses in the hair.

A dress of white tarlatan, with three skirts, the first plain; the second and third both trimmed round the edges with a gathered flounce. The second skirt is looped up at the sides with lapels of green ribbon and sprigs of acacia; the third with sprigs of acacia only. This third skirt forms a large puff, with a very wide sash of green satin shot with white. The low bodice has a *berthe* of blonde and green satin. Acacia blossoms in the hair.

This seems to us, however, a very unnecessary trouble and expense. Dresses are made quite as stylishly by our own *modistes*, here in New York, and at half the expense, while the flower ornaments can be obtained and adapted here, equally as well as there.

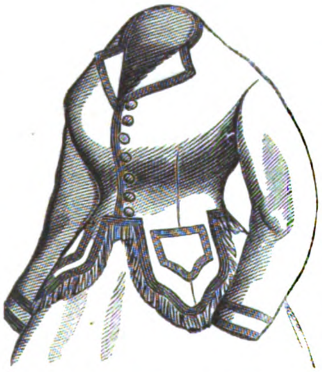
TRIMMING FOR UNDER-CLOTHING.

THERE is a new embroidered trimming mentioned by an English paper which will be found useful and serviceable for trimming under linen. It is very strong, and in design is a close imitation of plain loop tatting; it is manufactured in edgings of one, two, three, and four rows loops, with a strip of cambric above. There are insertions to correspond with the edgings.



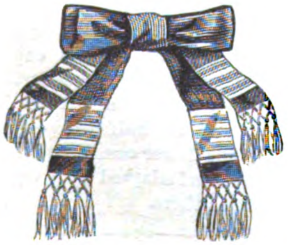
VICTORINE SLEEVE.

THIS is suitable for grenadine or thick materials: the shape is fitted to the arm by two seams, and the trimming is set upon the outer side *near*, but not *on* the elbow seam: it is composed of lappets bound with silk or satin, and sewn on with a flat plait in the top of each, the point of one just overlapping the upper edge of the next; the large bow with fringed tabs is so adjusted that it may cover the seam when the sleeve is fastened into the garment.



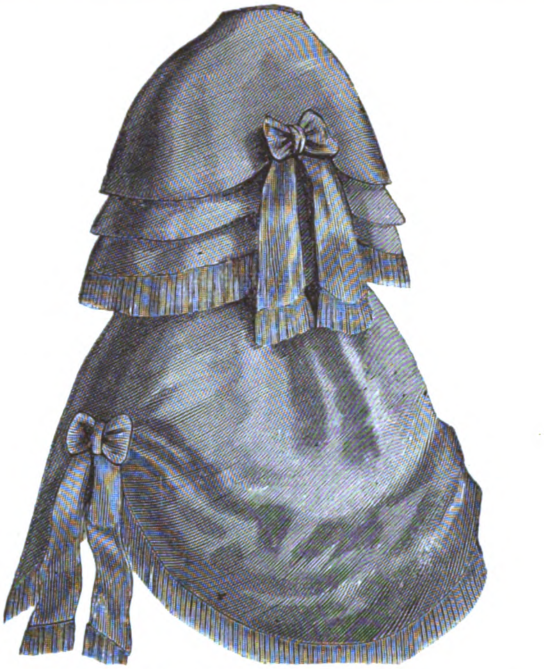
BREAKFAST JACKET.

CLOTH or cashmere, tight fitting, basque in the back corresponding with the shape of the front, but somewhat broader and divided direct through the center; the trimming consists of velvet, or gimp and fringe; the front is ornamented with pockets and *revers*.



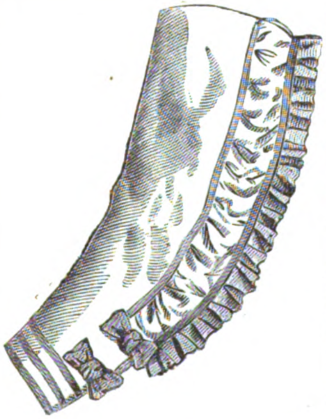
ROMAN NECKTIE.

A VERY dressy ornament made of Roman ribbon—the latter is a thick taffetas, with Bayadere stripes in chintz colors; the ends are finished with netted fringe. The price of Roman ties varies from $1 25 to $2, according to the width of the ribbon.



POLONAISE WITH COACHMAN'S CAPE.

BLACK silk. The bottom of the Polonaise describes two curves, one front and one back, occasioned by the festooning at the sides; a bow with long ends fringed across the bottom is set on over the plait; fringe around the lower edge. Round cape trimmed with folds to simulate three capes; these are taken up slightly in the center to destroy the stiff effect; the lowest fold is bordered with fringe, and the body of the cape is ornamented with a bow and ends, to correspond with the skirt. Plain sleeve trimmed with folds.



ESTELLE SLEEVE.

VERY dressy and stylish for silk and other rich materials; the body of the sleeve is almost close fitting; the upper side is cut one inch and a half wider than usual, and as much is taken from the under side so as to retain the shape; the upper side should be held or fulled in a little at the elbow in the back seam; the puff is set partly over the seam and the box-plaiting, which is made double in the material beyond it; the extra width given to the upper side causes the plaiting to curve around the back of the arm, instead of projecting stiffly. The piping, box-plaiting, and bows below the puffs, may be of satin or the same material as the sleeve itself; the puffs may be gathered or set on in reverse plaits.

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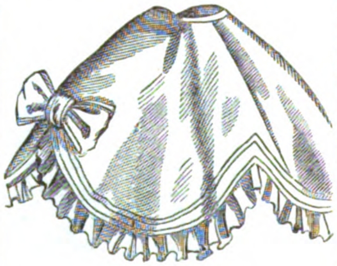
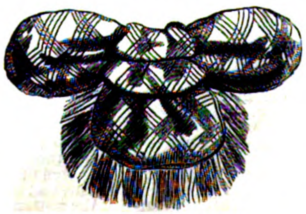
WHY is Noah's ark like a Delaware sloop? Because one was made *of* gopher-wood, and the other *to* go for wood.



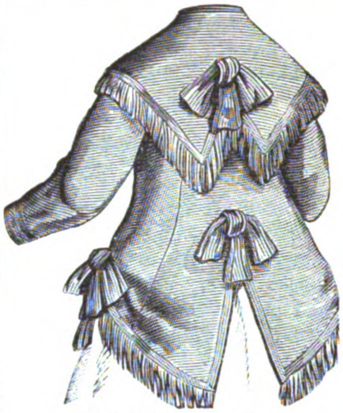
ARGYLE CAPE.

SHOULDER cape appropriate for a walking-suit; the back view is given, showing very distinctly the box-plait folded into the neck, and fastened in place with the binding or trimming; the back describes two curves, and the front a round point closed from the throat to the bottom with buttons; the shoulder is not festooned, but cut in the curved shape visible, with a large bow set at the top of the notch; it is trimmed with piping and box plaiting, made double in the material; the style of trimming, however, depends upon that used upon the balance of the suit.



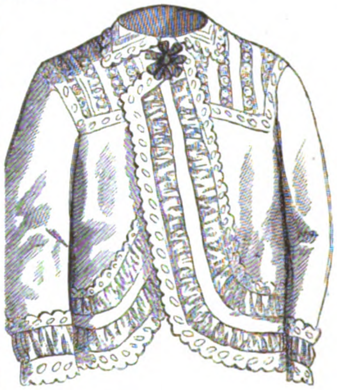
ARGYLE NECKTIE.

PLAID satin; the bow is composed of two leaves, and the tab of three loops, the lowest hung with fringe in colors corresponding with the plaid.



BERMOUD CLOAK.

A PALETOT of black silk, ornamented with satin piping and rich silk fringe; the seam under the arm is not joined over the hip for a space of five inches, the front being thus let to fall in sash shape and trimmed across with two rows of fringe and piping; the back is festooned in flat folds in the seam, and at this point is set a cluster of three loops with a cross band; it is divided in the center of the skirt and swings apart. Shoulder cape cut apart to correspond, and falling square in front to match the skirt; two clusters of loops like those upon the hip ornament the back.



ORGANDY SACK.

A VERY pretty garment for a lady's morning or afternoon house toilet. The shape is loose and double-breasted; shoulders trimmed in yoke style, with embroidered inserting, set in between strips of organdy. Byron collar, with two narrow bands of organdy stitched down on both edges, and a finish of needlework. The sack is bordered with two puffs and a needlework edge beyond each; sleeves to correspond at the band, plain in shape, and set on without fullness; rosette of ribbon at the throat. The effect of this sack with a colored dress is very *distingué*. Dotted or embroidered Swiss will make up as tasty as organdy.

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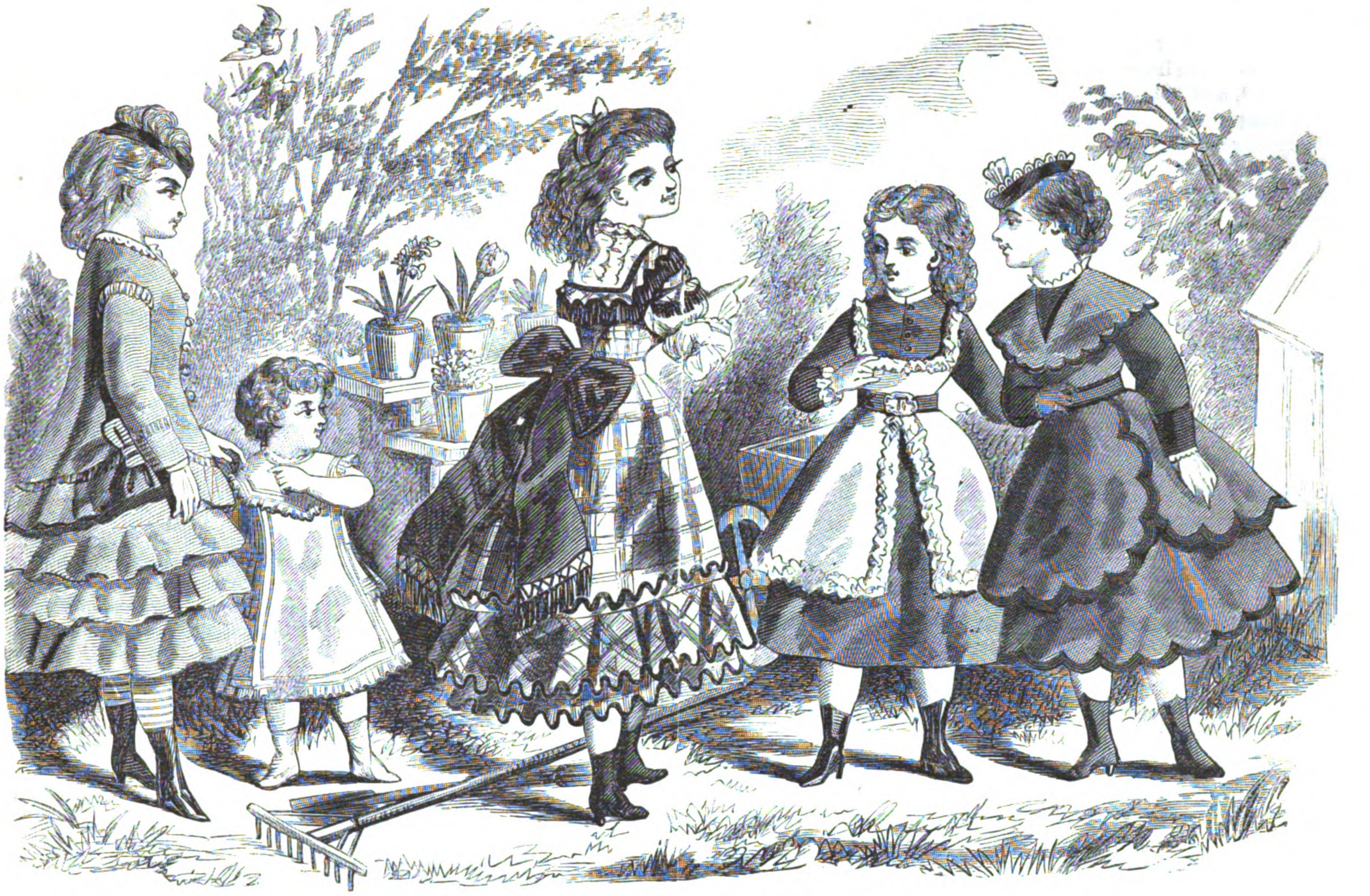
ORNAMENTS FOR THE HAIR.

VERY few ornaments are worn now upon the hair, and these are, almost without exception, flowers. Made head-dresses are entirely obsolete. The profusion of curls, braids, puffs, and the like, worn, precludes the possibility of elaborate head-dresses, and renders the half-wreath, with a trail of fine foliage, or a single rose in its leaves, the most appropriate decoration. When the hair is powdered with gray, a single rose is the only ornament worn.



LATEST STYLES OF CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR JUNE, 1869.

DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—A Miss of ten to eleven years, in a walking-suit of *cuir* colored mozambique, three ruffles bound and shirred on with a cord around the skirt; these require to be about six inches wide. *Watteau* overdress, finished around the bottom with a ruffle headed with gimp, or narrow reverse plaiting. The front of this garment is fitted to the figure like a basque; the back has a large box-plait at the neck, which falls loose into the skirt; the latter is festooned with a bow set upright at the side. The sleeves are trimmed at the top and bottom with gimp or reverse plaiting. This suit may consist of a full dress and overdress, or a skirt and *Watteau;* if made in the first way, one set of sleeves, and these in the dress-waist, will be sufficient. The first mode will require ten yards of mozambique, if trimmed with gimp; the reverse plaiting would take one yard more; the second would require nine and three quarter yards. *Chene* mohair is also a suitable material; and for quite warm weather, jaconet, percales, and lawn will be very pretty made in this style. *Cuir*-colored kid boots, and straw hat trimmed with a soft plume.

Fig. 2 represents a little boy still in dresses. Blouse of white *pique*, with pointed yoke, to which the skirt is attached in the following way: plain gore or apron, 10 inches broad at the top, and 12½ at the bottom; a side-shape, 4 inches broad, is attached to this upon the upper part, to complete the body. The balance of the skirt is in two straight pieces, each 22 inches wide, joined with buttons and button-holes through the center of the back; it is cut out at the top in two spaces, each 8 inches across, to fit around the side-shapes across the waist. The skirt is sewn to the side-shapes in flat plaits; the back is also joined to the yoke in flat plaits. The trimming consists of narrow Marseilles braid, in two rows, and fluted ruffles. This trimming divides the back of the skirt about half-way of the length. One row of braid over the seam at the bottom of the side-shape; short round sleeve set in with two small plaits on the top. Two yards of *pique* will be sufficient. One piece of Cash's ruffling, and one piece of Marseilles trimming.

Fig. 3.—House-dress of plaid silk, or silk poplin. Skirt scolloped out around the bottom; broad bias flounce scolloped on both edges, and shirred on with a cord a little below the top; the flounce is an inch above the bottom of the skirt. Plain, square-necked body; scolloped *berthe* trimmed with fringe; short sleeves with a puff at the top and scolloped cap. The scollops are bound with satin, of the color most prominent in the dress; the fringe matches this. Underbody of white organdy, fine and sheer, puffed lengthwise in the waist. Sleeves puffed around the arm, large at the top and decreasing in size toward the hand; neck and wrists finished with frills of Valenciennes or thread lace. Sash the color of the satin binding, ends hung with broad netted fringe. This dress requires ten yards of silk for a Miss of twelve years.

Fig. 4.—Little girl eight years of age. Plain dress of checked or *chene* mohair, or spring poplin, black and white. Overdress of pale buff mohair, with square bodice waist, and skirt divided through the center both back and front; the front and sides are hung plain around the belt; the back is gathered in with sufficient fullness to produce a graceful effect. The bodice closes behind with buttons. The trimming is composed of silk ruching, matching the overdress in color. Checked belt, closed with a gilt and jet buckle.

Fig. 5.—Miss of nine years in a walking-suit of blue all wool. The edges of cape, overskirt, and body, are cut out in curves, and bound with blue silk. The overskirt is made with a round apron. The back is gathered into the belt with a moderate fullness, being drawn up or festooned in the center, under a box-plaited strap, which begins at the belt and extends half-way to the bottom, where it terminates with a fan three inches long. The neck of the dress is cut out square, and the edge scolloped and bound over an undervest of blue silk; the cape folds across this, describing a point over the bosom. Broad silk cuffs upon the sleeves; belt piped with blue silk. About six yards of all wool will be requisite, and one yard and a half of silk. This suit will make up nicely in gray wool or mohair, with green silk trimming. The hat is a turban of straw, faced with velvet and ornamented with an *aigrette* of feathers.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

AMONG the prettiest and simplest of summer dresses for children are those made of white linen, or *pique*, simply gored, and trimmed with a narrow, box-plaited flounce, bound on either edge, and set on with a heading round the bottom of the skirt and sleeves.

There are no overskirts to these dresses, but only belts, and ornaments composed of loops, or sash-ends at the back. They are simple, very becoming, easily washed and ironed, and require only a little cape, or *fichu*, to complete the suit for the street.

White linen dresses of this kind have the frills bound with a color; *pique* with the color of the dot or stripe which is printed on them. Plain buff is best bound with black.

White *pique* is very largely used for children's dresses and suits, this season; and we consider it a sign of improved taste that, in general, it is trimmed with white. There are a great many varieties of the flat "Marseilles" braid used for this purpose; but the neater and simpler it is, the better. Very little of the narrow braid, simulating embroidery, is used; the wider kinds, which trim easier, and, in some respects, more effectively, have taken their place.

With *pique*, overdresses are seldom worn. The material does not require them; and its rough, uneven surface wears them out. With white or colored muslin, however, or with colored grenadines, overdresses are very pretty.

The new "sailor" costume, for boys, may be made in any material —cloth, tweed, linen, or alpaca. It consists of wide trowsers, a jacket with a large collar, which turns down and spreads out upon the shoulders, a leather belt stitched with white, a shirt stitched in fine tucks, and black ribbon neck-tie. A "sailor" hat is worn with it.

There are new and pretty aprons, made in a very old style, viz., with gored skirts, and *bretelles* attached together by straps across the front.

A novel and pretty summer toilet, for a little girl, consists of a costume of white muslin, with high body, and overskirts looped up at the sides with pink ribbon bows. There are also pink shoulder-knots. As a street-garment, instead of cape or cloak, a little pink silk scarf is worn, which is allowed to float carelessly round the shoulders. Of course, any other color can be substituted for pink.

The pretty hair-striped prints are in great demand for children for country wear, and are very appropriate. They are tastefully trimmed with frills, frequently to represent an overskirt and *fichu*; but we think the simpler children's clothes are made for the country, the better.

Some very charming straw and chip hats, for little girls, are lined with colored silk, and the lining turned over the edge, forming a puffing. If the color is blue, a little blue ribbon, and pink roses, constitute the rest of the trimming.

The "sailor" hats, for boys—straw, with a black or blue ribbon round the crown—are very fashionable.

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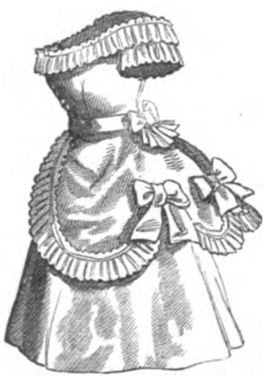

ZILLAH DRESS.

THIS, made of white mohair or organdy, is appropriate for a little Miss of eight to twelve years, or even a child from four to eight. Our illustration represents mohair with plain skirt and low-necked body, the edge of the latter and sleeves trimmed with a fluted ruffle, one and a half to two inches wide. Tunic taken into the belt in the back with a box plait. The edge describes a curve upon each side, and two smaller in the back, bordered with a fluted ruffle a little wider than that upon the body. Plain belt, with bow and fan at the back, and mohair bows with tabs at the top of the curves. In case of organdy being used for this dress, the body would need to be made with gathers at the belt, in the style of a baby waist. If preferred, the underskirt and bows upon the tunic might be mohair (white), or silk in any favorite color.

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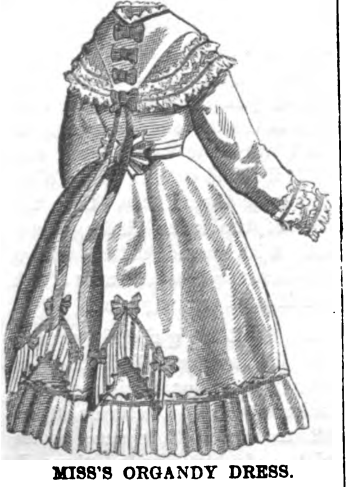

MISS'S ORGANDY DRESS.

THIS style of making is suitable for plain white or figured organdy; the skirt is gored a little upon the front and side widths, and gathered into the belt, with a [illegible] ss the front and the greater part of the gathers around the back; a fluted ruffle, four inches wide, encircles the bottom; low-necked French waist. A French waist implies the kind gathered into the belt across the front and back. Plain sleeve shaped to the arm, and trimmed with frills of Valenciennes, joined together with very narrow embroidered inserting. Round cape with a hood; the edge is ornamented to correspond with the sleeve: bows of colored ribbon form a line through the center of the hood, the lowest having very long streamers. Organdy belt and sash. The ornament upon the back is made of two short fluted ruffles with a cross strap. Sash ends cut out in peaks, and bordered with fluted ruffles, the width of that used upon the skirt; the ruffle in this instance is headed with a narrow fold of ribbon and small bows. The ribbon is set on so that it can be removed at pleasure. This dress is appropriate for a girl of nine to twelve years, or even a Miss of fourteen.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT IN THIS NUMBER.

JOSEPHINE CAPE AND OVERSKIRT.—Both are given in two pieces as follows: overskirt, half the front and half the back and cape, one front and half the back. The only seams in the cape occur on the shoulders; the skirt has a seam on each hip, and if the material is not sufficiently wide to cut the back, it may be pieced so that the seams come under the plaits. There is no fullness at the top, except in the back, where it is taken up in a large double box-plait; the back of the cape is plaited to correspond. A box-plaiting of silk in two colors, a block of one matching the shade of the dress, and the other of some contrasting color, forms the trimming; below this is set block fringe in corresponding colors, in such manner that the dark section comes under the light, and *vice versa*. The belt is ornamented with an upright bow, with one loop above and three below the cross-strap.

MELANIE SLEEVE.—The pattern is given in one piece; the sleeve requires two duplicates of this, which brings a seam over the elbow and one upon the inner side of the arm. The shape is familiarly known as "Leg Mutton" sleeve; it is gathered in at the top across the back, and the seam covered by the trimming. The width is then taken up at little distances apart in gathers under ornamental bows; trimming around the bottom, turning off at the outer seam, and running up this several inches. The box-plaiting and bows should be made of the material with which the dress is trimmed.

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FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are used very profusely as ornaments, and deserve their popularity. They are extremely beautiful, and wonderfully faithful to nature. In fact, all sorts of natural objects are used with great success. Birds, stems, sprays, leaves, insects, fruits, are all employed with pre-Raphaelite freedom, which is entirely removed from stiffness.

SOROSIS.

As a return compliment for the "breakfast" which the Press Club of New York gave last year to Sorosis, Sorosis recently gave a "tea" at Delmonico's to the Press Club.

It was attended by about a hundred and twenty-five persons of both sexes, and was unique in the annals of entertainments, the ladies paying the bills, and making the speeches in response to the toasts, while the gentlemen sat still and looked on.

The company commenced assembling in the large parlors at Delmonico's (where *Sorosis* meets) about half-past five P. M., the ladies presenting the gentlemen with small fragrant "buttonhole" bouquets as they arrived, and otherwise doing the honors in a most delightful and charmingly natural manner. At a signal, the whole company moved into the large dining hall, the ladies escorting the gentlemen and attending them to seats. There was no wine, but each one of the tables was provided with a handsome urn, from which a member of the executive committee poured excellent tea. The "tea" of course was a choice Delmonico dinner. The President of Sorosis, Mrs. Croly, (Jennie June,) presided, and, after *tea* was over, rose, called the meeting, and made the following remarks:

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES: As presiding officer, I am thankful I have not much to say, and therefore suffer less from the trembling of the knees which I know has assailed my weak-minded constituency. I must remark, however, that in releasing gentlemen from time-honored obligation of doing all the talking, we have not been actuated by any boastful or presuming spirit, but simply desired to respond as well as our feebler and less experienced powers would allow to their own thoughtful kindness of last year. If we break down, we give you permission to laugh, our principal desire being to entertain you; we shall be consoled, if not satisfied, by whatever achieves that object. It is, to be sure, rather a dangerous experiment, after what good old *Putnam* has said about "noisy" Sorosis women; but then, in the same breath with the assertion that Sorosis has accomplished nothing, he admits that it has worked a social revolution, brought men and women together on an equal footing; in short, done what ages of sermons or even the acquisition of the franchise could not have accomplished—for every one knows that, though the negro can vote, he is not yet freely admitted to the equality of the white man's table. I assert, however, that Sorosis has done something more; it has given women a name. There is a good deal in a name. Heretofore, women have had no name, no chance of founding a family name, and therefore little opportunity for distinction or achievement. The Adamses, the Hancocks, the Beechers, and others, find a name an inheritance; yet the cleverest member of the Beecher family is a woman. Who can tell how or when, whether or no, some of the others were not galvanized into life by some woman whom no one ever hears of? It is of no use to tell us that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet; we, Sorosis, don't believe it. I thank you, gentlemen, on behalf of Sorosis, for your presence here to-night, and will conclude my remarks by proposing, as the first toast:

"The Man of the Period," responded to by Mrs. Fanny Fern Parton.

FANNY FERN'S "MAN OF THE PERIOD."

The man of the period. Who is he? Where is his lair? Is it that thing with tight boots, and cream-colored kids, and clinging trousers, and padded coat, and fancy cane, and perfumed handkerchief, that sits flattening its nose against the club-window, ogling the ladies' boots? Or, is it the man-machine, to whom the word *business* represents all of life; whose only literature is the ship or stock news; who is more a stranger to his own children than you or I, who sometimes stop to kiss or look after them in the street; and whose wife has long since ceased to watch the clock for the hour of his return? Or, is it he who, with a wife and six children, goes about seeking some "gentlemanly" means for getting their bread and butter, with cigars at fifteen or twenty cents apiece constantly between his lips, and a comforting drink with a comrade at every corner, to help him through his hourly disappointments? Or, is the man of the period the parlor-hero of a thousand battles; whose courage and fighting were all done for him by the brave privates who now sleep peacefully under headstones on which is inscribed "Unknown! Unknown!" Or, is the man of the period a man of periods and commas and semicolons? In other words, a literary man; mighty in books and magazine articles, but paralyzed at sight of a chicken to carve—who, after years of soul-communing with his wife, keeps on helping her to the gravy which she hates, and refusing her the 'stuffing' which she adores—who, when at a strange hotel, leads her down into the kitchen instead of the ladies' parlor, and into the smoking-room in place of the dining-hall; and, forgetting his appointment with her on a street corner, leaves her waiting there, a spectacle to gods and policemen?

Who *is* the man of the period? Perhaps it is the editor, whose position, if he chooses to make it so, is higher than the President of the United States. The editor, the recipient of big pumpkins, and pistol-shots, and mammoth pears, and baby-jumpers, and patent ice-cream freezers, and big bouquets, and a library free gratis; who is often at the office all night, and asleep all day, and is otherwise a comfortable person to have in the house.

Or, perhaps, the man of the period is the fashionable clergyman, who points his moral — Quaker-guns — straight over the heads of his audience, and then rustles placidly away, in his clerical millinery, with his fat salary in his pocket. Or, perhaps it is the large-brained, large-souled man, whom all warm-hearted, earnest women are glad to look up to; who does not fear that a woman's brain will paralyze her heart; or that, if she writes, it will be at the sacrifice of womanly grace; or who sees in "Sorosis" an anti-shirt-button dragon, involving two latch-keys and a burnt beefsteak for breakfast. Or, who pays his wife the poor compliment to bottle up his wisdom for the public, and talk to her only of the price of butter; or is willing that the mother of his children should be either a doll or a drudge. Or, is it the politician, whose definition of patriotism is talk and office, and who never in his life looked the devil square in the face and said manfully, no?

Or, perhaps the man of the period is the "Coming Man." Who knows? If so, my sisters, let us be on tiptoe for him, but by all means let us hold on to those we now have, till he arrives.

Mme. DEMOREST responded to "MAN THE MONOPOLIZER" as follows:

MME. DEMOREST'S REMARKS.

Mrs. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: We charge that man has monopolized the right to declaim, lecture, preach, or speak in all forms known as public speaking, to such an extent that we, who have accepted the subjects allotted each for discussion to-night, have literally done so with "fear and trembling;" this is no figure of speech, to be taken with allowance by those who are accustomed to the sound of their own voices and the presence of an audience; else, what means the silence of numbers here who have made their names great by the strength, beauty, and purity of their thought, expressed by the pen, and are unequal to the new order of expression, for woman, which we hope will become common. It is experience, contact with the world, that educates us to the admirable self-possession we envy in our brothers on occasions like the present, but of which we have been deprived by custom and education so inwrought that, notwithstanding the best judgment approves this removal of old restrictions as advantageous to both sexes, it is quite probable that many are silent to-night who are fully capable of sustaining this innovation. Their answer is: "No, no! *we* can not speak in meeting;" which suggests that possibly we are indebted to the good old Quakers and Methodists for their greater liberality in consenting to the equal privilege—"if the Spirit moved"—of the sisters speaking before the brethren and the world. This may have given us all the strong-hearted, or strong-minded, if you choose, of modern times.

The moderate relaxation thus allowed in the customary retirement, where we were bade to remain, has opened the way to broader, higher fields of thought and labor for woman.

Our grandmothers repressed the troublesome though natural inquiries of enterprising childhood by teaching that "children should be seen but not heard." The fathers, husbands and brothers enforced upon the women of those days the spirit of the same repressing regimen—not to be heard outside the homes provided by these guardians and law-makers. A daughter not unfrequently inherits the qualities that have made her father widely known and honored in the world; she loves his pursuits—but it is unwomanly, worse than folly to spend time and money for the education requisite to success. The father holds the purse and does not yield to the strongly indicated preference she manifests for solid, healthful nutriment, of which her mind is capable, and which—with wholesome restraint—he would give a son. The mother has no means, if she will, to alter his decision, because one day, when she was younger and freer than now, he put a ring on her finger and money in the clergyman's hand, and she believed his promise, together with the false words of ceremony that endowed her with his worldly goods and made them one! She finds that, instead of being endowed, she is deprived of worldly goods, and has no longer the control of her own property, her own person, her own name. A few days since a young girl came home from one of our institutions of public education, where a teacher had rebuked her for directing a letter to a married lady by that lady's given name, and instructed her to hereafter address all married ladies by their husbands' given names. The origin of this weak woman's idea may be traced to the subtle teaching inculcated by masculine preceptors, at a time when it was not thought needful for women to have an education equal to that bestowed upon men—when lady teachers were few, and the instruction they received was imparted almost solely by the self-constituted lords and law-makers of creation—for the law recognizes this utter submersion of woman's individuality in that of her husband—one flesh means literally one, single, self-constituted arbiter of all questions—the man, who quietly falls into possession of his wife's property, or, if accumulated since their union, it is his only, and, if he so pleases, he may keep her absolutely unprovided for, or, at best, but so far comfortable as suits his fickle fancy. Most women are kept in entire ignorance of their husband's business relations and condition financially; they have no responsibility laid upon them, except the endless exhortation to economize, which they soon learn applies only to themselves, or the money that passes through their hands, and is not considered in the amount their husbands expend, because man has claimed the monopoly of all money, personal property, &c., that marriage professedly makes of joint ownership. No matter how well the wife performs her part, according to standard regulations for home duties, including the rearing of children and the traditional buttons, she still finds herself subject to his caprice, and her services, though in the very nature of the case as exacting as his, are not recognized except as a duty she owes, and at best compensated by a gift! Why wonder that she learns to smile at suggestions of extravagance in dress, and adds another yard to her train, or buys a more expensive set of lace for the next party, and sprinkles gold-dust over her glossy hair? She is none the poorer for the outlay, for ordinarily a wife owns only her own wardrobe.

The rest of the toasts were:

"The Coming Woman." Responded to by Mrs. Mary F. Davis.

"Men and Their Buttons." Responded to by Miss Clara Nicholson.

"The Professional Woman." Responded to by Mrs. Dr. Densmore.

"The Newspaper Man from a Domestic Point of View." Responded to by Mrs. Wm. H. Burleigh.

"Heroic Women." Responded to by Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour.

"The Committee Women." Responded to by Mrs. Agnes Noble.

"The Gentlemen." Responded to by Miss Hillard.

"The Literary Woman." Responded to by Miss Virginia Vaughan.

"The Man of the Future." Responded to by Mrs. Sarah L. Hopper.

"Blondes and Brunettes." Responded to by Mrs. Ottarson.

"Woman and Art." Responded to by Miss Sarah E. Fuller.

"Isabella of Castile." Responded to by Mrs. Bronson.

"The Girl of the Period." Responded to by Miss S. C. Dunning.

Other toasts, "The Going Woman," "The Champions of Women," etc., were reserved on account of the lateness of the hour.

Mrs. Bogert read a fine poem, whose length, however, precludes its appearance here, but we will give a brief, spicy poem by our contributor, Miss Josephine Pollard, which will have special interest for our readers.

POEM by Miss Josephine Pollard:—

'Twas my intention strictly to remain
A silent member in the house to-night:
For when I made a speech a month ago,
I nearly died with fright.

A mental protest I at once drew up,
And with immense deliberation signed,
And thought to seal my lips to silence; but,
You see, I've changed my mind!

Call it a woman's weakness, if you will;
She's "fickle, false, inconstant," so they say,
And thinks it nothing to reverse her mind
A dozen times a day.

But ere you sweep this besom of reproach
Across the pathway of poor womankind,
Show me one man—among a score of men—
Who never changed his mind.

The thought which has its prominence to-day,
The wisdom of to-morrow may displace;
And every contemplated issue may
Require a change of base.

I've often said I'd never change my name;
To "maiden meditation" I'm inclined;
But would you think me very much to blame
If I should change my mind?

All the speeches were excellent, some of them admirable, and we should like to give them entire; but this is, of course, impossible. Mrs. Burleigh, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Davis and others specially distinguished themselves. The occasion was entirely unique, and highly enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to be present. The old ballad of "Robin Gray," exquisitely sung by Mrs. Allen, was a feature of the evening's entertainment.

THE Household

RECEIPTS FROM THE FULLER HOUSE.

Richfield Springs.

WE can vouch for the following four receipts. Properly constructed, the results will be delicious:

CORN BREAD.—2 eggs, 2 table-spoonfuls of sugar, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 cup of sour milk, 2 handfuls of flour, 1 tea-spoonful of soda, a little salt, meal to thicken.

OMELETTE.—6 eggs, 2 table-spoonfuls of butter, 1 table-spoonful of flour, 1½ cups of milk. Warm the milk, to melt the butter, beat the eggs separate, to the yolks put the milk, then add beaten white.

CREAM-PIE.—*Crust:* 1 cup white sugar, 1 cup of flour, 3 eggs, 1 tea-spoon of cream tartar, ½ of soda. Dissolve soda in one table-spoonful of water; put the flour in a dish, add the sugar and cream of tartar, mix all together; then break in the eggs, stir, and put in the soda; if not quite stiff enough, put in more flour.

Cream.—½ pint of milk, ¼ cup of sugar, ½ of flour, 1 egg. Boil the milk; beat together sugar, egg and flour; stir in a little cold milk to this, and when the other milk boils, add the mixture. When cake and cream are both cold, split the cake and put cream between. Enough for two pies.

Lemon Pudding Meringue.—1 quart of sweet milk, 1 pint of bread-crumbs, 4 eggs, ½ cup of butter, 1 small cup of white sugar, 1 lemon. Put bread in part of milk, add yolks, butter and sugar; beat together with the remainder of the milk. After it is baked, beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth with 3 table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar and juice of lemon. Cover, and brown lightly.

French Honey.—Break one pound of lump sugar into pieces; put into a pan, add the yolks of six eggs, and the whites of four, the juice of four lemons (and grate in the rinds of two), and a quarter of a pound of butter. Stir the ingredients well over a slow fire, until the mixture becomes thick as honey. It will keep a year if put into jars and tied down with paper and kept in a cool, dry place. It is most excellent to fill tarts with, or to spread between layers of cake.

Sure Cure for Warts.—Dissolve quarter of an ounce of Sal-Ammoniac in two ounces of water, and wet the warts frequently with the solution, when they will disappear in a week or two.

Brown Bread.—1 cup molasses, 3½ cups milk, 2 cups Indian meal, 2 cups rye meal, 1 cup wheat flour. Put it into a tin pail, set it into a pot of boiling water, and let it boil three or four hours.

Little Bread Puddings.—Steep the crumb part of a baker's ten cent loaf in a pint of milk until it is soft and warm. Beat up two eggs with some sugar, an ounce of butter warmed, a little essence of lemon, and a little cream, or table-spoonful of condensed milk. Add quarter of a pound of Zante currants, well-cleaned and floured. Pour into buttered cups, grate nutmeg over them, and bake half or three-quarters of an hour. Serve with pudding-sauce.

Lemon Dumplings.—Mix with ten ounces of fine bread-crumbs half a pound of beef suet, chopped fine; a large table-spoonful of flour, the grated rinds of two small lemons, or one very large one; four ounces of pounded sugar, or, if wished very sweet, more; three large or four small eggs beaten and strained. Divide these into four equal portions, tie in well-floured cloths, and boil an hour.

Corn Cake.—7 table-spoonfuls flour, 5 of Indian meal, 3 of sugar, 1 tea-spoonful cream of tartar, ½ tea-spoonful of saleratus, a little salt, 1 egg. Mix with milk and bake in a shallow tin pan.

Muffins.—1 pint flour, ½ pint milk, 1 egg, 1 table-spoonful sugar, 1 tea-spoonful cream of tartar, ½ tea-spoonful soda, a little salt.

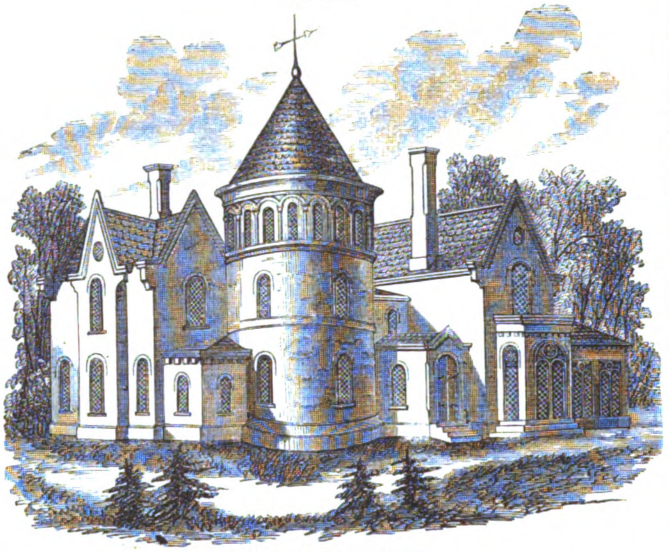
Doughnuts.—1½ cups sugar, 3 eggs, 1½ cups of milk, 1 table-spoonful butter, 1 tea-spoonful soda, 2 of cream tartar, flour enough for a stiff paste. Roll out and form into any shape you choose. Have the lard boiling hot when you fry them. Flavor with lemon and grated nutmeg. These are very nice indeed.

The following excellent receipts are all from C. A. B., for which many thanks.

Sponge Gingerbread.—Two table-spoons of butter, two cups of molasses, one cup of milk, one tea-spoonful of soda, flour to make a pretty stiff batter; ginger to suit the taste.

Watery Potatoes.—Put into the pot a piece of lime the size of a hen's egg; and when the water is poured off, the potatoes will be found perfectly dry and mealy.

Architectural Design No. IV.

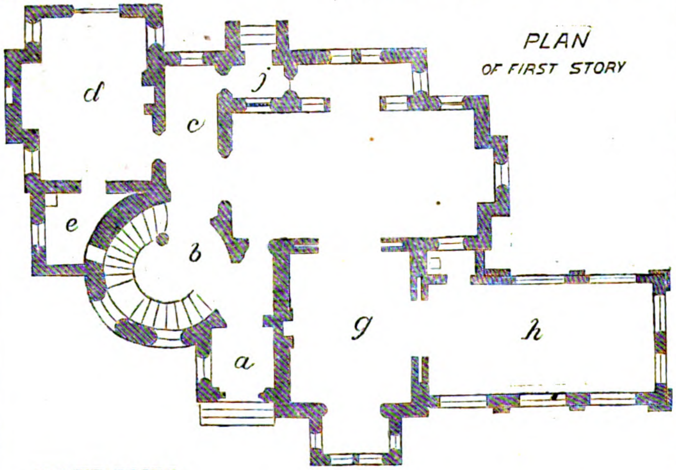


VILLA RESIDENCE.

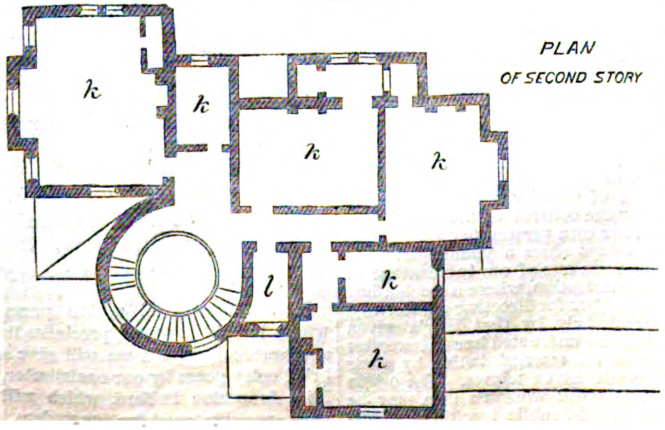
This design for a villa residence is furnished by T. F. Thomas, architect, 341 Fulton street, Brooklyn. It exhibits a fair example of the early Anglo-Norman architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as introduced and practiced by the Norman architects that followed the duke of Normandy into Britain after the conquest obtained at the battle of Hastings in 1063.

By an examination of the interior arrangements of this plan, it will be found to contain all the comforts and accommodation that modern refinement can desire, and all that the most strict utilitarian could demand or wish for.

We find on the first floor, *a* is the vestibule, *b* the stair-case, *c* the hall, *d* the dining-room, *e* the waiter's pantry, with dumb waiter from below; *f* the drawing-room with a large bay window; *g* the library with bay window; *h* the conservatory, and *i* the water-closet. The kitchen is under the dining room, and has access to the same by a narrow stairway under the principal stairs through a door in the waiter's pantry; on the second floor, *k*, *k*, *k*, are bed-rooms, and *l* is the bath room.



PLAN OF FIRST STORY



PLAN OF SECOND STORY

The interior finish and decoration of this building, to be in keeping with style, should consist principally of warm tints. The walls and ceilings painted in fresco or in plain sober tints will be preferable to paper decorations.

The rooms and halls should be principally finished with wainscot paneling; this, together with the trimmings of the doors and windows, etc., should consist of well-seasoned ash or oak, well oiled and toned down. The stair-case should also be of oak, not geometrical (self-supported), but raised upon columns and arches. The roof over the stairs should be groined, and the ribs painted various colors. The upper windows of the tower should be filled in with dark-colored glass. The other windows of the halls and vestibule should be glazed with stained glass, a rich center with crimson ground and narrow border lights. The other windows of the first story should have the central light plain with stained borders. The floors of the halls and vestibule should be laid with some of the various patterns of encaustic tile with rich borders and center-pieces. One of the peculiar traits of the Norman style is massiveness, which should be borne in mind in all examples of that style.

There are many charming spots throughout the country where this building might be located to great advantage. Built of the undressed warm-tinted Dorchester stone, or any other of the colored stones with which the country abounds—in rough uncoursed rubble-work, and placed upon the sloping banks of some of our noble rivers, with ample domain, the structure rising from a green velvet sward, partly embosomed in foliage, and approached by winding pathways through interlacing elms and tall chestnuts—we can hardly conceive of an object in nature arranged by the hand of man forming a more charming and lovely aspect than this would be to the eye of one who entertains a high appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art.

◆

Why is Queen Isabella like a very wet day? Because she rained as long as she could, and then—mizzled.

JUNE ROSES AND THEIR VARIETIES.

THERE is no sweeter word in our vocabulary than *June*. It is the prototype of beauty, bloom, and maidenhood. June is the poet's month; and in that loveliest Idyl, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," we have the richest description of this sensuous month which our language affords. We quote from it the following:

"There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June can be had by the poorest comer.
And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it, softly, her warm ear lays."

How graphic the description of the peerless days which gladden our hearts in this most gracious of all months! June fullfils all the poets' promises and praises of the spring; for spring is a myth in these Northern climes. It is a Southern luxury, tabooed to us dwellers near the North Pole. Indeed, in many of the New England States we are blessed with nine months winter and three months summer. For June is *perfect summer* everywhere. In July, the scorching heat sears the green grass, and steals the freshness from leaf and bough. But now it is glorious greenery—how charming, how refreshing to all the senses! June is the month of roses, *par excellence*. Though other months bestow upon us the lovely blossoms of this "Queen of the Flowers," this month seems freighted with their rich, fragrant blooms. How perfect they are! How replete with all that is lovely, rich, and rare! The spicy *Damask* roses, the creamy *Lemarkque*, the brilliant red *Gen Washington*, the exquisitely tinted *Malmaison*, the lovely yellow *Marechal Neil*, the perfect *Madame Margottin*, with its delicious tea-scented perfume, and hundreds of other varieties, offer to us a perpetual feast for the senses. So we hail the approach of June with heartfelt joy, and sing:

"Come, lovely June, with fruit and flowers,
And songs of birds. Your joys are ours;
And, ere we mourn the death of May,
June woos and wins our hearts away."

Roses have been the subject of poetry and prose since the dawn of creation. The Bible contains many references to it. Solomon says: "Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered." Fabulous sums were paid for these fragrant flowers in the days of the Roman Empire. Suetonius relates that Nero spent the enormous sum of four million sesterces (about $150,000) on roses for one supper! The couches, tables, and apartments were adorned with them; and the porticos and courtyards of the palace thickly bestrown with the deliciously fragrant blossoms! All the Romans professed great fondness for this flower combining the perfection of all flowers. Cicero, in his Orations, when he is condemning the luxurious habits of Verres, the proconsul, states that he had journeyed through Sicily seated on roses! Imagine our high dignitaries traveling on a similar cushion! Cleopatra, at a feast given to Marc Antony, expended a talent (over $1,000) in the purchase of rare roses; and the room wherein the banquet was laid was strewn *knee-deep* with the sweet flowers.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the refinements of floriculture were suffered to die out. But the Moors of Andalusia advanced horticulture to an extent far beyond the knowledge of Greeks or Romans. They were renowned for their roses; and their literature, *it is said*, asserts that they succeeded in producing them of a rich blue tint. But we doubt the assertion entirely. Had such a "novelty" ever been discovered, it would not have been permitted to escape our quest. As Nero, Cleopatra, etc., used roses so extensively *en grosse*, we may judge that they were ignorant of the art of distilling their perfume. Bengal is the head-quarters for the manufacture of this rich and rare essence, though other parts of India, Tunis, Persia, and Upper Egypt compete with that country in the manufacture. Immense quantities of flowers are used in this process. A thousand roses yield by distillation about two and a half pounds of rose-water. This is placed in a large, shallow, metal basin, which is sunk into the earth, full two feet deep, and left out over night. In the morning the otto has risen in a thin film on the top of the rose-water, and is skimmed off very carefully with a feather, and dropped into a phial and tightly corked. Day after day the tiny drops are collected, and the phial is placed in the sun for a short time to give it an amber color. A lac (10,000) of roses is said to produce one hundred and eighty drops of otto, which is never sold pure, but always adulterated with sandal-wood oil.

In parts of Surrey and Kent, in England, roses are extensively grown for the manufacture of rose-water. The Provence, Damask, and Scotch roses are planted for this purpose. Six pounds' weight of petals will produce one gallon of rose-water. This delightful perfume is manufactured in this country, but not as extensively as it should be. Our Southern States offer vast facilities for the growth and distillation of this precious flower; and we hope that, ere many years are past, we can hear of acres under such cultivation.

Roses were introduced into the mythology of the ancients. "Once upon a time" Rodanthe, a beautiful queen of Corinth, was besieged by three lovers—princes, all of them. But she rejected their addresses; whereupon they, in the blind fury of lovers scorned, attacked the city. She took refuge in the Temple of Diana; but the chaste goddess's power failed, for the lovers dared to attack the sacred fane. Her subjects, fearing they could not defend her, begged her to assume the robe of Diana and usurp her throne. She finally yielded to their entreaties, and personated Diana. Apollo, angered by this indignity to his sister, changed Rodanthe into the first rose-tree—her subjects were the thorns which encircled her—and the three princely lovers into butterflies, which still continue to pay their homage to the idol of their affections. Such is the mythological origin of the rose. But it was white. How did it become of a rosy hue? This, also, is poetically accounted for. The blood of Venus, whose feet were wounded by its thorns when she was endeavoring to rescue Adonis, stained the pure whiteness of its petals indelibly. Spenser alludes to this fable in the *Daphnaida:*

"White as the native rose, before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress."

We, of this present time, possess all the love and veneration of the ancients for the lovely rose. Yearly the florists' catalogues offer us new varieties, and yearly we add to our numbers. The French horticulturists have produced many most charming varieties, and our own florists have also been very successful in their culture. The new varieties are produced from seed, and we believe it takes three years to bring a seedling to a blooming condition. Rose-cuttings are most easily grown in this month. They will strike root in a saucer of sand more quickly than in a pot of earth. Fill a shallow dish with scouring sand, wet it thoroughly, and insert in it the end of the cutting where there is an eye. In three weeks or less, your care will be rewarded by seeing tiny shoots from the sides of the slip. In a week or more, transplant into rich soil, set in the shade for three or four days, then give light and air. This saucer mode of propagation is recommended by Peter Henderson, the prince of floriculture, for all succulent cuttings. Geraniums, carnations, verbenas, heliotropes, fuchsias, etc., will grow quickly under this simple method of culture. In this month all cuttings strike root quickly; and great additions can be made to our collection of window and "bedding-out" plants in this manner. We hope our readers will try it. Cuttings of the *China*, *Bourbon*, *Ayrshire*, *Remontant*, and *Hybrid Perpetual* roses can be cultivated by this process with the greatest ease. Last year we raised twenty roses which grew finely.

Among the new varieties of the season are *Belle Cuirre*, a coppery yellow, very beautiful; *Madame Bremont*, variable from light to dark purple; *Bouton D'Or*, dark yellow, reverse of petals white; *Madame Margottin*, which ranks the most beautiful of all. For these additions to our *repertoire* we are indebted to the French florists.

We must not forget the Moss roses, which are to us the most lovely of all the rose tribe. The varieties are greatly increased in the last ten years, and they have been made to bloom twice or three times in the season. *Eugene Guinoisseau* is very mossy, cherry-violet in color; *Madame Edward Ory* is large, and of a deep rosy tint; *Raphael* is a lovely blush. These are varieties of late importations. There are most perfect white Moss roses—yellow, blush, bright pink, crimson, and nearly scarlet; and all are most beautiful, and should be found in every garden. Their culture is simple, and their profuse blossoms well repay the cultivator.

Roses delight in a rich, loamy soil. Super-phosphate of lime is a great fertilizer for them. We dig two large iron spoonfuls around the roots of ours every month in the summer, and their increased beauty well repays the *horribly* disgusting odor of the black powder. Moss roses like a clayey soil; and a shovelful of clay deposited around their roots will produce a vigorous growth.

"Roses are of royal birth,
Loveliest monarchs of the earth!
Not the realm of flowers alone.
But human hearts their scepter own.
Mark what flowers the maiden's hand
Gathers for her bridal band;
What the sweetest influence shed
Round the grateful sufferer's bed;
What with holiest light illume
The grief and darkness of the tomb."

THE LADIES' CLUB

This department is, we are glad to note, increasing in interest, and becoming a great favorite with our friends all over the country. Freedom of speech is a blessing which women prize as highly as men, and here each one of our readers can have the opportunity of saying her own say, if she only does it briefly, and to the point. We will not occupy space with a long preface, however, but proceed to the task of setting forth the opinions of our *clientèle*, and, as far as we are able, answering their inquiries.

The first letter upon our list is from Kentucky:

"**My Dear Demorest**—An answer to the following questions, through the 'Ladies' Club,' will be gratefully received by the writer, and perchance may be of service to others of your lady subscribers.

"1st. Can you tell me of any remedy for bad breath?

"2d. Do you know of anything to remove 'summer' freckles?

"3d. Please tell me of some pretty way to wear short hair—how can it be frizzed best?

"4th. Will colored sashes be worn with white dresses—and would it be out of place to wear white dress and colored sash to church—if not, what kind of gloves would be suitable to wear with it? The color of *kid* gloves is apt to be changed by perspiration in summer.

"5th. Will any kind of covering be worn with thin dresses—if so, what kind?

"6th. What kind of bonnet would be suitable for a lady, aged fifty-eight years? That is mamma's age, and she says she can't think of wearing a bunch of flowers, or a knot of ribbon on her head in lieu of a bonnet, as the young ladies do. She says, she sees nothing now-a-days that conveys the *meaning* of the word bonnet ('a covering for the head'). She would be glad if you would suggest some kind of bonnet that would not be entirely *out of style*, and yet be in keeping with faded cheeks and gray hair.

"7th. What is the price of Jennie June's book, entitled, 'Talks on Women's Topics,' etc.—where can it be had? We girls all love Jennie June, and admire her pieces in your Magazine. She is absent from the April number, however, and I guess every one of your readers miss her. I think your Monthly is incomparable. Even papa, matter-of-fact as he is, reads it, and especially admires the articles *against tight-lacing*, and also Jennie June's contributions.

"8th. Do you know of any book from which I could learn French without a master? *i. e.*, I want to know how to pronounce and define the French words that one so often meets with in English writings. If there is such a book, where can it be procured, and at what price?

"Daisy."

Ans. 1st. Bad breath generally proceeds from one of two causes: defective teeth or disordered stomach. If your teeth are out of order, go to the dentist; if your stomach is deranged, stop drinking coffee, and eating pork and pastry; make a "spring medicine" of yellow dock, gentian-root, ginger, rheubarb, and wormwood, steeped for an entire day with a little white sugar. Take a table-spoonful three times a day before each meal.

2d. Not entirely; lemon-juice helps, or a wash made of borax and glycerine—five cents' worth of each in a pint of water.

3d. Curl it with the Hyperion hair curlers, and comb it into a friz.

4th. Yes; rather striking for church wear, and out of place. Dead buff, a very pale primrose, or a color corresponding to the trimming upon the bonnet.

5th. Lace shawls, Arabian scarfs, Marie Antoinette capes of the same material, and silk mantelets.

6th. Any good milliner will make a bonnet suitable and protective, for a lady past middle age.

7th. Retail price, $1.75; we send it as a premium for two subscribers. We will send it post free on receipt of the price. Jennie June was absent from the April number on account of sickness.

8th. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary gives you the ordinary phrases, with their pronunciation. There is no book that is simply confined to phrases.

"**Dear Demorest**—I am going North this summer if I can get a decent outfit for myself and children. The manners and customs of the people have changed so much since I was there (sixteen years), that I fear I shall be taken for some antediluvian. I (like many others) have found Demorest to be the great 'panacea' for everything under the sun that a woman may want; for all her wishes are anticipated before she really knows what she needs.

"Please answer the following questions:

"I have a blue and brown plaid silk; the plaids are two or three inches wide. Can it be fixed in any way so that it will be 'another' dress? It is made low-neck and short sleeves. I have long sleeves also.

"My baby nurses the bottle. How shall I manage when traveling? If I should go on by sea, could I use condensed milk with safety to my babe?

"What will be suitable for traveling-dresses for two ladies (*one single*), a little girl, six years of age, three boys, aged respectively twelve, ten, and three?

"Is there any traveling-dress for an infant three months old?—white dresses are so easily soiled.

"What shall we all wear on our heads?

"What would it cost to send these necessary articles (including *gloves*) by Express?

"Do boys of twelve years wear suspenders?

"It may be well to say *I'm not* a *millionaire*, neither am I a *pauper;* but, as my old mamma would say: '*I'se poor*, but '*spectable!*' like a great many in the South. M. F. W."

Ans. We fear not. Plaid silks are quite out of style. It could only be used as a gored wrapper, at sea.

We should recommend instead, prepared barley made into a clear, thin gruel, with a little milk added, which he could nurse through the bottle. It is excellent infants' food.

Suits of pure mohair alpaca, or mozambique, are as good as anything, and very reasonable in price. They neither fade nor crinkle, and trim handsomely and fashionably with ruffles of the same material. The two older boys should have suits of Scotch tweed—jacket, vest, and trowsers. The younger, a skirt and sack, or blouse belted in, of marine blue sailor-cloth, or flannel, trimmed with black alpaca braid. For the baby, two dresses, and two sacks of washing-flannel, striped.

Black toquets, with colored gauze vails; straw hats for the boys; a flannel cloak, with hood, for the baby.

From two to five dollars.

Sometimes.

"**Let** me hear through the **Monthly** the best method of cleaning silver-ware, and oblige, Grace."

Ans. Put it in a pan of warm, clean suds; take it out, and rub the whitening well in, while wet, with a cloth. Next take a chamois-leather and polish, brushing the chased parts with a tooth-brush and dry whitening. Polish off, finally, with a soft linen cloth. A solution of muriatic acid will remove discoloration of long standing.

"**Dear Demorest**—As a constant reader and ardent admirer of your excellent Magazine, allow me to ask two or three questions:

"1st. What is the cost of a nice black Llama lace shawl, large size—I mean a half-square?

"2d. Does the Llama lace come by the yard? If so, the price of about an eighth of a yard wide?

"3d. Want to purchase a good family sewing-machine. No thick work—simply underclothing, tucking, etc. Have heard the Grover & Baker, and Wheeler & Wilson highly spoken of. Which should you recommend?"

Ans. 1st. From twenty-five to seventy-five dollars. A very nice one for thirty-five or forty dollars.

2d. No. We have never seen any.

3d. We should recommend the Bartram & Fanton where much tucking is to be done. All first-class machines have their merits.

"**Dear Demorest**—Please inform me which are the most fashionable—colored gaiters or black ones, for street wear.

"How are we to make muslin dresses, that have a double skirt, when the border is straight that comes with the dress-pattern?

"Which are most fashionable—coils or *chignons?*

"I prefer the coil. What could you send me one for? Lue."

Ans. 1st. Black.

2d. Use the border to make side-bands, belt, ruffles for the waist and sleeves, etc., and leave the edge of the skirt plain.

3d. *Chignon* is a generic term, and means hair arranged in any form for the head. The "*chignon*," known as such by hair-dressers, is most fashionable.

4th. From five dollars to fifteen.

"**Dear Demorest**—As I desire to know your opinion of some things, I thought I would write on and ask you. This is the first year that I have ever taken your Magazine, and think that I could not get along without it, I like it so much.

"1st. Is it proper for a young lady to accompany a young gentleman, that she is right well acquainted with, to the door, when he has been to visit her?

"2d. Is it right for a young lady to kiss a young gentleman, or permit him to kiss her, when they are not engaged?

"3d. Is it proper for a bride to take off her gloves when she eats supper, or should she keep them on? and is it right for her to take off her vail after she is married?

"4th. Is it proper for a young lady to accept presents from a young gentleman that she is not engaged to?

"5th. When a young lady and gentleman go to church together, which of them should go ahead first, after they enter the door? M. A. G."

Ans. 1st. We think it would be excusable, if she did not stay too long.

2d. By no means.

3d. Yes; else she would soil her gloves. When the reception of guests has been gone through with.

4th. No; unless the case is exceptional, or it is some simple present of flowers.

5th. The gentleman; in order to provide a seat for the lady. When he arrives at the pew-door he should hold it open for her to enter.

"**Dear Demorest**—How shall I make a black grenadine? (I am not in mourning.) Ought it to be long or short? What kind of trimming will be pretty for it? Ought it to have a double skirt? Please tell me how muslin dresses will be made this summer. What style of body and sleeve; and ought they to be long? What kind of traveling goods will be fashionable, and how made? Are vails to be worn, and what kind? How arranged?

"Yours, obliged, H. F. M."

Ans. Make it long, trim with a plaited flounce, bound with green or corn-colored silk. Puff the sleeves, divide the puffs with pipings of silk. Make a French body, and trim with "rays" composed of silk pipings, outlined with a ruffle of the grenadine bound with silk.

A double skirt will make it more complete and stylish, but a sash composed of a double square bow, set upon the back, two pendant loops, and wide short ends, will be necessary at any rate. Of course it must be bound with silk, and the ends trimmed with ruffles.

French waist, made open or heart-shaped, sleeves puffed, or ruffled at the elbows. Long, demi-trained, and finished with a flounce or several flounces.

Pongee, silk and linen, Japanese poplin, Spanish linen, and English tweed water-proofed. Skirts walking length, and long Camargos, looped up at the sides and forming high overdresses. A wrap of water-proof additional is all that is required.

Black and gauze vails are both worn. There is no special change in their arrangement.

"**Dear Demorest**—Will you please inform me how much, and what kind of a wardrobe is indispensable for a European trip of about four months, and oblige,

"Maria."

Ans. Take as little with you as possible. A dress to wear on the ship, which you should throw away, if possible, before you land. Two suits, one of black silk, the other of Japanese poplin; the over-dress of black silk being utilized for both. A water-proof cloak or long sack and cape. A black straw toquet and blue gauze vail, and a box of paper collars and cuffs. Several changes of underlinen will be required, but the rest can be bought cheaply in London of Mrs. Adlay Bourne; and an expansion trunk, which will be required for Continental traveling. Take only one pair of gloves, buy the rest in London or Paris, shoes also. Take a box of fresh Messina oranges with you on board ship; they are a great comfort in the absence of other fresh fruits; also some lemons, sugar, tea, and an apparatus for making it in. Raw lemons or a cup of good hot tea are great panaceas for sea-sickness.

Be careful in buying goods in London, as there is an immense difference in English houses.

"Eugenia" writes:

"**Dear Demorest**—The writing-desk arrived safely; accept many thanks for your kindness. I think it is beautiful, and feel amply repaid for my trouble in getting up a club. All my friends were greatly surprised; they pronounced it all humbug at first, but have since changed their minds though. You have my warmest wishes for the future prosperity of your very interesting and highly prized Magazine; it receives a warm welcome from all, and I think it far superior to all others.

"1st. Which is the most fashionable style of making dresses now, for a mozambique—are they made *en suite* or separate, and how many yards for a dress?

"2d. How is the hair arranged now since waterfalls became common?"

Ans. En suite. Fifteen to thirty.

2d. The *chignons* are simply arranged in a new style, in large hollow puffs with a massive braid down the center, sometimes with curls massed on the top.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I have taken your useful and, I think, very essential Magazine but a short time, and I am highly pleased with it. I would not do without it again for twice the price of it.

"What kind of material shall I get for a mourning dress for the warm summer months? I am rather tall. How shall I make it, short or with trail? and how the waist? What shall I trim it in? Is a short dress becoming for a widow? What kind of shawl or wrap shall I get for the warm weather? Means limited."

Ans. A suit of *Tannise* cloth would be the most serviceable and lady-like. Dress with flounces, upper skirt, and cape. Trim with ruffles of the same. Loop up the sides of the upper skirt with rosettes of the same.

Certainly; why not?

Get two yards and a half of grenadine, drape it at the back as a hood, and wear it over the shoulders.

"DEAR DEMOREST—Please tell me how I had better cut a riding-habit? and which color is the prettiest, green or black? What kind of cloth could I use that would be pretty as well as cheap? and what kind of trimming does it need?

"Also, if a young gentleman is going away, would it be proper for a young lady to ask him to correspond with her?

"J. M. R."

Ans. Cut it with a small, square basque, *revers*, and a little false vest of silk. Coat sleeves.

Green and black, or blue and black English waterproof cloth, is an excellent material, reasonable in price, and looks well to the last thread. Trim it with black braid, black crochet or cloth buttons.

No. She should wait until he asks permission.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I wish to know, when I am introduced to any one, and they say: 'I am happy to form your acquaintance,' what response ought I to make?

"When I meet frequently with a lady that has not called upon me, and she gives me very pressing invitations to visit her, ought I to take it as an insult?

"SALLIE."

Ans. You must say: "The pleasure is mutual, I assure you," whether it is or not.

2d. No. Perhaps she has business that keeps her at home. Never look out for insults; believe the best that is possible of every body, and be severe in your own judgment only of yourself.

"DEAR DEMOREST—May I ask the favor of your 'Mirror' to show me the style of dress suitable for a boy four years of age, and five in *size*. Sack and blouse have ceased to please, and a change, with simplicity and beauty combined, is desirable.

"We are thankful for your continual assistance, and know you would be edified could you hear the encomiums passed upon us by our city friends for our talent in dressmaking, which credit, however, with all due deference, we disclaim, giving honor to whom honor is due.

"A SUBSCRIBER."

Ans. The "Clarendon" suit is the latest for a boy of that age. It consists of a jacket cut long, trowsers (not Knickerbockers), a false vest, little collar, and tie. Mixed Scotch tweed is the material preferred.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I am one of the fortunate readers of your invaluable Magazine, and the vast amount of useful information thence obtained, particularly from the 'Ladies' Club,' encourages me to make additional inquiries. Do you think twelve bridesmaids an over number for an evening marriage? And what style of dress would you advise? I have been thinking of corn-color and white successively.

"Again, is it indecorous for a young lady to travel in company with a young gentleman alone (who bears no other relation than that of friend) for a two days' journey? LUCILLE."

Ans. Twelve bridesmaids would be a very large number.

Almost any color with white would be pretty. White and blue, white and green, or white and corn-color.

We think it would be rather imprudent.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I am better pleased every time I get the Magazine.

"Would you please tell me what price a suit of striped lawn of good quality would be at your establishment? and also how much it would take of buff linen to make a skirt and overdress, also the price per yard? Am of medium height.

"Will the bonnet of white muslin be worn this summer? This is a small town, and I think it would be pretty.

"I also wish to know what pink and buff *pique* is per yard, and the width of it?

"J. E. McD."

Ans. About $25.

Twelve to fifteen yards—depends on the trimming. Fifteen yards would trim it with ruffles of the same.

Straw hats will be more fashionable, but the muslin bonnets are always pretty and convenient.

From fifty cents to one dollar; ordinary width.

"DEAR DEMOREST—Late in the month of December I saw for the first time a No. of your splendid Magazine, and I was so well pleased that I purchased the December No., brought it home, and decided at once that I would become a constant reader and subscriber for it. Since then it has been a welcome guest in our home.

"I would like to know what would be nice for a bride to wear as a street suit, and how made, if the person be rather portly or large? And please tell me what would be suitable for a *trousseau*, only as regards dresses, to be worn in a small Western village. I want two silks; what shall they be, and how made? If married in church, should the dress be long or short? that is, to be married in daytime and leave on the boat soon after. If a light silk would do, what should be worn with it? Should there be bridesmaids or not? If no bridesmaids, how should the family enter the church?

"I have an old black silk that will do nicely to make a street dress of. How shall I make it? It is very long, having a train; I wish to make it short. How shall I make and trim organdies or lawns for afternoon home wear? You will be addressing a lady of limited means, so you will know what to answer as regards expense. What would be nice for spring and summer outside wear—thin materials—lace shawl or white mantle? MADGE."

Ans. One of the hair line Japanese poplin suits would be pretty, bound with black, and having a small false vest of silk in some contrasting color.

Of two silks, one should be black, the other a changeable or light striped summer silk, made with a *Marie Antoinette* cape, and trimmed with ruffles. This would answer nicely to be married in.

Bridesmaids are a matter of taste; the popular prejudice is in favor of them.

Father and mother first, the rest in the order of their age or position, and whether married or single.

Cut your black silk short and use the length and breadth not required, for overskirt, cape or small basque. Trim with new ruffles.

Trim them with a flounce simply hemmed, and with ruffles, with a cord run through the center, and edged with Valenciennes.

A *Llama* shawl or cloak would be more permanently useful, and neither are expensive.

An Arabian scarf, striped silk, and *crepe de Chine*, white, and draped at the back as a hood, with white tassels, would also be pretty and very cheap. About fifteen to twenty dollars.

A SOUTHERN LADY writes the following, and her suggestions concerning schools are well worth attending to by those interested:

"DEAR DEMOREST—We have just received your valuable MONTHLY, which we hope to take many years to come. I shall try to get you some subscribers in our village; I believe one or two send by this mail. I am specially pleased with Jennie June's articles, and also one on tight lacing by Mrs. E. P. Miller, M. D. I think it in your power to do great good to our poor weak sex—as your MONTHLY is first of its kind in the United States—by giving us fashions that will not interfere with the laws of nature. We are surprised not to find in your MONTHLY any advertisements of schools; surely there could be no better way of advertising. Southern people are becoming more interested in Northern schools, as they are generally both cheaper and more thorough than Southern schools."

"DEAR DEMOREST—Your 'Mirror of Fashions' casts so many beautiful and instructive 'reflections,' that one can not help receiving great benefit from it. Will you please answer a few questions? Will a pearl-colored poplin, looped over an underskirt of green, make a pretty walking-suit? Shall I make with a cape, and how trim it? What kind of hat or bonnet with it? How should a green and white silk be made and trimmed? Of what, and how make a party dress—not very expensive? A pretty summer morning dress? MELLIE."

Ans. Very pretty. Make it with a cape, or a small basque, and trim with green fringe, or with ruffles bound with green.

A pearl-colored silk bonnet, trimmed with green and silver leaves, and a crushed rose, or an Italian straw, trimmed with green satin ribbon, black lace, and pink roses; or a straw toquet, trimmed with black velvet, and short pearl-color and pink plumes of ostrich-feathers, placed standing as an *aigrette* at the side.

With green silk fringe; or with ruffles of the same, bound with green silk.

FROM Alabama, a lady writes:

"I have promptly received my beautiful Album. Accept many thanks; and may you long live to gladden women with your brilliant MONTHLY, and your useful and elegant premiums. MRS. M. R."

WILLIE S. writes us the following acknowledgment of the receipt of a Dictionary. We are glad he prizes it so highly:

"DEAR DEMOREST—I can not find words sufficient to express my pleasure and gratification at receiving so valuable a present as the *Dictionary* you sent me some time ago. Please accept my most heartfelt thanks, with the assurance that I appreciate it very highly indeed; and I consider myself under lasting obligations to you for the valuable present you have given me, for so little labor on my part.

"Your good name has been written on the tablets of my memory, never to be erased by the touch of time.

"I am *now*, and ever to be your *true friend*."

"PLEASE tell me the proper way of pronouncing 'Demorest,' also '*Chignon*.'

"M."

Ans. Dem-o-rest. Shin-yon.

"DEAR DEMOREST—Please tell me how to make a white muslin dress for a little girl 5 years old, to be worn with a silk overdress. If dotted Swiss is fashionable, I would prefer that to the plain, as it is more serviceable. I have a good deal of handsome embroidered 'muslin flouncing,' for the skirt. Please tell me how to trim it, and what kind of Swiss is most worn—plain, or tiny dots.

"Will you also be so kind as to tell me what kind of yoke is called 'French yokes,' and if yokes drawn on cord are fashionable?

"How should a dress and wrapping be made, of black barege, for a lady in deep mourning? I am married, about 23, rather low, and wish it for a church suit for summer. The material is a very durable kind of barege, of excellent quality, by some called 'iron barege,' in consequence of its durability. Should it be trimmed with the same, or with ribbon or crape? I think very much trimming out of place in deep mourning; do you not?

"How should a solid-colored buff lawn be made, for a little boy 18 months old?

"ANNA S."

Ans. Plain. Trim the skirt with flouncing, the low waist with *bretelles* to match, short sleeves. Or, make the waist high, and tuck it, with long sleeves, ruffled with the flouncing at the wrist. If the body is high, trim it square with a ruffle of the flouncing.

Yes.

French yokes are pointed.

Trim the black barege with ruffles of the same, bound with the same. Make it with an overskirt, and a Marie Antoinette cape; or with a basque, trimmed with ruffles, to simulate a cape. This style will be simple yet effective.

"M. E. C."—In buying plated ware, select a guaranteed article from the best houses; that is the safest way.

"MADGE D."—Grease the inside of a pair of clean kid gloves (gentleman's size) with a pomatum composed of equal parts white wax, olive-oil, and spermaceti, simmered together. Wear them at night, after washing your hands in oat-meal and warm water. This process will whiten and soften your hands.

The "Hyperion hair-curlers" are the best articles that we know of for curling short hair that requires afterward to be frizzed.

"Dear Demorest—When company is invited to the dining-room, should the hostess precede the company, and seat them?

"Also, when first course, or dessert is passed to you, should you keep it or pass it on to the next?

"If a gentleman helps you to anything at your own table, should you help yourself and pass it back to him? Do you do the same every place?

"When you introduce a lady and gentleman, which do you introduce first?

"Nannie."

Ans. Yes.

Pass it.

Of course. A lady is as much bound to be a lady in her own house as at another person s.

The gentleman is always introduced *to* the lady, unless he is of high rank, or very old, and then she is not "introduced," but *presented* to him.

"Dear Demorest—Will you please tell me how to arrange my hair? I am a school girl of sixteen. My hair is nineteen inches long, not very thick, and my forehead is very high. I do not wish to do it up like a young lady, neither do I wish to buy a braid. I. D. B."

Ans. Braid it tight, and comb it out in waves. This is a very fashionable and becoming style for young girls. Otherwise, do it up over a small plain puff.

"E. A. N."—Trim your black alpaca with frills, and a flounce (plaited) round the lower skirt; bind gores with blue silk—your mamma's with the same material as the dress.

Wear your hair short for the next two or three years, at least. It can be prettily curled, braided, or frizzed. It will give you an opportunity to wash it often, brush it thoroughly, and lay the foundation of magnificent hair to last all your life. Save your long hair till you need it.

A small checked Japanese poplin is the prettiest material for a best suit for your boarding-school outfit, made over a blue silk underskirt; fine Scotch gingham for your school-dresses, with a couple of muslins (dotted organdy), and a grenadine for afternoon wear.

"Dear Demorest—Will you please inform me if the double skirt will be worn the fore part of summer, and what collars would be pretty and becoming for a brunette (age 19), and of what material? This is the first of my taking your Magazine, and I like it very much. Luna B."

Ans. Double skirts will be worn all through the season.

The simplest and prettiest collars are made of single fine linen, edged with narrow Valenciennes. They are cut round, and are an inch and a quarter in depth.

"Mollie."—Diamond-powder is worn, but is less fashionable than gray powder. The diamond-powder used is simply powdered isinglass, and can be procured at any paint-shop.

"Nellie C."—We have no "bugle-headed" hair-pins.

"Dear Demorest—I wish to know some way of dressing my hair, becoming to a long, narrow face. I have *very* thin, rather short, curly hair.

"Is it customary, in calling at a house where there are several ladies, to send in the same number of cards as there are persons you wish to see, or only one? What is the most suitable dress for a bride to wear to breakfast the morning after she is married?

"Allow me to say, in conclusion, that I think your Magazine a '*sine qua non*' to every lady of intelligence and refinement It is decidedly in advance of every periodical of the kind in the United States; and I wish you all the success it deserves.

"J. W. G."

Ans. There is no better way than to frizz it, and bring the puffs of the back hair as far to the front as possible. This gives an appearance of breadth.

It would depend on the special circumstances and social position. White *foulard*, trimmed with a color, muslin, *pique*, or a pretty cambric, are all suitable.

Thank you.

"Dear Demorest—I have read your Magazine for several years and find it far superior to ——'s and ——'s. Though I take all three of them, yours really gives me more satisfaction. You not alone give superb and elegant descriptions of fashion, but you also give such good advice to those whose means are not so plentiful, and that is what the majority of the ladies want. They want something sensible and good, and your Magazine, with its contents, is both. I am saying this on behalf of at least twelve of your subscribers here in this city, and we all look forward to your arrival with unusual pleasure and anxiety.

"1. Would it be proper for a young lady 18 years of age to go to a dancing party or to the theater, after her mother had been dead a year?

"2. I have been mourning for my dear mother a year, wearing deep black and having all my dresses trimmed in crape. Is it customary to wear second mourning, and will you please tell me what would make me an inexpensive, neat, and durable suit for spring? I am tall and not slender.

"3. Could I wear black and white collars and such things this summer?

"4. Will you please give me your opinion of my penmanship?

"Your 'Ladies Club' alone is a perfect jewel, and I really don't think I could live without it. Saidee."

Ans. Perfectly proper.

2d. A fine black and white *poil de chevre* (goat's hair), trimmed with black silk ruchings, or ruffles of the same, piped and bound with black. Or a plain black challis, bound with the same.

3d. Yes.

4th. Very good and lady-like.

"Dear Demorest—Please inform two young ladies which is the most fashionable and yet simple style to wear their hair during a fair or to any other place of amusement, also the most appropriate ornaments? We both have very good hair as far as thickness is concerned, but it is not very long. We both have long, long faces. The one with black hair dresses in very gay colors. The other has dark brown and dresses in deep mourning (I don t mean crape). We shall wait patiently for your answer, which we are confident will more than please us. Nora."

Ans. Curl or braid it tight and comb it out loose, tying it back with a ribbon. The one in mourning can wear white ribbon, and will look lovely.

"Alice."—Here is a little wife who wishes to please her husband:

"Dear Demorest—I have been taking your excellent Magazine this year, and find it just the book for every wife and housekeeper. I hope I shall always be able to subscribe for it. Will you please answer the following questions:

"What would be a pretty style for a little boy three years old, dark eyes, and light hair, stout build, and how trimmed? Would it be too manly to put pants on him? if not, what style? short, I suppose. With or without jacket?

"Would a white silk alpaca trimmed with cherry satin be a suitable dress for a fair?

"What would make a pretty walking and visiting suit? I am small, dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, young, eighteen, and have a husband who is proud of his 'little wife,' and always likes her to appear as well as anybody's wife, so please to recommend something very becoming, and how to trim it. Alice."

Ans. Pants, with a sack or blouse of linen belted in, would look well, or pants and plaited shirt, with jacket for outdoor wear.

2d. Yes, very pretty, but it would be still better trimmed with black or white uncut velvet and chenille fringe.

3d. A suit of black and white hair-striped Japanese poplin, or hair-striped silk in lavender and white. Trim with ruffles.

"Collegian."—"Would a straw toquet be stylish for summer, and if so, what kind of straw?

"How can I have a white Spanish linen suit made for summer?

"Have you the Bartram & Fanton sewing machine made with marble slabs, and do you sell them to persons who are not subscribers?

"Do you think puffed chignons with flowing curls two dressy for the street and traveling, for a collegian of not yet nineteen?"

Ans. Yes. Rice straw or black Neapolitan.

With ruffles, upperskirt, and cape.

No. We will sell the style as they are made to persons not subscribers.

Better wear the chignon without the curls while traveling.

"Inquirer."—"If different members of a family have napkin rings, and should company be there, should they use the rings themselves, give them to their guests, or not put them on the table?"

Ans. Place them on the table as usual. Give the company napkins without rings.

"Dear Demorest—Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of my Magazine and also of the premium almanac, with which I am very much pleased. I had anticipated a nice thing in the almanac, but it far exceeds my anticipations. Please accept my thanks.

"1st. Will white *pique* be much worn this summer; if so, how shall I cut and trim mine?

"2d. Would you advise a cape of the same to wear with it?

"3d. I have a poplin alpaca, light with a purple stripe in it, made with a full skirt, also a suit of steel-colored pongee—dress and pelisse; how can I fix them over that they may be worn this summer?

"4th. What shall I get for hat and bonnet? Have small features, and rather pale.

5th. "Could the castors, such as you so often mention in your Monthly being on the Bartram & Fanton sewing-machine, be attached to Singer's? If so, can you supply them?

"6th. Should ruffles on thin materials be bound or hemmed?

"7th. Should letters of inquiry be directed to Mme. Demorest or Demorest's Monthly?"

Ans. Yes. Cut it walking length, trim it with a box-plaited flounce.

2d. A cape or a sailor jacket would answer nicely to complete a suit.

3d. Gore your poplin alpaca, and use the surplus material for a cape and narrow box plaiting or ruffles. Can not tell what to do with the pongee without fuller description.

4th. Get a "Versailles" hat of straw trimmed with feathers, and a black lace bonnet.

5th. Yes.

6th. Bound, if the material is silk or wool; hemmed, if it is muslin.

7th. Demorest's Monthly. Either will do.

From Colorado county, Texas, a lady writes:

"Dear Demorest—I received the Webster dictionary all safe and sound, and I assure you it was quite a treat. I am very much pleased with it; every one that sees it says it is the best edition they ever saw. I was offered ten dollars in gold for it, but I told them that I would not sell it at all, as I value it more than I do the money. The other premiums came to hand all right, and I am pleased with them all. Your Magazine I would not do without for twice the money. E. W. H."

"Dear Demorest—I have just received my first number of your excellent Magazine, and am very much pleased with it indeed. Just what I have been wanting for a long time.

"Will you send me a list of pretty names for a child, male and female; also what will take spots out of brown silk?

"Jennie."

Ans. Maude, Vida, Nina, Grace, Josephine, Erminia, Vinna, Calla (Greek for lily), Eva, Marguerite, Georgiana, Hilda, Helen, Louise, Lillian, Ida, Adrienne, Constance.—Herbert, Ernest, Alma, Livingston, Clarence, Seymour, Rutherford, Spencer, Clayton, Frederick, Clinton, Frank, Stuart.

2d. Benzine. Rub it in till wet, rub it out till dry.

"Dear Demorest—Please inform me if you will furnish, and at what price, the baby outfit mentioned in the January No. in reply to 'A Young Wife.' I should want all the articles enumerated except the cloak.

"Allow me to express the pleasure your welcome Monthly gives. A friend offered to lend me her copy, and suggested that I would subscribe to some other magazine so that we could exchange, but I prefer to have a copy of my own, as I wish to have the numbers bound.

"Subscriber."

Ans. From $100. Could not give *exact* price without knowing the quality of the material desired.

From "Mabel" we have the following. Lucky Mabel!

"Dear Demorest—I am going to be married, am very wealthy, and want to know kind of dresses to prepare for the occasion. I am tall and slender, light hair, blue eyes. Would a white satin with two point-lace flounces do? A lace vail or tulle? What kind of jewelry must I wear? What would be suitable for a traveling dress? We are going to Europe. Would a garnet silk be too red? Must I have a black or white lace flounce on my green silk? What kind of a bridal present must I give the gentleman? I am a constant reader of your Magazine, and will always subscribe for it. Mabel."

Ans. A white satin with point lace flounces, and tulle vail, would be very elegant.

2d. Diamonds or pearls.

3d. You should have two suits. One of Japanese poplin or hair-striped silk, the other black silk.

4th. Garnet would not suit your complexion. Pearl-color, with blue overdress, would be better.

5th. White lace.

Get an "overland" waterproof suit, long sack, buttoned to the bottom of the dress, and cape, and as few dresses as possible till you get to Europe.

REMEMBER.—The Post-Office Department does not recognize stamps cut from stamped envelopes and pasted upon mailable matter, and letters prepaid in this way are held for postage.

L. V. R.—The price of a panier skirt is $2.50.

"MATTIE."—"Please state the price of your hair cream. I am a constant reader of your Magazine, which is unequaled." *Ans.* 50 cents.

SENDING ORDERS.—Ladies sending orders should send description of personal appearance, including height, size, figure, complexion, hair, etc. This will materially assist in the proper selection of articles, and making of garments. Ladies who wish to make their own dresses can have the material purchased and forwarded to them, accompanied by a fashionable paper pattern for making up.

◆

WOMEN, AND THE PERIOD.

A CHEERFUL optimist may well believe that we are in a transition state—that women, impatient of the old life which was without thought and culture and motive, in the blind struggle to achieve something better, have fallen for the time on something worse; that with the movement of the age toward mutual helpfulness, man to man, woman will move not less steadily, if more slowly, and come gradually into truer relations with each other and with men. It will not hurt woman to be criticised. She has too long been assured of her angelhood, and denied her womanhood.—*Lucia Gilbert Calhoun —Introduction to "Modern Women."*

◆

SUMMER TRAVEL.

THOSE persons who have ever traveled up the North River to Albany on the People's Line of Steam boats, will be glad to hear that they have resumed their regular trips, and are ready as ever to proffer all the advantages which their conveniences and beauty afford to the traveling public.

In the interim created by the severity of the Northern winter, all the boats of the line have been rearranged and beautified; fifty new state-rooms have been added to the Drew and St. John, and everything done that ingenuity can suggest to complete the luxurious accommodations which these magnificent boats afford.

A summer trip to Saratoga Springs is a double pleasure since the advent of the People's Line, with its safe, regular, convenient, and agreeable means of transit. Europe has nothing to compare with these floating palaces, with their elegant and perfectly fitted state rooms, their spacious saloons and splendid appointments. It is an education for the masses to find themselves surrounded by the rich mirrors, the broad, deep, comfortable sofas, the piled velvet carpets, the beautiful and artistic ornamentations, and, more than all, by the order and system which regulate everything. Saratoga is every year more frequented, and it owes much of its popularity to the admirable facilities for reaching it from New York.

It may be remarked, *en passant*, that the tide is setting very strongly toward Saratoga this year. The attractions of the new Congress Hall, of the grounds upon which velocipedes will soon be spinning, and the fame of the celebrated High Rock Spring water, discovered to be of remarkable efficacy, have already won many high encomiums, and we understand that more rooms have been engaged in advance, and many more for the entire season, than was ever known before. Certainly we can not wish our readers a pleasanter journey, nor a more delightful termination than they will find at Saratoga.

◆

HE LEADETH ME HOME.

THE following lines were inadvertently omitted in the music given in the May number; and as only one verse was then given, we concluded it due to our readers (especially those who are interested in sacred music) to furnish the omitted portion of this very interesting quartette:

O heart, cease repining!
Thy refuge is near;
Afar shines the sunlight,
All lovely and clear!
Within yonder mansion
No darkness may come—
The Lord is my Shepherd,
He leadeth me home!
He leadeth me home!

Quartette.

Oh! sweet hand of gladness,
When life's toil is done!
When all pain is over,
The sweet victory won!
Oh! still be my watchword,
While onward I roam—
The Lord is my Shepherd,
He leadeth me home!
He leadeth me home!

◆

NO STATE!

TEN per cent. of the letters we receive have no State, eight per cent. no county, six per cent. no town, and quite a number no name attached to them. What can we do with such letters?

◆

A BLANK FORM FOR CLUBS.

WE have now a blank form for clubs, which we will send on receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage. This only wants filling up, and must prevent forgetfulness or blunders.

◆

COMMENCE ON YOUR CLUBS.

YOU can not begin too soon; the first gleaner in the field has the best chance, and the reward of your industry awaits you in any form you choose: pictures, silver ware, china, books, a sewing-machine, or a piano.

To Advertisers.

THE most important question which concerns an advertiser is: How can he most effectually and economically secure the attention of the Public to what he may have to dispose of? In view of this consideration, your attention is directed to a pre-eminently valuable medium offered in our MONTHLY MAGAZINE, especially for such goods and articles as claim the attention of Ladies. The circulation of this Monthly is steadily increasing with each successive number.

Great as are the present attractions of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, new and valuable features are constantly being added, the Publishers being determined to spare no reasonable time or expense to keep this Magazine ahead of all competition, and to present such an array of valuable features and artistic attractions as to entitle it to the lavish and generous encomiums that have been so universally bestowed on it.

It is claimed for this publication to be the most successful Magazine ever published in America, having attained a circulation in its second year, on its merits alone, that is without a parallel in periodical literature, and which, we are proud to say, is this year again steadily increasing.

You will find that DEMOREST'S MONTHLY is issued on exceedingly fine paper, and printed in the most artistic manner, giving fine effect to each advertisement, together with a circulation unequaled in character, very extensively radiated, and more effective than can be secured by many other valuable mediums. In its pages appear from time to time brilliant stories, music, spicy items, beautiful illustrations, etc., etc., making it by far the finest and most valuable Magazine now published.

Its circulation is distributed among the most intelligent, refined, and enterprising readers in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, and all the Eastern, Western, Northern, and Middle States, California, Canada, and South America: nor is it confined, as are newspapers, to the single family of the purchaser or subscriber, but generally makes a tour of the entire neighborhood; and, unlike a newspaper, the Magazine is rarely destroyed, but is read, re-read, and bound, so that each advertisement becomes a permanent investment.

The number of advertisements must necessarily be very limited, and only those of an unexceptionable character will be admitted. This is the cheapest advertising medium now offered, especially in consideration of the character and extent of its circulation, being read by over one million of the most intelligent readers, and more like a World's Directory than any other publication now issued.

For months past, the advertising columns of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY have been inadequate to meet the demand of its patrons for space therein, and we were unable to extend the same. We have this year added to our superb Monthly several pages, two of which will be devoted to Advertisements; the rates remaining as before—75 cents per line, agate measure.

To insure insertion, advertisements should be handed in by the 20th of each month for the next issue. (*Thus, 20th of February for April, etc.*)

We have also introduced an Editorial Column for Business Notices, as reading matter, without display, at $1 per line, agate measure.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION,
838 Broadway, New York.

Our readers will confer a favor on us personally if they will, when writing for articles, say they saw them advertised in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.—*Prices Greatly Reduced for Cash.* New 7 octave Pianos of first-class makers for $275 and upward. New Cabinet Organs and Melodeons for $50, $65 and upward. Second hand Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs from $40 to $200. Warerooms, 481 Broadway, N. Y. HORACE WATERS.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—I have had a **Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine** in almost constant use for *sixteen years*, during all which time it has been in perfect working order, and never required the outlay of one cent for repairs.—*Sarah Howe, Greenpoint, L. I.*

The Publishers of this Magazine, as well as others, are ofttimes troubled and annoyed by receiving letters which are incomplete and not written in the proper form. All would obviate this and make their letters much more perfect if they would read **THE HANDBOOK FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT**, containing how to write, how to talk, how to behave, how to do business. A very useful and instructive book, that seems to contain just what everybody ought to know. It is published in one large volume, and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, $2.25, by the publisher, S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

The Great American Tea Co.'s French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee.—Owing to the fine flavor and great strength of this coffee, it requires a less quantity than is generally used of other coffees. Boil over a quick fire not exceeding one minute. It is much improved by breaking an egg into the pot. It will settle perfectly clear in five minutes. Serve with sugar and cream, or scalded milk. For a dinner coffee, serve without cream or milk. Napoleon, in preparing this coffee, never allowed it to be boiled, but filtered it through a percolator. That is the favorite French style of preparing it.

Mme. Demorest's Combination Suspender and Shoulder Brace. Every lady should wear them, and no child should be without them. Ladies', $[illegible] children's, 75 cents. Sent by mail post free, on receipt of price. Emporium of Fashions, 838 Broadway.

COLGATE & CO.'S
Aromatic Vegetable Soap
Is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of Ladies and Infants.

Sold by all dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

OPENING OF OUR NEW IMPORTATION,
BAMBERG & HILL,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STRAW & SILK GOODS
FLOWERS, FEATHERS, &c.,
441 BROADWAY, N. Y.

A RARE CHANCE.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR,

One of the most popular Young People's Magazines in this country, and a large, finely executed steel engraving, entitled:

GENERAL GRANT AND HIS FAMILY,

For $1.50!!

The VISITOR is a first class, high-toned Boys' and Girls' Monthly, and is now in the *Thirteenth* year of its publication.

Terms, $1.25 a Year,

And a very liberal deduction to Clubs.

The Engraving, prepared expressly as a Premium plate for the VISITOR'S patrons, with consent of President Grant himself, is a marvel of artistic beauty, and one of the most spirited and truthful ever published.

Agents desiring to aid in the VISITOR'S circulation, have here most liberal terms offered them. Sample numbers of the VISITOR, Premium lists, description of Engraving, &c., &c., sent to any address *gratis* upon application. Send along your name.

DAUGHADAY & BECKER,
PUBLISHERS,
424 Walnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE

BARTRAM & FANTON

ELASTIC STITCH

SEWING-MACHINES

For Family and Manufacturing Purposes.

This Machine was Awarded a PRIZE MEDAL at the Paris Exposition, 1867.

This Machine was Awarded first PRIZE MEDAL by the American Institute, 1867.

Manufactory, Danbury, Conn.

Principal Office and Salesroom

AT

No. 838 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

THE Manufacturers of the above Machine believe that, after a careful and thorough examination as to the merits and qualifications of the different kinds of Machines adapted to FAMILY SEWING, they have OVERCOME the FAULTS and IMPERFECTIONS of the many now in the market, and have produced a Machine that is pronounced by connoisseurs to be better designed, better made, better finished, more simple, accurate, and reliable, with a greater capacity for performing all kinds of FAMILY SEWING, than any other Machine ever before offered the public; and are so perfect and simple in their construction, that a novice can operate them with perfect success.

An examination of our Machines will convince the most skeptical that we have produced the *ne plus ultra* SEWING-MACHINE.

This Machine uses but one thread, and that directly from the ORIGINAL SPOOL, making a beautiful face stitch, and *Locking the Thread Firmly at every Stitch.* All the extra Machinery that is necessary to operate a two-thread Machine is dispensed with, which is an important desideratum to all operators.

The design of the BARTRAM & FANTON MACHINE is different from all others. It is so constructed that it is impossible for a lady to soil the work or dress while operating it, or become entangled in the machinery. It will sew equally as well upon one kind of fabric as another, from the finest muslin to the heaviest woolen.

The great advantage we claim for the Bartram & Fanton Machine is in its wonderful simplicity of construction, with none of the delicate and complicated Machinery found in other Machines, which is such an objection to all Sewing-Machine operators.

This Machine has an Attachment for making BUTTON-HOLES upon thin fabrics, and finishing them off complete—a feat that no other Machine can accomplish. It also has AN ATTACHMENT FOR MAKING EYELET-HOLES.

Each Machine is provided with Castors, and can be readily moved from place to place, yet stand perfectly firm when in use.

It will also Embroider, Tuck, Quilt, Cord, Bind, Gather, Fell, Ruffle, Braid and Hem, etc., etc.

Each Machine is provided with a hemmer, braider, gauge, screw-driver, wrench, oil-can, 3-4 doz. needles, etc., and perfect instructions imparted to all purchasers of Machines FREE OF CHARGE.

Price, $55.00 and upward, according to style. Send for circular.

New Light! New Store! New Goods!

REDUCED PRICES.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT AND REVOLUTION IN

KEROSENE LIGHTS!

New Houses Furnished Complete,

And old-fashioned Lamps improved or superseded by

IVES'

PATENT

LAMPS,

The Safest, Most Convenient, and in every way The Best Lamp ever Used.

CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, HANGING AND TABLE LAMPS

OF ALL KINDS

Can be Lighted as Quickly as Gas,

Filled and trimmed safely and neatly, all without removing the shade, globe or chimney, or unscrewing the burner.

We have in stock a complete assortment of Foreign and Domestic

KEROSENE LAMPS AND FIXTURES,

Also, a choice selection of first-class

GAS CHANDELIERS,

Fitted with our improvements for oil, and specially adapted for suburban residences which have been or are to be piped for gas, but to which the mains have not yet reached, and oil is to be used temporarily, or they can be used elsewhere as well; being of the best city manufacture, they are of more elegant styles and finer finish than the fixtures made expressly for kerosene.

Believing that a house in the country should be as thoroughly provided with light as a house in the city, we are prepared to furnish every room complete with its appropriate lamp, safely secured in its proper place, thus doing away with movable lamps, which have proved so dangerous and objectionable.

IVES' PATENT LAMPS are sold by dealers generally, but to introduce them where the merchants have not yet got them, we give particular attention to ***Retail Trade,*** making a specialty of furnishing **SAFE STATIONARY LIGHTS APPROPRIATE FOR EVERY PLACE WHERE GOOD LIGHT IS REQUIRED.**

NOTHING IS SO ESSENTIAL TO GOOD LIGHT AS GOOD OIL.

For more than three years we have sold the genuine

DOWNER'S BOSTON REFINED KEROSENE OIL,

The only Oil found by the Chemist to the New York BOARD OF HEALTH to be

PERFECTLY SAFE AND NON-EXPLOSIVE.

Shipped in HERMETICALLY TIGHT BARRELS, or sold by the single gallon at Retail.

JULIUS IVES & CO.,

37 Barclay Street and 42 Park Place,

Removed from 49 Maiden Lane.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

RECEIVE THEIR

Teas by the Cargo

FROM THE

BEST TEA DISTRICTS

OF

CHINA AND JAPAN,

and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE-LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG, (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 per lb.

MIXED, (Green and Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 per lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST, (Black,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best $1.20 per lb.

IMPERIAL, (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best $1.25 per lb.

YOUNG HYSON, (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best $1.25 per lb.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1.10, best $1.25 per lb.

GUNPOWDER, (Green,) $1.25, best $1.50 per lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. GREEN, (Unroasted,) 25c., 30c., 33c., best 35c. per lb. ROASTED (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb.

Parties sending club or other orders for less than $30, had better send a post-office draft or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

N. B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing together*, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (besides the Express charges), by sending directly to "THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitation*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of "THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY." Direct letters and orders (as below, no more, no less)

Great American Tea Co.

Nos. 31 & 33 VESEY ST.,

NEW YORK.

Post Office Box, 5643, N. Y. City.